

THE

MYSTERY OF A  
GIRL CALLED  
MOON



**A GIRL CALLED MOON : AUTHOR JYOTSNA LAL**

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## **Part 1- La Chica Mexica**

An allegedly cheerful school premises , mandated monochrome beige covered the entire interior,the office walls, hallways, closets, and doorways from top to bottom, front and back. Aside from arrows pointing vaguely toward stairway fire escapes and marked doors to toilet facilities, there was no indication whatsoever of who or what might be behind any closed door.

The bell had rung and it was the first day of school. Janice looked out the clinic door to see this little guy having a big fit, as he did not want to go in his classroom. The poor teacher was brand new, first year to teach, and was trying to usher the other children in. Feeling so sorry for her, Janice offered her assistance, as Janice did not have anyone in the clinic. Janice picked him up, as he did the limp thing, almost slipping through her arms.

Janice carried him to the clinic, as he kept crying louder and louder. Janice told him she was the school nurse and he had to sit with her until he quit crying. He then started kicking his feet in anger. Janice placed him on the bed and closed the curtains, telling him when he quit kicking then she would open the curtains.

Janice sat at her desk, listening to him scream, and having no idea if this was proper protocol, she was a nurse. They did not cover children having fits on the first day of school. Janice was sure it was not part of her job description. Janice did not know what she could do.

After a time he quit screaming and she opened the curtain. He was sitting up, and appeared fine.

Janice asked if he was ready to go to class, and he said yes. Janice praised him for being a big boy. Taking his hand, they walked to class.Janice felt quite proud at that moment.

Just as they got to the door, he started crying all over again, kicking, and screaming. Janice once again picked him up. Carrying this screaming child back to the nurse office, her nerves were frazzled.

Janice hear a little child say out loud, "look at the nurse carrying that kid!"

Another says to her, "I don't want to go to the nurse either!"

That is just great... Now...she is going to be looked at as the mean nurse who carries screaming kids into her dungeon.

Janice told him again that when he stopped having a fit, that Janice would take him to class. Janice closed the curtains, hoping this technique would work once again and luckily, it took a minute for him to calm down.

Janice needed to find out exactly why this child was so upset.

Janice sat beside him and asked, "Honey what has made you so upset?"

Janice guessed he had changed his thinking from the time he did not want to enter the classroom to a new reasoning, as now he was in the hands of the school nurse.

He looked at her with those big brown eyes, in such a calm little voice, "I just wanted a band aid."

Well there you go!

It was kindergarten's time to have their annual hearing and vision screening. The cutest little girl was next in line. She had curly brown hair, freckles sprinkled across her nose. A frilly dress that swayed with movement, and some cowgirl boots adorning her tiny feet.

Janice began the screening and it was evident that she could not see very well at all. In fact, she failed horribly. Janice was so concerned and sat her down to speak with her. She began to explain that she had been blind since birth in her right eye. She was very articulate for her age, and no reason to doubt her.

Janice had no documentation of this so she later called her mom, telling her about the screening.

Janice began by apologizing for screening her daughter, but Janice had no documentation of her being blind in her right eye.

There was an abrupt laughter that began to come forth from the other end of the line..

"No," mother said, "she is not blind from birth, her grandfather is, please re-screen her."

Janice called the sweet little cowgirl down once more, and sure enough, she passed with flying colors.

It was Janice first week as a school nurse, when she got an urgent call to come to the parking lot as a woman was having a baby.

She thought to herself, 'this is too funny; they are just trying to trick me, being my first week and all.' She played along, running down the hall with stethoscope in hand. If someone is having a baby, not sure what she thought she would do with her stethoscope.

She ran outside to find a woman in the back seat of her car in full-blown labor. All four older kids were looking on from the third seat, watching mom screaming in pain. The office had called EMS and she could see the baby's head was crowning. This sweet little baby was fixing to make its way into the world whether this school nurse was ready or not.

'Lord, how many times does a school nurse deliver a baby on her first week of school?'

