

'Thathastu' - So Be It

Prasanna

Meet Roy. Roy is an 11-year-old lad who goes to class 7. He has long unkempt hair, thick glasses, carries an oversized lunch box and a shabby schoolbag with all the Marvel characters on it ragged and peeling off. Yet, he is one merry fellow.

Roy's mother passed away 3 years back. Roy's dad did not remarry. Roy goes to a day school in BowBazar. His dad (*being a government servant*) drops Roy off at school every morning at 8:30 AM and rushes to be at office on time. Between 8:30 Am to 8:55 AM Roy has nothing to do. All other kids arrive at 8:55.

Roy keeps a small notebook in his school bag's side pouch along with a pencil. Every day he writes a few sentences of a story in that small notebook. He recently got into this practice inspired by one of the English classes he attended. His teacher Mrs.Seema spoke about Ruskin Bond and his strange stories. She read out some of his stories and he got inspired.

Today Roy is excited because its preparation day for the annual event. It would be a full day of fun and no hard studies. He started writing for today a new story. He wrote about a fat mustached sweet seller making 'Rosogullas' and 'Sandesh'. He wrote about kids who would come and give him trouble by misleading him as a group and steal a few sweat meats and run away. He also wrote about his wife who was always angry with him for being innocent and kindhearted. He wrote about how the sweet seller's wife hated the kids and would 'shoo' them away when they came around. He also started writing about how the fat sweet seller found a broken pot on his way back from the market but kept it to store some trivial stuff ...

The school bell rang. Roy had lost track of time. It was 8:55. He closed his small notebook and kept it in his bag. He looked up and saw Ritwik running towards him. Behind him Mrinal, Tapan and Aparna were holding hands and walking slowly.

"Look what I got" he said to Roy. Ritwik opened his fist and showed him 2 stickers. One of Captain America and other of Iron Man. Roy smiled and picked the Iron Man sticker stating "Awesome" and they rushed off to the classroom.

Roy and Ritwik sat next to each other in class. They were happy and mischievous last benchers. Ritwik used to read Roy's Story during the snack break daily at 11 AM. He liked the way Roy thought and also used to give Roy some ideas, which Roy would patiently listen but not incorporate. Ritwik didn't mind it.

Today Ritwik read Roy's story during the class hours itself. He started laughing at the way Roy had described the fat sweet seller. Both were caught by the ear and asked to stand outside the class by their teacher for disturbing the class.

Giggling away, they enjoyed their time outside class they were looking at the birds, tying threads to the rear of dragonflies and make them fly like kites and throwing paper balls into the next classroom.

Roy took out from his shorts pocket and showed Ritwik the new pencil he had written the story with today. He had found it in the ground while walking from the main gate to the tree under which he usually sits and writes stories till 8:55 AM. The bell rang and it was break-time.



Prasanna - a skilled author of both captivating short stories and immersive novels. This multi-talented person doesn't just weave tales but also dabbles in the art world, displaying prowess as an artist. Don't be surprised if you catch them melodiously humming tunes while in the bathroom, showcasing their secret passion for singing. Beyond these artistic endeavors, they navigate the IT professional realm, leveraging their tech expertise. And when the day winds down, you'll find this individual delving into the world of movies, showcasing an undying love for cinema across genres.

All kids ran out to the playground and played for 15 minutes and came back. Classes went on till 12:30 PM.

Then it was lunch break. Roy, Ritwik, Mrinal, Tapan and Aparna sat in a circle below the tree. Roy had sandwiches as usual. Roy's dad knew how to make a variety of sandwiches which not only Roy loved but also his friends. Once Roy's dad made double decker sandwiches and gave it for lunch.

It was filled with crispy potatoes and ripe mangoes which gave a different taste. The kids loved it a lot. Ritwik always brought sabji of the day with either roti or rice. Aparna brought fried food with a milkshake. Mrinal brought fish or mutton curry and rice. Tapan brought his favorite today – Prawn and Luchi. Lunch was for an hour. They always ate for 15 minutes, rushed to the water point, and washed their hands, mouth and lunch boxes and in a hurry and then went off to play.

Roy and Ritwik walked back home today. Roy's father had a report submission today and had asked him to walk back to home with Ritwik. The best part of this walking back to home was the chance to buy something interesting with their pocket money.

Today, as Roy and Ritwik were walking back via Kolkata Girls high school, they saw a new shop had come up for snacks and sweets. Ritwik suggested they buy something to eat from here and go to the nearby park and spend some time. Roy took out 40 Rs and went and stood in front of the shop. He saw ChomChom, Kadapak, Mishti Dhoi, Roshomalai and Chanar Goja in the first row. He was already drooling. Without lifting his head, he gave the 40 Rs note to the vendor of sweets and asked for Chom Chom and Chanar Goja. He heard a voice which was of a heavyset man "Would you like some rabdi as well?" he asked.

Roy lifted his head and saw the man. The sweet Vendor was a bald fat buy with a big mustache. The shocking part was he looked exactly like the man he had imagined and written about. His mouth was sealed. He couldn't respond to his question. Ritwik stepped in and said "No, only Chanar Goja and Chom Chom. "

They took the sweets and were about to leave when they heard a voice from inside shriek at the man. "What the hell did you do today morning? Did you give away some sweets free? 6 of the Roshogullas don't add up to account." The voice said. A trickle of sweat ran down the man's neck and he smiled impishly and winked at the boys and mouthed silently "Wife Trouble". Roy and Ritwik understood and left the place immediately.

"Did you see what I saw?" asked Roy.

"Could be pure coincidence," said Ritwik.

"Too much of a coincidence, isn't it?" yelled Roy.

The sweets made them forget the incident and they walked home happily from the park.

Next Day morning Roy wrote about a policeman who lost his shoe in front of a temple. On the way back home Roy and Ritwik saw a lot of commotion at a place. They slowly went closer to see a policeman shouting at a flower vendor stating that his one shoe was stolen and how was he supposed to go back in one shoe?

Ritwik and Roy froze and looked at each other. It was happening again. They quickly moved away from that place and opened the notebook and saw that the pages written in the past 2 days had vanished from his notebook. They were stunned. Roy wanted to go home and tell his father about his incident. Ritwik said there is a still a chance of coincidence and wait for a third time before confirming that it actually works. Roy held on to the pencil safely. Both Roy and Ritwik believed strongly that the pencil was doing the magic.

The next day at Lunch, when Roy and his friends were having a happy meal, a lady visited them along with the headmaster who said she wanted to speak to Roy. Roy saw the woman and fainted face first into his lunchbox. Ritwik stood up and was running around the school playground shouting "It Works...It Works...It Works.". The headmaster scratched his head awkwardly and the kids laughed out loud.

The lady smiled. She looked exactly like Roy's mom.