5-1-12

The day was crazy. Buaji was here for the last time today.

In the morning, I woke up around 0630 when babaji and Anu were talking and disturbed my sleep. I went to the kitchen to tell amma to prepare tea for me and it was buaji there. I wasn’t expecting that. There were four of us in amma’s room, I was the listener. Buaji was making fun of her parents-in-law and fufaji. It was funny to hear her. I heard her plans for the day, how she was going to spend this last day. I was hearing and so I was going to be able to adjust my schedule such that I neither completely attend to her, nor completely miss anything. She and amma will leave at 11 for somewhere to shop. I started making my plans too.

I made plans to go to college to return books. I left home around 0800 after informing buaji and amma. Buaji was questioning but she didn’t stop or put any curfews. I was early at college and around 0930 (in fifteen minutes), I returned the books. Then for issuing another book, I went in and hid Physics book in my cotton jacket. It was fun and I now own this book. It wasn’t planned but seeing that there was no security at this moment of time, I took the chance.

I came home at 1030 and I was feeling like falling in bed. I didn’t exchange looks with buaji and it was just that I was feeling very dizzy. I had reluctantly eaten 4 puri(s), I was tired and eating was not on my mind but I did because it was breakfast and fat-whore had already made it and put it in plate for me. I was lying here and there and Rashmi would tell me that I shouldn’t sleep in the morning. Sameer too said once that I study through the night and sleep through the day. When I was at the dining table Smita sat there and Prachi was there as well. I didn’t have any idea of how I could appreciate that, or even say something so I was feeling good and uncomfortable together. We were all dressing up and freshen up. Girls were going to go the market to buy kits, 30 or 40 of those so that buaji can give them to her tuition students. In the morning buaji were telling me that I should go with Smita for this work, but I simply refused because I didn’t want to go anywhere with Smita. When I told what buaji had wished to Smita during my breakfast, she said ‘now I will have to come with them’.

I was sleeping while the girls were getting ready and waiting for the right moment to leave. They came disturbed my sleep while playing hide-and-seek. Anushka and Srishti and Prachi were entering my blanket. Rashmi came and pulled it away from over me. She said it is what I had done to her the other day. I was like ‘what-the-fuck-man’, or ‘funny’. I regretted that they were yet to go to shop and were still waiting for Anu to get ready. When they went after few minutes, Sameer and Prashant were watching movie ‘Matrix’ and I too sat there. Later, chachi came to distract and when I got up for a second and returned in a minute, the TV was off and they were watching it on Laptop screen. I couldn’t have watched it now. I am still getting a feeling that the move was against me. I was searching my phone and was thinking of asking Shukla if he would give me his iPod and I could get a lot of content in that. He said okay. I was happy and preparing to move that’s when badi buaji’s call came asking for R buaji, because R buaji was going to visit her today. I think it was slip-of-tongue when she asked me to come to her place; I had to tell her that it was difficult because R buaji was going to be there later. I left for Shukla’s house at 1400. At Shakarpur stop, I saw that a big sedan stopped in the middle of the road to let an fine old man and a little girl, as old as Anushka, cross the road; my heart became heavy and wanted to weep some tear drops of appreciation for it. It became busy and late there that it struck to me at 1600 that I needed to be at home to say goodbye to the cousins and buaji. I was feeling confused and feared if I had made it to late here and it would be even later when I would be home. I was sort of afraid and unhappy. I got back home around 1630, children (along with M buaji) were sitting in living room and R buaji was doing the packing in amma’s room. I saw M buaji sitting on wooden chair near the TV as I enter the room and turn to go to my room. I told her the truth that I had gone to get iPod from my friend. I was in my room and was feeling a little better for not having been late and now differently uncomfortable that ‘how would I be going to confront buaji’. Smita was here in the room twice to check for anything of theirs and I noticed that my presence was way too much ignored by her. I felt a little hurt for a split second before I tell myself ‘what goes around comes back around’. Buaji came to the turn and screamed:

