

The Morning We Lost Our Minds

I woke up that morning at **5 AM**, furious energy coursing through me, without even waiting for an alarm. The world was quiet, the streets still asleep, but I had a plan a wild, unplanned trip and there was no turning back. I immediately called up my brother **Aniket**, who, bless him, was in the middle of his early morning routine, making tea. I barely gave him a chance to comprehend what was happening. I shouted across the phone, "**Come downstairs, we're going!**" And I didn't even tell him where. That detail was clearly optional in our rebellion.

Minutes later, we had him in tow, and we moved on to **Rutvij's** place. But Rutvij was deep in sleep, utterly unreachable. Calls went unanswered, texts ignored nothing stirred him from his dreams. That only fueled our impulsive streak. In a moment of mischievous desperation, we called his dad, asking him to wake Rutvij up. The answer was a firm, polite refusal. No help there.

Frustrated, we started leaving his house, feeling the thrill of our rebellion in every step. And then, almost like a cinematic twist, his call came **one minute later**. "Wait for me! I'm coming too!" And just like that, the trip had gathered momentum, pulling in the sleepy, the unsuspecting, and the willing alike

It was **peak winter**, the kind of cold that makes your nose tingle and your fingers go numb in seconds, but that didn't slow us down not even a bit. I called up Aniket Poghe, my brother-in-circle, and gave him the game plan: pick **Saurabh** and head straight to Rutvij's home. The problem? Aniket Poghe lived a solid **12 kilometers away**. We knew he'd be late, and honestly, part of us **admired the chaos** that was about to unfold.

Minutes later, with Rutvij finally awake and bundled up like a burrito against the chill, we left his home. We had barely gone **1 kilometer** when the inevitable happened. Aniket Poghe, frustrated beyond words, blew up over the phone. He couldn't believe how reckless we were being how could we just leave him behind like that?

But we? We handled it **calmly, teasingly, almost proudly**, making him squirm with every playful jab. "Relax, Poghe! You'll catch up!" we laughed, our voices carrying over the winter air, full of mischief.

The next mission had already formed in our minds: **pick up Shreyas** from his home. Each call, each plan, each reckless sprint through the cold was building momentum. The day wasn't just a trip-it was turning into an **adventure we would never forget**.

Then came the moment that truly defined how **five sensible humans can instantly turn into five certified idiots Shreyas's house**.

We reached his place, calling out to him repeatedly. Instead of Shreyas, his **father stepped out**. One look at us-half-awake faces, winter jackets, bikes humming impatiently and he declared, firmly and finally, "He is **not coming**."

And then he stared at us.

Not a normal stare.

A **reckless, judgment-heavy, early-morning stare**.

Now, he clearly underestimated one thing: **when we are together, rebellion multiplies**. Without exchanging a word, all five of us **stared right back**. No blinking. No fear. Just pure, frozen audacity. The silence stretched. The cold bit harder. Finally defeated or annoyed he turned around and went inside.

And within a **fraction of seconds**, the gate opened again.

Shreyas appeared.

“Why are you morons here?” he snapped.

We replied, calmly, casually, as if this was the most normal thing in the world:

“We’re going.”

He frowned.

“**We** going? Where? Why?”

As he spoke, he made the **fatal mistake** he opened the gate fully.

That was the moment.

We didn’t say it aloud, but every mind reached the same conclusion:

This is our chance.

At first, we tried convincing him. Logic, persuasion, emotional blackmail everything failed. He refused. Flat denial.

Plan B activated instantly.

Rutvij, without hesitation, **parked his scooty aside**, stepped forward like a volunteer answering a battlefield call, and joined me. In one swift, chaotic move, we **picked Shreyas up**, still protesting, still confused along with his **house lock and keys**, because apparently, we were kidnapping him **with full responsibility**.

Shreyas kept yelling. We kept laughing. The winter air echoed with madness. And just like that, resistance collapsed into surrender.

And just when we thought the group was complete, **a dangerous thought struck Rutvij’s mind** the kind of thought that only appears in unplanned trips and half-frozen mornings.

“If we’re already going,” he said, eyes suddenly alive, “**why don’t we call Aditya Bhandari?**”

Now, Aditya was not just anyone. The guy worked a job in **Pune**, had **just arrived in Chhatrapati Sambhaji Nagar**, and was crashing at his **nani’s house**. It was barely **5:30 AM** when he reached the city completely exhausted, body begging for sleep, soul still somewhere on the Pune highway.

A sane person would've said, *Let him rest.*

We were not sane.

Rutvij immediately volunteered for the mission. Without hesitation, he grabbed **Aniket's Ola**, fired it up, and set off **eagerly**, like this was a rescue operation of national importance. The distance? Around **8 kilometers**. The enthusiasm? Unlimited.

