THE CHILD OF A LESSER GOD

A short story by- Dr Sunita Agrawal

That evening Shanta was sitting in a relaxing chair in a ponderous and ever so pensive mood. The grey of the evening sounded to her as the descending gloom of her life. Every now and then she would pickup her laptop and surf the mails in the inbox only to be even more frustrated and angry. For it had been over four months now that she had been jobless and with every new dawn she woke up with a new hope to find a call , a call at least for an interview. But by the time it was noon and she had sent in several hundreds of applications and surfed the mail box at least several times , her hopes shattered and she was a bundle of dejection and dismay.

Frustrated she would raise her hands to heaven and plead to the Gods for mercy. She often wondered why all this was happening to her! She was very well qualified and an expert in her own field! She was honest and hard working and meant well for everybody on this earth. Then why was it that people with less capabilities sat tight and comfortable, holding their jobs and positions for years, while she had to struggle for months to find a job and lose it at the end of the session . This had become a routine with her year after year.

People often say that if you are in trouble just pray and God shall answer. But this was not the case with Shanta. She had prayed fervently and fasted and even performed the rituals with all sincerity asking God that her married life goes on smoothly and she has one good happy family. But alas it was not be. Soon after the birth of her son her husband’s tortures increased and then one day when she could bear it no more she had to walk out of her marital home and married life as well. She kept on requesting God to set everything right so that her son would not be deprived of a family life and parental love. But years past and nothing happened as if God had gone deaf or maybe he too was helpless and unable to help her. Twenty years had past since that departure and leave aside her family life getting to normal, her husband had not even turned back to look at her or the child. With every passing day she had to convince her child that his father was dead and so would never come.

Shanta had accepted the situation and lived and worked hard to bring up her child well and give him all he deserved. Her parents too supported her. However, she was considered a burden by her sister- in- laws and despite taking care of the household , going out to work and being independent, she had to bear abuses, insults and even deprivation at times. Her son, being a kid would at times react to incidents but Shanta would give all sorts of explanations and calm him down. And just like this living an ordinary life without desiring but and having no say in day to day household affairs, several years passed. Shanta prayed to God to help her have an independent house of her own , but this was not to be as she would frequently loose her job and again be on the begging end. Begging not for money, but, for a decent and respectable job.

Today Shanta sits in a corner wondering that if God listens to everyone’s prayers then why was he not listening to her? Was it that she has committed some serious crime? was it that she was not worth it? Why was God not taking her as his other children? Or simply was it that she was a child of a lesser God?