Replacement

“Just ten minutes more, hurry up!” were the words which rung in my ears for those ten minutes and I remember it quiet well even today. It started that evening, around 8 PM……

Wild speculation and rapid gambling on stock exchange had completely ruined us financially. We had no option but just to shift elsewhere. It was seriously difficult for me to leave that luxurious life and shift into that small bungalow. Life completely changed; my room, friends, study and background. But at time a strange thing entered my life: - and that was suspense. There was something strange which I could feel but could not touch, can sense but could not see and hear but could not understand. Things went on and it became usual to me as if a part of life. I did not share it with anyone because it is something which is quiet difficult to believe in. Well let me narrate you what had happened.

My family was out and I was left alone in the house. My mom had promised to return till morning and about ten minutes were left for my father to come back. No noise was heard except the rustling of the leaves or the noise of the woodpecker. Half hour passed but my dad did not return. I was upstairs in my room waiting. Suddenly I heard a doorbell. I ran downstairs to open it. As soon as I stepped down from the last stair, a cold voice rung in my ears. “Wait! It’s not him, do not open it but hide.” My body went cold accompanied by goose bumps. Then another, “Hide, just ten minutes more, hurry up!” I was wondering two things- whose voice was it and why didn’t the bell ring for a second time. From down, slowly a floorboard slid. That was my hiding place. I do not know what made me jump and hide beneath the floor. But finally I was safe rather trapped….

I heard footsteps upstairs, my dad was searching for me, calling me out, worried. I tried to get out but could not. I was a replacement and for the past seventy two years I am waiting, waiting for my replacement. Do you have one?

Aishwarya Kandalkar X-A