

# The Tea Stall

*Manoj Kumar*

Where my father sets his stall, a man who makes tea also sets his. His tea stall is often very crowded, because of which it is quite noisy there. Whenever I sit at my *Papaji's* shop, I see this. Sometimes, the tea stall owner makes me sit at his stall and goes away to collect his cups and glasses. When customers come, I make them tea. But some customers ask, "Where has *Chhotu Bhai* gone? The tea he makes is just like the tea at home". Some people pick up a newspaper from my *Papaji's* shop and just sit there, reading it. Sometimes I ask *Chhotu Bhai*, "*Bhai*, can you teach me how to make tea like you?" He says, "A craftsman doesn't just give his skill to another". I like it when he says this, and I become quiet.

# Pressure Cooker

*Neelofar*

This happened two to four days ago. My *Khala* had come to stay with us for a week. *Khala* is married, but she doesn't have any children. *Khala* is fair, has fine eyes, a medium sized nose, thick lips and is a little fat. *Khala* is happy-go-lucky by nature. She loves working. So when she comes, she likes to cook vegetables or *roti*.

It was Wednesday, twelve in the afternoon. *Khala* was washing rice and lentils. *Ammi* had a little fever, so she was lying down. Papa, Shaziya, Rehan and I were watching TV and my elder brother had gone out to work. *Khala* lit the stove outside and asked me for a vessel to cook the rice. Usually we cook rice in a cooker, but because its lid was broken, we had been cooking in an open utensil. My eyes were fixed on the TV, so by mistake I gave her a small vessel and lay down. When the rice began to cook and swell up, it reached the very edge of the pan. And it remained a little uncooked. Hunger pangs had struck us by then.

*Khala* said, "*Beta*, the vessel was a little small". So Papa's, my mother's and my eyes went towards the vessel. I immediately realised my mistake. I had given her a small vessel, because of which the rice had not cooked properly.

*Khala* and *Ammi* did not say anything, but who could put a rein on my father's mouth? With his eyes wide, eyebrows raised, he said, "Why didn't you give her the bigger vessel?" I said, "I didn't see". So he said, "Oh, otherwise you know so many things! But you don't know which vessel rice is cooked in!" Papa's banter continued, but my mind became fixed on one thing.

What did Papa see in me to say, "Otherwise you know so many things?" I got tied up in knots inside. What had Papa seen in me to say that? I started to ask myself questions, but no answer showed its face. I felt as if what Papa had said arrested me in it, and I needed to be set free. Now whenever I would see Papa's face, I would remember that one thing. Then I would sit down making and unmaking thoughts. I would knit up something from the past and then undo that in seconds by bringing it into the present. But I couldn't get free from the thought. My mind remained caught in it. One night, I couldn't even go to sleep. I'm still not free of it.

I wish Papa would tell me that one thing, thinking of which he had said, "Otherwise you know so many things". Maybe then it could be a soothing gift he would give me in the form of words. It will help me come out of my confusion. If I wanted, I could have asked him for that gift right then, when he first said what he said. But at that time, it would not have been seen as a request, but as impertinence. In any case, I would not have known how to frame the question.

I don't know how seriously my family members took what Papa said. Because we never spoke about it again. I couldn't mention it to anyone – family or friends. If I disclose it, different people will make different things out of it – such as, your Papa may have seen you dancing, or heard you speaking freely with a friend.

# Madhuri Dixit

*Lakhmi Chand Kohli*

This is the story of a teacher whose name was AK Rizvi. He had studied from Aligarh University. He taught us English.

Like I told you, I had a teacher. A teacher who always joked with his students, and sometimes even hurled invectives at them. He always chewed a *paan*. He owned a vehicle – a Luna moped. He always came to school on it. Also, he would never come to class without an invitation. This incident happened during our pre-board examinations. (Pre-boards are papers for which we only write songs or jokes in the answer sheet.) We had a science paper that day. Rizvi sir was the teacher in charge. (In case you are interested, it is really easy to describe Rizvi sir. He was fat, and must have been around six feet tall. He used to look like a soldier from a distance. His haircut was also like a soldier's. He always wore a blue coat. He was the only one in school who chewed *paan*. So, as you can see, it was fairly easy to spot him.)

Sir looked very angry that day. He wasn't speaking much. Seeing him come towards the classroom, all the boys were very happy. That's because sir used to allow us to copy off each other's sheets during exams.

