

The joyous imbalance:

It is not even two months that I started my evening walk. Once I came from my daily routine, it used to be very difficult to once again go out and have a walk. My wife is fond of walking and I was fond of postponing the plan.

So, I decided to fit my walk in my daily schedule. My clinic is situated in the heart of city where I live. My residence is almost four km away from this place. I generally take a hired tri-seater (called autorickshaw) to come home, after I finish consultation with my patients. This takes place anytime between 8.30 pm to 10 pm depending on the patient's number on that particular day.

On the very first day of my walk, I refused to hire an auto and started walking. The street in the business district was too crowded and there were too many obstacles disturbing my (yet to be found) rhythm of walking. After somehow walking for a kilometer (definitely a little less) I got into an auto half resolving that walking was not my cup of tea.

My home is away from the crowded area and the pavements are also well laid, clean and not crowded. It struck me as a fantastic, original and creative idea (in other words, very simple, commonsense idea) that I could hire auto near clinic and leave it one km away from home & walk the entire distance.

I started from the very next evening (still in love with my alternative) but as I started, I could not find rhythm or satisfaction. I was becoming breathless almost every hundred steps and had to stop compulsorily. On my second day of the walk I took four major and many minor stopovers in one kilometer distance. What made me continue was curiously the sweating (which was thankfully profuse).

My mind has an equation of more sweat with more calorie-loss and hence more weight loss. By the end of one week I was impressed by my sweating & hence continued... I of course hardly realized that the summer temperature & humidity also contributed to 'my' sweat.

...anyway I continued. There were gaps not because of postponement, but because I was not in town or busy somewhere else. I was also making a mandatory walk wherever I went and whenever possible. Once when a friend decided to give me a ride from my clinic I opted to get down on my usual spot and then walked my way.

My breathlessness has steadily started decreasing since then and a few deep breaths without stopping are sufficient now. Thankfully the sweating continues.

Today I noticed a queer thing... my feet and legs were well turned to carry a heavier me. This meant that they used to be that much tight, stretched, contracted; whatever you call it. Now that I am almost 12.5 kg lighter, the legs are taking their own time to 'digest' this fact. They behave as if they are carrying a heavier me. So my speed becomes a bit slow... then the legs realize this and try to relax. The result is, I get a feeling of imbalance... when I increase my speed, my trunk and tummy have become lighter and somehow I sway a little, almost as if intoxicated.

Different parts of my body are recognizing each others changed dimensions... I am still waiting for the rhythm to emerge. Meanwhile I am quite happy with this joyous imbalance.

