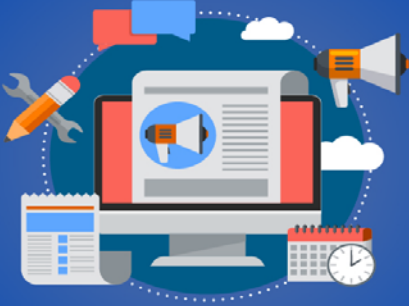


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Accident

Pooja Kushwaha

Research Scholar,
Department of English and M.E.L. University of Lucknow,
Lucknow.

I was working my work, suddenly I heard a news.

“Accident, accident, accident.”

I ran and saw my father was weeping. I asked,

“What happened? Papa! Tell me, what happened? Why are you weeping?”

He could not speak for some time. He was weeping continuously. I hugged my Papa and tried to stop his weeping. But there was no result. My younger brother came and asked him,

“What happened? Papa! Tell me, what happened? Why are you weeping?”

My father was fainted. I ran to take water. After some time, when my father got consciousness, then he told,

“My Jijaji got accident very badly. I will have to go to the hospital. I will have to go immediately. His condition is very bad.”

When my father reached to the hospital. He saw my fufaji with blood.

He cried,

“Oh my God! Jijaji, Jijaji”

My fufaji’s elder son hugged my father and told,

“Mamaji, Please don’t weep. Dr. is working. Don’t worry.”

Papa asked to Bhaiya,

“How and what happened?”

“Mamaji, we were in the house. And suddenly we heard noise from outside. When we went outside, we were surprised to see papa with blood.” Said Bhaiya.

Bhaiya continues,

“My father could not say anything, because of his condition. His eyes were open.”

Suddenly, Nurse came and said,

“Your father is not well. He is not taking breath. Come fast.”

My buaji and her daughter were seeing fufaji from outside of the room. My buaji was fainted to see my fufaji’s last breath. Suddenly a silence was there. Dr. came outside and said,

“Sorry, he is no more.”

Omg, Omg, Suddenly hospital was filled with crying and mourning.

Early in the morning, my father came in the house and told,

“Jijaji has expired. But don’t tell to Amma. Because she will not bear to hear the death of her Damad.”

But I replied,

“But Papa, we should tell about the death of fufaji to Dadi Ma.”

“No, No, no. We will tell but not now. When we will reach the house of Jijaji. Then we will inform.” said Papa.

We were preparing to go the house of fufaji to attend death ceremony. We hired van to go. My Dadi Maa was asking repeatedly,

“Where we are going and why?”

My Dadi Maa is 97 years old. We know that when she will know the death of her Damad. Then she will not bear. But we could not conceal the death of fuafaji. When van reached Dubagga Lucknow, then my Dadi Maa again asked,

“Please tell me beta. Where we are going and why? Something wrong happened? You all are concealing something. Please tell me.”

I said,

“We are going to travel to see something.”

After sometime we reached to Malihabad Lucknow. There my choti buaji lives. My choti Buaji and Fufaji came and sat in our van and go to Bade fufaji’s house. Choti Buaji and Fufaji were also weeping. When my grandmother saw tears in their eyes. Then she knew that something

wrong happened, that's why my younger daughter and my younger Damad were weeping. Then she again asked to my choti buaji,

“Oh My God! Can anyone tell me? What happened? Where we are going?”

My choti buaji wiped her tears and said,

“We are going to see someone who is ill.”

We all were weeping but try to conceal tears from my Dadi Maa. After sometime my dadi maa knew that we were going to the route of Badi Buaji. She suddenly started crying and said,

“I knew. We are going to the house of my badi bitiya. Oh My God! Everything will be ok.”

After two hours, we reached to Auras, Unnao where my badi Buaji lives. There was silence. Many people were there. It was cold of end November. When we came out of van. Suddenly the noise of crying and weeping started. My Mammi firstly go to Buaji, Then My father.

“Oh My God! What a sad scene! There are only tears and cry.”

“Oh Bhabhi! See what happened? Now I become widow.” said my Buaji to my mother.

When my Dadi Maa see this scene, she was fainted. When she got consciousness, then she started crying,

“Oh God, Why you have not taken my soul? I am very old and I am alive and you make my daughter widow.”

My Buaji told me,

“Pooja, you have told me a poem “*Marriage without Vermillion*”. See, what happened? Today your fufaji will be married to the God without vermilion. We all are Barati in the marriage of your fufaji. One day your fufaji came to make me his bride and married me. Today his second marriage will be with the God.”

Slowly, slowly many people come. But body of fufaji was still in Trauma Centre of Lucknow. Everyone were waiting for body. When body came, a gust of crying and weeping started. I could not understand what I do? Because I had to stop everyone to be cried. Sometimes I stop my buaji, sometimes Papa, sometimes Dadi Maa and sometime My Baba form weeping and crying. After sometime, body had be taken to be buried. And one soul meet to the God. This is the life. We don't know when we will leave this world. So we must enjoy every moment of life.

Introduction to the Poet:

Pooja Kushwaha is an aspiring poet who is just at the threshold of her writing career. She is a Research scholar from the Department of English and Modern European Languages, Lucknow University. She is currently pursuing Ph.D. on Poetry. She is a firm believer to make her identity. Her many poems and fictions have been published in the *Criterion International Journal*, *Tare Jamme Par Magazine* and in many anthologies like *What If*, *The Lost Soul*, *Pain Dwelling in Beauty*, *Aael*, *Isq-E-Jahar*, *Mizaz*, *The Unspoken Tale* etc. Her first single author book *Glimpses of Love* has been published in 2020. Her seven anthologies books, *True Love (2019)*, *Mysteries of Love (2020)*, *Heart Boats (2020)*, *Dispersed Pearls (2020)* and *Life Style (2020)*, *Diaspora (2020)*, and *Reminiscences (2020)* have been published. She often composes poems about contemporary problems, identity, nature, God, love and also motivational poems for the society.