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Mirror

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One eleven years old blubbery girl, wearing a flower printed short frock, sitting on the mattress, under the Indian Lilac on the parapet, was struggling to find something into the mirror. Adding to her innocence, morning breeze was mischievously carrying her silky thin hair on her face. 'See carefully my darling baby', her mother whispered in the girl's ear while removing hair from her face.

Her uncle scolded her repeatedly to concentrate and see deep inside the mirror. Poor girl with a solemn face kept on trying for one hour but couldn't find anything.

While bright summery sun was moving up from east towards north, sunlight started peeping through the leaves and branches of Lilac; falling on the girl's face creating silvery patches of various shapes.

'Look into the mirror', her mother ordered although she knew that reflection of sunrays on the mirror was making it difficult to see anything. She further patted on the girl's back with her pale hand. 'Sona, my little baby, could you see your Malini aunt's house in the mirror?'

Little girl had not had her breakfast yet and was feeling hungry. What exactly she could see through the mirror were sliced breads with jam or tomato sauce, a platter of hot stir-fried Chow Mein or vegetable noodles and small pieces of chocolate cake with salty cumin cookies.

She controlled her urge for food and uttered, 'Yes mom. I can see aunt's Jobner house with two long-legged Ashoka trees standing like bodyguard in the lawn. There is also one white Toyota Yaris parked in the portico.' Her mum's pale face started glowing suddenly with a ray of hope. 'Okay', she quickly asked, 'what else did you see there in the house?'

'Umm..', the girl cooked further, 'Malini aunty is serving breakfast to uncle and Pinky on the dinning table.' Her uncle interrupted in between before she could elaborate further and questioned her, 'leave this all....tell me...did you see your father there in the house?'

The girl shrunk back out of fear and hesitation. 'Not yet. I didn't see him in the house.' Finally she responded.

It went on nearly one month. Every morning she had to sit in front of that spell bound mirror given by some fraudulent saint to her mother.

Her father had not come back home from last one and half month. Initially they kept on thinking that he might have gone to some relative's house or some friend's house in another city. But after few days they went to one saint and he gave that mirror to find him. Therefore she used to articulate fake stories of her father's relatives and friends' houses.

One day when they were about to sit for the routine search, one policeman came home with one broken wrist watch, some torn and blood stained clothes and one last photo of her father.

With tears in her eyes, poor little girl whispered to herself, 'Dad! I wish I could really see you in the mirror.'