

The Fair Boy: A Lost Child

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“It’s been an hours, I told him to reach till level crossing”, a man with short mustache and curly hair, talk to himself about his six year old son. The son supposed to cover 800 meters alone from Holy Cross English Medium School, in the end of the remedial class. Being a father, he waited in the level crossing in a sunny day, stand still with bicycle, and check the time very often in his mechanical wrist watch. The Naohali is a small town, the railway, that divide the town into two parts, east and west. Holy Cross English Medium School, situated towards the west side of the town approximately 800 meters, distance away from level crossing. The man seems to be perplexed, waiting for his son to reach him. They had an exchanged hour back in the gate of the school.

“I will wait you in the level crossing”, father said to his son.

“Okay Baba!”, son replied.

“You, follow your friend to reach me at the level crossing”, father said again.

“Yes Baba I will be there”, son replied again.

Infact, the father delayed by few minutes before he reach to the place, they destined to meet. It’s summer vacation, remedial classes, arranged for the lower primary, for the specific improvement of the students start at 9 ‘O’ clock and end at 10:30 am, the son had not yet reach to the place its already 11:15 am. Immediately, he reach to the school to carry out the matter, the empty school to made him curious wondering for son, but he didn’t find him. He entered into the school campus, through the entry corridor that leads him to the play ground of the school. The church, situated in the mid-edge of the play ground toward west, just beside in the church, the driver of the school’s Father, engaged with the task to wash the car.

“Excuse me”, he asked to driver.

“Yes excuse”, driver replied to him gently.

“Come for my son to pick him”, he said wonderingly.

“But all went, it already an hour happened”, driver replied confusedly a bit.

“Yeah, I did not find my son”, he replied.

“You come late?”, driver asked

“Yeah, actually I told him to cover till level crossing”, he replied regretfully.

The driver got enough tasks and fails to see other matters to look after, put his eyes in all affair of school respectively. So driver deprived from the major source of the incident.

“Did you check him surrounding?”, asked driver.

“All through the way from level crossing”, he replied to driver.

“I think you should reach to his friends”, driver suggests him.

“Where they lived?, no familiar to them”, he said to driver.

“Oh! Sorry, that’s problematic sir” the driver replied to him.

A tremor of wave gone through him, a realization of fault, wait perplexed and still. He moved all direction to enclose his son, being driven by a multiple thoughts in mind. He must find him, the youngest and adorable son among the five children. His son born day, happened to be great event in the Ganeshgaon village. People of the village, gathered to the blessed house, for one glimpse of the adorable fair child.

“Born fair and pretty boy”, an oldest woman said by seeing the new born baby.

“Bogamula”, said another woman from the corner, sewing betel leaf and areca nut.

No one realized, 'Bogamula' could be the name, being called and known by the entire village, the name given reference to the 'White Reddish'. Infact, the ‘Dai Maa’ claimed, it’s God blessed on poor woman, born so fair and adorable. ‘Dai Maa’, gave her vigorous attempt to deliver the special baby from the blessed mother. The charming and adorable baby conquette people by his chubby rosy cheeks, hence embraced by all. The proud parents had gratitude on God for consecrating them with beautiful child. He was enrolled to the local venture primary school, half kilometer distance from home. Gauri is the name, being register as his new name

in the school in spite of Bogamula. Probably, a female name that suited him by looks and appearance. Mother dresses him blue half pant, white shirt on the first day of school. She, with her finger rub on carbon stored in kerosene oil lamp, than place a 'Kala Tikka' (Black Dot) on the son forehead. Protection from evil eyes, mirror an affection for her adorable fair child. The boy headed to school with his elder brother, with bare foot, a soft leg parallelly strides behind his elder brother. The boy carry handcrafted side bag stitched by mother, out of old cloths, and handcrafted folding mat, assembled by father from dry banana leaves. The bag filled with slate board, alphabet book, that constantly hit the left knee in each steps. The mat folded in spring roll, hanged underneath between right arm and the chest. The mat and bag together made him cumbersome and look clumsy. In few minutes they cover the distance of the school. The rumbling sound of the school made nervous but company of brother made him stand upright. The fair and chubby cheeks give attention to all students, he seems to be different from rest. The two teachers assist the whole classes, no interior wall parted the grade of the school, it's a big hall with no single desk and bench. All the students tossed their heads to the glance at the adorable fair boy, everyone sitting straight line extending to the last fifth grade of the school.

"What's your name?", asked stranger boy of same grade, with thick neck missing two front teeth.

"Gauri", he replied with shy.

"An what is your name?" he asked with slow voice.

"I am Godoma" the stranger boy replied smiling.

"Go- do-ma" he try to pronounce it, rubbing the saliva the flew to his face from Godoma's mouth. Godoma's spitting habits hostile him until he unwrapped a paper and offer him something.

"Have this Gauri", said Godoma.

"What is this?", he asked curiously, by holding it with his left hand.

"Fish fry", said Godoma.

They both have the fish fry, it become token of new friendship between these two innocents. Two weeks, later the headmaster the school meet Gauri's father

"Gauri should be shifted to English Medium school", said the headmaster.

"Why headmaster?", asked Gauri's father.

"The adorable fair boy needs better environment and education", said headmaster.

"Yeah but...", Gauri's father couldn't complete, interrupted by headmaster.

"Take an effort for the child's better future", said headmaster.

