

CREATIVE WRITING

Diversion

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Some students are born talented and some achieve talent by their hard practice. Born talented feel delighted of their talent and achieved talented have their success story of hard-working. Both these categories of students either occupy habit of boasting or proudness, particularly, in studying stages both these categories have no problem at all. They are always ahead of their syllabus or you can say ahead for their teacher. They do not need any special advice or attention but they pay attention where good advice is being given. They have time to do their homework, to play, to study, to read newspaper or to watch T.V., to attend party, etc. They do not have any complaint against any teacher regarding their teaching capability. They help their teachers in numerous ways. They talk frankly with their teachers or other teaching professionals. Their success is so applauded that, later on it becomes monotonous. Whenever there is an exam or other activities related to study, their name is always expected to top the list. One has to be gutsy to question their mind or to raise questions against their talent. Think of it, how lucky these types of students can be. Teachers always compensate their mistakes, their misdeeds are neglected. Everyone follows their footsteps. Other's parents give lessons to their wards saying, "see, he walks slowly and this is indication of being talented". Or "he is never seen outside his house, it signifies his talent". Because of their brilliance, unquoted remarks are made. They are good at every subject. They possess talent in the name of talent, in true sense, really. Neither they are worried nor stressed.

I immediately get reminded of those who do not possess talent in study. Think of their state of melancholy. Neither can they be megalomania nor kleptomania towards their opposite characters. In contrast to the talented, they are different.

Meanwhile I was lying on my bed in evening around 8pm. A gentleman, friend of mine, arrives. I didn't recognise him at first sight but after listening to his name, 'VASU' I recalled his state of nature. We kept on talking for the whole night. In the meantime I reminded him of his student life. He was not the one who possesses any types of talent.

He narrated his experiences and I listened to it attentively. He said, "I was a sporty boy in childhood. I had joined school for racing with other fellows. My brother admitted me in the school just before Republic Day. In the Republic Day sports, I won the first prize in fifty meter race. Now, it was time to try my luck in the school field. After Republic Day I entered the class for the first time. Everything was new as it was class of nursery. Before head to head with teacher, I was surrounded

by a group of students. They asked me my name and I refused. They tried another time. And I was afraid. They took me stubborn way and beat me. The others were also not willing to lose the opportunity. Everyone tried his best and I did nothing but to protect my head with hands. My heart was beating at a mile per second. Plans were hovering in all parts of brain, to beat them all. I was wishing to have great powers. When I thought that I could not do anything in front of these united students, self-hatred and feeling of guilt pierced my heart. Really I was of no use in my own opinion.

Now it was time to play politics. When the female teacher came after a while, they shouted my nonsense behaviour and told the respected lady teacher that this lad had beaten them. Now I was to be punished to compensate their deeds. She said- 4 slaps. That was enough for enough. I was already sobbing and hoping she would give away her decision. But the opposite happened; she took me as more mischievous and awarded me six slaps instead of four. That was the time I developed the sense of disrespect to every teacher. I had hoped of justice but she didn't even ask me any question or reason except awarding me the punishment. Those fellow siblings were also horrified. There was a pin drop silence. I was willing to kill that teacher. Oh! I would have been a criminal, if I had not belonged to a gentle family.

After listening to his childhood bash, we both were moulding. Then my poor friend continued, "After my first day in school, I never went to that school, my parents shifted from that place gradually". I never complained about this incidence to anyone. Sudden shifting from that locality acted as tonic to my stress. There was a change in my behaviour. I was afraid to cope with new local friends or any elder. I never talked frankly to anyone. My interest vanished in every matter. I became totally boring. Even no one noticed me as my parents were professional and brother – sister were studying, as usual in today's society.

Now I was admitted in the local school. There were no problems in the starting days. Besides being silent, I was lazy too. My boring days were passing on and I had no regret.

Whenever my parents or brother sent me to do some work, I always lied and never went to that work. Whenever I was asked to attend a party I simply said no or neglected. Interaction with the public became rather difficult for me. Whenever I said no to something, a fear persisted in me against that. These fears were so deep that my heartbeat increased every time while doing that work. This happened until I was sent to a boarding school. How would I cope up with these all, this fear deepened. One day-two day- three day – thirty days and so on... I was scolded by teachers and students and abused by all. This daily monotony had no effect on me now. Slowly and steadily I studied and got some good ranking in the class. In the beginning I was an empty bottle and now I had got something. Hope arose everywhere. And I did well. I passed matriculation. After that no one hoped for me

and my downfall started, I became a weak student both physically and mentally. The milestone of no talent show began.