She kept praying, "Oh God, help me! I know I should have listened when we did our clinicals through the OB ward, but as you know, it was not my favorite rotation, but I am just asking you to please help me."

The EMS did arrive just in time as the baby came into the world. They actually caught the adorable sweet bundle of joy.

The teacher's aide who stood by her side, rubbing her back, encouraging her the whole way, later said, "You said some really good prayers!"

Looking at her puzzled, 'I am sure I did not offer an audible prayer for all to hear or did I?'

Turning red... Janice realized, she had said them out loud for all to hear!

God did answer this school nurse's prayer!

Janice was leaving her nurse's office for home when she got an emergency call from Georgetown, Beaumont Walker was sick and had been rushed to the hospital. It was just six p.m. and she knew she had to take the last Greyhound bus or it will take ages to get to St John's hospital.

'I need a cab' she glanced frantically at her watch. Janice looked around, being alone didn't bother her, she had been living by herself since Henry died. Tomorrow was her rest day. Janice had taken up nursing after her husband, a truck driver, was killed in an accident. Janice was just twenty when Henry died, while he was in the hospital, she saw how important nurses were and how much they helped. She had decided then and there that was what she wanted to be.

Janice returned to her tiny apartment flat and put a change of clothes and her first aid kit in a bag. She got off the cab and walked into the Greyhound station. Soon she was scurrying towards the gate making sure she caught the last bus to Georgetown. Just as she boarded the bus, the driver called out, 'Are you ready! We'll be rolling out in five minutes.' Janice breathed a sigh of relief, it had been a long day at work. The bus was caught in a menagerie of cars, trucks and

buses moving out of Houston in the night. Janice watched the cars speeding on the freeway. She got frantic with worry, thinking about Beaumont Walker, the little fry woman with blue eyes and white wrinkled skin, so gentle and simple. Janice had worked as a nurse's aid and paramedic in Georgetown and had often been called to Beaumont's nursing home on Mimosa Street surrounded by pecan trees. Janice recalled their first meeting four years ago. The nursing home for the elderly was quiet. The old ladies were sitting in chairs, some were napping, while others were staring off to space caught in their lonely world of memories. Janice had first approached Beaumont, there had been something comforting and warm about the elderly woman. Janice found talking to her just like talking to her own mother, of course her own mother was in New Mexico it had been two years since she visited her. Texas had become her home when she married Henry, who had criss-crossed across North America. Slowly as months passed by Beaumont had become a friend, a confidant. Suddenly, the bus jerked to a halt in the station. Janice pushed herself up to sitting position, the rolling motion had rocked her to sleep. With pitch black hair always tied up in a pony tail, a lithe body, a dark chocolate skin and shadowy pupils, that looked any one in the eye and showed no fear. Janice lived up to her pet name 'Jaani' meaning beloved in Hindi, given to her by Henry. Janice hurried out of the bus, the station was deserted, she peered through the glass door and saw a solitary taxi, ran and jumped into it.

Luckily St John's hospital was near by, she was in the lobby at 11pm night. Beaumont Walker was admitted with a lung infection and her good lung was working overtime.

'Hello Jani' she rasped weakly, opening her blue eyes. Beaumont always called her by her pet name [how she knew the meaning?]

'Not bad as I probably look. You stop worrying' she knew this by her furrowed brow.

She couldn't help, but to worry and fret. Seeing her like this was not good for her sensitive emotions. "Promise me something," she asked when she was able to draw another breathe

"You will find my daughter Moon and help her, like you did for me, now she is your family too" Then closed her eyes, taking labored breathes. In the middle of the night, Beaumont died in her sleep still holding her hand.

Janice cried till early morning light. This was even worse than losing Henry, she wondered how far she would sink in this world before better days will come her way. Would she be forever doomed to be heartbroken, weary, and sad? Beaumont had been the silver lining to the dark cloud of her life.

She waited and prayed by Beaumont's grave, maybe her love will make her strong enough to carry out the responsibility on her shoulders.

