

The Unwanted Child

"Divya, what are you doing there? Go prepare tea for your brothers." Her mother's commanding voice echoed in her mind, meaningless in the storm of emotions churning ⁱⁿ her mind. She felt like she was on a roller coaster going up and up not knowing when it will go down. The thought of what she was going to tell her parents sent a shudder through her body. With determined steps she went to her parents' room. She could not hide who she was anymore.

Divya watched as different emotions played on her parents' face until their eyes looked at her with disgust and scorn. Next thing she knew, her father was lashing her with a belt. Her father's words burned into her heart, that she was a disgrace to the family, she being ^{born} a girl was already a burden

to that poor household. Her body stung with ^{the} physical harassment she endured. Her father left the room fuming, her mother followed ^{him} without meeting her eyes. Divya understood she was no longer needed in the family. That thought hurtled her more than the lashings but she was determined not to give away to tears.

Divya stepped out of the taxi and nervously looked at the college she was going to study. She had earned a scholarship in that college, ~~but~~ but she never got a chance to tell it to her parents. Parents. The word ~~was~~ ^{was} a piercing sadness but she knew if she hadn't left the house her brothers would have made another victim of honour killing out of her. She closed her eyes and prayed to her gods to make this college a new home for her, give her strength to hide who she was and she crossed the threshold of the campus.

It has been a year since she started studying in the college. Divya was standing outside the hostel's bathrooms waiting for her chance. "You know you don't have to try this hard" the sharp voice of Christa cut through her thought. "Try what?" Divya asked puzzled. "To hide ^{who} you are. I heard you snap at Anura when she said something mean

about a gay singer" Christa said with a little sympathy in her voice. "I accept you for who you are and many others will also, but you are not giving a chance. When you try to earn everyone's acceptance you will break apart" Christa continued, then giving Dinya a sweet smile she ~~had~~ went to her room.

Dinya stood gaping at Christa's retreating figure, her heartbeat threatening to break her ribs. Thoughts clouded her vision, ~~she~~ ^{and} for some reason she thought about the bisexual persons she had seen in her train journey to Mumbai. They were begging for money, "why?" her mind has asked her then, it ^{repeated} ~~asked~~ she repeated its question now. "Where we without potentials to help this country or where we not accepted anywhere that we were reduced to beggars?" It was the first time she referred herself as a part of LGBT community after the depressing incident at her house. She felt her self-hatred and doubts dissipating in this new found acceptance. Her face lit up when she embraced the fight in her life.

Dinya with her friend who accepted her for the good friend she was, decided to step out of their comfortable and cozy clozem room to the stuns



and dirty streets of India. Little did they know that before long the whole college would support them. That the social networking sites always shunned for their evils will back them up. In their battle they met fellow soldiers whose courage, hopes and dreams protected them against the ~~disgust~~ scorn filled stares of strangers and bitter words of low down ones. ~~In~~ ^{During} their ~~for~~ undying struggle they didn't realise the passage of time. They were determined to get freedom and equality to ~~that~~ another minority community.

"And now we are honouring Miss Divya, a courageous daughter of India for founding a college open to all young ignited minds of India irrespective of their ~~gender~~ gender, or caste" ~~as~~ ^{as} the words of the ~~ceremonies~~ ^{ceremonies} echoed in the wide auditorium followed by an earsplitting applause of audience. Divya so went forward to collect her memento. But the shining memento meant nothing to her. It was the hopeful faces and happy faces in the audience which she welcomed, that made her battle worth fighting. She ~~was~~ ^{was} no longer unwanted, her whole nation honoured and accepted her.