

## **THE STORY OF ME- AN ANECDOTE**

What is Life? Life is a one time cycle, a one time loop, we are born; after living in a dome for nine months, as a small teddy, as we come out of a slimy bag through small hole, which is forced to expand multifold for our passage, covered in slime of some bodily fluid and blood with a cable connected to our microscopic belly buttons from one end and the other end connected to our mother, through which we little suckers suck out of our mothers nutrition and prey upon her; us Parasites! We come screaming out of the dome upon entry into this world. Pardon me, I forgot to mention, an alternative entry into this world, sometimes the doctor also cuts the dome from scissors, opens up the dome and emergency lands sorry lifts up directly from the dome; then stitches back the dome with needle and thread. As we grow old, we start to crawl, we start to blabber some alien words, put everything into our mouth that we get hold of(Oh! What were those days, truest freedom and joy); And then we start to walk and talk, we gain consciousness of this world,for most of us we start going to school, we go to college, we get a job, get married, have kids, grow old and then die, sadly. We have different family backgrounds, different beliefs and different social contexts which also determines a certain way of growing up, apart from how our parents raise us. As we live our lives we come across certain moments, certain experiences that stay with us, engraved in our memory, maybe because those were moments of immense pleasure, or mental breakdown, something very bad happened, or maybe some experience was eye opening or revelating. It is these experiences and moments of ups and downs that I will be talking about in this piece.This piece would be, at least for now, a collection of experiences of mine, the learnings that I have had; and reflections, now that I look back and contemplate.

## **THE SMELLY SAREE**

I lived my initial days(till second standard) in my home town of Rath, Uttar Pradesh. It is a tehsil, and some prominent government bodies that exist includes a municipal hospital situated beside a large pond(quite not an ideal location for a hospital to be), the nagar palika which uncommonly does decently good job, a post office sheltered in the main market so deep inside that you would form a maze if you trace your path to it from you began. A government aided college marred by corrupt directors unwillful towards any improvement in any kind of college and students. There are two mandis one for fruits and vegetables, the other one for grains of different kinds. Things which remind of India's freedom struggles is a statue of Dr Bhimrao Ambedkar painted in classic sky blue and one finger pointed towards sky at a certain angle; there is also a statue of Rani Lakshmi Bai on her horse standing on two legs. I do not know if there are any government schools but probably there would be,though it is surprising the number of private schools there are in the town. The town is very lively though, there are people everywhere, any street you go, any corner you won't find silence. There is hustle and bustle in every part of the town. There is sharp pitched humming of e- rickshaws, the grunting of the buses motorcycles, there are is a chai shop at every corner, with people debating inside and outside, there is a barber at every corner putting on some shaving cream and massaging it on the neck and cheeks of the customer.

So anyways, this is when I was six to seven years old. We had cows(even now), and usually my grandmother used to take care of the cows, and obviously doing the chores that she would do, like preparing fodder for the cow, cleaning them and clearing cow dung, she acquired this

discomforting smell which would irritate me a lot. That day my school rickshaw did not come to pick me up, and there was no one free other than my grandmother and she had just come after a meeting with cows, so obviously it was decided that she would go and drop me off at the school which was ten to fifteen minutes away by walk from the house. I was standing at the veranda when she passed by me and grabbed my hand. My mood and facial expression changed faster than the speed of the bullet train. My eyebrows all contracted, my mouth and nose made a weird shape, damn that nasty smell. I said "cheeeee, I am not going with you." But at that time I was scared of all the males in the family, my grandfather, my uncle and my father out of the fear of getting a beating, and so I could not revolt much about the situation otherwise she would have complained about it. Actually, more than I disliked the smell, I did not want to go with her because of course the smell and the way she wore the saree in an odd fashioned way, thinking what my friends would say. So I went with her trying to maintain some distance in front of her, so that people do not think that I am with her, as we neared the school I was praying to not encounter any of my friends, but I had to be sure so a few yards off the gate I hesitatingly said to her that I could go alone from there and that she can go back home. I do not seem to recall whether I felt bad after saying this but I wish I felt bad.

It is so remarkable and thought provoking that at such a young age you could be susceptible to these things, to think of what others might say.