

The Cricket bat and its Life

It was 5'o'clock in the evening. Kishan was playing cricket with his 6 year old son Akshay. He purchased a plastic cricket bat and ball the day before, just to see Akshay happy. He was throwing the ball at Akshay. But, Akshay was struggling to hold the bat properly. Kishan went near Akshay and helped him to hold the bat in a proper position to hit the ball convincingly. As Kishan was seeing the bat eccentrically, He was going through a reminiscence of his childhood.

Those were the days when Kishan was 10 years old. He used to stay away from his parents with his paternal uncle and aunt at Hyderabad. His uncle used to work as Principal in one of the city's top engineering colleges. He was an engineer, Post-graduated from IIT Bombay in Metallurgy and later completed his research in material science.

He used to maintain a small garden in the space before his home. During his stay at home, He spent most of his time in the garden and seldom inside his drawing room. The place was there for his worship and not even a single plant goes unnoticed from his eyes.

Kishan used to play self cricket in the leftover space in the passage on the way to the main entrance of the house, just beside the garden with the most unconventional cricket bat and a plastic ball. The bat was a half cut branch of a coconut tree with dimensions similar to a real cricket bat. Its base had a wide bottom and a reducing width to a lean top much like a handle of a real cricket bat.

It's been a long time since Kishan started playing with that unconventional bat and his aunt used to scold him for disturbing the plants.

One day, his uncle was back from his college and Kishan was standing at the entrance with the bat in his hand. His uncle smiled and said: my child, for how many days you will play with this tree branch?

Kishan did not answer and just looked at him with a mild fear. His uncle went inside and changed his trousers, refreshed himself with a cup of tea and then went inside his store room. He used to maintain a personal mechanical store where he preserves all tools like screwdrivers, pliers, different sizes of axe blades, hammers, damaged pipes, pieces of broken wood etc.

He took a piece of angular wood that was left as a residue the other day when he was repairing his study table. He took all the tools and told Kishan to help him in bringing them to the worship place(the garden where he usually sits).

He started slicing the wood arduously much like a carpenter giving shape to the wood for a purposeful piece of utility. It was like the wood attaining its highest form of life. Kishan was sitting beside to help him in giving the required tools. Kishan's eyes were focused on his hands with intent and the movement of the tools in his dexterous hands looked like those in the hands of a doctor doing a Cesarean operation giving life to a baby.

Kishan was watching the work in surprise and the finished product looked like a Cricket bat in its exact form. His uncle finished the work and looked at Kishan with a pleasant smile. Kishan's eyes were reflecting the happiness and his uncle knows it very well than anyone in this world.

Then, His uncle gave the bat to Kishan and said with a smile: from today, this is your new bat.

Kishan was on cloudnine and the happiness was just incommunicable. He took a blue permanent marker and wrote as "SACHIN" on the blade of the bat.

Over the years, there were a lot of changes to Kishan's life and he lost the bat somewhere in the journey. Kishan thought if there was life to that bat, it would have broken his head for not preserving it properly just because of the fact that it was a golden time for the bat to take its birth in the hands of a legend.