

Vol. 8, Issue-II (April 2017)

ISSN: 0976-8165

THE CRITERION

An International Journal in English

Bi-monthly, Peer-Reviewed, Open Access eJournal



UGC Approved Journal [Arts and Humanities, Sr. No. 40]

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

Motherhood: An Eternal Bliss

Dr. Archana Singh

Associate Professor,
Amity School of Liberal Arts,
Amity University Haryana.

“Oh my God ! I am getting wet ...What’s this? Call the doctor immediately. Where is the bag to be taken? Get the money from almirah. Let me call Bhabhi first, as she has been continuously reviewing my medical reports.” I groaned.

“It’s 10:30 pm, its late she might be slept,” replied Anuj

No, let me call her, she is a doctor. I looked into the perplexed eyes of my mother and told her to get ready to come with me. With my sinking heart I picked my phone to call mybhabhi, a doctor in Fardibad. Her Phone is ringing ...come on pick up the phone , somewhere I am in hurry. “yes, she picked.” I cried, “Bhabhi !Bhabhi !My clothes are getting wet and I am not able to control that liquid. I went to washroom but of no use.”

“When did you get your last ultrasound done?” asked Bhabhi.

“Today itself,, and doctor said,“don’t worry every thing is fine, you have to wait for few more days,” I replied. I can sense urgency in her voice while talking . “Your water bag is leaked. Meet your doctor immediately and rush to the hospital. Don’t worry I am coming and meet you soon. Bye, take care,” she instructed me. There is a pin drop silence in home and the weather outside is in a different mood. Strong wind is blowing with a whistling sound, trees are shaking their branches making ghostly noise. Arrae! Arrae! What happened to electricity now, shouted mummy while packing the bag, and Anuj speedily enters my room and in a shaky voice said, “doctor asked us to meet her at her residence, lets meet her immediately.” I started crying ...with a tensed and confused mind I sat in a car. “Mummy, have you kept every thing that was mentioned in the list?”I enquired her. “Yes! I have kept, you don’t worry ,keep yourself calm,” she said. It was 11pm some of the neighbours were preparing their beddings and making their kids sleep while some were still strolling in the park enjoying the weather. The thoroughfare with trees on both the sides,was unknown to me and resembled a long snake in a forest. “Seat is also wet now.” I whisper in Anuj’s ear. “Don’t worry, we have reached doctor’s residence,” consoled Anuj. After the examination doctor instructed us to immediately reach the hospital, she has already informed the hospital and will be there in 20 minutes. “It’s raining!!!!, I cried. “you have to go by car then why are you taking tension,” he replied angrily. We reached hospital at 12am,staff was ready to receive me, as they were already informed by the doctor. I was nervous and my heart was sinking and I could see only few people in the hospital as it was midnight. Two nurses took me in a room on a wheel chair and removed all my jewellery and the auspicious red thread tied on my left hand. Now I have only a knee length gown on my body open from the back and I was feeling embarrassed . My doctor enetered the room and asked the nurse about a

senior doctor who has to give anaesthesia to me. My lips started chanting Hanuman Chalisa and other religious hymns and I noticed a urine bag connected to my body as a costume jewellery. Nurses took me into a room equipped with machines with a bed at the centre. Doctor asked me to lie down on that bed, and started discussing with the other doctors about my case. Suddenly a very old man with white grey hair entered the room. He took my reports in his hand and started preparing an injection for me, while he was busy in measuring the dosage, nurses were beautifying me with different machines to check my blood pressure, my heart beat and an oxygen mask to check my breathing. The moment I saw the old man coming towards me with a syringe, my heart beat increased the pace and lips started chanting. "Sit slowly, I will give you this injection so that your lower part of the body is anaesthetized. It will be like an ant bite, but don't move while I'm injecting," said the doctor. My lips were seized and I sat as directed by him. He injected the injection and rubbed the point with a cotton swab. "Now lie down slowly," his relaxed voice commanded me. His voice comforted me; I was assured that every thing is going fine and under control. My doctor started hitting my feet with a hammer to check the senses. "I still can sense, don't cut," I replied with tears in my eyes, my body started feeling cold and need the warmth suddenly a sound came Pllkkkcchhhh! My doctor was on her task and I could sense the movement of hands, but every thing was blurred for me; suddenly I saw a big red ball with black hair was in her hand, and that ball started crying very loudly. The doctor's team increased the speed, I could hear...scissors! thread! Cotton! Check BP !it's a boy, you are mommy congratulationsssss. I lost my senses. When I opened my eyes I was in a different and a quiet room, but this time in a full green gown. Anuj entered the room; he sat beside me and low down to look into my eyes; his fingers moved on my oily hair. "How are you? Every thing is fine, we are blessed with a brave boy, Arjun. It's drizzling out and bhabhi reached the hospital when you are in the operation theatre," told Anuj in a very excited voice. He put his passionate lips on my cheeks. "Congratulations!" I replied with a spark in my eyes, the spark of motherhood. Yes, I am a blessed mother with 24*7 job of loving, caring and playing with my Arjun

Biographical Details:

Dr. Archana Singh is an Associate professor at Amity School of Liberal Arts, Amity University Haryana, Gurgaon. She completed her Ph.D from C.S.J.M. University Kanpur. She has fourteen years of rich teaching experience in different institutes and universities. Her specialization/interests include Innovative Teaching & Learning Methodology, English & Applied Communication, Business & Corporate Communication, and Contemporary Literature. She has authored 2 books: *Alienation & Estrangement in the Novels of Nayantara Sahgal* and *An Innovative Approach to Comprehension and Composition*. She has also edited 2 books: *Dynamics of Progression: A critical Overview of Indian Women's Writing in English* and *Theorizing Cultural Contemporaneity: A Paradigmatic Approach to Popular Fiction and Films*. She is also the reviewer and editor of 5 National/ international journals. Her several poems and many research papers are published in National and International Journals.