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The Little Boy, Bhargav

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The little boy, Bhargav came running across the lonely road that I have taken for an evening walk. He was all in smiles. His brown face glowed like the green fields against the slanting sun in the west.

“What is the matter? Why are you so cheerful and gasping?” I asked not holding back my curiosity. Such a gleeful face I have never seen so far.

Holding the one hundred rupee note between the fingers of his right hand, Bhargav said, “Uncle, I found it on the road.” He held it to the slimming sunlight to make sure that it was a real currency note and not a fake one.

I knew this boy, hardly nine, from a village abetting my house that I built a couple of years ago. Several little boys and girls of his age from this village had acquainted with me as I was a regular walker, taking the road passing through the village.

“How will you spend it, Bhargav, my little friend?” I asked him swinging the broken branch of a neem tree that I picked up two months ago to keep away the stray dogs, notorious for their attack.

“I will buy a new pair of chappals for me.” The little boy ejaculated. His joy knew no bounds.

“Then.”

“I will buy a frock for my little sister.”



“Then.”

“I will buy new books for me and my sister. You know, uncle, we have stopped going to school because our teacher insisted on books. Now with new books, we will resume our going to school.”

“Then”

“I will take my father, my mother and my little sister for an outing. We will dine in a big hotel in the city.”

“Then.”

“I will buy some sweets for you.” I felt so touched by his last wish.

I stopped asking him further what he would do with one hundred rupee in suspicion that he would go on adding item after item of his unfulfilled desires to the list.

Poor boy, slim boy, smart boy, good-looking village boy. His little sister was pretty. His father, a farmer, was a rather self-effacing man. His mother was a strong hard woman, I knew for quite some time. I had watched her cutting grass in the fields. She had muscular hands, solid feet; but she was handsome brown woman. They lived in a hut at the end of the village.

Nothing on the earth could stop Bhargav. No one would be dare enough to snatch away his joy. No sooner had he given me the manner in which he would spend the found one hundred rupee note than he darted jumping, hopping, singing, clutching the note tightly fearing it might fall. As I stood watching him running bright in the sun, he soon entered the village and disappeared into the lanes like a bird.

Just then as I moved off taking the branched road, I noticed a flouncing middle aged man looking around and intently searching the ground by scratching it with his feet,



removing the stones and the fallen leaves. Notwithstanding my curiosity, I asked him, “What are you searching for?”

“For my one hundred rupee note I might have lost here around.”

“How sure are you?”

“While removing a sheaf of papers from my pocket of my drawers, it must have fallen, I suppose.”

I understood that the one hundred rupee he had lost was the same that was found by the little boy, Bhargav. I did not reveal this truth to him since it would deprive the little boy of the joy of having found the note with which he had decided to fulfil his several desires.

“When did you lose it? Can you recollect the time?”

“An hour ago.”

“Do you think it would remain at the same spot? Either someone must have noticed it and picked it up or the wind must have carried it off. Your search is a futile exercise.”

Looking at me and sensing the truth in what I had said, he nodded his head as if in approval and disappointment.

“What is lost is lost forever. Forget about it.” At which he said nothing and moved off. I resumed my long walk.

Two days after I found the little boy sitting on a mound, he looked forlorn. Approaching him, I spurted missiles of questions, “Why are you sad? Are you all right, Bhargav? What has happened? Have you fulfilled all your desires with one hundred rupee note?”

Turning to me with tears in his eyes, he said, “Uncle I lost that one hundred rupee note.”

“Oh, it’s sad to hear this. How did you lose it?”



“I kept it under my pillow and slept, morning I found it missing.”

“Did you tell your parents about how you found the note?”

“No, I didn’t. I maintained as a closed guarded secret. I wanted to surprise my parents and my sister with gifts. But to my shock I lost it. Now how can I fulfill my desires?”

“Don’t worry over what has been lost. That which does not belong to us will not stay with us. It will go on its own. Don’t trouble yourself too much. After all you are a little boy. You have many years to live in this world. God will give you something big for you. Stop crying. I will provide you books which you wanted and you and your sister can resume attending the school from tomorrow.”

Holding his brown right hand I pulled him up and we headed towards the village trudging along the green trees and fields.