Our paper started. Some boys looked like they were about to make airplanes with the question papers and fly them in the air by blowing into them. And others were writing *Jai Mata Di* (In Praise of the Mother Goddess) on their answer sheets. Some were reading the question paper as if they were reading a newspaper. Everyone was waiting. Everyone was waiting for sir to say, "Do whatever you have to do quietly. Don't make any noise". Just then, the boy sitting behind me took out the notes he had prepared for the exam and started answering the questions. (He looked like a little boy. He must have been four to four and a half feet tall. His voice was also just like a child's. God alone knows what he was doing in the tenth standard. His name was

Rajkumar, but we called him Raj.)

I said, "Have you gone mad? Can't you see sir is angry? *Beta*, if he sees you, there is sure to be a scene today".

Raj said, "We'll see what happens. *Yaar*, stop turning around, let me do my paper".

I said, "Go ahead, do what you want. But pass some of your notes to me as well".

He agreed, and then continued with the question paper. But somehow sir got to know he was copying. Sir got up from his seat and went straight to Raj. He said, "*Abbe* brinjal! You are doing your paper so quietly, it's making me suspicious. Come on, hand me your notes or I will snatch your answer sheet from you".

Raj said, "Sir, I know you are a very good human being. You never snatch papers".

**Sir:** Very good, son. That was a good try. Now give them to me. Where are they?

He searched Raj all over, but didn't find anything. I was just as surprised as sir was. Where could he have hidden his notes?

**Sir:** Oh well, I didn't find anything right now. But if I see you copying, I assure you, you've had it!

Now let me tell you why sir didn't find anything. It was Raj's speciality that he wouldn't bathe for many days and also wouldn't change his socks for months. If he would take his shoes off in class, the whole school would stink up. He made the most of this. He would either eat up the notes on being found out, or he would hide them in his shoes. When sir was searching him, he looked all over except for his shoes. Raj had even said to him, "Sir, when you are searching me, you must also check my shoes". Sir had said, "Dare you take your shoes off. I swear I will kill you". Everyone had started laughing, including sir. And then sir got distracted when a student called out to him and asked him a clarification about a question.

**The boy seeking clarification:** Sir, the question is this – three planks of wood, with a hole each, have been placed next to one another. A candle is lit behind them, in line with the holes. What will be visible

from the hole in the first plank – the flame or the candle?

**Sir asked all the boys:** What do you think?

Half the boys said, “Candle” and the other half, “Flame”.

Sir said, “You are all wrong. I will tell you, start writing”.

And then sir said, “Madhuri Dixit”, his favourite film star. I don’t know about the other boys, but Raj had definitely written that in his answer sheet.

# The Generator

*Dhirender Pratap Singh*

This is about the time when the World Cup was going on. I don’t recall the day and the date, but remember however that it was a League match between India and Pakistan. At that time, I was in charge of my shop. The match was to begin at 2:50 pm. All the people in the market were kind of excited. Eventually the match began. I stopped my work where it was and told my artisans to call me in case a customer came. Then I came upstairs to my house and started to watch the match. India won the toss, elected to bat first and set a target of 227 runs before Pakistan.

India had finished batting; the match was to resume in half an hour. I thought why not go and sit in the shop. I went down. As soon as I sat down, the electricity went. Everyone said electricity would surely be back soon. I was thinking if it doesn’t, I will start the generator and watch the match! Then Raju’s father came and said, “Chintu, take the generator out of your shop into mine. We’ll all sit together and watch the match”. At that time, Raju’s father had kept his television in his shop. I said, “Uncle, my generator runs on petrol and its tank is completely dry”. He said never mind, let’s all pool in money and get petrol. There were three to four other people and everyone put some money together and gave it to me.

There were ten minutes to go for the match to begin, and the light was still out in the entire area. Raju’s father said, “Now go and get the petrol”.

After taking the money I said, "Give me a bottle or a can, if there is one". They said everything is kept all over the place, we wouldn't be able to find one in the dark.

