



I have something to tell you teacher...

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Sunlight was penetrating through the window pane and we were all bathing in it. The cold breeze that swept past reminded me of the unknown destiny that awaited us. The sound was one which we had never heard before. Every moment we spent in that classroom was like a memory that awaits to be told. I can remember everything as if it had happened just moments ago. His face was all I saw in the dreams that I dreamt. I knew that I would never be able to see him but I wanted just as badly. Tim passed without my knowledge. And every second I lived my life memories of my past were haunting me.

We were lying on the ground not knowing what awaited us. The sound that echoed in our ears were worst thing I wanted to hear. War was looming in the far horizon and the dark clouds were covering the entire sky. Something inside me was haunting me day and night and today I was seeing it happening before my own eyes. Each and everyone of them were selfish. They cared no more or less than anything but themselves. All they knew of doing was to cry till no more tears would be left. I couldn't believe how upish the children in my class were. They acted as if this was something alien to them. But they all knew it. They knew the truth but they were all hiding it. They were all running away from their fears. Why couldn't any of them understand what was going to happen to us. Life is never a bed of roses. Destiny awaits us leading way for an unknown future but today we saw no future. We were all left with the memories of a past that were haunting us. But why couldn't any of them understand that? What did they all care about their own lives? Outside thousands were killed and we who were inside knew nothing but to cry.

His eyes were gazing at me. He was speaking words of courage just as he used to. When I was just 7 he told me so much that they meant so much to me. To this day his words echo in my hearts. I only get to see him once in 2 years. He comes only for a short while and leaves waving goodbye. That goodbye is one which might last forever. Today I see his face through a thin trail of mist. I pray to god to protect him. I might never see my father. He might never come back. For years the loneliness that was in me was insided a bottled heart. In silence I cried but I was never able to reveal it to the world. My broken heart was always crying but I could never show it.

There was a clear difference between my friends and me. They all lived in a dreamy world full of hopes and dreams. The truth that lied was always a bitter pill hard to swallow. Even if my heart weeped day and night I realized the reality in life; more than anyone in my class. The tears that flowed down their cheeks was just a reflection of their own truth. But my tears symbolised more than those pity selfish needs. It symbolized the profonnd patriotism I had for my country.

I was only 7 when my father left us. He was strong, young and handsome. He used to keep me on his shoulder and take me to the beach. Those memories of my past are all I have left. He loved his country even more than he loved me. He always spoke of my future. The day I would grow big and transform myself into a pretty woman. My questions were bold and had no meaning. I always asked why he left but his answers was always the plain reply, which meant that when the time came I would be able to know. The little time I spent with him was always the happiest moments of my life but these happy moments would soon come to an end. That time was always like a sweet dream. A dream I

never wanted to wake. But I always had to wake to realize that my sweet dream ended. Today my memories were drifting back to those pleasant days. I had the fear that those sweet memories would vanish into the thin air so I kept trying to console myself by thinking of my past. I remembered how my father used to say different things about the world we lived in. He always looked at life with an optimistic eye. How much ever I asked him where he went he would never tell me. It was always a question that had awakened my curiosity. A question I was waiting to be answered. That question which remained unanswered for years is what has now become my worst fear. It was not until very recently did I come to know of that bitter truth. This truth is what had haunted me ever since the day I came to know about it. It has been piercing my heart and now I can hardly bear the pain.

I know that I should be proud of him and I am. Words can hardly define his bravery. He is a man who has gone to sacrifice his life for his country. But then why should I be so sad? I should be proud and happy. These were the words I try to console myself with, but words are not enough to console the greatest fears that lie in me. I can't believe why my friends cry when they have nothing to fear. All of their parents are doing jobs considered high in the society. They have nothing to fear. Even then they cry for no reason. I know that none of them care about my father. Why should they? But still it is he who is fighting to save their lives. He is sacrificing his life for all our lives. Shouldn't they be at least grateful?

These questions lie unanswered inside my mind. I had never had any hopes or dreams. The only thing I wanted so badly was to see him just once. But I now knew that it was just something beyond my imagination. I could no longer keep talking to myself. How much hard I tried I could no longer hold back those tears that were now rolling down my cheeks. As I looked out of the window I could see the dark clouds of dust that was storming the entire sky. When I turned and looked I realized I was all alone in a deserted classroom, someone was sitting on a chair near me. As I opened my eyes wide to see who it was, I realised that it was my class teacher. She was looking at me with eyes full of compassion and kindness. Those eyes looked straight into mine. They were calling me to reveal the truth that lied hidden for years. I felt as if a huge weight which I was shouldering for so long was being released. I knew that the time had come for me to speak out my heart. Those words that had been waiting so long to be told were now going to speak. I then went and sat next to her. In her eyes I saw my father's love. Every time he looked at me I saw an unbreakable bond of love. I was proud of my father and today he was going to be proud of me. It took all the courage I had left to choke out those words, 'I have something to tell you teacher'.