

FROM THE RECESSES OF MEMORY

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My childhood days

I was born early in the morning at the time of a beautiful glowing sunrise on February 14th 2000. I am a millennium baby and a valentine baby too. I was born in a small beautiful village Thiruvegapura in Kerala. The beautiful of my village is increased manifold with a rivulet flowing behind my house and a Shiva temple located just a furlong away. This is a short description of my village. On the next day morning I was born my grandparents visited me. They looked at me and they told my mother that I resembled my father. I was soon taken to my grandmother's house. Anyone who saw me would immediate tell my parents of unexpected luck their way. My first birthday went away with grand celebrations. All my relatives came to see me on my first birthday and presented me with lot of gifts.

During my childhood I was known for roaming hither and thither and my parents struggled to manage my movements which on occasions took unexpected courses. They were really worried about me. They would run behind me for a long time to feed me. I would make them tireless by making them chase me. I was naughty to everyone. But people liked my naughtiness and playfulness. They always treated me like an infant. They loved me a lot sparing my naughtiness and mischief.

Once, while my mother was busy talking with my aunt I ran out to the steps and sat there. There was a lot of vehicles passing through the road. I was wearing gold. To my mother's relief nobody kidnapped me. I was by chance noticed by a passing by aunt who gave no second thought to grab me by hand with a mild rebuke to deliver my mom her naughty possession. My mother was also not spared of the aunt's remarks for being lost in intimate talk with the other aunt.

Once we went for an outing to an amusement park. We started from our home by 8:00am. I was holding my cousin's hand. He turned to my aunt's side as she called him for holding a bag in which our dresses were packed. I felt emancipated from my cousin and took the course of the main road. Hardly had I run a little distance I escaped a motorbike hitting me. All this was, however, noticed by my cousin who rushed and pulled me back. This incident was followed by a long silent treatment by my mother.

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My next summer vacation

Summer vacations came as usual. Once while I was busy playing with my friends outside I heard a ringing sound. I went inside to check where it came from came to know that it was the ringing sound of phone. When I took the call I heard a voice from it. The voice was quite familiar to me. I understood that it was my cousin Sidharth. He told me that his family was arriving the next morning. I was overwhelmed with joy. I was anxiously

waiting for their arrival the next morning. My cousin and my aunt was arriving the next day. I fondly called him as Sidhu etta. He was arriving after finishing his tireless examinations. They told that they were arriving by 10:00 am the next morning and the next morning they arrived. The moment he came we started playing. We really enjoyed the whole day. We would eat and play endlessly. We would start our game by morning 8:00am and end playing our game by night 11:00am. Sometimes we used to skip our lunch and supper. It was my cousin marriage on the next day. We all were really enthusiastic. On the eve of the marriage we decided what and all competitions to be conducted. We made a file on it. We had mehendi making , dance, song etc in connection with my sister's marriage. Large number of participants were there for the competitions. My sister and I won the 2nd prize in mehendi making. We were really happy about it. Then we had a lot of games to play. Me and my cousins played and ate endlessly. It was an everlasting and an unforgettable experience in my life. On the next day morning she was leaving to Tiruvanthapuram. We all were really sad at her absence. We cried a lot. She was one of my favourite cousin.

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My dance program in the temple

It was a beautiful morning with a glowing sunrise. The sounds of the sweet birds which made me happy that day. I woke up by 7:00am. Then I started with my daily routines and by 8:00am myself and my cousins sat for having our breakfast. The breakfast was really heavy and it was also tasty. It comprised of many south Indian dishes like idli, dosa, vada, puri, masaladosa etc. It had an lipsmacking taste. We did not know which dish to choose. Our grandmother prepared all the dishes to our likings. She is a good cook. She always prepares the dishes according to our likings. Our happiness is her happiness. After having our breakfast we decided to take some rest and then go for a play. We all were sitting in the backyard of our house and chatting with each other. By the time my mother called me. So I went along with my cousins. When I came there I saw my dance teacher sitting in front of me. I was really astonished to see her in my home. Her name is Archana. She has passed out from kalakshetra. She came with a good news to our house. She was conveying the message to my parents that the next week we are having festival conducted in our temple. Connection to that we are making your daughter to do arangetram in the temple. I was really happy to hear the words from her. I was overwhelmed with joy and enthusiastic. So that day we went to our friends house for inviting them for my arangetram. After returning from there we came back to our house. Then had our supper. From the next day morning I had to go for practice. I really felt sad because I was not able to play with my cousins. But however I managed to go. For 10 days I was busy practicing for my arangetram . It was hardly 1 more day to go. I was well prepared. I had the confidence in me. I got into the stage and started my dance. At last I was appreciated and I got a huge lot of applause. I was given presented the cup. To celebrate the happiness on the next day we had a small function in the evening. We invited everybody in the village for the function. This was actually arranged by my cousins. I was really happy about that. This was a such a big gift that was presented to me by my cousins. We all were really happy and most of them visited my house and presented me with a lot of gifts. The program came to an end by night 11:00pm. The next day all my cousins were leaving for their homes. Their vacations got over. Even my vacations were also over. My father's job got transferred to Haryana and we had to go there. New students, new atmosphere, new place. I had to say goodbye to my cousins. I was really disappointed in their