My eyes fell on a water bottle lying in the shop. I emptied it, kick-started my motorcycle and, as I was leaving, told my blacksmith to move the generator out. I was getting quite excited. I rode with speed, quickly bought the petrol and returned. The blacksmith had shifted out the generator. Everyone was waiting for me. Like a marriage procession waiting for the bridegroom! I parked my bike and had the generator picked up and kept in a corner in Raju's shop. In it I put but one litre of petrol, and the rest I saved and put away in the shop. Then Raju's father pulled the generator's rope and the generator started. Everyone rejoiced loudly. I connected the television wire to the generator. Electricity wasn't back yet. A crowd had gathered in Raju's shop. Now I also sat down and started watching the match. Pakistan was two wickets down in six overs, and had scored 30 runs. Everyone was jubilant; I think I also shouted with joy.

I was thirsty. I got up quickly, and went to my shop. I was so engrossed in the match that I was quite oblivious to the world! All the artisans were sitting in the shop. I went in hurriedly, and drank about half a litre of petrol from the bottle lying there. I was so thirsty then that everything looked like water to me! I kept drinking. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps I was drinking petrol! I looked at the bottle, and it WAS petrol! I didn't quite feel the effect then.

It was past nine at night. I had seen India win the match against Pakistan. I shut the shop and came up. I was fine then. Then suddenly, I kind of smelt petrol on my breath. I drank water and started to tell everyone at home that I drank petrol thinking it was water!

Papa said, but you look fine, absolutely nothing has happened to you. Mummy said I should wash up, "I'll get you food". I thought food would subside the smell. Mummy brought the food, and I ate it. After eating, I went up to sleep. As I was climbing up the stairs, I was burping burps of petrol. My sister was boiling milk in the kitchen. I quickly moved away from

the flame. What if my mouth were to catch fire!

I lay down on the cot. It was past ten at night. My sister finished boiling the milk and came to the room. She said, "Don't you smell petrol?" I told her what had happened with me. She told me to have water, and that that would make me all right. She went to watch TV. I started feeling suffocated. I rushed downstairs and asked to be taken to the doctor, that I was feeling ill.

Papa and Mummy quickly took me to Dr. Amit's shop, which is in the lane outside. Raju's father also followed us there. I said I didn't think I would survive. The doctor asked Papa what had happened to me. Papa said I drank petrol thinking it was water. The doctor said, "This is a police case! In all probability, this has to do with a matter of the heart. Maybe he drank petrol for the love of someone". Everyone said it was no such thing. My condition was deteriorating. After much argument, the doctor gave me medicine and said, "There is still time, tell me. Did you drink petrol because of some silly crush?" I persisted, "No, no!" Then we came away from there. After returning, I had my medicine and went to sleep.

Even today, when I see petrol, I remember that time. I do see it, but with love!

## Why this?

*Lakhmi Chand Kohli*

"Why this?" are words which we often use in our lives. Sometimes they make us conscious of our wrongdoing, and sometimes they stop us from committing wrong. At times, they point to the follies of our thinking, and at others they compel us to think about our thoughts. So come, let me tell you about one mistake I committed. When I remember this mistake, I sometimes laugh, and sometimes feel angry at myself.

This happened a while ago. A boy worked in a small shop. It was a

newly constructed STD/ISD phone booth. Actually, it was not even fully made yet. The frame and structure of the booth were made, but it didn't have glass fitted in yet. All it had were two phones, and a machine with an STD facility. And, of course, the small, cheerful boy who worked in the booth. A boy who, even as he worked there, spoke with everyone about the possibilities of alternative employment. He was quite clever. In spite of that, he was duped one day. Perhaps he was duped because he trusted people too easily. And also because he really needed another job.

Now, you must be wondering who this boy was and why I know so much about him. That boy is I. That is why I speak so confidently about him. A woman used to come to his booth to make calls very often. She claimed to be working in Ram Manohar Lohia Hospital. I often asked her to get me a job there. And she would promise to help me out.

Now begins the tale of my stupidity. The woman's name was Rani. She was short and dark, but she was really clever. I still remember the day she came and said:

**Rani:** Sonu, so you were asking about a job? Come, let me fill a form for you. But it will cost you.

Hearing this, I was a little troubled. My heart said this would be my big chance, but my heart was also a little unsure. I was worried she would run away with my cash. I spoke to her with trepidation:

**I said:** Ma'am, how much will it cost?

**Rani:** Look son, this is a government job. It costs a lot. Now think over whether you want it or not. Right now, it will cost you five hundred rupees. Lets see how much more you will have to cough up later.

