



The Red Rose

It was a ^{rainy} day of July. I was on my comfy sofa, ^{watching the rain.} sipping tea. I looked out of the window. The beautiful droops of diamonds were showering straight from the heavens. It embraced every flower it saw, every leaf it touched. It gave a heavenly touch to my garden. As I was enjoying this beautiful image, the nature had blessed on me something else ~~also~~ caught my eyes. It was a red rose right in the middle of the garden. Its petals were dancing through the air ^{as when} as a light breeze touched it. They were taken away one-by-one by the wind, ^{far} away from the rose. When I saw them, they brought those evergreen memories.



into my mind

which were hidden deep inside my heart.

It was a usual morning. The chirping of the birds, felt like sweet music to my ears, the sun came above the horizon and looked at me through the windows. The flowers danced with the music of the ~~water~~, birds, and

the city of Noida was as usual busy ^{with} ~~in~~ her own business. I got up and went towards the washroom. I hurried to get ready for school. I looked at the clock, I was already late! It was already nine! Then, I looked for mother, she was in the kitchen busy ^{with} ~~doing~~ the chores. I looked at her, she seemed to be really tired and exhausted of the ^{work} ~~works~~. Her face was pale white and she looked



really sick. Hesitatingly, I went towards her and asked for a cup of tea. Her pale white face reddened with anger and she shouted, "You are in 10th grade and you can't even make a tea for yourself?" Then she said something which every mother chanted like a mantra in anger, "You will learn when I will not be with you." Saying this she took out the tea pan, and started making tea for me. I didn't pay any attention to her words as they were like an everyday prayer for me. Time passed and the school bus was already at the gate. I gave her my goodbye and hurried for school.

was getting ready.
The sun started to leave the



land and I was home I climbed the steps like a rabbit jumping through the dense groves. My stomach was roaring with hunger. I rang the bell twice, but nobody came out. I called out "Mother! Mother! I am back." But there was no response. Then the lady beside our flat ^{opened her door} came out. She looked a bit nervous, and invited me to her flat. I asked her where my mother was and her reply hit me like a lightning ^{bolt} in the rain. I fell onto the sofa nearby. I sat there like a lonely soul with tears rolling down my cheeks. I cried and cried till my eyes were red. The lady tried to calm me down, but of no use. Within no time my father came,



he thanked the lady, held my arms and rushed towards the car. He was sweating profusely and he was shivering with fear. We got into the car. There was a deep silence throughout the drive. I looked at his face. His nerves were jumping in and out as if they would tear his flesh in any moment.

We reached a hospital nearby. It was started raining heavily. There was heavy storm and lightning flashed through the skies. It looked as if the nature was crying for us. My father ran with me to the hospital. I was half unconscious and was blinded with the tears which filled my eyes.

I rubbed my eyes and saw that



I was in front of the ICU. My father went straight for the doctor.

I looked through the small opening and saw my mother in her battle with death. When I saw her breathing helplessly ^{for life}, I was shook by the words she had said in

the morning. It rang around my ears ^{again and again} and they teased my ears into two. I took myself guilty for all those mishappenings ^{which happened} in her life, and felt ashamed at myself.

I looked for my father, he was in his rush to save his better-half ^{from the clutches of death}.

It was like a ^{follow} rush of the shark for its prey, but this one was to save the life of his ^a dearest one.

Time went on, now the moon ruled



the sky, with its majestic empire of stars. I didn't take anything since the evening so my father bought me some food. I refused to eat, but he urged me to have it. I ate the food, but it got stuck in my throat. I wasn't able to engulf it out of sadness. It made me think of my mother, the food of her hands, how happy I was when she made my favourites for me.

But now...

I had slept the whole night on the chair in front of the ICU. When I woke up I saw two faded images in front of my eyes. I rubbed & cleared my eyes and saw my father and the doctor talking to each other. The doctor had his



heart held down. Sweat was ^{dri-}pping off ^{dro-}pping from his face. Within a ^{the next moment} second, my father fell onto the floor, grabbing at his chest. Then I rushed towards my father and the attenders helped me nearby helped to take him and they went away, following the doctor. My heart broke into two. I felt everything cursed around me; I wished if the earth had swallow me into deep into its burning fires. I went towards the corridor. There was an old tree, I saw an old tree. Its leaves were blown away by the wind, one-by-one. Then I heard a soft voice from behind. It was the doctor. Now too, ^{even now} he had his heart held down and



he spoke up, "Sorry dear, we couldn't save your parents." Hot tears rolled down my eyes cheeks. They burnt my eyes. My heart beat fast like the rushing wheels of a bullet train. I was now totally broken up into pieces.

The next day my father's brother who was a priest came for me. He tried to build up my mind, but in vain. He after performing the funeral of my dad and mom, my heart and soul, he took me back to Kerala. He saw an orphanage there and took me to an orphanage, that worked under him. He gave me admission in a school nearby.

Years rolled by, the sisters and



the other children in the orphanage made me forget my worries. I was like a precious gem for them and I loved them back.

On my 20th birthday while I was returning from the church to orphanage, with a bag full of sweets and cake, I saw an old ^{I gave her some sweets} man begging helplessly in the street. The smile on his wrinkled face made me remember my mother brought the picture of my mother to my mind. I felt sympathy and great compassion for her. My feelings made me take a firm decision.

Today is my 25th birthday. As I was lost in these thoughts a sweet voice called me from behind. "Come dear, the father is here."



Let's cut the cake." I replied: "OK
mother, I am coming!" Yes! ^{I took} the
gift God had placed for me in
the streets on my 21st birthday.
Yes! She was the gift God had
given to me on my 21st birth-
day. The compassion that overwel-
med my heart made her my mo-
ther. The father, sisters, and child-
ren from the orphanage, came to
greet me on my birthday. We
had a magical evening together.
When they were ready to leave
we called our goodbyes to them,
and they left. Before going inside,
I looked at the red rose, it was
still there, standing boldly in
the rain.