

BELONGING

It was one of those days when earth did not stand still.

The earth people were merely anticipating for what came next. With each step on the ground, he sent ripples of energy and made his presence known. Although he hadn't asked for any of it. The earth people studied on his movement. They studied why he didn't crush or fall off the earth because clearly he didn't belong to this gravity. He didn't leave foot impressions on the ground neither did he leave any scent trail.

People at his proximity could only view his legs because they couldn't see beyond them. They visioned that he could reach up the atmosphere above the clouds. They imagined him having a balloon like head attached to his legs which would explain his feather-light walk. They called him 'Grug'-with giant legs. They called him Grug to satisfy their need of naming all things they find. They named him Grug because he presumably spoke just that. The earthly human ears craved to hear what he sounded like. Although when they did hear he would be thunderously loud, this made his words incoherent to comprehend. They debated with each other that it either sounded 'oarerrrr' or 'gruuuuurrugg', which accounted to naming him so. The smart earth people who studied with lot of failed experiments had theories that 'Grug' as thunderous it sounds was a call to bring down rain from the clouds.

Alas, they didn't know the Grug's story.

He stepped on earth carefully, slowly with intentions to not damage what was already left on earth. With each step, he felt the quivers he sent through earth's surface. He couldn't help it. He walked with his feet angling about 45 degrees, which always formed a 'V' when he joined them. His walking gait always made him feel like a duck. He walked with clouds lacing his face which always hindered his vision. Sometimes he would unintentionally burst into heavy grey clouds which would immediately cause a downpour on land.

But today he was lucky, the clouds were sparse. He could see the humans and their minute dwellings. He longed for being what they were. Occasionally he would converse with them. He recently realised that he preferred being one of them than always being the lone who was constantly cautious of his steps even when he couldn't see through clouds. He knew he wasn't that tall as the earth people claimed him to be. He was amused of how they perceived things. He was just slightly taller than an average bird's trajectory, he thought. Well he did know that *just* didn't begin to define what the earth people missed. They were hardly aware that when he was in this form he could see better, sharper. He could hear things that a normal earth dweller wouldn't. If he concentrated enough, he could hear the tiny vast worlds that lived within specks of dust and pollen. He marvelled how their squeaky whispers were absorbed within the oblivion. The earth dwellers missed this. But part of his mind wanted to protect the world the earth people couldn't sense, he doubted them too much of what they would do if they knew. Thus even when he knew what was right he felt lonely which made him long for sanity.

My spectacles aren't needed now. Slowly and carefully, lift your feet and tip toe. Simple and easy, just like last week's practice. (Thud thud thud). Oh man, my steps are so loud.

He blinks trying to see farther. He then spots the grey building which is his destination.

Gotcha! Should I buy a weekly or monthly dose? I guess monthly would do. That would mean I could stay here longer. Hope Sam is there otherwise I'll have to do lot of talking in this form.

He approached the shady building which is part of the dark town. Everybody knew that troubles were only what they could find in such darkness. But for him rules didn't apply. So he walked faster knowing that there weren't many earth dwellers on this side of town. He squinted to see through this twilight zone. He was used to the damp sewers smelling like dead meat. He had to do what needed to be done.

He reached up the grey building and he could see the terrace. He knew that the people inside couldn't have noticed his presence because most of the time they would be highly dosed. He scratched his fingernails on the threshold and the creaky door of the terrace; hoping that Sam would open it up. And Sam did. Before Sam could close the door Grug noticed the disco lights flickering with unease.

Today Sam was in a suit for no reason. His hair was frizzy as it was always. And his eyes lids were taped up to his eyebrows and forehead as usual. He believed that if his eyes would shut close or that even if he caught a wink, he would die instantly. He was peculiar than the rest of the dwellers. He had a sock hanging from his nostril assuming that he was involved in a brawl earlier. His lips were always charcoaled black either with excessive smoking or that he would wear black lipstick.

Sam then spoke in his speedy eloquence, "Yo man, long time no see. Not that I can see you". (Snickers).

Oh I can't bear this. Come on Sam give me my stash and stop wasting my time.

He taps his index finger on the terrace floor with a gravelling sound, signalling that he is impatient.

Sam notices it while stretching his eyelids open with his fingers and continues, "Yeah man I know. My man seems jittery today. I have the perfect stash for you". He digs into his pocket staggering to gain his balance while leaning over the door frame. After a long time of digging, he pulls out a packet of blue green tablets. He walks towards the edge of the terrace and keeps the stash on the shallow grey wall. He walks away to his room to give Grug his privacy while telling him to enjoy his latest stash.

Finally, I can become what awaits.

The packet was too small to pick up with his giant fingers. He pressed his index finger on the stash so that the packet sticks on to him. By the third attempt he is successful with this meticulous task. He scampered heading towards the darkest corner of the town behind the demolished walls carrying his stash. He reached up to his spot and stops not waiting to catch his breath but to tear open the tiny packet. He emptied the packet in his mouth trying to extinguish his dying hunger and blocked everything in sight for the magic to work.

He then opened his eyes to the world he felt he belonged to. He found his body shrunken to the adaptable size although his clothes didn't. He notes it to himself that he needs to mention that to Sam when he meets him for his next dose. But he already had a solution to that problem. He had once packed a pair of shirts with torn shorts that seemed to be in trend beneath the moist fungal rubbles of the demolished walls. He knew he could blend in easily if he dressed and spoke like the rest of the people. He could now venture out into the tiring world he knew. After putting on his disguise, he threw away the packet Sam gave in the dark shadows and walked towards the nearest source of light.