

VIOLENCE AND ME

On a still and sound night she sat up on her bed, woke her mother, hugged her tight and cried; long enough for her mother to worry. After being several times asked by her mother what the matter was she said, “Car uncle is not good. He ...” It did not take a moment for her mother to realize that her little princess was molested by her pool car driver. She just said, “Everything will be fine tomorrow” and made princess sleep. The man was called and spoken to by her parents and her transport was changed. Then? IT WAS PAST.

A lad settled miles away from his family in a hostel to for his higher studies. Four days after he had gone from home, his father’s phone rang up around 4.30 in the morning. He woke with a jerk and picked up the phone. The voice on the other side said, “Sir your son hanged himself up last night. He was ragged ...” The phone dropped from the father’s hand. Seven days after the incident, the condolence ceremony was held. It took some time for his family to vanquish the grief. Then? IT WAS PAST.

The news headlines beamed, “Scores of people killed in the ethnic clash”. Pictures were flashed of groups participating in the brawl, of explosions being held here and there, of people running to save their lives, of credulous survivors weeping. The government aided assistance to the refugees. For days after the rumpus, the scene was discussed on news channels, journals and social networking sites. Then? IT WAS PAST.

She worked in the mill with her husband. Both of them were the only earning members of the family which comprised of eight people. Though her salary was lower than her male counterpart, she was Ok with it. One day when she went to work her owner gave her Rs. 300 and said, “You don’t need to come to work from tomorrow”. She pleaded a lot but was thrown away and she did not even know why. She was extremely distressed and confined to household chores. Then? IT WAS PAST.

Well what I was trying to do till now is delineate my personal encounters with violence, in some form or the other. The first was an instance of physical violence, the second of moral, third of ethnic and fourth of economic violence. People often sympathise the “victim” as is the term used for the sufferer with the hope that time will heal the pain. But I feel that the pain is so intense that it leaves behind brutal blemishes for a lifetime. I know that my readers would be thinking or expecting me to reveal who the “victim” is in each of the narrative. But I will leave it up to you to decide the protagonist of each account because today it may be me but tomorrow it can be you. By Gandhiji’s words, “An eye for an eye ends up making the whole world blind”. So it’s a request- “Stop violence! Otherwise before global warming we will be the reason for the end of mankind, humanity!”

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