



I Know Who You Are!

People are Best Understood by their
Character Skins

By Dubai based Twins
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This is a work of fiction.

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Chapter 14

Realising the loss of time, Mahmood was speedily plugging in the leads of the PS2. It was his habit to unplug every time a gaming session ended. *Sultan must be feeling bad... I should have informed him earlier.* Mahmood was feeling guilty.

While the two worked as a team, they heard Mahmood's parents talking in their bedroom, which was just opposite theirs. Sultan could clearly make out that one of the two was more dominant, probably influential. *If I am right in my understanding, then the other person in the room should be Sticklip, replying to each statement such that others cannot hear,* Sultan concluded wisely. He kept thinking and pledged to himself that as soon as he met his uncle and auntie, he would click his watch at them. Another task to be performed, a mighty one, was to reach home earlier so that he wouldn't miss Uncle Zain's visit.

The next hour unfolded a slackening in Sultan's play performance. He had realised that his wavering thoughts were restraining him from playing his best; as a result he had prepared himself for failure and Mahmood's self-praise.

The last game of the series was over and the flavour of victory had awakened almost all of Mahmood's previous experiences of winning. Naturally, he began relating incidents that ranked in his top five. It started from winning *Pehal Douj* (Hop Scotch in Urdu) and ended at his unbeaten eighteen games of Noughts and Crosses in Pakistan.

Alongside listening to the storytelling, Sultan collected his things and chucked them in his backpack. There was a quick knock at the door. Mahmood's parents had come to say hello to Sultan, a kind gesture that was much appreciated by him.

Sultan was confronted with the task of conveying his urgency to return home. He thought of many potentially successful yet substitutive plans; lying that his mother had high fever, pretending to be sick, fibbing that his dad's boss had invited the family for tea or that his sister had forgotten to inform him that their neighbours were to bid them farewell at lunch.

Taking into consideration that Sarah would be least in contact with Mahmood's family, he thought of burdening her image with carelessness and irresponsibility.

He looked at the watch to check the time but instead he read, 'Headspin'.