absence. And the thing which disappointed me a lot was that I had to leave my grandmother. We left Kerala.....

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My experience in Haryana

We reached Haryana on 20th June 2013. There the schools reopened in the month of July. We lived in a place named Bhiwani. Though industrialized it was typically a village in lot many terms. We did not have many places to visit. I was happy there. After some days..... my father was looking for a good school there. I got admission in Delhi public school. The school there reopened on July 10th. There was hardly a week to go. I was really enthusiastic and anxious to visit my new school friends. I had a lot of questions that troubled me. I was totally in the thought of my new school. I was thinking how the students of that school would be, will they take me as a friend, how was their behavioural pattern etc. Like that a lot of questions started arising in my mind. The next day I had to step into my new school. I was really happy and anxious. There the school functioned usually by 7:30 am and it came to an end by 1:00pm in summers. In winters our school started by 8:00am and came to an end by 2:00pm. The next day I started my journey to my new school. My mother introduced me to my class teacher and she left me in the class. On the first day it was really a good experience. I really felt happy. Everybody mingled with me in a good way. This went on for 1-2months. But after that they started avoiding me. They made me sit alone in a bench. I was totally excluded from their group. I did not know why they were excluding me. At first I felt sad. But then on I took it the easy way. After 2-3 days they started fighting with me. I did not know why again they were behaving like this. This attitude of my classmates depressed me a lot. I went home complaining to my mother and father. They were really shocked to hear this. They were asking me what was the problem and why were they behaving like this. At that time I could bank only on my parents for support. I had full of support and motivation from my father and mother. From the next day I started going to school with full of courage and motivation that was given by my parents. It's something that made me develop a courage within me. Now I felt that I would be able to face my classmates. But my classmates continued fight with me for silly matters. But I would never care for it. I would just ignore it. They also started teasing me. Then I could not control myself. I just reported this matter to my class teacher. She came and scolded them. Then for some days silence was observed in class. Again they started the same. Form the next day onwards I started keeping cotton in my years and I never used to listen to what they told. They were just like some infernal monsters. When I started keeping cotton in my years they automatically stopped their fightings. So far I was talking to you about my classmates. Now I want share something about my teachers. The teachers of that school were really motivating and supportive. Whatever problems I faced they always used to support me. They made me to shine like a star in my ways. They lifted me up till the sky above. They supported me in all my ways. They were such nice teachers who shared a lot of love with me. Especially Aruna madam and Reeta madam. They both were my favourite teachers in that school. Aruna madam handled science and Reeta madam handled social science. Principal madam Anitha Sharma was really kind and supportive. I can still feel the echo of her voice in my memories. I am also remembering Aruna madam and Reeta madam and also all the teachers of that school who showered a lot of love on me. I am thankful to the teachers who taught me. I had a great support and motivation from their side. Only because of that now I am living a healthy and a happy life also I had the blessings of all the teachers who

taught me. They were concerned about me when my classmates kept me aside. I am really happy and thankful to them.

I earlier mentioned at first that my father was the director of TIT&S, Bbhiwani. It was really a good college and I used to go along with my father for attending functions. My father had taken charge of the director from a so-called NRI whose name I faintly remember as Jamadagni. He was an unpredictable lot in himself and people believed him to be a curse for that institution. Nobody liked him and like others I also hated him a lot.

Once I dreamt of him. I saw a man coming from a far off place with a big bunch of black wool in his hand. When he reached nearer I saw him knitting sweater. I could identify him only when he reached our house. I started shouting. In the meantime I lost my sleep only to realize that my shout had awakened my dad who then was standing on my bedside.

