

RONNIE

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The dining hall is quite far away. To drink this one glass of water, I will now have to walk 1 km. No, it is not dining of my house, our old age home. Last year, on the day of Dussehra, I was dumped here. Today is the day to worship the goddess Laxmi. My friends are a little more fortunate than me. Their children took them home for the pooja. Pujo used to take place once in my house as well. That used to be the only day that my in-laws could come to my house.

Suddenly, this evening there is a power cut. Water in the room run out too. At the threshold of 69, even my eyes can't support me well in dark. I did not find the torches in the hinge, thus, walking through the corridor in the light of the moon to drink a glass of water. Today I am the only one in this old age home. I spent time quite well. a small family of just three of us. I mean I made it so. After the marriage, I came to the in-laws house, the parents-in-law, the brother and sister-in-laws, a huge family of many people. At the time of the marriage, my mother convinced me to arrange it well for myself. I do the same thing as a forced girl. Ronnie was a little bigger, in the pretext of the transfer of her father I took the son and the father away. Tell me where am I at fault? Only one child, I have to raise him. It was not possible after having handled the in-laws family.

My son always used to stand first in the class. Therefore, except for the day of Laxmipuja, the grandfather family is hundreds of steps away from us.

I have done a lot to raise my son. I remember, after a while of Lakshmi Puja, Roni's grandmother had brought a sick grandfather to rickshaw. When I saw through the window, I put off the light of the house and locked the collapsible gate outside. Roni's grandparents went back looking at the lock at the gate outside. Tell me what to do, the final exam was set on resuming of school after holidays. His father questioned on seeing lock at the gate outside when returned at night. I don't remember today what was my answer was. My father-in-law may have realized the meaning of sudden putting off the light. Because then he did not come to our house till his last.

But the relationship with my in-laws was not cut off completely. I gifted well on the marriage of my brother and sister-in-law.

Then my Ronnie grew up. He went to America with a great job. His father said, as long as I am alive, you do not have to send a penny. Just look after your mother in my absence. I smiled and said, You are too much, the person who does not know anyone else except his mother, he will not look after her mother!

Then one day my Roni married a Bengali foreigner abroad without informing anything to anyone. His father remained dumbstruck. He used to mutter something! One day, he went to sleep leaving me alone here.

Ronnie could not come to his father's funeral because of his special work. After the funeral Roni came to meet his mother.

You didn't bring the bride? My daughter-in-law? Why would I bring her? I will take you to her. I will sell this house, ma. Would you sell this house, your father made with a great effort? This house bears the innumerable memories of your childhood and that of your father, Roni! Are these sentiments of any value, ma? You will be staying with me and the house here will be occupied by others. My house of Ranjan Park was sold for one crore. My son came and said, "Your money and the flight's tickets." I laugh, "as I'll be with you, I do not need the money". Last year, on the day of Mahalaya, we, mother and son left the house and appeared at the airport. My son said that there is a lot of time left for the flight to take off, just sit here, I will be back on checking in the luggage. I have taken the joy and fear of new life and was waiting for him – one, two, three hours Where is my son? My Roni, where is my Roni? I started asking people. Everyone is busy. No one has time to listen to me. I ran at the ticket counter. I came to know, my everything, the apple of my eye, my Ronnie is on board. Two hours ago his flight left. I felt someone removed the ground beneath my feet. In the floor of the international lounge itself, I fell unconscious. A girl of our neighborhood rushed to me. After listening to me, she brought me at her place. I have no telephone number, address or any means of contact of my son. Therefore, having no option to it, since last Dussehra this old age home is my new address.

I remember those two lines of Rabindranath Thakur in tears :
Those who pollute your wind, take the light away, ... have you forgiven them...