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Destiny

Dr. Divya Gupta

Asst. Professor

Dept. of English

GLA University, Mathura

Shanaya was sitting in her courtyard, feeding the sparrows. It was around six 'o' clock in the morning. She was engrossed in her own thoughts. Most of her time, she spends in household chore. While sitting, she was simply introspecting that how swiftly time flew away without any intimation. She was just twenty when her hands were reddened with henna. Her red shroud, red bangles, danglers, anklets, toe rings, necklace, and several more jewellery were, as if, teasing her. She was perplexed with her present situation. She wanted to know that whether she is self contented with the situations around. Something was missing. Her soul was actually in search of real essence of life. Several times, her mind wanders in the labyrinth of darkness. She was fed up of wearing double faces. Happy face to exhibit her jolly good behavior whereas from inside she is agonized with life. A sort of veil is there which hides her real self. Having faced so many atrocities in life, she often forgets the cheerful side of it.

Belonging to a poverty stricken family, never raised her voice for any kind of demand. Tolerance and patient nature were her attributes. Born and brought up in a middle class family of Agra, one of the most well known cities of India. Most of the time, they spent their life hand to mouth. Being a daughter of some wood merchant, she started working at an early age. She initiated her career with school teaching with home tuitions.

Suddenly she overheard the call of her kids, shouting mamma. All her past memories tensions and worries left her alone in that courtyard. Her kids navya and arnav arrived there. She cuddled her kids. Actually they are her source of inspiration. She was reminded by her kids to get ready for her job. She was not only a good house-maker but also a good teacher. She actually sacrificed most of her precious and valuable pleasures in order to attain success. She was an English teacher in Symboisis School. Being an International school, she had to face so many challenges daily. She always vents her ire upon the students.

Generally, following the daily routine had become very monotonous. Happiness is like a butterfly, when one tries to catch hold it, suddenly it flies away but when one sits patiently it beacon you. That was the felicitous moment when unexpectedly something happened in her life. While commuting from school, she observed, an old man, with long nose and odd features, following her. He was moreover looking like an astrologer. Her surprise knows no bounds when that rum man kept his hand on her shoulder. She saw with a qualm of distrust. The man dexterously moved her hat and showed few shining trinkets out of it. She was amazed after that conjurer's act. For a short while, she lost her consciousness. Out of the blue, when she became aware about the situation, that man had disappeared.

After reviving her conscience, she moved her weary wand towards her home. Arnav was busy in cycling and Navya was making something useful out of the waste material. Girls are very creative in comparison to boys. As she entered her room she found the same old man sitting there. Out of mixed feeling of terror and curiosity, she enquired about that man's sudden arrival. Her tone exhibits some kind of familiarity and emotional touch. Every incident flash back in her mind.

She remembered her past. When she was only ten years old, then that old man used to stand in front of her school, as an ice-cream vender. As that old ice – cream vendor was so kind and benevolent; he used to provide free ice – creams to her. Most of the girls and boys roam freely in that school campus. Once, she along with, her friend was given a task to prepare a Herbarium file. Suddenly, she saw a plethora of jewels hidden under the vineyard. She was amazed to find them but, a couple of snakes were sitting there which terrified both of them. Their excitement and fear knew no bounds as they rushed to their houses. As soon as she returned to that weird place, she found all the jewels missing. With a sudden voice of running tap, she became alert.

The old rum man was washing his hand and face so that the girl could easily identify her. Now it was the turn of that old man to reveal the secret of his arrival and precious jewels which he gave to shanaya. It was the circumstances which compelled him to steal the jewels from the vineyard which was discovered by her in childhood. As too much greed is always harmful therefore he suffered throughout his life. At the end, on his death bed, he decided to hand-over the jewels to its real owner. Thus Shanaya also enjoyed the privileges showered by God. She thanked that old man and God for her entire life.

Hardy has rightly quoted that, “Man is a mere puppet in the hands of God”. Destiny paves the way for everyone. Shanaya is like one of us who faced both the sides of life, sometimes harsh and other times pleasant.