

LEXIURE TRIP

VIGNESH SHENOY

PGDM NO: 22555

EMAIL ID: vignesh22555@sdmimd.ac.in

CONTACT: 9449210645



Getting a vacation sanctioned was akin to fighting Superman for Lex but he got it done. With that done and his tickets booked, he was ready to go do something he only enjoyed while prepping for a trip-Shopping. He headed straight to the mall, picking out clothes, shoes, and glasses he'd put away the last time he came there as then, it seemed like those purchases would have no practical purpose. Time flew by, he zoned out and lost himself in the process of shopping.

He woke up, on the plane. There was something wrong, everyone was panicking as the plane was a tad bit too turbulent, the pilot said something that no one could hear, nor did they care for it. The movements were violent, Lex felt the worst case of airplane ears, he could barely hear anything anyone was saying. The calmest of the lot were the old couple that was a seat behind his seat, their calmness made everyone else fear death even more and then boom, something or someone fell on him, and it was lights out for him.

The elevator chiming pulled him out of his exciting daydream. Shopping had never been so fun, he bought so many things and then he realized he got too many things that he had to rethink the trip. Just because he was going for a trip after a long time, didn't mean he had to empty his pockets over it. He kept back a few things and moved on to the billing counter. At the counter, his phone rang, shocked, the cashier sprang. It was his mom; she didn't want him gone too long or far. He groaned as he multi-tasked doing two things he did not want to do, at the same time-convincing his mom and paying the bills, something that made him simultaneously too old and

child-like at the same time. His next stop was home, he had to pack and he had to pack fast but as soon as he reached home, the MCB went off and his room blacked out.

He woke up, sand in his ears, nose, and mouth, skin scraped off his forearms and a pounding headache. He couldn't really figure what caused the headache, the overhead luggage that knocked him out earlier, or the merciless sun that seemed to be gloating on all that had fallen that day. He looked around and found the belongings of some of his co-passengers and the remains of others in what seemed like a giant sandpit that stretched out as far as he could see. There were no survivors, at least none that he could spot. He wasn't dressed for the desert, still having his jacket on, sweating profusely as he walked towards more sand. Just when he felt deserted by everyone, even God, he spotted a house at a distance, very far from where he was but it's very existence made him hopeful. He took his jacket off and tied its hands around his hips and began sprinting towards the house. The house seemed to keep a uniform distance from him, in the way, he felt like the house was moving too. He didn't care anymore, he clenched his fists and shut his eyes, running in the direction of the house.

Lex reached into his pocket and turned on the flashlight on his phone, nothing was going to stop him from going on this trip. His face lit up with a determined smile in the dark. He went to the backside of the house and fixed the lights. As he walked back towards the front, he heard his neighbour call out to him. The elderly man couldn't really yell out without the voice tearing and so Lex rushed before he gave the old man a sore throat. The old man looked at Lex, smiling in a way Lex recognized. "Can I leave my cat at your place?" he asked. Saying no to him was a difficult task, he reminded Lex of his own parents back home. "As much as I'd love to, I'm sorry, Mr. Han. This week, I have no time for Grace." Lex smiled as warmly as he could. The old man grumbled, just like his dad would but he went away. It was time, he got back inside the home and back to packing. As soon as he got in, he put on his sunglasses and *Bruno Mars* on shuffle waltzing through the whole packing process.

Lex only stopped when he touched the door, he ran into it. He could hear the vultures, their ugly cry seemed like a song to him. The very fact that there was some form of life except him boosted his unrealistically optimistic mind but after some time, the cries died down too. The house was uninhabited, but it did have a hand pump which drew a little bit of water. He drank water to his heart's content, so far all he felt was sand, the feeling of water on his parched throat and scorched skin was a welcome change. He settled in for the time being, he had water, he

could possibly survive his vacation after all. He lay on its wooden floor, trying to find a way out and he slowly fell asleep.

The next morning was early, he got up and called a cab as he freshened up. He got dressed and carried his luggage to the cab, it had enough luggage for a lifetime even though he was only going away for a week. He sat in, as the cab drove off in the direction of rising sun. Humming *I want to break free* out loud, they finally reached the airport. He was finally here, going off on a solo trip he fought the world for. Still humming, he went through the security and waited for the plane, almost dancing with excitement in the lounge. The plane had arrived, and it was finally time. He got up, sliding to the queue in his shiny new shoe. As he was about to board the plane, his phone rang. It was his boss. He fought his urge to take the call and the call dropped on its own. An old couple, went past him, quarrelling about what place would be better for old and aged tourists. He goes to his seat but is uncomfortable, even though the phone had stopped ringing, he still felt the ringing in his ears. He groans and gives into his conscience and calls his boss back, closing his eyes, hoping his boss doesn't pick it up.

Waking up to sandstorm outside, he looks out. From where he stood, it looked like he was on a planet made of sand. The house wouldn't be able to endure the storm and he had to either leave the place and walk into a dusty storm or die in the house. Lex had made a choice though, in the past indefinite hours, he'd seen a lot of things he could never unsee or forget. He was re-evaluating every life decision he'd ever taken. There was no way he could survive in the storm but inside the house, at least, he had water. He sat by the pump and drank water from it until the storm ate at the house. The last thing he heard before the storm gulped him and his little paradise was whirring of the sand that reminded him of the whirring of the plane engine. It felt like his journey came a full circle.

Boss picked up the call and called him back to office immediately. Lex really wanted to ghost his boss and go away, he almost cut the call, but he couldn't. His boss needed him, even if he had gotten his vacation sanctioned officially. He groaned and walked out of the plane. As a show of appreciation, he got his whole expenses reimbursed and free food coupons for an entire or so. He wasn't happy going back to the office, but he had to. He dragged his feet to the cab stand to find the earlier cabbie in. Their whole way back, they had meaningful fun conversations. Lex did feel better. He got off the cab, paid his dues and began walking away, towards the office.