



Last week we published [U-Jean's](#) story on what spurred her to come up with the 'May 13 Interracial Hook-up Day'. Scores of Facebook users all over the country had by then agreed to meet up with friends of different ethnic groups, just to drive home the point. Over in Georgetown, Penang, DHANEN MAHES describes that evening on May 13

**MAY 13**

DAY OF PEACE, REASON, FREEDOM

It is raining.

I've seen the same thing in many a film – dour rain on the anniversary of a somber event. I pull up my collar and stick both hands in my jeans pockets. As I walk down the street in the gray rain, I feel like the protagonist in a movie – in my black jacket, grim, head bowed, about to do something that will significantly affect the plot.

The screen fades. Maybe it cuts to another character. Maybe it flits to a different location – perhaps to a group of people at Dataran Merdeka, also braving the rain. They're sitting in a circle on the field, like a picnic, food strewn across their laps and on the field, sipping orange juice. They're talking and laughing...

We come back to the protagonist (which I like to think I am).

The world will pass you by while you wait out the rain; I choose not to wait out the rain.

I am soaked to the bone, standing at the entrance of a happy little café nestled in the heart of Upper Penang Road, squinting to see if there is a familiar face inside. There is. A friendly wave, and we're together in the interior of the café. There is a table near the end where two pretty girls are sitting, sipping wine. If cameras could smell, you would be breathing in the smell of sweet wine, and cigars and the smell of wood and the musky smell of rain from the outside.

We hug. There are introductions - one of the girls I have met, the other I am not familiar. She has pretty blue eyes. My friend, with brown eyes and thick black glasses makes a joke. Her glasses are an antithesis to mine. She jokes that she is white with black glasses, and I am black with white ones. We chuckle.

We wait. We drink. We move outside, glasses in hand. Again we wait, and we drink. The girl with blue eyes blows smoke rings and smiles. We watch the people go by.

