

LEGITIMATE BASTARD

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At Delhi Railway Station, I was passing by a dustbin and out of curiosity, I peeped into it. To my horror, I saw a human face in it. A little cute, white face half-buried under dirt and dust. I leant on the brim to have a closer look and the baby girl opened her one eye (one damaged by cruelty of man) and smiled calmly. I questioned her, “who are you, sweetie?” She answered, “I am no sweetie, I am a legitimate bastard. I am one, forsaken by my weak and selfish parents on pretext of being a daughter. My father would have been no bad a person but, full of passion for a son, his passion, desperation would have decided my mother’s conceiving and throwing of baby girls. Even earlier so many my sisters had been buried, half-buried, rat-nibbled or at the mercy of ophange manager. I am lucky enough to tell you that I am legitimate, being born out of wedlock of my parents but a bastard whom the parents abandoned to die slowly and terribly. If given a chance, I would have questioned my parents about their cowardice attitude; my mother, a frail woman who couldn’t afford domestic and social criticism, left me at the mercy of hostile nature, in torrential showers as a meal for stray dogs; her cruelty lies in the fact that she didn’t smother me for a peaceful death rather preferred me to be eaten inch by inch by dogs, rates and cockroaches or even ants. I lost my one eye when a boy thrust his wooden iron frame in dustbin and on me. I was defenseless to raise my little arm to prevent the onslaught and the boy was ignorant of my presence in dustbin; he, being a kid should have expected a child in a cradle not in a dustbin. My father who was weak enough even to see my face, threw me away as a garbage never once even thought that I was the smartest of his children. He must have been scared that in future, I was going to be burden on him but who knows, I would have unburden of him of his problems in future. He trusted my gender, a weak, vulnerable gender but not the capabilities transferred to me through him. He trusted not his own self but trusted blindly his unborn, unconceived son who will relieve him of earthly and divine burden. Blind he was, turned a blind eye to me, Deaf he was, turned a deaf ear to my shrieks.

Like a prop he leant on my unborn brother and threw as a waste his own blood, his flesh, his bones as a feast for Vermins. Neither my mother nor my father even thought of me, my agony, how would I encounter the world! I, a shame for them, a legitimate bastard will die naturally now. They will not carry the guilt of strangulating me but carry the sin of giving me most painful agony both physical and mental. I will die without some near one around; I will die with no tears shed for me beside me; I will die with no shroud on my naked body, my shame open even to animals; I will die without a grave, unsung, unnamed, unheard of ever.

What’s my fault? –

I am a girl – a legitimate bastard. Who is abandoned not by her mother to avoid social shame of unwed motherhood, but by shameless cruel apathetic, satanic parents who threw me as a burden in dustbin to unburden themselves of duty for a daughter. Before I heave the last sigh, I register my annoyance on pages of mankind that coward, weak, shameless people deliver legitimate bastards to world, free of cost either to die painfully or live horribly with no guardian to endorse their spirit and espouse their cause.”