Preface

It’s been a while that I have been thinking that I should write, many thoughts have come and gone and I haven’t penned them. Well, I don’t think I am a writer but I am a good story teller. My expressions, my body language and modulation of my voice generally create a great story of a small event. But will I be able to express the same in words? An uphill task, but surely worth giving a try.

I have not been a voracious reader, but I read, I read anything and everything which can trigger a thought process or provide wings to my imagination or even sometimes bring me back to reality. So yes, I do read but if someone asks me to accept a challenge to share 10 best books that I have read, I may not be able to provide a single name. Am I confused? Not really. Am I completely sorted? Haha, not at all. I am a very common person just one amongst you who has had an opportunity to meet a lot of people, learn from their experiences, few of my own experiences during the course of my professional life of over 20 years.

Recently, I read Sudha Murthy again and realised I also have quite a few eventful experiences which I could share with my readers. Furthermore, her simple style and easy narration encouraged me to write. I am certainly not a philanthropist and neither am I as travelled or as experienced as her but, I am sure my few stories will bring a smile on your face or even make you ponder.

Story 1: When my son taught me, what is out of the box thinking?

As a baby, my son would not talk a lot, he would constantly be thinking or listening, for more I can say crying . He was born pre-term. I dislike the work pre-mature. I always feel babies are matured in their own way and when they are born pre-term they mature much faster since they are subjected to hardships much earlier in their lives unlike the other normal born ones.

I am a Konkani, married to a Maharashtrian, post my delivery we moved to Hyderabad for work so in the very tender age my child was subjected to multiple languages. I would interact with him in Konkani, my husband in Marathi, the land lady where we stayed spoke with him in Telugu and my colleagues and neighbours either in Hindi or English. Probably, this was the reason why my son went mute till about 18 months and then he started to respond in the same language the other person would talk to him. But he was still slow to speak or rather chose not to speak.

My interactions with him during those days were very enlightening and entertaining.

During his pre-primary school PTM, I saw all his classmates talking, especially the girls, all animated and excited and expressing themselves freely. I saw a girl speaking very clearly her name and age. “My name is Aahna, and I am 2 years old”. And there was my son who had to be coaxed to speak, but then I was not going to give up. So I kept on teaching him,” If someone asks you how old are you?” You should say,” I am 2 years old”. After about 20 minutes, my son turned around and pointed out to his “2 ears” and asked, “mamma, 2 ears?” That is when I realised my son was not the one to do rote learning , he was the one who would learn from observations and experience and I would have to be patient.

As he grew old, we as parents learnt new ways of thinking from him. Once I asked him, who is the tallest person in your class? He was quick to say, “Swaroopa Ma’am”. That’s when I realised how important it is to be very precise and clear in your question, since his interpretation of my ask was very innocent and clear.

Vyom’s innocence was always an eye opener for me and I realised that we as parents and adults subject these kids to immense pressure. Once he was asked in his school what he would like to be when he grows up ? My son kept on crying the whole day at school after listening to this question. Once he got home, I received a call from his school coordinator explaining me the situation. I told her I will try to reason out with him, but it is very difficult to understand what a 3 and half year old child would cry for. Nevertheless, me and my husband decided to discuss with him. It was a normal practice that I had started at home that every evening once we were all back home from work and school respectively we would sit together and share our daily experience. The 3 year old understood this and always contributed with his poems and stories from school. But today, was a special day, he did not share anything but kept quiet. After Vinay and I finished our stories for the day we asked Vyom about his day. He said, “I cried”. When asked why? He said,” I was scared”. I asked him as to why he was scared? To this he replied, “I was asked, what will I become when I grow up?” My husband said, “Yes, so what is there to be scared about?” To our surprise Vyom said, “Why should I become something , I want to remain Vyom, why will I change when I grow up?” Vyom managed to give us a life lesson. We never change and we should not change. We remain the same even when we grow up. I could understand his insecurity and scare, we explained him that he would remain the same and it’s just what is it that he would like to do when he grows up , was the question that his teacher had asked. After a lot of thinking and a silence Vyom said “FATHER”. ☺