**OUR LOST KEY**

**(Het Sheth, 8th PPS)**

My absent minded grandmother and I were standing outside the house door, with no key to unlock the six feet tall wooden door of our house which is high up on the eighteenth floor. I was standing dead with no ideas how to unlock the door. Grandmother had forgotten where she had kept the key. My parents had flown to Kolkata a day before and my grandfather had gone on a pilgrimage to Gujarat. It had all started three hours ago…..

I was happy and excited to go to the ground and warm up for the kabbadi match at the afternoon. Grandmother was praying while I left and reminded her to be in the house till I would return. She was so engrossed in her prayers that she did not even hear a word of what I had told. After her prayers she returned back to her household chores and after completing them she was in the kitchen making some delicious biryani only to know that there were no vegetables in the house. She then went back to my room assuming me to be there knocked on the door and said that she was going to the seller to get ingredients for the lunch, she grabbed the bag, took hold of her purse, wore the footwear and ‘bang’ closed the door.

She returned half an hour later for she was an old lady who loved to talk to anyone who met her and discovered that she and i were locked outside the house.

We went to ask the neighbors whether they had extra key of our house but they refused and told that my parents had taken it. I was thinking and trying to catch ideas running across my little brain. I reckoned but I failed but my grandmother’s experience had a lot to do with the filmy idea to ope the door with a pin. As usual it was a failure and just another expectation versus reality clip. At last, we had no option but to call a key maker and get us the door unlocked.

Half an hour later the key maker arrived. He was new in the business and found it very difficult to examine the key to unlock it. He told it was better to get the door broken, I too agreed as I was getting late for my match and had to take my identity card from inside.

Just as the maker bent low and dashed straight forward for the door I heard the clicking sound of keys shaking. His first attempt was not enough for the door to break easily. I stopped him and told him what had happened just then I got the glimpse of something lustrous hiding behind the ‘pallu’ of grandmother- the lost keys. I jumped excitedly on finding them. Grandmother asked, “What happened?” I replied merrily dancing “ Turn your head and look towards your waste.” It was the bunch of house keys suspended from grandmother’s saree.

My grandmother was so absent minded that she forgot the bunch of keys which were always with her. at last, All is well that ends well.