I continued my further study. But I got disappointed when I started receiving failure after failure. I tried everything which I did during matriculation period, changing new bag to older, using old pens with refill, wearing old dress and avoiding every new thing. Nothing worked. I became more hesitant. There was nervous breakdown every time, feeling of fever, although it was not. Regular absence in class became a daily dose. I had every reason including stomach-ache, typhoid, dengue, chickengunia, malaria, body pain, etc. Occasionally I attended classes with zero interest. I felt that everyone was looking at me.

I forecast that she will again do this against me. All this created lots of fear inside me. I was dropped out from that boarding school. My brother came and discussed the scenario with me and school staff. I blamed them all for not teaching well. Was I right or not? You know my slight speech has not affected any one of my brother. Perhaps it was dead end of my career.

Then I was depressed for six months. Everyone had problems with me in one way or the other. No one tried to console me. What for consolation? May be I didn't deserve it. Also I didn't get attention of any one. I sit idle and everyone whispered very badly about me. "I don't know that they were thinking, thinking about my welfare or blessing me to go to hell?"

Even I didn't carry the aim or worked heavily on that peculiar aim. May be its all my faults, God knows! Although my brother did some rescue work for me as he worked and thought day and night for me to place me at good place. He registered my name for some industrial training, so as to pull me out of stress. He might have faced this type of problem. Who knows? I was not agreeing but my father got me agreed. I imagined that it's my exile from my school as well as home. I was ready for that exile. It was for two years. Again I was provided a hostel room. I started that but ended unsuccessfully. I was not prepared to study. My mood was off which resulted into an empty hand travel in life. No one was to help me. Exiled from everywhere but I was the most shameless in the world, possibly. It's strange that I never had the feeling or you can say guts to suicide. Apart from the burdened school life, this shameful format would have resulted in suicide for someone else. Someone has said – the friend in need is the friend indeed. And I have hoped that you would like to help me. For the only reason I am here now. What you say my dear friend? Say something! Because you are the only friend I have. I find myself in you. And you are the most merciful. My kind friend, are you there for me. Are you listening to me or not?

I had never thought of that. I had expected that he would narrate his experiences of an untalented student but it went beyond that. I was not concerned.

His last words shocked my mind. He had put the whole Himalayas on me. It was my turn to decide. I was leaving on the other's expense but how could have I borne his burden. It was fire -testing time for me. I tried to put whole energy on the mind to decide for the decider. I thought differently and my soul indicated adversely. Then he whispered while standing, "I am going."

I replied, "Where? Stop yourself now, it's enough." Then he shook his head in O.K. and again started, "I know that you are the only one for me. When I left the industrial training, I developed some regret in myself. But it was very late. Nothing was left with me although I have an aim of life. I want to do some respectful job but it's not my aim."

I was not willing to listen to him. Besides, I was not getting what he says. I said to him, "whatsoever is the reason, you will have to live with me and continue your further study."

I admitted him for +2 studies. He started going to school daily. I gave him Rs. 10/- as daily pocket expense. He continued for almost two years, then his board exams came and he refused to appear at that exam. He gave me second shock. I had spent almost a lakh of rupees for him. All went in vain. I approached his school, asked the teachers, students and every staff members about Vasu's performance. Everyone had the same answer. They said, he was a semi-talented student but appeared in class occasionally. I was surprised to hear this, because I sent him every working day. I requested his class teacher to show me his attendance. It was again shocking as his attendance card showed only 40% attendance. I talked with his friends whom he sometimes discussed about at home. Three of his friends told me that he had deposited almost 2 thousand rupees in each of their accounts. But he took that all only yesterday. This meant that he had taken 6 thousand rupees. Then I remembered of the pocket money which I gave him. I was responsible for all this.

There were two questions in my mind when I left his school campus. Firstly, where he spent that money? And secondly, if not spent what will he do with this huge amount? I had every reason to scold him. I was very furious at him. I was thinking to beat him.

I came home, sitting on chair, I cried-VASU, VASU, VASU ... Come here. Then I thought that he might have fear of getting scolded. For ten minutes there were no sounds of scratching. I went to every room and searched him below the table, under bed, behind the curtains and doors, in kitchen, under stair, etc. but he was nowhere. Then I recalled that when I entered the room, doors were not locked from inside but were wide opened. I looked for six thousand rupees but his bag was not there. One chaadar was not in his room. I searched for my treasures and every valuable things but everything was at its place.

