







## Urmi Hadithi ya Kweli ya Msichana

A happy bright girl in boots and sweaters standing at a mountain top, the same girl laughing so hard with her friends. It was an old picture Shreya found “Mom, is that you!?” she shrieked. “Wow mom you were so pretty and full of life” commented Varun with admiration. Urmi glanced at the photo with little Diya struggling in her arms. “Come to mamma” Shreya stretched her arms for Diya to jump. Urmi sat in front of the bright screen looking at a stranger, a happy girl full of life, it took her some time to finally recognize that it was really her. She felt a pang of pain deep down, it felt as if something pierced through her heart, her eyes welled up. Shreya and Varun were dumbstruck by this reaction for the tears didn’t look like happy ones from seeing an old memory, it was pure hurt. Urmi was quick to wipe the pain that spilled by mistake with her pallu. “I forgot to turn off the stove”, she ran to the kitchen. There she stood an empty feeling taking over her, unaware of the whistling cooker boiling and about to burst like herself. Her husband passing by turned the knob off “where are you lost urmi, this would have burst now”. Alas! No one noticed the storm inside her.

That night she looked at her reflection in the mirror, what she saw agonized her, it was an old lady but 50 isn’t that old, her family had celebrated her 50th birthday showering her with compliments of how good a mother, caring wife, loving grandma she was. Yes, she had done everything for her family, had endlessly poured herself for them, but never had she thought to keep a little love for herself. And now she felt void inside her, voice within her has been silent for years unnoticed by her. She ran her fingers on her deep wrinkled face, she stood there flabbergasted “when did these lines appear”, in these years of beautifying her children and the house, somewhere in between she forgot about herself. Dark sleepless nights had engulfed her once shining eyes. In the morning she couldn’t recognize her young self but right now she was unfamiliar of the old lifeless woman who stared at her from the mirror. She realized with a twinge she had lost herself somewhere along the line and she never noticed, neither did anyone beside her. Maybe because she was what everyone needed her to be, and little did anyone think what she used to be.



