7She Didn’t Hear .

The content of the email brought a smile on my face. I was happy again. The gloomy and painful raindrops decorated over my windows seemed of less importance to me.The quilt sticking to my skin seemed full of warmth and welcoming embrace .The comfort I yearned for filled the hollow deep inside of me.The dull and little glow from my side lamps compared to nothing in front of the infinite twinkling lamps lit up inside of me . funny how just a few words skilfully arranged to form sentences can entirely change the thought processes of a mere thinking machine. My catalogue of thought pick in ended abruptly when my mother dashed into my room with an angry expressions.

“Don’t you understand when you are called ,Margo?” She begined questioning “I have been calling you from the past five minutes. Just into the air. No answer reached me back”.

‘She hadn’t yet forgiven me’. I thought “Well, I was about to come “.Was the blank reply she got from me as I arose shutting down the computer.

“Well, I can see that “. She taunted, not before slamming ,shut, the door.

I signed . The only possible way of keeping the monster inside of me a submissive . I descended the door, after gently smutting the door shut. My mother appeared in my view with the same exhausted yet, full of anger face. The pain began to radiate again in the middle of my chest. I breathed.

“Your food is kept on the table. Eat it if you want else, throw it in the garbage. Anyways ,you are in habit of piling up curses on your head, along with us”. My mother instructed ,to more like threatened, no ,more like ..... she pushed me afar.

“yes” I mumbled. I began walking towards the table thinking about how to break the news to her that had gained me happiness. Just via a mail. I turned to get myself a glass of water thinking of the ways I could surprise her. A small chit? Email, her too? A teddy maybe ? All this refutation of my thoughts, no longer a catalogue, blinded me to see where I was keeping the glass. The sound of the breaking glass echoed. Echoed down the hail, echoed in her ears ,in mine and echoed out to reveal my mother. “that’s it ! That’s all I can take any more you. First break down all the reputation our family has. Then embarrass is even more .fail in all subjects .Now ,break down the house”. She screamed . It was a short, screams ,pain, hurt and the sound of a broker person’s heart .I broke my mother .

“I am sorry,mom,I didn’t mean to .I –“She cut me off.

“Huh , enough! You don’t mean to do anything .Ever I am a mad . I margin all of it .No you are right .We are wrong .Forgive us”. Mother joined her hand her hair was ruffed even more .Her eyes widened ,Witney and read. Her breath picked pace Her face swelter up.

“Mom –” I was going away. The pain so aliens to me once revived and the pain came back. I didn’t want it . My eyes blurred and my forehead boiled .I thought it was a fairly good time to area the news up.

Amidst the screams my mouth gained the courage to speak up the words I had already shouted inside of me. “Mom, my entrance poems has been accepted”. Just like deaf ears .She didn’t hear it. The house which spoke of the screams my mother shouted words which cut through me, killed me and defeated me. She didn’t hear it. She was busy to relieve her pain. Why shouldn’t she. I gave her the scars. I tried once more. Gathered up the courage again, “ My book is getting published Mom”. To deaf ears again. My mother continued never to stop. She didn’t hear.

“ I am becoming a writer....” I tried last time before I fell “........Mom..”. She didn’t hear.