

One Sunday afternoon lazing in the summer sun, the doorbell rang. I had no clue who was on the other side of the door. On one hand, I was cursing the guard that he hadn't informed me about the person. On the other hand, I was thinking did I order something!?

Oh! The joys of an online order. The bubble wrap mimicking the sound of rains after a long dry season. The smell of the cardboard box, faintly reminding of the wet mud. All these ideas gushed through my head like the post rain rivers, as I walked through the hallway to open the door.

A warm smile on the face of the delivery man rest assured the awaited joy of unpacking. Quickly took the box in my hand, and enquired what was it? He said he had no idea, handed over the digital signature device and smiled again. Putting the box aside, I immediately signed up and smiled back hurriedly to unwrap.

Thousands of pitter patter thoughts, clouding my head, I tore the cellophane tape like the lightning strikes, tearing the skies apart. With each tape ripped off, I was close to finding out what was inside the box. The expedition was ending. I could see floral print raincoat, a blue colored umbrella and a pair of black gum boots. Ah! I realized my wife must have ordered these for the upcoming rainy season.

The prints and colours in the box held a great semblance to the season. The rains always have brought up three emotions in my life. The floral print symbolized the bloom and the happiness it brought to the dry lands and our dried minds. Parched thoughts, getting water and feeling quenched with the idea, was rains to me. The blue colored umbrella brought up the thoughts of the occasional lethargy that trickled into the narrow cracks of working days. And the pair of gum boots instantly sent bounds of energy reminding me of my childhood days when the sole agenda of going out in the rain was to jump and splash water on Pradeep. The joy of seeing him wet and chase me, this always brought a smile to my face.

I never in my wildest dreams had imagined that unpacking a mundane package could bring back so many fond memories which opened the channel for joy. With small little waterfalls, to piping hot tea and snacks from the kitchen. With raincoats stretching till our ankles, yelling of my mother to stop playing in the mud, failing to listen to her every day. Catching snails off their course and placing them elsewhere, watching earthworks burrow in, getting bit by awry insects when searching for the lost ball through knee deep weed gardens. Everything good or bad now sent me on a thought trail.

Ding dong! The doorbell rang again. This time I was very sure, that I was going to write into the committee that the security guards weren't doing a great job. Scripting the complaint email lines in my mind, I swarmed through the door with the box of memories in my hand. Opened the door to find a familiar smile. It was the same delivery guy. His smile was a tad bit different; it had a weird scent of something unusual. Like the hailstorms, accompanying the rain drops. He apologetically smirked to take the box from my hand. He conveyed that the box belonged to the apartment, upstairs.

Every memory that came in walked back like the rains that, just pour for ten minutes and then the hot sun shines again. But he gave me a smaller box instead and said this is yours instead. It felt like a rainbow through the clouds and I played with the box to double check my name this time. Because I cannot unpack the wrong season this time.