‘AA GYA TU, PAAPI TU NHI SUDHAR SAKTA, KHANA BHI NHI KHAYA TUNE’; ‘NHI KHA LIYA THA SUBAH’; ‘VO TOH BREAKFAST THA’; ‘NHI VOH BREAKFAST, LUNCH DONO, BRUNCH THA, MAINE BOHOT SARA KHA LIYA THA’; ‘CHACHI KO BTA NHI SAKTA THA’; ‘BATAYA THAANA’

After this quick conversation in which she was screaning and I was pussy-replying, she marched back to amma’s room to continue packing. I went after and got next to babaji. I had planned while on my walk back to home that because I won’t be able avoid confronting anybody and hence I should think of protection and not avoidance. Babaji was tickling me and was trying to have fun. I was able to talk a little bit by virtue of the card I was fiddling with; babaji had started it and M buaji had questioned and suggested in the respect of the card. Rashmi was helping in packing now.

In the next minute, buaji had moved her things near the entrance-mat and all had circled around her in the living room, and the kids were mixed. I was standing behind babaji. I earlier noticed that even Rashmi is being ignorant to me. I didn’t try to force my eye-balls on to her on noticing it, by now several times, that she, too like Smita, was ignoring. I didn’t bother. Buaji was saying the last words that all kids should be good, and Srishti should get admission in good college, Prashant and Anu should do well in studies. Then she asked repeatedly, ‘where is BUDHDHU, can’t see BUDHDHU, where’s BUDHDH hiding’. I put a step forward saying ‘I was here 20 minutes but didn’t come to you as you were busy packing.’ She knew where I stood and so she was looking in this direction so that the crowd parted, left enough space for me to walk forth. I walk slowly with hesitation and kind of a little smile, both sorry and sarcastic, on my face. I was only a step away from buaji and she puts her hand on my shoulder and other hand around my back-arm of my other hand. It was like she was going to give me a hug and I felt like shedding tears right next. I had shed any yet and amma said ‘now it won’t be bearable’. I was literally weeping with clear face expression and absence of attention. I hold buaji’s hand and move it off of me so that I could pass to my room and avoid the crowd from seeing me crying. Buaji was not letting me go and she held my other hand and jacket as I try to take away my hand and myself from her. She had my arm and grip on my jacket too. Then she let me walk to the other room and she come following to shut me up. I was literally crying like a five year old and Anushka was keen to see that. I had to shut the door and not let her see me like that. She didn’t open it back.

Buaji told me not hurt amma, complete studying, become a computer engineer, and also told me to be a good boy. She brings up the jacket and was passing me money to buy one myself. I refused taking and I think I had said that you give them to M buaji. I was never thinking of jacket and it was only slip-of-tongue if it was my idea of- letting M buaji take the money. I am feeling negative for myself. Buaji walked me to the exit and down to the stairs with her hand wrapped around mine and also she was holding it using the other one as well. She let go me a little bit, and also kissed me on the cheek. She was crying as well, as I had seen. I stood next to babaji and Anushka was asking me ‘why I cried and why did I close the door when she was there’. I couldn’t have looked at anyone else from those who were going. Kids were ignoring and matching eyes with buaji was difficult. She looked at everyone and there were ‘bye-bye(s)’. Ghost drove the car with five of them inside.

I tear a packet f perfume and pour it over myself so as to create a different air. Babaji watched TV. Amma and fat-whore worked in kitchen. I was literally feeling very weak and screaming ‘fuck, fuck, FUCK’ to myself in silence. Buaji shouldn’t have showed love or touched or hugged me. She shouldn’t have touched me, she just shouldn’t have touched.

I had to carry on the normal life and hold myself up. It took me close to 3 hours to copy the contents from iPod to my Smallie. I go to Shukla’s house to return his gadget and come back home. I had dinner comfortably because I realized that I actually don’t have too much memories of cousins and buaji on the dining table, good for me. My eyes become wet whenever I would think of the evening. It won’t be like that anymore, I am feeling better, too much better now.

God bless me