**I said:** Ok ma'am, I will bring the money tomorrow.

I was working then. So I gave her five hundred rupees. But I kept thinking the whole night, "What if my money goes away, leaving me behind?" I didn't tell anyone at home because I knew my father was sure to stop me from doing this. He says, "No one gets you a job, they all run away with your money". My father's words settled in my heart.

I thought, "Why did I give her my money? Why this?" The question compelled me to re-think what I had done knowingly.

After I gave her the money, Ma'am and I would see each other only from a distance. I would ask her everyday, "Ma'am, when will I get my job?" She would say, "It will take time". Then our conversations ceased for a while. After a whole month, she finally spoke to me.

**Rani:** Sonu, take leave from tomorrow.

**I said:** Why ma'am?

**Rani:** You have to come to my office tomorrow. I have spoken about you with my sir. He has asked for you.

**I said:** Ma'am, what is the sir's name?

**Rani:** His name is Dipak. He is a very nice person. Speak with him properly. He will definitely take care of you.

**I said:** Of course, ma'am. I want to meet him so much. Ma'am, please do get me a job.

I was really happy. I thought, "My efforts have borne fruit. I will surely be successful". I made all kinds of dreams for myself. Little did I know what was about to happen the next day.

When I reached the office, I met a man who, forget about looking like a big boss from somewhere, didn't even look like a watchman. He looked dirty. He was short and dark, and was wearing pants that were sticking to him, and a shirt that was filthy. I had thought he would be clean and tidy, that he would step out of a car and immediately say, "Sonu, how are you?" But instead he said, "Yes, so you are Sonu?"

**I said:** *Namaste* sir, ma'am told me about you.

**Dipak sir:** Listen Sonu. Your work will be done. But it will cost you ten thousand rupees.

When I heard "ten thousand", lightning passed through my ears and I thought, standing right there, "Why this? Why me? Why does everyone speak with me only about money?" But I needed a job, so without thinking, I said:

**I said:** Sir, ten thousand is a bit too much. I am a poor boy. How will I get so much money?

But he didn't relent, and said:

**Dipak sir:** Listen friend. This is not in our hands. We have to pay up many people down the line. See, it will cost you this much. The rest, you know. If you want a job, you will have to pay this much.

Hearing this, I left and said to ma'am:

**I said:** Ma'am, it's costing too much. Can't it be reduced a little?

**Rani:** No son, it can't be. This is how much it will cost. People are willing to pay a hundred thousand for this job. You are giving only ten thousand!

**I said:** Ok ma'am, I'll get the money tomorrow.

Saying this, I left for home. All the way I kept wondering how I was going to arrange for so much money. Now I would just have to tell everyone at home. But then I thought, no. I couldn't possibly tell anyone at home. I'll give my own money. Maybe the money which my grandmother had once given me, was meant for this. Then what! The next day came in no time. I reached my shop the next morning. I saw Ma'am approaching from a distance. She came and said:

**Rani:** What happened son? Did you get the money?

**I said:** Yes Ma'am, I have brought the money. But Ma'am, how long will it take?

**Rani:** Just two days. Consider your work done.

Well, two days later, I went to the hospital. Dipak sir took my measurements and said:

**Dipak sir:** So *Bhai* Sonu, consider your work done!

My heart floated in air on hearing this and I went back home, laughing. I was really happy that day. I had been called again after a week. I was told everything would be fixed by then.

On the designated day, I got up early in the morning, bathed and got ready. My family kept asking me where I was going. But I didn't say a word to them and set off towards the hospital. I reached the hospital at nine am, like I had been told by Ma'am. She had said she would be there by ten.

Like a mad man, I kept waiting for her. But she didn't come. Then I went there, where my measurements had been taken, but there was no

one. Four hours passed. But there was no sign of Rani madam. I was walking up and down. My heart kept saying to me, "She's gone. She's gone". Then I got tired and sat down in one place. Two other boys were sitting with me. They looked quite worried and kept saying, "She won't come now". Then I spoke with them:

**I said:** What happened, friends? You look worried.

**So one of them said (the more worried of the two):** Nothing *yaar*. A woman has duped me. She had called me today. She said she would arrange a job for me. But she has duped me.

**Hearing this, I said:** You didn't give her any money, did you?

**The boy said:** *Bhai*, fifteen thousand. Her name is Rani.

Hearing this, I started laughing. This made him even more sad and he said:

**The boy said:** *Abbe yaar*, here I have been robbed of fifteen thousand rupees, and you are laughing.

**I said:** No friend, I am not laughing at you. I am laughing because it turns out I am not the only fool in the world. You are giving me company. I have also given her money. She won't come now.

