

ISSN: 0976-8165

The Criterion

An International Journal in English

Vol. 7, Issue-5 (October 2016)

The Criterion 

7th Year of Open Access

Editor-in-Chief
Dr. Vishwanath Bite

www.the-criterion.com

About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

Shadowy Hope

Gayatree Pathak

New Barrackpore

West Bengal

Kolkata-700131

“The cow is flying in the air...Einstein was my friend who came in the marriage ceremony of my wife...hehehehe!” Milan was raving on. I was both confused and afraid as he was gnawing at me while speaking all these nonsense. Even then I couldn't smell his madness. But I was haunted by the riddle as to how can a wretched lunatic like Milan can know Einstein.

Though felt inquisitive, I couldn't ask about him to anybody either because it was my first day in the Hostel or because I was afraid of the bully of the seniors. On returning to the room after lunch from downstairs, I dared to utter my query before my senior roommate who happened to be from Physics. What he narrated that night about Milan became ingrained in my memory indelibly.

Two decades and a half back Milan was the brightest student in the department of Physics with his special area being theory of 'Relativity' where he distinguished remarkably. So popular became he that, his renown spread in the air. Friends started addressing him as someone who is metaphysically or spiritually possessed by the dead soul of the world famous scientist Albert Einstein. He too seemed to enjoy it probably because Einstein was his ideal or 'guru' in life.

So far in my life I was in a mistaken illusion that probably the imagination of a poet in love and the imagination of a scientifically oriented person cannot confluence. But the tale of Milan's life altered my view altogether especially when I came to hear that the academic excellence of Milan was crowned by the maddening love for Ena, one of his classmates with dazzling charm in complexion and personality. It seemed that not only the dead soul of Einstein that possessed him but Cupid also enthralled him with his sharp arrow. He went through the best phase of his life as a result of the juxtaposition of both academic achievement and lovely success.

Just then I could realize the coherence in the apparent absurdity of his mad raving. Anticipatingly what brought him glory together must have brought his disaster as well together. Ena was a rich but down-to-earth girl of sharp wit and acute sensibility. On that fateful day in the life of Milan, he was to meet Ena in the wintry afternoon at the lascivious natural surroundings of the campus. That was the final day of their last semester and next day both of them had to return to their own home. With great suspense and apprehension he was waiting for her to come. The stream of his consciousness made him think that tomorrow onwards they would no more be students, rather he had to find an employment very soon; also today's girlfriend would have to be thought in terms of future wife and not only thinking but with anxiety for fulfillment. The day marked as the

culmination of his Einsteinian notoriety and the beginning of the embracing of a new challenge to impart the colour of marriage to his love.

.....Time elapsed on but no sign of Ena. Tension and restlessness gripped him severely. After waiting for more than two hours all but fruitlessly and trying to reach her by phone all but uselessly, he rushed to the rented mess where she lived. No friends of his, or the lady owner of the house could indicate her whereabouts. Dejected Milan felt directionless. All the luminaries of his life so long lit by the brightest star of his life seemed to be eclipsed by some inexplicable mystery. He was so undecided that he could not even think in his wildest imagination that such thing might happen in reality. All through the night he couldn't join his eyelids. All his life appeared to be a shadow and Einstein a mockery, and Love itself a hallucination. Otherwise how can the heaven be so unexpectedly turned into the murkiest hell!!! When his friends were trying to urge him to have patience and perseverance till quite late in the night, one of them had a phone call informing the death of Ena in a road accident. The disciple of Einstein though solved many abstract scientific challenges successfully, proved to be an utter failure before the 'relativity' of life and whims of fate. Derangement dawned upon him. Never did he see the bright sun of optimistic future anymore. He simply didn't lose Einstein and Ena, he lost himself, his name, his identity and his sanity. The name 'Milan' couldn't ever draw his attention or response. He otherised himself. Being engrossed in his unfulfilled realm of idealism and his despondent domain of marriage and wife, he went on saying all through these twenty five years: "The cow is flying in the air...Einstein was my friend who came in the marriage ceremony of my wife...hehehehehe!" Since then, as I came to know, Milan has never gone home. Indeed no one could take him home because he recognized none. He regularly in the afternoon goes everyday to that supposedly scheduled place where he was to meet Ena.

I could not have any sleep that night. Not because that I was highly moved to pity for Milan, but because I wondered what life is. What is its fixity or stability? I simply did not count or treat him as a lunatic and make fun of him after this knowledge of his early life as others did. Who knows, he might be sound and sane enough to metaphysically communicate both with Einstein and Ena? Might be we are mad to think him mad.