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## The Ancestor's

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Bijnor.

“Tea” The word is not enough to wake me up. Feeling dizzy, laid down, no morning freshness. I take the tea mug offered by him subconsciously as still my mind is fully taken up with reminiscences of the last night dream. “I saw it again last night. Everything was there settled in the same way it used to be. But locked. I wanted to get into but doors were locked”. I mutter. It stops him. “That’s a dream only. Be relaxed. It happens sometimes. Make a phone call to your mother. You will feel better”. He sits down beside me, uttering these words and putting up his best to console and relax me as it was not for the first time when I dreamt of my ancestral house where I again failed to enter it. It is morning time that has very hectic minutes for all of us and no one is allowed to let go even a single of that. The work around is demanding enough to make me be in the daily routine works but not to make me out of the nostalgia.

The old house was not so dear always. Everyone wanted to get rid of it having their own and different interests. Father was always worried about the security of the four wheeler as the lanes around it were narrow enough not to let vehicles reach the house. Moreover he was fed up of the regular demands of maintenance by it. Very high walls, big open area allowing all the natural air and light to enter freely to spoil the color and cleanliness of walls and doors. After an agile exercise of making everyone ready to off to their occupations I go to arrange myself for the office.

Ma was tired of moving by walk to shop or purchase households and my mere charm was to enjoy the park beside the new house (where father was planning to shift soon), without realizing the fact that the garden in the old house was enough to have all the comfort and enjoyment of a park.

Horn; Horrrrrnn!!!!“Ooops!! green light!” Coming out of my day dreaming I rush my car towards my office. True; I have least opportunities in my scheme of life to think in my own way; to prioritize the ideas in my mind to think over according to the need to sooth my inner self; to be with my interests and to analyze what I am really craving for in my life. The life today itself pushes me to works that it has decided for me without giving any choice. My focus is just to use my being with all the senses and body to effectuate all the assignments given to me by my life. I keep on running to execute all without realizing the factor ‘why’. The only response to this ‘why’ is that because everyone is doing that.

I am at the gate of my office. Every day I enter it with fresh zeal and gusto; a commitment to accomplish something. But today something is pulling me back and stopping me to enter it. Something inside doesn't want me to carry on. It wants me to stop and think for a while and to recollect myself. But without listening to that inner voice, I push myself into my work.

“Good morning ma'am! How was your weekend?” Utkarsh comes with a pleasant smile along with some papers in his hand. “Please see to these papers. There are some issues on which your decision is awaited.” Decision: the term coins like a bell. A free bird; yes I am a free bird now to make my own decisions, about my family, my life. But sometimes I ask myself did I always want to have this latitude? Am I really enjoying this freedom and scope; this life of my own? If yes then why it all is not enough to make me relaxed when I return home in the evening. What is missing there? Why don't I leave all my worrying concerns when I cross in the threshold of my home?

“Are you OK? Ma'am” says Utkarsh. “Yes it's alright.” Utkarsh has been working here for last four years. “Every day your first assignment is to judge through my expressions that how I am feeling. But most of the times you are correct.” I laugh. I take the papers from him. He sits down in front of me. “I have grown up in my professions by following your words; by watching you and being inspired by you. That's why...” He changes the topic, probably because he received no response and found me deep lost in my thought, and furthers. “Why don't you go on a leave ma'am? It seems as if you are not well. You can visit your home else.” I look at him. I don't know why but these words are a kind of energy; rather a way to move “You are right. I should visit my home. I shall go on a leave.”

I make a phone call to my husband. We discuss on it. His suggestion seems to be a solution to my restlessness. I request him to arrange it for me because it was not that easy. And he was kind enough to do it for me. All make a plan to visit the old house next day.

It's a pleasant morning. For me like a dream come true. We all are there. Things are not settled as earlier, because the family resides in the new house now. But the feeling is the same. Mother comes with a cup of tea and sits beside me. There is such a taste in that tea that no one but only I can feel. “Every day I get morning tea, but why it never has such a taste ma?” Mother smiles but doesn't say anything. She pours some more tea in my cup affectionately and kisses my forehead. “I had many friends there in my childhood. Now all are busy in their lives. Life changes the companions but goes on.”