Meanwhile, we stayed back, commandeering **Rutvij's Jupiter**. With us was **Shreyas**-half kidnapped, half surrendered still wearing the expression of a man questioning every life decision that led him here. He looked **innocent, slightly teary, and deeply betrayed by friendship**, while we dragged him along, laughing through the winter air.

Two routes.

Two missions.

One completely unplanned journey spiraling further out of control.

And somewhere between cold roads, sleepy neighborhoods, and reckless decisions, it became clear: this wasn't just a trip anymore. It was turning into **one of those stories**. The kind you laugh about years later and say, "Remember that morning we lost our minds?"

And the day... had only just begun.

Now, let me be very clear about one thing **Rutvij is a full-time idiot**. No part-time, no probation. Certified.

He reached Aditya's nani's place and **repeated the exact same ritual** we had performed on Shreyas. Same chaos. Same logic-less persuasion. Same outcome. Aditya-exhausted from travel, half asleep, mentally still in Pune was **picked up before reality could catch up**. Before he could even ask *why*, he was already *coming*.

And just when Rutvij thought the madness had peaked, **another thought entered his head**; dangerous, unnecessary, yet inevitable.

"Why don't we call **Abhay**?"

Abhay-the most **sarcastic human being** in our group. Sharp tongue, dry humor, but somehow the **among us. The kind who complains the most but shows up anyway.**

Call made. Decision sealed.

After nearly **45 minutes of waiting**, freezing at **Sai Tekdi**, questioning our existence and life choices, **those idiots finally arrived**. Scooters rolled in. Helmets came off. Faces tired, smiles wicked.

That was the moment.

The moment when the group was finally complete.
The moment when sleep deprivation met rebellion.
The moment when we all realized

The fun blast was about to erupt.

No plan.
No destination clarity.
Too many people.
Too much energy.

And once all of us were together... there was no stopping what came next.

After assembling the entire gang at **Sai Tekdi**, it was time to **show Shreyas the destruction we had caused during the rainy season**. Honestly, no wonder he was **amazed** eyes wide, jaw slightly dropped, probably questioning every life choice that led him to this group of absolute idiots. Deep down, he likely wondered, *Why are these idiots an essential part of life?* But honestly... who cared?

We didn't spare him. **Roasting Shreyas** became an art form-teasing, laughing, mocking. Then, like every perfect chaotic story, came a **silent pause**.

It happened because **Rutvij, the self-proclaimed "parasite" of our proclaimed "parasite" group**, went to grab his bag. Nobody suspected a thing. He opened his treasure trove and what did we find? **Packets of wafers, Kurkure, and all kinds of junk food**, stacked like forbidden treasure. Eyes widened. Hearts raced. The snack gods had descended.

Naturally, we devoured everything like starving creatures. And then came **the moment that will stay etched in our memories forever**.

Rutvij pulled out a water bottle. Without a second thought, **both Anikets** asked for it. He passed it casually. They drank. Peacefully. Innocently.

Then Rutvij asked, far too calmly,
"Did you drink this water?"

"Yes," replied the Anikets, still unaware of the trap.

And then; **the detonation**.

"You morons... this water? That was my *bathroom backup plan*."

For a fraction of a second, time froze.

And then **6 out of 8: Rutvij, Shreyas, Aditya, Abhay, Saurabh, and me; exploded into uncontrollable laughter**, laughing so hard it felt like it came from **the deepest part of our belly buttons**. Tears rolled, stomachs cramped, breaths were lost. The remaining **two idiots-the Anikets-stood there in silent horror**, realizing they had just become victims of a story that would follow them for life.

That moment sealed it.

Not just a prank.

Not just a trip.

But a **memory forged in madness**, one that would resurface every time we met, laughed, or questioned why friendship sometimes looks exactly like this.

Friendship like ours doesn't announce itself. It just happens - somewhere between missed sleep, reckless plans, cold mornings, and laughter that hurts your stomach. This phase of life comes quietly and leaves just as silently. One day, schedules change, responsibilities grow heavier, and mornings stop starting at 5 AM for no reason at all. But the people don't leave. They stay - stitched into who you are.

These are the people who turn ordinary days into stories, mistakes into memories, and chaos into comfort. With them, you don't need plans, explanations, or destinations. Presence is enough. Arguments fade, embarrassment becomes legend, and even the worst ideas age into the best memories.

Time moves on - it always does. But what it cannot take away are the moments created together: the laughter echoed in empty roads, the silence shared after madness, the unspoken understanding that no matter where life pulls us, this bond remains untouched. Memories like these don't fade; they mature. They get retold, laughed over, and quietly protected.

This time of life will pass.

But these people?

They stay - in stories, in laughter, in the parts of us that never grew up, and in the memories we'll carry for a lifetime.

So if you're reading this - go out. Call your friends. Make new ones. Keep the old ones close. Say yes to unplanned mornings, pointless rides, and stupid ideas that turn into unforgettable stories. Make memories while you can, because one day, you won't remember the destination - you'll remember the people who were beside you.