After the old director left everybody was happy. Everybody liked my father a lot. My father's colleagues were really supportive. From English department there was an uncle. His name was Nanda. He was really supportive and motivated me to focus on English. He created an interest in me for learning English as well as to love that subject. He also helped me in doing my English assignments when I was a newcomer there. When I was a newcomer there my English was not at all good and only because of his support and motivation I am able to write at least a good sentence in English. I am remembering the kind help done by Nanadha uncle. It would stay in my mind forever. I also had to say goodbye to Haryana. After some days.....we had to live Haryana. My father got transferred to Chennai. There were hardly 10 days to live. We all said goodbye to Haryana and started our journey to Chennai.....

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My experience in Chennai

We all reached Chennai on May 29th. The school usually gets opened in the month of June mid. My main education was in Chennai. I studied there for 7 years. My father was working in a German company named Heidelberg. It was a printing institute. He was the head of that institute. We first had to stay in a rented house. It was a cute little house. He started going for job along with that he also had to search a good school for me. He found a school in Chitilapakkam. It was quite good. I loved it very much. The school's name is Sreevatsa Viswanatha Vivekananda Vidyalaya. I joined the school on June 20th. I was also provided with school van. The first day in my school was really good. At first I felt nervous but then I got adjusted there. I was leading a happy life there. I had a lot of friends here. It was not like as before. My best friend's name is Prarthana. We were thick friends. We used to share whatever we get. She was like a great supporter, a great friend, a great sister to me. We always went along with each other holding our hands. During our lunch time we used to roam around the whole school. She made me to shine like a star in the sky. She lifted me till the sky above. She supported me in all the ways I travelled. The most surprising thing to me was that we as friends never used to fight with each other. We were like sisters. She is the most everlasting or memorable friend that I have ever got. She is like a precious gift to me. She entered my life like a fairy and went away from me like a star far far away. Now also we used to be in contact with each other although she is in my mind forever. Now let me tell you guys about my teachers in that school. One of my most favourite teacher in that school is Parvathavardini madam and Raajeswari madam. Parvathavardini madam taught me science and Raajeswari madam taught me maths. Even though maths and science were not my favourite subjects the love shown by them made me to attract them as my favourite teachers. They were really supportive and motivated me a lot in all the ways. They used

to encourage me a lot. And because of them I started loving their subject till they taught me. They were really extraordinary teachers. Both of them taught their subject with a great passion and they made me to develop an interest in their subject and also made me to overcome the frailties that I faced on their subject. since they are not teaching me ,I abominably lost my anxiety and interest to learn their subjects. They are like a mother to me. It is something extraordinary or a god's gift . I am really thankful to god for giving me such a blessed teachers. I am really gifted because god has given me with such a blessed teachers. I cannot erase them from my memory because they have supported me a lot in my life. I am treating them as my own mothers. Now also they are in my heart forever. I hope that I would be able to meet them soon in my future days. Now I shall share a beautiful experience. The one day toor to Tiruthani temple and Poondi dam. I shall begin..... on the day of the toor we were asked to assemble in the school by morning 5:00am. So I took all the necessary items needed for the toor. My besty Prarthana was eagerly waiting for me at the school. I reached in the school by 5:00am. We started our toor by 6:00am. Before that we had our prayers. Our class teacher was Parvathavadini madam whom I mentioned earlier. We started our journey. We were really enjoying. All of us were dancing and singing with a great pleasure. We sat in the bus for a long time. Morning 10:00am we reached Tiruthani temple. We visited the temple for 1 hour and then again started our journey to Poondi dam. We reached there by evening 7:00pm and we returned from there within half an hour. We again had to stop in a hotel to have our supper. By 7:30pm we all came out of the hotel and started our journey back to our school. On the way we saw a film okok(oru kal oru kannadi) it was really interesting and we enjoyed a lot . By the time we reached the school the movie was over and we got down of the bus. We reached our school by night 11:00pm. So as we got down my father came to the school for picking me back home. We were really happy because our principal madam Vasntha Palani declared a holiday. But I felt sad because I missed by besty Prarthana a lot. Then our annual exams was nearing us. So all of us were really busy with our exams. We were not in a mood to talk with our friends and we all were really tensed. On the last day of our exam cried a lot because I felt that I would miss my besty Prarthana. She also had the same feelings. I prayed to god that my father should not be transferred to kerala but it has happened and I had to say goodbye to my besty. On the last day when we all came to collect our report cards I saw my friend standing in a corner with a sad face. As I went near her she gave me a hug and told me that she missed me a lot. I also told her the same. I cried a lot in front of my maths, science teacher and I also got blessings from them. I also cried in front of my besty. After I returned back home I cried the whole day in thinking of my two favourite teachers and my besty. My father came near to me and calmed me up, "It's okay my dear, we will come back again to see your friend", and we had to leave Chennai and enter into another life. This ended in my home town kerala.