Acknowledging the fact, for the sake of the good life the parents took effort to shift him to Holy Cross English Medium School, situated in Naohali, almost seven Kilometer from Ganeshgaon. Father visited to Pandit to specify a name for special boy before he get enrolled to the new school. The Pandit comprehend the 'Janam Patrika' very carefully.

"Abha", a pandit enunciate, "special name for special kid" added Pandit.

"Abha", probably again a female name, which denote "color", spread love and joy. The only child among five, who enrolled in English medium school. A new school, new friend, new teacher, made no excitement to the fair boy. Homespun clothes to sophisticated uniform, proud mother dress him with shoe, long pant, tie, shirt, fancy bag and water bottle, the fair adorable boy look smart and fancy other than, "Kala Tikka", shows a sense of love and protection from poor mother. The innocent face, fair chubby cheeks delighted again to all the teachers in the school. Sister Mary, the class teacher, had more attach on the adorable boy, a lady with spectacles and brown in complexion. Since, one and half year, the fair boy had been cherished by sister Mary, mentoring in numerous.

The father, nowhere in strange road, having multiple thoughts, pacing towards west side of the school. Unthinkable man, made some sense and headed back to impart the matter to home and village. He pedal the bicycle as hard he could reach soon to his village, Ganeshgaon. In a jiffy, he managed to reach out home and look for his wife.

"Did Pitai reach home?", father make sure to mother, Pitai is the lovable name given to son, allude to their father.

"No, Why not with you?" mother asked curiously.

"My son's mother, I fail to discover him at school", said father, "I search him everywhere, nowhere to find him", he added. It's unexpected and beyond mother's acknowledge.

"Oh! God!, save my adorable son", mother cried, suddenly felt dizziness and sit abruptly in the courtyard. The elder son and the father, headed back again to Naohali town. The prevalent, child lifting case made dreadful circumstances to lose the adorable boy. The incident became eye-catching event than the time he born. Many people gather in the house inquiring the matter.

“Miscreants, might have snitch Bogamula”, a woman cried from the corner.

“May God save him” a stranger woman said, “such a lovely fair boy” she added.

The poor mother, crying in corner of the house, leaning on a bamboo wall, two woman assist her swaying hand fan on her. The fellow people of the village headed behind the father to Naohali town, to find the only fair adorable child. They are optimistic in nature, the cause of the child missing form a great aggression on the child lifter, been desirably wondering from decades to spot those miscreants. The fellow people and the father of the boy, attempt their full force, but fail to discover the lost child. Before they go to police complain, father had an inner called to visit school again and meet the teacher personally.

“But the driver already clarified” said a fellow man.

“My only last hope” said father, with heavy heart.

The environment had been quite and joyful towards the west, at the Holy cross English medium schools in Sister’s hostel building. It summer vacation, more than half of the sisters on leave, three of them left behind including sister Mary. The eldest sister, come with plate on one hand filled with food and a glass of water on the other hand.

“Lets take food Abha” said eldest sister, keeping the plate and glass on the table.

“what is this ?”, Abha pointed at deep frying unidentified food.

“ It’s fish fry, dear” replied sister.

The fish fry, led the fair boy to remember his friend Godoma, made him nostalgic, suddenly remember to go back home.

“Can I go home after having this?” the boy plead sister Mary, tears on eyes.

“No Abha”, Your father will come” said sister Mary, busy in sewing machine.

“You should not have brought him here” said a middle aged chubby sister, ironing clothes in the next table, “ His parent might be looking him” She added further.

“Abha wanted to go alone till level crossing” Sister Mary replied, “He said his father will wait there”, she added

“Did you wait for while?” , asked again middle aged sister.

“Yes I waited for half an hour”, said sister Mary.

“I did not take risk”, she further added.

Sister Mary, been disappointed with father of the boy, for s sort of carelessness. So, finally

brought him with her, that she could spent a time with dearest student. The boy and sister Mary could do nothing, but to only wait. All this while Sister Mary attempt her best to diverse the mind of fair boy by teaching him rhymes, mathematic and reading stories. At the edge of afternoon, sister Mary and the boy help each other to water the flowers garden, though the boy wondering for his father to come and pick him. The flower plants that circled round the statue of 'Mother Mary', installed in the middle of the garden.

“Who is she ?” he asked indicating the statue.

“Abha, she is Mother Mary” replied sister Mary, “and the baby infant is Jesus Christ”, she added. The poor boy did not get them.

“Mo-th-er Mary”, he utter in lower voice staring at the statue persistently for a while. He remembers his poor mother, longing for her, a tears roll down over his chubby red cheeks. Unexpectedly, he ran towards the building, grab the bag and reached to gate.

"Abha stop!", sister Mary running behind him. He couldn't open the Iron Gate due to his height. Sister Mary hold him in her arms as the statue 'Mother Mary's, convincing the poor boy.

"I want to go home, my father is waiting for me", he said crying. Sister Mary suddenly see Abha's father coming from east side towards the building.

"That's your father", sister Mary said, pointing at father. The father, take a sigh of relief, in fact, he is optimistic in finding his adorable child. The poor mother and the entire village would celebrate now, greater event than the rest. It's likely be the happiest moments for parents of the fair boy and to sister Mary.

"Bye-Bye Sister", a boy bid from his father's arms, still tears on eyes.

"Bye Abha", sister Mary bid him too, tears on her eyes.



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