

Wishing To Be With Mother

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A true story of two kids.

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It was an evening with the waiting mood. It was a usual evening, where the two kids used the moving shadows to assess the time of their mother's returning back home. It was an unusual evening, where they have tried to do something that they have never done before. They have tried their first lesson of product selling.

The day before, they have asked their mother - why she goes to school.

They already knew what school was. They already knew that she was a teacher. The two kids were studying in different schools. The little girl was already studying for two years while the boy was just admitted to school.

Their mother used to come back home usually after they came back from school. However, those days she was coming late, by the time the sun left no shadow. They have not yet learnt to see the watch. They have heard from their mother that she was doing evening duty for exams.

Those days were good. They were themselves. The concerned sister and the obedient brother - sort of independent kids. Although there was a lady they called Munni Phuppo, living in the house, in the corner room that they called baithak. They were just aware of her that she used to give them lunch when they came back home. She was quick. She used to come out, to check that they have come. She used to go back and sleep again.

Those were hot, June days. And they had time..those were free days with time.

They used to explore what they can experiment on, whatever was in reach. They had their own precious toys including the sea-shells that they have collected overtime in an old tin box. They used to play and play and play, without getting tired. Entry of other neighbor kids was not allowed in the mother's absence.

They have recently learnt to prepare paper toys, the boat, airplanes with numerous designs, the ball, the flag, the house and almost forty such items. They were at that time - sort of experts in paper toy making.

When everything was done or when there seemed nothing to do, the kids used to just roam about, in the house. Sleeping at day time was not for them, it was for Munni Phuppo. It happened usually in the evening when they wanted to be with mother. She was the one they shared their dreams with usually always. She made them feel close. She made them feel safe. She made them find ways to do more things when there seemed nothing to do. Their father used to come usually late at night and he was for them ..at that time not close enough to share their hearts.

The day before, they have asked their mother why she goes to school. She had told them some reasons, but the only line that they have understood was that she goes out to bring more money for them.

That day they have thought a way out, to hold their mother at home. The idea was put forward in total agreement between the two kids, the concerned sister and the obedient brother. They will make the paper toys and sell. Earn money and tell the mother not to go to school.

They made the paper toys. Many.. all designs they knew around 50 such items. They had more paper ready.. in case of more demand. After they came back from school, they took a bed sheet, folded it and sat on the door displaying the items. They sat with pride, feeling like grownups like the neighborhood shopkeepers.

The elders passed by. They asked the kids about their exhibition at the shop. They smiled and went away.

The neighbor kids came rushing. They looked at their items with curiosity, desire, envy, appreciation. But they had no money to buy.

The mother came in the evening. Her kids were teaching the neighbor kids about how to make the toys. She thought that they were playing school-school. The teacher - student game. She asked them to come inside the house. She was back. They were happy.. the neighbor kids knew that they can make sooooooooooooo many paper toys! They didn't tell her what they had tried to do. They have not earned the money to make their mother stay home.

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