It was 5pm, in the month of February. The sun was already invisible. I put on an extra jacket. I was not moved by his move. But I was feeling lonely. I would not have felt that if he had not lived with me for almost two years. Even the sound made by air passing through the ventilators and the movement of mouse reminded me of Vasu. I was standing cross-legged leaning against the wall. Then I thought to clean up the spider web of my letter box, reading good bye Friend! See you if future permits. Thanks for your support.

I had nothing to do with these words. His words had no effect on me. For two months I remained thinking of a talented and non-talented student. Every night I recalled the names of rich people who had achieved everything in their life, owing to their talent. True talented students are always punctual and sincere to their work because they know that the passing time will never come. They grab opportunity with both hands and reach their goal with ease. But with the poor ones the opposite happens. They are never sure or can say, doubtful of reaching their goals. I don't know how a person becomes talented or untalented? The reason may be of proper guidance or diet or genetics, God knows!

I forgot Vasu and that incident, summer approached and hot and humid day began. I booked a ticket to 'KATHGODAM', a hill station in north Indian state of Uttarakhand. There was lovely atmosphere. I visited dangerous caves. Although I had not hired any guide, I was free to go anywhere. I saw various 'Taals' whose names I could not remember. Ten days passed and the month of June was heading towards its ends. I was walking like a nomad one morning when I saw some 20-30 people were gathering at one place. Something was surrounded by them. I went near that and was surprised to see that a man in underwear was sitting in Padmasana on a trick folded dirty cloth with 6 inches long hair scattered uniformly around his head. The surprise was that the milky water was flowing speedily from his long hair and people were holding that water in their hands and were chanting something good in their language. As soon as I went there, that man suddenly got up and showing his horrible red eyes from inside the hair shouted loudly—"GET AWAY YOU ALL." Some people started running but some stayed with me. He threw on me the dirty cloth in which he was sitting and started walking swiftly away from us. The cloth became as new as VASU had taken from my house. Then we followed him to the silent road in the hills. He was walking like a rocket. A lame boy with stretcher was coming down to the road who might have lost one leg in some accident. Vasu pushed him down and said, "can't you walk on your legs"? And then took some shortcut route to the hill. We ran to that boy in sympathy but surprises have no limit. The boy was very ecstatic as his cut leg was repaired and he throwing his stretcher, ran with us to thank Vasu; but now he was invisible. I asked those people if they had seen him earlier but they shook their head in negative. I took that boy (around 14 years of age) to his home and the small home in that lovely valley celebrated his handicapped physique. Watching everyone in joyous mood I left

their house with gentle smile on my face as no one noticed me. I came to my hotel room in evening and packed my bags for departure. I was pressing my lips inside the mouth and was cutting lip's skin thinking that , how VASU became a sage and wasted my money for two years. I took the bag which was thrown by Vasu on me, and I felt something in it. I opened the bag and found four bundles of notes of five hundred there. I examined them and found that all were original. But those notes were not in the cloth when Vasu threw it on me. The night went sleepless for me as I was thinking it that Vasu is now a magician or a sage or something else. Now he was a puzzle for me. That embarrassing night passed while thinking.

Around 9 am, next morning, I called waiter to serve the meal in my room and he did so around 9:30am. I washed my hand for consuming the meal when someone rang the bell outside my room. I thought that the waiter had forgotten something to serve. I opened the door and was going to ask- "what's now?" but Vasu was standing with saffron colour whole body single cloth wearing wooden slipper. He was as young and healthy as he had come to me two years ago, but now cool and calm, looking like a very impressive saint. I touched his feet and he spread his hands -saying "Bhikshamdehi"? I gave him the whole meal and he took that away after saying in rhythms - "omtatsat". His last words were so breezing that I held my head (as I felt that I am being rotated with a speed of 100 rpm), and sat down on the door step for 5 minutes approximately.

My train was at 11am and I thought to call waiter for another meal but I felt that I have eaten more than the waiter had served earlier. The station was at a distance of 5 minutes. I boarded the train and lay down on the seat, thinking what made me touch Vasu's feet? Vasu has achieved the whole happiness of the world. His inner happiness was worth nothing in this physical world. He was stable by every means. The previous day Vasu acted like a lunatic and the next day he appeared like a divine saint, how did it happen?

My question of a talented and untalented student remained a question. Whom I took as untalented, was perhaps, the most sensible, who had chosen the real path of life. You can think well than me. I know! May be it was the aim of Vasu. God knows! Was it simple to take bold decision as Vasu did? Absolutely not for me.

Then someone asked me -"sir coolie"? A man in red jacket was there and the whole bogie was empty. I asked him," When did the train arrive?" he replied, "before 10 minutes". I hurried and walked briskly off the train, with my luggage.

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