**“The Grievances”**

***"How we see God is a direct reflection of how we see ourselves. If God brings to mind mostly fear and blame, it means there is too much fear and blame welled inside us. If we see God as full of love and compassion, so are we****."*  [Rule no 01 of ’Forty rules of love' by Shams Tabriz and Rumi]

Every day we make plans but, God has his own plan.

It was only 6:00 in the morning but, my alarm clock was very punctual. It gave me so many calls to wake me up. I was tossing and turning in a futile attempt to sleep a little bit more. But the sun-rays stung my eyes and unfortunately, I lost my battle. Though, I don't like a particular habit of my wife 'Aarti' that every morning she opens the window and invites the Sun-rays. But on the other side, she never forgot to put a cup of tea and newspapers on the side table of our bed and for this, I have no words to express my love.

The month of November had started. So, it would be unfair if I don't say that it was such a pleasant morning. I jumped into the corridor to feel fresh air. I still like the beginning of my day this way, enjoying a cup of tea while reading the newspaper.

Well, my dearest clock had called me again and brought to my attention that I was getting late for the office. So, within a minute, my legs ran towards the washroom. Finally, I got ready and came out of my room. Aarti had just finished the morning prayer. I was staring at her because she always looks beautiful in Saree. She had a plate in her hand known as 'Aarti Ki Thali'. I went to her spread my down-turned hands over the flame and then raised my palms to my forehead. After that, I asked her for breakfast. She went to the kitchen and I was sitting in front of the TV that I could watch some more news. After a couple of minutes, Aarti had called me for breakfast. Delicious 'Potato's Paratha' and 'curd' made me happy. After breakfast, I said 'bye' to Aarti and moved on my way.

            As I entered the elevator, found, my friend Mr. Vinay Kumar and his mother were standing there.

"Hello Kush, how are you?" He asked.

"Hello Vinay, I am good, thank you, what about you?" we greeted each other and then I touched his mother's feet. She blessed me.

After a couple of minutes, the elevator had stopped in the basement. They had gone towards their car. I said bye and moved on.

"Shab. Shab Ji, please wait for a minute". Suddenly I heard a voice behind me.

Our watchman 'Bahadur' was there. "Salaam Shab"!

"Salaam! What happened Bahadur, is everything okay? I asked him.

He said "No, Shab Ji nothing is fine. Actually, my mother is not well."

"What happened?" I asked.

He told me "She has been suffering from a cataract, for one year. She never took it seriously but now, it can become a serious issue because her vision is not clear. The doctor had suggested immediate surgery. for that, I need to go to my hometown. Shab Ji! it would be a great favor if you provide some financial help."

"Yes! why not" I took out my wallet and kept some amount on his hand.

"Thank you, Shab Ji! Thank you very much." his eyes were full of tears. He raised his hand in salute.

"It's alright Bahadur! Say thanks to God. I'll pray for your mother. Now don't waste your time and get ready to go. I've to leave now."

I started my car and went on my way. My car was running on the road. Thank God! there was no such traffic otherwise, traffic gridlock is part of our daily routine. Well, enjoying some lovely music on Radio FM, I was moving forward. Suddenly, I saw some people were standing at the roadside. They looked worried, perhaps, something had happened there. 'It might be an accident' thought for a while. I stopped my car and ran towards them. I broke through the rush and reached there.

There was a guy, who was injured, it seemed that he met with an accident.

 I asked someone in the group, "what happened?"

"He was crossing the road; a bike came and unfortunately lost his control" he replied.

  I asked again, "who was driving?"

 "That boy who is in white 'Kurta-Pajama,' He told me about a boy who was sitting there and trying to pull up that guy who was injured.

  I saw him. he was a young boy wearing white 'Kurta-Pajama'.

"Today is Friday, and, put on a traditional dress it means he is a Muslim," I thought for a second.

That person said again, that.'Kurta-Pajama' boy was guilty and wanted to help, though he too had some minor injuries but, he didn't try to escape. So, we didn't inform the police.

I was looking at him. He was trying to hide his injuries. Then, I saw that guy, who was approximately 25 years old.

"A young boy was in trouble, I must help him", I thought for a while. I went to him and expressed my feelings.

"Don't worry, young man! You will be fine. My car is standing there. Let's go to the hospital. The 'Kurta-Pajama' guy and I pulled him up and helped him get into my car.

 I started my car then the 'Kurta-Pajama' guy told said to me, "Sir, the nearest hospital is Apollo Hospital, I think we should go there. One more thing Sir, I am responsible for this so, I will pay the bills".

"Hmmm, you only bring his bike along, we will drop him home after hospital," I told him and went ahead.

That guy was injured badly but, trying to tolerate his pain. I thought he should not sleep because being unconscious is dangerous after an accident. So, I started to talk.

 "Don't worry, we'll be there soon, are you okay?

  "Yes," he said.

   "Good" I was trying to distract his mind so, started talking.

   "Anyway, did you see that guy? Yes, I am talking about Mr.'Kurta-Pajama'. He was so audacious even he didn't realize what he did. I mean, as if he would do a great favor if he pays the bill. Did you notice his expression? Did you find him guilty?"

   The answer was a big 'NO' because I, myself answered these questions.

  I wanted to know whether he was listening or not, I just looked at him. He was in pain but trying to smile it means he was listening. So, I started again.

"Did you notice, he is Muslim? I mean to say, look at that guy, he did a blunder even then he would not admit it.". I watched him in the back-view mirror and said again. You are here only because of him, at least you should ask him for the penalty. Maybe, you don't agree with me but I have my own views.

  "Don't you see news channels? They are ruining our country. They don't have feelings you know. Though I never interacted but, from their looks only, I can make out they are Muslims".

  "What do you think?" I turned back to know his opinion, his eyes wanted to say something but he only gave me a smile. Whenever he smiled, I felt something strange in my heart but couldn't understand why.

After some time, we reached the hospital. Mr.'Kurta-Pajama' was standing there.

"How did you come soon?" I asked him.

He said to me "I took a short-cut. Anyways, the hospital is not ready to attend our patient because it's a case of an accident. They wanted to inform the police but I already had words with my father's friend Mr. Kapoor and he settled down the case. Well, Dr. Siddhartha Kapoor is a senior most Orthopedist and we are lucky that he is available now."

"Where is the doctor?" I asked.

He said "Dr. is in the emergency ward. It's an emergency case, we need to go there but before that, we should go for registration. Let's go to the reception."

At the same time, my phone was ringing I asked them to go and picked up my call.

After some time, I too went to the reception." what happened?" I asked him but Mr. 'Kurta-Pajama' replied. "A patient is inside, so, we'll have to wait."

Emergency ward was next to the reception. we were sitting there. though I was not interested in talking to Mr.'Kurta-Pajama', but he started.

"I forgot to ask your name. may I know your good name, Sir?"

"Kush." formally I had to ask. "What’s yours?"

 "RAJESH," he told me.

 "RA........." I tried but couldn't complete his name.

At the very same time, a nurse called our patient's name.

 "IRFAN".

Perhaps I was in shock, just saw that guy and he was looking at me. That time, it seemed that his eyes had a lot of words to say but, he only gave me a smile, the same smile and then moved on with Mr.'Kurta-Pajama'.

As I started to walk, felt something heavy in my heart.

***"Fret not where the road will take you. Instead, concentrate on the first step. That is the hardest part and that is what you are responsible for. Once you take that step let everything do what it naturally does and the rest will follow. Don't go with flow. Be the flow*.**  [Rule no.19 of 'Forty rules of love by Shams Tabriz and Rumi]