



UNLOVED

By Pritha Bose

‘Mita preferred writing stories of her own rather than reading any write up by other writers. She often went about saying, “I love spending my time in thinking rather than being busy in a made up thought.”

And the reactions which she received were probably insignificant. She believed that it was not necessary to be a bookworm, as she was of the opinion that bookworms are hated by readers in practicality. Quite justified you see! Her parents thought that she might become a successful lawyer; however, Mita was inclined to be a filmmaker, and a writer.’

‘Mita loved looking out from the windows of a bus; how the objects were left behind and found back to their same stagnant position when she travelled back home. She avoided taking trains or the metro as she found them monotonous. Strange though! But she had her logic always at the tip of her tongue. She believed that these experiences would help her in creating

illusions in her films. Mita was amazing, but became unloved later on.'

'Mita spent most of her time in just cuddling her smiley cushions. Her mother hated them as these things occupied so much space on her bed. But Mita never cared. She only knew herself, about what exactly she was thinking. She never threw away her scribbled writings and instead cried over them. She used to make paper planes and paper boats with those wastes, which were, again, hated by her mother.'

'One day, Mita was harshly scolded and beaten up by her parents, for spending a lot of time with her phone. She always argued that she would check for career options and all, reading blogs, etc. But nobody believed her, she was unloved for now.'

Naina came back to her world as she closed the pages of the newspaper. She went for her lunch, came back and took the newspaper back into her hands.

'Mita could neither become a filmmaker, nor a writer. She had a chance to give up her story to a short film making project but nobody liked it. She could not write a novel as she lacked the power to describe her observations. She faded away....'

Naina was again mistaken. Mita was just a name on the matrimonial page described only by her looks. The story got formed in her head and did not become a published one. Then why was she holding up the newspaper? She could think of this

story anyway. However, Naina kept the newspaper back and went for a short nap.

Naina loves to write about old school books, not so useful old school bags, old shoes, nature, her first diary, music, literature, poems, torn guitar strings, etc. She was so fond of writing that she took her diary with her on her college trip to Darjeeling. The train took off at evening, and she decided not to sleep and just look at the monotonous stars in the night sky from the half opened window. However, she dozed off.

Next morning, while she went up to the basin to wash her face, she saw one boy sitting at the door. Suddenly two ladies came up to him and the three of them started quarrelling. Naina went back to her seat, but was interested to know what they were quarrelling about. The ladies went away and the boy started crying. She could tell that he was crying as he went up to the basin to wash his face. Naina started thinking again,

‘The boy was deprived of his dreams. He wanted to be a football player but destiny snatched the ball away from his foot...’

But she noticed that the boy didn’t have any football with him, nor was he wearing sneakers. She thought that to be okay and took out her diary this time.

‘...The train separated the boy from the football field. He had to leave his village for higher studies, so as to support his poor family who wanted to see him working inside an air-conditioned office instead of roaming about under harsh sunlight and

poverty. The boy had to leave what he loved ; he was unloved by his destiny and his football...'

This story too, remained incomplete as Naina thought that she had no way of verifying the information she had! But what if she had never met this boy and thought of this story in her room? Naina was confused.

It was an enjoyable trip. Naina sat down at her study table and opened her diary. She found out that most of her writings were incomplete. She stopped midway, and every time the reason was the same. She had never fallen in love with a person, nor had a sad lover madly in love with her, whom she had rejected a number of times. She was confused; will society accept the love for her old things in her writings? Is it okay to imagine characters which never existed in the materialistic world? Is it okay not to be inclined only towards writing love stories? Is it okay not to write about science fiction? She knew that some readers will accept her writings. But she got scared, she worried about the fear of being unheard, or other better writers may outshine her and she might be unloved.

Why unloved? How can something or someone whom we hold dear to our heart be not loved anymore? She got the answer when she took out her old school shoes by mistake and saw it covered by dust, when she saw her classmates throwing a pen once its refill is over into the dustbin, when she saw her mother throwing away the paper in which she wrote her first poem,

eaten up by termites, on which lizards had excreted and cockroaches walked about. She had to accept these things as the natural order of waste making but she also knew that her pains were her own, it belonged to her and no one else could see or feel them. Hence, she wanted to write them down; so that people may hear her voice too. But she also understood that her ideas were not very conventional. Will she ever see her book inspiring a filmmaker as she had always dreamt of? Somewhere inside her, she knew that she had to write one book at least.

It was a Sunday morning. Naina decided to go out for a morning walk for sometime in a wish to take home some stories to write about. It had rained heavily the previous night and the grass and leaves were perfectly green. She went outside and the first thing that caught her eyes was a fallen shiuli flower. Durga Puja was near. Naina understood that her very feeling and love for this fallen flower at that particular moment will always remain unexplained. Even the best of the best verses will not do justice.

Walking further, she noticed a dustbin where a pink colored teddy bear was thrown down. The color pink was now mixed up with the brown color of dust, eyes protruded and the blue colored ribbon tied to its neck was torn. It did provide happiness to someone some time back, then why is it unloved today? Just because time passed by? Naina walked on.

Now, she saw a child yawning under a wet tin shed. Then he took out a steel bowl from under a heap of old clothes and walked by. The boy walked up to a middle aged man. The man shouted at him and shooed him away. Children are to be loved and smiled at, then why this child is unloved now? He would have been called cute while he would sit on his mother's lap right? This question remained unanswered too. After a few minutes, Naina went back home.

The empty cup of coffee sat forgotten beside Naina's diary and her pen without its cap. The entry in her diary said,

'Babai gifted himself an old teddy bear on his birthday which he picked up from the window panes of an old abandoned house while it was hanging by a looped rope. The house shelters spiders and cobwebs, birds and their nests; and is not decorated with lights or mortal laughs anymore. By the time Babai held the teddy bear up in his arms like a glorious achievement, street lights were lit. The city was still covered with colourful bulbs on Ekadashi; a day after Dasahami, which marks the end of Durga Puja. Babai ran about in his father's shoes which were now loved by him but unloved by his father....'

Babai's story was yet to be completed, as Naina believed that verses have got the power to make a decorative illusion of every unloved thing and make it lovable once more.

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