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Pain of a Mother

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One day, I was going to IIM College Lucknow. I remember how I was going in the rain, I had an umbrella. But there was no profit to save me from the rain. Because drops of rain wet my clothes, but my head was safe because of Umbrella. I remember how people was going early in the morning to go to their duty. When I reached near to temple, then I saw once again that old person who was worshiping Shiv Sankar and speaking loudly, “Om Namah Shivay, Om Namah Shivay...”

Everywhere was silence because of rain, only I was hearing the sound of that old person, “Om Namah Shivay, Om Namah Shivay...” Birds was trying to save from the rain. A cow was standing near to wall and trying to save from the rain. Suddenly I heard a weeping sound and cry something. But I could not understand that from where it was coming. When I turned, then I saw an old woman whose saree was torn and she got completely wet because of rain. And tears was in her cheek.

Then I asked her, “What happened Dadi? Why are you weeping?”

That old woman told me, “No one wants to care me whether I am hungry or not.”

And she started to weep loudly. Then I said, “Come Dadi under my umbrella. And then tell me what happened. Where are you going? Tell me. Don’t weep.”

She came under my umbrella and told me,

“I have three sons. But no one wants that I live with them.”

Saying this sentence, she once again started to weep and her tears started to come to show her sadness. Then I said,

“Dadi! Don’t weep. Tell me in detail.”

Because I wanted to stop her weeping. Then she took her heap of clothes high and said,

“See bitiya. These are my clothes which are torn and my daughter in law did not give any saree to wear. She did not give me the food. She always abuses me.”

Suddenly a gust of wind came and my umbrella fell down. Then I put it and once again I opened. Then I said to mother,

“Dadi, now you can tell me your story from the starting.”

Then she told me her story from the starting. She said,

“Bitiya, when I was 9 years old, then my parents forced to be marry and I got married. I got a husband who had bad habits of woman. I never got the love of husband. When my husband came after midnight then he did sex very badly with me. I had pain that I had husband. But there was no profit to have such type of husband. One day, I cooked the food, then I heard a news from a person who came and said to me,

“Bhauji! One woman came and said that she is pregnant with your husband. Go and talk to him.”

Then I run fast and reached near the door. There was a beautiful girl who told me about the crime of my husband. Then I said to her,

“Take this money and do abortion. And please don’t say to anyone that you have this problem. If you will tell to anyone. This will be the great problem about my family.” Then she takes money and leave.

And time come, when I become mother. That time was very happy for me to become mother. I thought that my children will care me. I have no food at that time. My husband did not give me money for the livelihood. He always came with any girl at midnight and beaten me and said,

“I beat you. Because you deserve it. You are not for love. You are only to abused and beaten by me.” Hearing this sentences my heart was broken. And I replied in a loud voice,

“If God is exist in this world. Then He is hearing my painful voice and he will never deny my wish.”

Then he came near to me and slapped me saying this,

“Bitch! You are only to hear here. There is no God in this earth. Because if God is everywhere, then why He is not helping you? Why He is not saving you from me?”

Once again he slapped me and said, “You are only here to bear the pain.”

Then my soul said to me,

“Why are you bearing this pain? Know your strength and beat him. Don’t think that Husband is Devta. He is devil. There is no sin to beat him. Know your power. Why are you thinking that you have no power? You are Durga, You are Kali who finish the evils in this earth. There is need only to know your power of woman?”

Then I took a stick and started to beat him. I was continuously beating him, when my soul got satisfaction, then I leaved him. Then I said to him,

“God will punish you certainly. My soul is saying that I will never bear pain now and you will be got punishment certainly.”

After some days, my husband is no more. No one woman wants to be widow. But I was happy to be widow. I nourished my three sons and educated them by continuously labour. At last time come, when my elder son got government job. Then I felt that my struggle of life has been finished. Now, I can sleep without no tension. But there is written something different in my destiny. My elder son denied to give the money for education of my two sons. But still I had power remain to make my sons independent. Then Once again I started my new journey of life with new struggle in old age. And I proved this truth that if we have desire to get something different, then no one can stop us.

Finally, I got success. My sons got government job. Then I started preparation for their marriage. And finally I got three beautiful bride for my sons. And then I thought that now, I can live with peacefully. I thanked to God,

“Oh God! I got everything, but still something remain peace.”

But God wrote something different in my life. When my sons got married, then their wives abused me and never gave me food, when I told this to my sons, then they also wanted that I leave their house. My elder son said to me,

“Why you are here? There is no place for you in my house. Go away from here.”

When I hear these sentences, then my heart was totally broken. I died at that time. There was only body, but there was no soul in my body. Then I went to my second son and begged for shelter. At that time, he accepted me, but after sometime his wife gave me many works. Then I said,

“Why you are giving me many works? You are not seeing that I become old and I have no capacity to do work more. You don’t have kindness.”

Then she replied, “Yes, I don’t have any kindness. But if you have to live there, you have to do work.”

At that time I leaved house of my second son with torn saree. But still I had hope that my youngest son is not like my other sons. Then I went to the house of my youngest son. When he saw me in that conditions. He told me,

“Maa! Why you don’t come in my house earlier. Come Maa. You are welcome in your house.”

Hearing these sentences, I had tears of happiness that still remain love in my youngest child for me. Then I entered the house with hope that I will die in this house peacefully.

Some days were running fine. But after sometime, there was same incidents happened as in the house of other sons. Then my heart is totally broken to bear this pain. Then I sighed,

“What is the use of my life? What is the use? I nourished my sons with my blood. But they don’t understand me and they don’t have food for me. I gave everyone food. But they don’t have a bread for me. Oh! God! Please take my soul. I do not want to live in this fake world. I want to die. I want to die.”

And today, my son said to me, “Go from my house.” And I said,

“Where I will go in this heavy rain. Please don’t say to go in this heavy rain. I will go tomorrow beta.”

But he and his wife did not hear my words and he forced me to go anywhere in this rain. So, “Bitiya I am going to anywhere to save my life from those devils.”

And saying this she started to weep. And I had also tears to hear this real story. Then I thought that what type of these people. Oh God! Save these people. Then I said to the old woman, “Dadi, Please tell me. Where you will go?” She has no reply. But she had only tears.

Introduction to the Author:

Pooja Kushwaha is an aspiring poet and also a writer who is just at the threshold of her writing career. She is currently pursuing Ph.D. on Poetry. She is a research scholar from

the Department of English and Modern European Languages at Lucknow University. She is a firm believer to make identity herself.

She often compose poems and also write stories about contemporary problems, identity, nature, God, love and also motivational poems for the society. Present story is an example of the same spirit: