

Procrastination

by Savva

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Procrastination is like masturbation. At first it feels good, but in the end you are only screwing yourself." – Possibly from Monty Python.

He pulled the car in front of the large glass door and blankly stated, "Here we go." He didn't need to face her to know that her blues eyes were on him. He had felt her glare on his skin during the whole drive.

"Yes." She sighed and unbuckled her seat belt.

He did the same, opened the door and climbed out. By the time he came around to the trunk, she was already standing there. He finally dared to look at her. Cold air nibbled at her cheeks and she shivered. The tip of her nose turned slightly pink. He wanted to hug her, but suppressed this unsanctioned desire. She wasn't his, at least not anymore.

He opened the trunk and took out her bright red suitcase. He put it on the sidewalk. Straightening up, he let his gaze caress her silhouette as he muttered, "Well, I guess this is it. Call me when you get back."

She tilted her face up toward him, and he could clearly see challenging sparkles coming alive in her blue eyes. "I am not sure *when* or *if* I will come back. I think he will want to take me on a honeymoon after the wedding. Then I will need to settle down and all, you know. New town, new life—"

"Right," he interrupted her. He truly didn't want to know. He bent to kiss her goodbye, aiming for his beloved little dimple on her cheek. His heart swelled at how short she was. He loved her petite stature and her cheeks with dimples, which he had always found so bloody arousing.

She allowed him to kiss her and turned on her heel. Already with her back to him and walking to the terminal, she uttered a soft "Goodbye."

"See you," he whispered and then, fighting a hard lump in his throat, shouted forcefully, "See you later! Call me when you get back."

She acknowledged his desperate plea with an annoyed flip of her golden locks and, not turning around or slowing down, kept walking until she disappeared into the chaotic airport crowd.

For a long while he watched the place where she had been standing just a moment ago. She was gone, and he couldn't believe it. The ring in his trousers pocket was weighing him down, making his heart heavier by the minute. "Fuck," he cursed and kicked an innocent mailbox, scaring the shit out of a stray passerby in the process. He

kicked the blue metal box again. Then he just kept kicking it until he noticed a cop walking toward him.

Shit.

With a sigh, he raised his arms in a peaceful gesture and mouthed, "Sorry about that, officer."

The cop walked closer and, patting his shoulder, consoled, "Shewill come back, mate, don't worry."

Nodding, he reluctantly climbed inside his car and chastised himself. *Now* have you procrastinated long enough, you bloody idiot?"