Then we asked each other details about our foolishness. But while I was speaking with him, I kept thinking, "Why this? Why me? Why?" Laughing, and saddened, I left from there.

I never met Rani madam after that day. And never heard anything about Dipak sir either. But one question always remains with me – "Why did I do this? Why did I do this?"

## How should I tell her about My Heart?

*Neelofar*

This is from the time when I was studying in the fourth standard. We lived in Maujpur then. The address was B-Block, lane number 24. We had rented out our house in LNJP for two years and were living in Maujpur on rent.

Because at that time Papa was convinced that LNJP was not a good place to live. Also, the difference in rent in the two places meant a little earning. But it wasn't as if there weren't any problems. Mummy used to have to come here [to LNJP] to buy ration, oil, sugar, because our ration card was issued from here. The transport cost and time involved were huge, and Mummy used to get very tired. And all our relatives were here as well, so we would come here often to visit them.

Mostly Hindu Gujars lived in Maujpur. When we were living there, my sister and I had become very dark. I got to know this when I went to *Nani's* house one day. My *Mamu's* daughter Shahana and I were sitting next to one another. Our skin colour had always been the same. But then *Mami* had exclaimed, "Neelam, you have started looking like you are from Seelampur. You have become so dark!" I realised that was true. After that, whenever I used to go to *Nani's* house, I would compare Shahana's hands with mine to see who was fairer. Also, the water at Maujpur was not good, so my hair had turned brown. That's why I didn't like living at Maujpur. Also, Papa used to come to Darya Ganj to work. He would cycle, and it would take him from one to one and a half hours.

Basic amenities – water and electricity – were good in Maujpur. Our house was on a hundred square yard plot; half of this plot was a big courtyard. There was a hand pump in the courtyard, and also a toilet. The toilet was on the left side. To the right was the main door, and next to it, the door to our room.

Our neighbour's house was three-storied. Biharis used to live there. They all embroidered. One of them was a boy named Raja. He was very broad. His skin was dark. He looked a little like the film star Govinda. He started speaking with me, and we used to play together. He used to draw very well. He had written my name for me, on the wall inside my room. It looked just like it would if made by a painter. I also used to go to his workshop. He would make drawings, charts etc. for my school SUPW. Because he had attended school, I used to ask for his help in my homework as well, especially maths. I used to call him Raja *Bhai*.

He was the only person I spoke with in the workshop. And I was the only person he spoke with there. I had never realised this. I never paid any attention to the fact that Raja was very friendly towards me.

A girl lived two to three houses from the workshop. Her name was Sonia. She was very beautiful. She was fair and tall. Now whenever I try and remember her face, she looks a lot like Yashoda's sister Lakshmi. Never mind.

Sonia, her younger cousin (who was my age) and I used to skip rope every evening. Two of us would hold either end and twirl it, and the third would jump over it. When sometimes at night there would be a power cut, we would play blind man's buff with other children in the lane. I didn't know Raja liked Sonia. When Sonia and I would be playing in the street, he would sit on his roof and look at us. And he would keep smiling. I used to think he looked because we were friends. But I was wrong.

One day Raja said to me, "Neelofar, I love Sonia. How should I tell her about my heart? See, you could be the medium to get across my heart's desire to her. See, you are like my younger sister. If you won't help me, then who will?"

At that time, I got really excited – about getting two lovers together, just like in the movies. I was to the television what a bee is to a flower. At that time, I was thinking of all the actors and actresses from films who created their image on screen by helping lovers get together. I started seeing myself in their images.

The same day, Raja took a pencil and a sheet of paper from me. He sat in the backyard of our house and started to write. I didn't pay attention to what he was writing and went to my room and started watching television. *Ammi* asked me, "What is Raja writing?" With great enthusiasm I lied to her, "He is writing a letter to his family". I had Sonia's earrings. I had borrowed them from her for two days for a function at school. I had to return those. So I thought, why not give her

the letter along with the earrings?