Then comes the moment I used to be afraid of in my child hood. It's January and taking a bath was one of the biggest struggles we have here as no arrangement of hot water was there. Everybody is arranging that but all are happy; it is the sense of togetherness I feel. A bucket filled with hot water; and being an owner of it is giving me the feeling of a Queen.

I have got rid of this house which is without any kind of advancement and means of luxury. Then why does it drag me towards it? What is there I am pining for? What kind of appeal does it have?

2:00 pm. After lunch it's time to take a nap. Ma! I am going to sleep. Arya is outside; please take care of her." I wake up after a sound sleep. "Mumma! You woke up. See I went to market with mama and had samosas. We have brought one for you also." It's five. 'Oh! I slept for long. But no hurries and worries dear. Everything would be OK. You are at your mom's house.' I said to myself.

Evening time! We are in the garden. Suddenly I see myself playing there, using swings and running behind the butterfly. It's my five years old daughter Arya. She comes screaming "Mamma! I love to play here. It's better than our park; isn't it?" Yes! This garden is not in the form of a park but it has its own beauty I feel today. "There used to be some plants and herbs, especially in the mid there was Tulsi plant. In our new house we don't have these plants". "There is no garden of such kind in new house as in front of the house we have a big park." "Hmm! Are there also such plants in that park ma?" "No, who cares for planting useful herbs in a common park." Saying these words ma went inside to bring some snacks. I am looking at the garden which is not as charming and beautiful as it used to be when I got an opportunity to play here. But that charm and beauty was hidden, rather unnoticed at that time. But today this place is the real source of comfort for me.

Oh it starts raining. "Come inside Z! It's cold outside." Mother calls me. "Ma! Please let me enjoy that. It's so beautiful. You too come here" "No no! Come inside it will harm you" I want to see the rain but ma is rigid enough to take me inside. If I were at my place, no one could stop me from watching the rain and even getting wet in that. It has been my love to be in the rain, but mother never lets me do the same. Not only this she is always worried about my health and safety and restricts me to do many other things. If she is not around I can do anything I want. No one checks me. I am fully on towards my dreams and achievements; full speed without brakes. The brakes I had in the old house. But let us think twice: Are brakes really a hindrance in our speed? Once I received a very good answer to this question, most probably the least accepted one: brakes are built to give us speed. Isn't it true? Exactly; it's because of the brakes only that we have all confidence to speed up the accelerator. We know that if there will be something wrong brakes will save us. Now I feel away from that security insurance.

My soul pines to be bound in those high walls which were enough to protect us from all the worries. It needs that shelter where I can close my eyes and take a sound sleep without any daunt and without remaining subconscious of any sudden alarming anxiety to wake me up when I am deep asleep; where I can play in the mid of many useful plants in the garden of my own without a focus on grabbing the swing first and for long. And at the top of everything it is symbolic to the style I am build up of. I took it from my ancestors. The attitude I borrowed from them, by watching my parents, my grandmother and by listening the stories of my forefathers, sometimes

seeing their photo and making them my heroes and heroines. It was typically me in old house, always trying to run out of my own style into a general one which was very appealing to me at that time. Now in this general life of mine I miss my own self from which I have come out. I want to go back to that and perhaps that threshold between selfness and general one has those doors which are found closed every time I am in front of the house. Oh! My soul don't try this because the doors of selfness are never open for you after you have crossed the threshold and enter in the world of others.

“Mumma, Can I bath in the rain. No No! it will harm you. Come inside!” I say it to Arya. Suddenly a smile comes to my face because I got the answer of many questions. It is the answer to my inner self that stopped me to enter my office yesterday. I realize that now I have a new phase of life. It's a transition and a bit painful because to take this new phase of journey I have to drop the previous one but this also is life with its own worth and charm; worth and charm that will be noticed, remembered and missed too- may be after a decade or two. Calm, collected, composed and confident, I was ready to go back to my present assignments with full zeal, enthusiasm, energy and hope with my lifelong companion.