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Child

Pulkita Anand

Blood is thicker than water. Genes decide the fate of a child. Sorina could not bear a child, it doesn't mean that she doesn't long for a child. A woman is considered complete when she bears a child. Is a man also incomplete without it? Who has a problem, no one knows, maybe her husband, maybe she has? Being a female and in a middle-class family, she has to bear the unjust charges. Though her husband is kind, generous, and considerate about the matter. They remain hush to it. Silence speaks louder than words. Silence is also a potent killer, more powerful than a sword. They speak in silence and it hurts more than words. The profound and pressing silence between Sorina and her husband was intense and alarming. Though they play with word games too. At times, the words cross the boundaries and territories. They remain faithful, honest, and devoted to each other. Sharing the joy and sorrow of their life. Facing the different seasons of life that confront them.

Living a life in a conventional set up has its own merits and demerits. You may try to avoid speaking to people, but you cannot shut the mouths that open and speak against you. They try not to pay heed to it. Their small family has a small set up, small things and a desire for a small... Sorina kept herself busy in domestic chores. Her husband, on the other hand, took recourse to drink. The economic condition further deteriorated. The void and vacuum of their life cannot be substantiated by this. Whenever they see the kids of others, a yearning, longing, springs up in their heart. They feel they have someone to look after, to care about, to tender, to accompany, to comfort, and give solace to their grieving souls. When invited to any occasion it gets difficult for them to camouflage their discomfort. Facing all the queries, facing all the faces, facing all perceptions, facing all feelings, becomes difficult for them to face it any longer. It becomes difficult for them to console anymore.

Life can be lived with and without many things. Men know this fact but it is difficult to assimilate and imbibe this fact of life in life.

It seems that their lives have reached a saturation point, which they cannot bear anymore. She tried to change the way she cooks food and dress. It doesn't give any comfort to her. Then they thought to change the place, but the specter didn't allow them to move unscathed. They changed their house and locality. They couldn't overcome the angst of it. Finally, they decided to end it forever. Sorina proposed to her husband to adopt a child. It is not a bad idea, but it is not an idea easy to digest. The problem of blood, genes, progeny, values,

and ethics started drowning them. They try to swim across it, but the members of the family remain adamant. They have their problems. Ultimately, they decide to surmount this invincible family drama. They went to an orphanage; they saw many kids over there. Sometimes, the kids they want to adopt have some problem, legal issues, it gets adopted before them. At last, their eyes caught by Henna. She is a chubby girl with curly hair. Her curl falls on her eyes and face. This makes her prettier and more beautiful. Her small hands soiled with mud, and her innocence to lick it, made Sorina hearts jump with joy. Her husband was impressed by the beauty of her enchanting cute eyes. Their eyes were set on Henna. They made up their mind to adopt Henna. They inquired about the process of adoption and did all the process. Henna's arrival to their home, brought joy and prosperity to their home. They started to cope up with all the odds of their lives boldly and courageously. Henna with her cute smile lights up their house and life. It seems that there is an ever-pervasive joy in their life. The house remained filled with the laughter and toys of Henna. It seems to them; they have never lived their life without Henna. Henna begins to go to school, Sorina remains busy with the work of Henna. Her school preparation, her homework, her games, occupied the life of Sorina. Her husband stopped drinking anymore. He comes home early now. It seems life has offered Sorina joy for her hardship.

With the passage of Henna grew and passed her school with good grades. Sorina's husband's health started deteriorating. He couldn't make a balance between his health and work. He was laid off from his work. It becomes difficult for her to manage the home front too. Henna tried to deal with this unprecedented situation of life. Life is never predictable; it has its way. When life gets tougher, one gets tougher. Both Sorina and Henna, wore tough minds to brace the situation. Sorina's husband succumbs to death. Both women were left alone in this world. To fight with this bleak, hard, ruthless world is not easy for them. They have to learn to steel themselves from their hard life. After dismay, bereavement, and sorrow, one has to return to life. First, they try to take help from their relatives and friends. Time is a great tester of all. Their relatives showed their back at the hour of need to them. They avoid contacting them, the ones who are concerned with blood, and genes are not concerned about anything of their life. Everyone has to fight his/ her own battle of life. One is lucky to get help from acquaintances. When all the doors get shut, the almighty door gets open. Help comes from unknown quarters. Henna too cudgel to handle this arduous state. She started teaching and tailoring. The beginning was too tough but gradually, she came over these odds of her life and emerged victoriously. She started looking after her mother and herself. The entire family who was opposed at the

time of adoption didn't care to care about their situation. Noone was interested whether they were living or dead.

Her mother is living with her husband and taking care of their kid....

Bio Note:

Pulkita Anand is a student of literature. She often reads fiction as it helps her to understand human condition. She is interested in reading varied genres, from spiritual to scientific, to enrich her limited understanding of the things around her. Her work has been published in Twist and Twain, LangLit and Ashvamegha. She likes to listen to music and play badminton. She loves to absorb life to the fullest. At times, she loves to write too.