Gone with the Wind

It was a hot summer afternoon. It was scorching and the fearsome sun with blazing scythe had desiccated the leaves outside. Yet away from the cacophony of the urban town, I was sitting in a room of peaceful calm alone in a room and was indulged in what I loved the most, discovering and pondering.

The ice cream seller was having the time of his life in this horrible weather. Somehow these people were tired of this weather but deep inside their heart, they prayed for more and more heat. Funny how nature works. A beggar was roaming around in the streets calling people for a mouthful of rice, and the purveyor was trying to sell his goods in different houses. I realized that I was in a room where there were a hell lot of goods, goods which would never catch the attention of any person on earth. But I considering myself to be the living heir of [Fernão Pires de Andrade](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fern%C3%A3o_Pires_de_Andrade) pounced on them. Not anything expensive but all things had something in common, some common thread tied them together.

I won’t insinuate on what it was right now, the first thing I laid my eyes on was a gramophone. It had been not used for like what it seemed was at least 20 years. It was nice to lay hands on an antique thing after a long time after leaving the iPods and stuff. The HMV sign had faded a little from the player and sadly the dog had really not heard his master’s voice for a long time. I was rubbing of the dust from it when suddenly I saw few torn pieces of a telegram. I realized that it was yet another stuff tied to that same invisible string. I could read a few words like ‘marriage’, ‘celebrations’ and few related words and felt happy that this telegram had played a vital role during the joyous family occasion. As I collected the pieces and put them on a shelf my curious eyes wandered off to a metallic rod which had several other pieces sticking out of it at odd angles, some pieces of thatch and straw were also sticking to it. And then my brain functioned and I came to know it was a T.V. antenna. The trapping of the bird’s nest would probably have damaged it and rendered it useless. This was a real treasure room for me.This was not supposed to be a room, it should have been an archive, a part of the museum.

The next thing to stumble upon was a gas stove which was probably used some 20 years back. Except from the smell of kerosene and the broken handle everything seemed intact. Again and again the same thought crossed my mind that something was common in them. It tried but failed to realize it. Still my excavation work was not to be stopped.

I also found number of other things a VCP player, a VCR player and a four poster cot. The cot was something to behold. No one uses this anymore but it was something to envy, many people still want those exquisite designs built in their homes. Even 20 years of termite rot had not diminished its beauty. Suddenly the windows rattled as heavy winds gushed past. The sudden sound brought me back to the world. I realized it was very late and it was about to rain. I quickly locked this room and started walking back towards my home. As the winds swished past me I remembered about the subtle common thread, I found it at last. These were those things which are never used now. They were gone…. Gone with the wind.