That's just what I did. It was around two in the afternoon, maybe half past. I called her from her window because the door was shut as everyone sleeps in the afternoon. Many people in our lane also sleep in the afternoon. I said to her, "Sonia, here are your earrings, and here..." Her mother, who had been watching, came. She snatched the letter from my hands and quickly put it in her saree blouse. Immediately, she took hold of Sonia and my hands, pushed me into the room and told her younger son to wake up his father. To me she said, "I will lock you both in this room and set the room on fire."

She was still holding my hand. I was really frightened, but her yelling continued, "The two of you have no concern for the honour of your families! *Arre*, daughters like this who ruin their families' names should be burnt alive. I will do just that today".

Sonia's father came and tried to get me to stop crying. He tenderly asked me, "Beta, who gave you this letter?" I was really scared then. Not a sound came from my throat. I just wanted to run to my mother, but these people were not letting me go. Quickly, I told Sonia's father, "Raja *Bhai* gave me this letter." "Who's Raja?" he asked. "He works in the workshop."

He held my hand and dragged me through the lane. He said, "Tell me who Raja is". A huge crowd had gathered in the lane because of his yelling. All the people, all the women, were standing at their doors. Sonia's father was holding my hand. I was crying. Everyone was looking at me. Sonia was in her house, crying.

He took me to the workshop and made me stand in front of every man working there, asking, "Is this Raja?" At that time I was thinking death would be better than this scene. Oh, how I wanted to die then.

Raja was not in the workshop. I was made to look at every man in the

workshop. Then he started down the stairs, still holding my hand. The crowd kept growing. So much happened, and *Ammi* didn't even get to know – because she was sleeping. The crowd followed Sonia's father and me down the lane. Meanwhile, Raja could be seen coming. I screamed, "That is Raja! That is Raja!" Everyone ran after him. Seeing the crowd, he turned around and tried to run away. But people caught him. Sonia's father slapped him twice or thrice.

When he left my hand, I ran to my mother and woke her up. She got up, startled. I pointed towards the outside, but I was unable to say anything. *Ammi* went out and saw the crowd was beating Raja. Sonia's father was holding his collar and pulling at him, "Come, we'll go to the police station. I will get the love fever off you".

People started saying to *Ammi*, "Try and control your daughter. She has started spending too much time with boys. Our daughters will spoil because of her". This, when I didn't even understand what I had done. *Ammi* scolded me a lot and beat me. For a few days, I stayed absolutely quiet. Just went to school from home, and came back home from school. I wouldn't step out of the house after coming back home. Forget Raja, I didn't even look at the workshop. A month after the incident, the landlord sent a message. "Vacate the house. Our brother is coming. He is the owner of the house".

Our landlord had said this a number of times before. But this time *Ammi* said, "See, no one wants us to live here anymore". She started muttering. Papa went and spoke with the landlord. He said we would vacate the house after my annual exams were over. After this, even when my family members mentioned Raja, I remained quiet. After my exams, we left the house and came here.

When I think about those days, I wish that time would come again and I would not repeat what I did. I want to click the rewind button of life and change things. I don't even know how to express the emotions I experienced at that time.

# My Enemy Thought

*Shamsher Ali*

I have decided to leave school. Only I know how I passed the night. When it was morning, I opened my eyes, got off the bed, and have just washed my hands and face. *Ammi* asks, the same as every morning, "Will you go to school or not? What do you want to do? Why don't you say anything? Do you want to study or not? Your father asks what you will do everyday". Do I have answers for all these heated-up questions? Will I be able to say them? Lightening passes through me when I think of this. I look around, flustered, and then quietly carry with me the spark which boils my blood.

I run towards my destination – the shore that will give me new life. But it was only a mirage, and once again, I lose my way in the labyrinth. With the disappointment of not having reached my destination, I reach the workshop. I sit there, quietly, consoling myself. In some time, conversations begin, and carry on till nine, or half past nine. I am saved from that moment where I would meet my enemies. I feel my own thought is my enemy.

It's time to leave. And leaving my confusions and quandaries behind, I take off on the roads of the *basti*. Seeing its images, hearing its sounds, I reach home.

The house is peaceful at this time of the day. Papa has left for work. So has my elder brother. Three brothers and sisters have gone to school. I think just my mother, my younger brother and I are at home. I get ready and leave home. There is a strange hesitation in this mood of the house.

Once again, I make my way through the streets, searching for my destination. I don't even realise that I have already reached the Compughar. I enter, looking at everyone, and maybe smiling a little, and sit in my corner in the room.