



### A star in the sky

"Doctor, may I ask you one doubt?"

Sara's sharp voice echoed in the room:

"Please don't shout. This is a hospital room." - Rakesh's voice was raised by temper.

"Sorry, doctor. But why are you always angry at me?"

Sara thought for a while and corrected: - "No, no. You are always angry at everyone."

Sara doesn't seem to have stopped. She continued: -

"You know one thing? ~~Angryness~~ Angryness will make you ill". This time, Rakesh needed to reply:

"Are you short tempered?"

"No."

"Then why are you ill unlike me?"

Sara didn't have a reply. Rakesh straightly went out of the room and closed the door which produced an irritating noise.

Dr. Rakesh Varma was a neurologist. In short words, he was a short-tempered, well educated and a



'hard-hearted' man. He describes himself as a self-motivator. But others call him as 'Dr. Rude'. His life situations had made him like this. He was orphaned at a very small age. Dr. Rakesh Varma was born ~~in~~ in a high-class family, as the son of Mr. Abhijith Varma and Dr. Anupama Menon. Rakesh was born with a silver spoon, but this happiness retained only for a few years. Everything turned upside down when both of his parents passed away in an accident. Rakesh's father was also an orphan and therefore, there was no one to take care of him. He had to spend the rest of his life in an orphanage. His experiences from there, had made his heart 'hard'. Rakesh and his friends had to do every ~~thing~~ job in the orphanage, but they didn't get any love or care from there. His father was rich - but he was a very, very, compassionate man and therefore, there was nothing much left in Abhijith's bank account for Rakesh. All his savings were spent for the

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goodness of the tribals, and also for the poor. But after Abhijith's death, there was no one to remember him - except Rakesh.

Sara's life situations were extremely different from that of Rakesh's, that is, she belonged to an extremely poor family. One similarity only - that is, Sara ~~was~~ was also an orphan. Her father was alive, but there was no one to take care of her. Sara's mother had died four years ago, when she was only 6 years old and her younger sister Naira, was 2 years old then. After this incident, their father became a drunkard: He didn't go to job, borrowed money from everyone and wasted his lifetime. Sara was forced to quit her school, when her father didn't come back home, one day. She wanted to take care of her young sister, even though she wished to study further. Sara began to sell fruits and water in the streets, to take care of her sister, and herself.

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These two people - ten years old Sara and 32 years old Rakesh Varma met in the multispeciality hospital in which Dr. Rakesh Varma was working. Sara was admitted for a rare disease. It was some sort of neurological disease - killing Sara silently and slowly. Sara was admitted in the hospital by the villagers, when one day she was found lying unconsciously near the road. When it was found that it was a neurological disorder, she was transmitted to this hospital. All the expenses for her treatment were undertaken by her villagers. They cared her so much.

Dr. Rakesh had no hope in the case of Sara. He believed that she would die one day or the other. It was a serious illness. Yet he gave medicines to Sara and took care of her. Sara was a free spirited girl. She doesn't seem to have understood about the seriousness of her illness. She ran through the hospital veranda and did some sort of mischief. Rakesh didn't



liked her attitude. Yet, Sara liked Rakesh very much. She used to say that his face was innocent as a child's, but he is behaving like a wild animal. Saying this, she would laugh loudly.

One night, Rakesh instructed the nurse to give Sara the injection and he left the room. The night was pleasant with shining stars and full moon in the sky. Rakesh was weary and the cold breeze pushed him to sleep. He slept peacefully. But this time, in another room, a person was struggling for ~~something~~ breathe.

The next morning, Rakesh rushed into the hospital like every day. But this day, something abnormal was awaiting him. Rakesh was struck by the news that Sara was dead.

"What? How can this happen? She was very well the previous day" - Rakesh couldn't believe his ears. "Yes, Doctor. But..."



"Tell me, what happened?"

It was the nurse that answered with tears :-

"It was my mistake, Sir. The injection that I gave her... was... was the wrong one."

"What!" Rakesh fell into the chair

The villagers ~~was~~ were ~~out~~ outside crying out loudly

for their beloved child. One man came near to Rakesh :-

"We knew that we couldn't save Sara. But thank god that she died with a peace mind"

Rakesh smiled and said :-

"Her mind and thoughts were always peaceful. She was a great child. Her smiling face doesn't tell that her family background was this much bad"

It was a sleepless night to Rakesh. Rakesh didn't know about Sara's family background till this morning. It was after her death that Rakesh understood so much about her. Rakesh's pillow was soaked with tears.



It was after a very long time that Rakesh was crying. Sunk in despair, ~~and~~ Rakesh made an earthshaking decision.

The next morning was a new beginning to Rakesh. He requested for 10 days leave ~~to the~~ from the job. He said that he was going to visit the tribal village of Sara. No one asked him the reason, there weren't enough courage to do so. Rakesh entered into the train, took a seat and closed his eyes. It was Sara's innocent face that filled in his ~~mind~~ mind. Her words echoed in his ears: "My mother had told me that god is always with me. Never lose your faith in god. One day, he will make your dreams come true. You know what is my last wish? That is, I have to make my sister Naira a doctor, like you."

Rakesh opened ~~her~~ his eyes. Sara's words 'my last wish' was repeatedly echoing in his ears. Doesn't it



mean that she knew about her approaching death? . . .  
~~At~~ The next moment, Rakesh was desperated at the  
thought that he didn't pay much attention to her words.  
The villagers are not aware of the truth that Sara had  
died because of the carelessness of the nurse. If they  
had knowed . . . . .

The train stopped with a long noise. Rakesh came out of  
the train and enquired about Sara's house. Where he  
reached at last was not a house, a hut or rather to  
say, a tent. Rakesh's eyes filled with tears when he met  
Naira, the little sister of Sara. Naira stood staring at  
Rakesh. Rakesh ran towards Naira and hugged her.  
He kissed on her forehead. He asked permission from  
the villagers to take Naira along with him to his  
living town. The villagers trusted Rakesh very much  
and hence they were overjoyed by this question. . . . .  
Naira didn't ~~to~~ knew what was happening around her.  
She told Rakesh that she wanted to meet her sister. . . . .





Rakesh pointed out towards the star outside the window and said :- "Can you see that bright star twinkling at you? That's your sister."

When Naira doubtfully stared at Rakesh, he held her close to him.

20 years ~~passed~~ passed. Now, Naira is a doctor.

Rakesh made her a doctor. Rakesh ~~was~~ considered

Naira as his own daughter and took all the responsibi-

lities of her. Naira is working in a multispeciality

hospital whereas Rakesh quitted his job and is now

working as a tribal doctor. People love and trust

Abhijith Varma's son. Rakesh is working hard day and

night for the well-being of poor tribal people.

The workers of the hospital who sees the energetic

and caring Naira doctor, remembers a 10-year old innocent

child. At the time, a star was glowing in the sky,

~~twinkling~~ spreading its light over the dark minds,

filling millions of hearts with joy and peace.