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Love is Always New

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I was almost left breathless after the half-an-hour long ordeal ended in utter disappointment and fluttered wings of anxiety and fear in my heart. My angel, Tiara had been missing and there was nothing I could do to get her back to me instantly. My heart was sinking deeper with every passing second. I couldn't help anticipating the worst. To say that I was being driven mad with worry would be an understatement.

I kept prying all the rooms one by one all over again. I practically left no corner of the house unchecked yet, there was no sign of her. I fluttered open all the cupboards with a hope of finding her huddled in one of the shelves. I surveyed every minute patch in the garden with a shivering heart yet, my quest ended up in smoke. Dejected and worry-ridden, I slumped on the couch like a dead tiger.

I called up Aviral for the hundredth time in the last thirty minutes. Like Tiara, his cell phone too showed no interest in responding to my frantic pleas. My world came crashing down as I found myself enveloped in clouds of uncertainty and hopelessness.

Until this juncture, I had been heaping lavish praises on myself as a wonder-mommy who had left practically no stone unturned in creating and nurturing the most congenial growing environment for the apple of her eyes, Tiara. I had given up a promising career, abandoned painting - a passion which had once consumed every waking moment of my life, started afresh as a full-time homemaker, severed all chords with the peppy social life I was irrevocably addicted to and given up on a lot of other interests and activities that led the flow of my life before Tiara happened to us. But here, at this very moment I hated myself for being so reckless with my motherly duties. I winced hard as I banged my head against the wooden door for being so careless in handling my hardly two-year old dream-come-true.

I cursed myself simultaneously as I once again resumed my search waiting for a miracle to happen. Having rummaged through almost the whole of my house, I dashed open into Tiara's impeccably decorated room and flung myself carelessly on the beautiful nursery-print rug that ran beneath her Victorian-style cot. I held my head in hands as I cried my lungs out slouched on the ground for what seemed like hours.

Just as I was about to get up and going, for another frantic search I was benumbed by an almost unbelievable and negligibly audible symphony that struck my ears. Unable to believe what I just heard, I dashed out of the room with double the intensity with which I had first made in and rushed towards the direction from where the sound was emanating.

As I reached the dining hall my heart almost went for a toss as I saw Aviral entering the living room singing a lullaby, with Tiara sleeping soundly slouched on his shoulder. Unable to believe what I just saw, I rubbed my tear-clogged eyes with my knuckles as I made my way towards the admiring adorable father-daughter duo.

I went all pink as I spotted my two-year old first born resting peacefully against her father's comforting frame with her head sliding down his shoulders. An apologetic looking wife and mother in me wasted no moment as I crashed myself into my loving husband's arms and covered the living symbol of our love, Tiara with countless kisses. Not able to construe my unexpected display of affection, Aviral winked at me sheepishly as he embraced me into his signature bear hug. I held on to him even tighter as I kept staring at the wonderful family that I was blessed with, till I fell in love with my darling daughter and her dutiful, doting father all over again. Love definitely, happened twice to me!