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Rain

Pulkita Anand

The rain started pattering the tin roof, clanking on it. It drenched the soil. The trees bathed in it and flowers danced in it. The grass swayed in utter joy. The soil smells wonderful. The potholes are full. The pots are brimming. The breeze is cold. Lightning creates a sheer shimmering of shades. Cows took shelter under the tree. The birds are looking for a cosy place of shelter. It has bought the world to a still for a moment. But the stillness is at times intimidating and menacing. The outward beauty is in contrast with the dark bleak inside. The rain which purifies the earth is not able to purify the heart of its inhabitant.

Whenever she goes for a walk, there is a danger in her mind, fear lurks in her heart. A constant threat of the impending inappropriate always engulfs her heart. She is a twentieth-century woman with all the freedom, is not free in reality. She needs to cover her body, but despite covering it thoroughly without any trace of her visibility she cannot keep her safe from the lurid, lusty male gaze. It stifles and suffocates her. She was walking to her way home. There were other also walking. The clothes are drenched. The movement of her limbs gives the entire picture of her figure. The measurement of her vital figure was in his eyes. He wanted to quench his lust by devouring her in his arms. He is tall and burly. There is stiffness in his gait. She hurried her way. He started making obscene comments on her. His eyes reveal his disgusting desires. She tried to ignore them. It is better to avoid them. Such things should not be given any weight-age. It is taught not to act and react. But there is a limit to everything. It is difficult to wade in the pool of water that surrounds her. She struggled to move in great pace with her hungry belly, she has to do this as she can't be the object of his hunger. Her heart is pounding fast and sweat is dripping from her head. The sweat is mingling with the rain. Her hair is dishevelled. She looks obliquely whether he is still chasing her. To her delight, he was not there. He might have moved in the lane to save himself from the rain. The rain seems urgent and pressing to him than she is.

Relaxed and comforted by slow-moving drizzles of the raindrops. She pleased with the imagination of going safe. But is one safe on earth, no, there are human beings, the goblin gobbles...With the turn of the lane, the danger stood in front of her, she froze, her heart started throbbing, pulsating and perspiring. It seems that her limbs are paralyzed. She holds her fist tight. Uttering the name of God as she remembers. Maybe they come to rescue her. She has fought alone on her own. There are no tools and weapons around her. But when is a battle

fought with the weapon. It is the courage with which any battle or every battle is to be fought. She closed her eyes for a moment. Didn't know what will happen, how things will take its course, ...but who knows anything, can an astrologer predict about it. Can a saint prophesy about it? Or tarot card reader tells about it? What events hold for her? She brushed aside many thoughts that were coming in her mind. Gaining her composure, she opens her eyes. The sun has already set, but the glimmer is still visible on the horizon. The blue azure of the sky has changed into pinkish golden colour, the birds are returning to their home. Looking at them thought of going home came to her mind. He was gazing at her. Scanning her from top to bottom. She sees some people are around her, but people are interested to watch spectacles rather than avert spectacles. Tears welled in her eyes. She saw a stone laying on the corner. She picks up the stone. And makes a shrill cry. The people around her were stunned for the moment. She then throws the stone on him. He is hurt a bit. The blow was not big and massive. But it delivered the message that women are not objects. The people around her gathered and inquired about what was happening. They took charge of the situation. He was beaten black and blue. She moves with confidence and stilted gait. The thought of being late for the home started gnawing her. Her mother might be anxious, her brother might be angry and her father must be disheartening. The confidence gives her a new beauty and charm of its own.

Now, she moves hurriedly to her home. The danger she has fought in her way leads her to move to her home.