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The Independence Day

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That man has come again, and his eyes leered as he guffawed and raising his voice said "do you think only knowledge of books would give you a job. No not in this days. If I did not plant the poppy it was not possible for jadab to be a teacher. The foolish Brahmins spent time in study. Jadav can buy and sell them,he just bought it. And I had to pay 8lakh , have you ever seen so much money at a time? How can you? Now he earns ₹ 25000 per month and the useless swine whom they call the most learned in the village, how much does he earn from the tuition? You need money. Don't presume from my sitting here that I am of your class. I have more money than sk. Jahir .so go to my field tomorrow morning and.." The harangue came to a stop As aunt agreed and said" you have been my master always and we will go but you must give me some money beforehand." " you speak of money? Have not I given you the gold necklace? " at this aunt smiled coyly and banged his bare thigh with her fist. He laughed and went having cast a long gaze at the door behind which she stood inert and heaved a sigh of relief.

Where are you , Bulti, are you deaf? Don't sleep all the time. Go queen and kindly bring some oil from the shop. Don't flirt with young bastards in the way . Silently she picked the beer bottle which is used as the oil container. Her maternal aunt gave her a new crispy 100₹ note.

She went up the narrow dark lane and halted. There is no one in the shop. No I won't go. He is such a bad. No he will tell and try to touch my body. No. A cycle stopped in front of the shop and the cyclist entered. God oh god don't come out , she almost broke into a run.

Jadab , the arrogant, good for nothing who eloped with his own student! Son of that bastard. What lecherous look he casted. Devil that he is. And the aunt ,she is the goblin. Herself a harlot. Uncle may be a drunkard but is good. Only if he had money of his own, only if father did not die , only if mother did not marry , only if.. . sobbing she fell asleep.

The next morning after waking up the first sound she heard was the song. No it is not a marriage song. It came from the school. She asked Bini .She was going to tuition. ' What is going on in school?' Bini is such a prig. Her father has lots of money. She stopped her cycle and said , ' Why don't you go to school any more? Today is the independence day.' Independence day? That means biscuits and sweetmeat. Her mouth watered. But what will the teachers say? No how many outsiders come and I am still a student. The class 9 means no rice . And the boy, why did he give her the love letter? Aunt beat her for nothing and said no more school one day you will come pregnant, you daughter of a slut.

If I go today, surely aunt won't say anything. She went to the pond and took a quick dip. If she asks I would say I stepped on shit.

The school dress is clean . She was almost finished when she heard the footstep. Where are you going? Aunt puckered her brows and asked harshly " to meet the bastard boy? Take these off. What short dress! Shameless slut." At this juncture he came. Aunt dropped her tone.

"No no don't do that. She looks beautiful in this" he said as he licked his lips. He had the looks of a goat about to lick the ass of a she goat. He had drunk in the morning and had worn a clean shirt. Do you know what happened last night?They came yesterday and begged.I said Jadab wont marry a begger's daughter" he yawned and shouted. Aunt was listening attentively and blurted out what about the girl. "You mean the harlot begger. I gave the money to wash out the womb and 5000 more. And remember a gold ring is a gold ring". Aunt giggled.

"Can you tell how much I get?" "How could we simple people know your status?" aunt surrendered." 20 lakh plus furniture. He is in government service. He could marry a prettier girl. Come I have important words with you" He took out a fat moneybag and almost dragged her beyond the hibiscus bush.

When they came out aunt was a changed person. She went straight into her room and the dragging sound of her old heavy trunk came then came the sound of the unlocking and locking and then pushing it back to the lair.

Bulti, she said turning her head away from her" I am going to the pond. Give me my saree. Your uncle has got a medicine oil. Take it and rub it on his whole body. No not here,go in your room.
"

He came smiled and gave her the bottle, then took off his clothes and said " come dont be shy."

Everything was reeling. An ant was crawling upwards. The rectangular light coming from the ventilleter was throbbing. A hen cackled . From another world came a fading voice,- they gave their souls, their blood to..... It faded. She looked at the empty room, broken bottle and the blood between her legs and started sobbing, yes for the first time of the day.