

HUMOR

Party Tonight

By Anil Shrivastava 'Musafir'

After more than a year of quarantine, I am tired of my ascetic life. I don't dress up. I don't party. All I do is watch the grass grow from my window. A couple of months ago my wife told me, "Honey, there is a white dog walking in our front yard." Today I corrected her that the dog she saw two months ago was actually brown not white. That's the status of our relationship. We have been cooped up with each other for the longest time.

Like the spring after a long winter, my dear friend Rowdy called me this morning to invite me to celebrate his divorce from Coo Coo.

"Party now? Aren't you afraid of COVID? I asked.

"Hey, Buddy! If not now then when? Folks our age don't last very long. Come on, have some fun, man!" Rowdy replied.

That was quite enticing. It's been more than a year since I attended a party, shook hands, combed hair, shaved, laughed and put a suit on. As a matter of fact, I have forgotten how to put a knot in my tie. I've completely forgotten what to do on such stellar occasions.

That being said, when I think about parties, it seems like they happened to someone else in another century. I remember how deeply in love Rowdy and Coo Coo were. They had invited us for their engagement but decided to marry each other instead. Unluckily, the twenty-four-seven cohabitation due to COVID made them tired of each other. I don't

want that to happen to us, so I accepted Rowdy's invitation for the greater good of humanity.

I am not happy the pandemic is lasting this long, but it doesn't seem fair that people get constrained by COVID and miss such momentous occasions as a divorce. After all, divorces don't happen every day. Most of us go through divorces only once or maybe twice during our lifetime.

I never thought the comment "I wouldn't touch them with a six-foot pole" would become a national policy, but here we are! I know now why did the chicken cross the road? Because the chicken behind it didn't know how to socially distance properly. For me "weather today" has become the room temperature inside my house. I really want to go out and experience how the weather used to be outside.

People have been reported to organize parties pretending to be aliens and zombies. There are no laws stopping them from having parties yet. A group of merry-makers was caught carrying fake vaccination cards then thumbing nose at police when they arrived.

I am tired of attending Zoom chats and being called a Zoomer. I need to press some flesh. "I'm gonna be where the lights are shinin' on me like a rhinestone cowboy" (Glen Campbell). I am going to the party tonight.