

Silence

The winds were slow and a bit cold and the weather was pleasant as usual, but the thing that changed was that the chair was empty, the table was empty, and she had not been there for a few days.

Every morning, I used to observe a lady from the window of my house. She had a cup of tea in her hands, a newspaper on the table, and she was sitting quietly in her garden, deep in thought. She was silent, but it seemed like there was something she wanted to say. Before going back into her house, she always used to cut some pieces from the newspaper, which was always present there on the table in front of her. Initially, I used to pay less attention to her cutting the newspaper as there were many problems in my life which I used to share with no one else and these problems always kept me away from thinking of anything else, but as she used to cut the newspaper daily, it started generating a bit of curiosity in my mind. The reason for curiosity was a strong one. The reason was that she used to cut the newspaper piece without reading a word of it.

After a few days, a day came when she was not in her chair. I thought that she was ill. Seeing no one on the chair gave me a feeling like there was something missing. The place was still silent, but was not silent the way it used to be. When she was there, the silence used to say something.

Days passed and she didn't come back. I wanted to know about the lady but didn't go to her house for many days because it was somewhat weird for me to go to someone's house when I don't know him or her to know if he or she is there. The curiosity to know about the lady was, however, increasing day by day inside me because of the questions raised, which were yet to be answered. Finally, after some days when I wasn't able to control myself, I went to her door, rang the doorbell continuously, but no one came out. No one was there except silence.

There was also nothing on the table. I was deeply saddened because if I had talked to the lady before, I would have got the answers. I was thinking that it might be possible that the lady had problems in her life and if I or anyone else had talked to her, then perhaps the person could have helped her.

Days were passing continuously and each day I used to peek through my window to see if there was someone in the garden. Peeking through the window became my habit, and I'm not saying that it's a good habit. Finally, after some days, I saw something that amazed me. I saw a notebook-like thing on the table in the garden. I immediately ran towards the notebook-like thing to read it. The book was an old one, with a thick cover. The cover of the book was brown with "diary 2011" written on it. I was eager to know what was in the book, so I opened it. In the book, there were only newspaper cuttings.

On the newspaper cutting of the first page, the news of a woman molested by a group of three men was present, and the woman was none other than the same lady who I used to see sitting on the bench. The second page contains the news on which it was written that the woman was raped by the same group of men. The news on the third page includes that the woman reported the same to the police, and the police have arrested them. The fourth and final page has the news about the men that they were given life imprisonment. The rest of the pages include quotes basically focusing on things like don't keep things inside you, don't remain silent about wrongs against you. These things were strange, but the thing that was stranger was that it was a diary and there was not written any date on any of the pages. At the end of the diary, there was a pocket-like thing in which there was another newspaper cutting. I took that out of the diary and the newspaper cutting again consists of the image of the same lady, but it was written on the page that the lady committed suicide and the reason was unknown, and the date 13 April 2011 was written on top of the newspaper cutting. As there was a date on it, I was able to understand what happened and what she wished to happen.

This incident shook me and changed my character totally. I was able to understand that don't try to hide your feelings, otherwise the way you want things to happen will not happen to you, like they didn't happen in the case of the women.

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