Janice walked into Beaumont's nursing home on mimosa street after the funeral, Mrs Richmond the Caretaker was waiting in her office with the lawyer, Beaumont few personal things were there . The will was read which named Poornima -Beaumont's heir she had also made Janice the sole executor of her finances , including a considerable sum for her and nursing home . A list of things-Bible, a diary , a gold chain with crucifix , pearl tops and gold bangles.

Beaumont Walker, who would think the little fry woman was an heiress to large fortune 'she always been so gentle and simple. Her blue eyes and white skin and american accent belied the strange fact that she was an asian ,the daughter of a French chaplain and Bengali mother, had spent her entire life in India ,married to Mr. Ashok Kumar . Another surprise she had come to Houston with her daughter Poornima who taught in San Antonio ,Texas.

Janice was jerked from her daze , when Mr Jenkins the lawyer spoke

'how long has it been since your husband passed away Mrs Brown ?'

'it'll be six years on the twenty-fifth of this month '

'how long were you married Mrs Brown ?'

"Only two years "

"Now you have the task of finding Poornima , who left Georgetown without leaving a forwarding address ,some five years ago."

" When was this will made ?"

"Last month . Mrs Beaumont loved you and trusted you"

"Good-bye Mrs Brown "

"Thanks Mr Jenkins ----- Good-bye Mrs Richmond "

Janice was in the seventh grade in a new Catolico escuela , Janice padres were separated it had been an every day story Padre and madre would fight all the time because he was irresponsible and a drunk ; now they live with la abuela ,but madre and her uncle tio Richardo's new girlfriend hate each other so her madre Fabiana was always crying. At Thanksgiving her aunt tia Lola brought some guy named José's Lopez with a gold chain around his neck.and her abuela [grandmother] told Jose' that -you need to lose weight, tia Lola began to cry. As she was becoming acclimated to the religious experience of following the orders of catholic nuns each day, at the same time she had to learn to hold her own on the streets of Juárez in the 1990's

El Paso stands on the Rio Grande (Río Bravo del Norte), across the border from Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, Mexico. The two cities form a combined international metropolitan area, sometimes called El Paso-Juárez, with Juárez being the significantly larger of the two in population. Ciudad Juárez is one of the fastest growing cities in the world despite being called "one of the deadliest cities in the world". There are four international ports of entry connecting Ciudad Juárez and El Paso, including the Nauticapuente America [Bridge of the Americas], Ysleta Internacional Bridge, Paso del Norte Bridge, and Stanton Street Bridge.

Janice and her chica [girlfriends] had just gotten off the bus from the school as the chica reached their houses, Janice still had another block to go alone to get to her house. Out of nowhere this gang of five chica grabbed hold of her and yanked her into an alley and proceeded to beat the living shit out of her. The only thing Janice really remember was that all of them had both of their hands completely covered with rings. More than likely, it was costume jewelry, but Janice had never seen anything like it. Metal and rocks piled three or four to a finger, all simultaneously bashing into her face and taking out chunks of her skin. And why? Turns out one of them saw her talking to the son of her neighbor's and thought she was trying to "steal her man". Janice didn't even remember the kid's name, but she did remember passing out early that night and when her madre finally saw her face the next morning, she had turned into something she had never seen before...who she really was deep inside, long before she ever came into the picture: a mexican girl. She demanded to know who did it and Janice told her that all Janice knew is that one of them lived in a house down at the end of the street. Then, her thirty-four year old madre squeezed into her tightest jeans, pulled her hair into pigtails and quickly proceeded out the door. She went and told that girl that she was her seventeen year old cousin and that if any of them ever laid a finger on her again that she would "MORIRSE LA CHICA." [ Kill them]They never even so much as glanced in her direction.

\*\*\*

Janice was at her high school graduation and all of us girls were piled into the ladies room doing last minute primping in the mirrors. Music started playing out in the amphitheater and knowing that was the cue to get out there and start marching towards the stage, everyone shuffled out of there like herded sheep. Except for her best friend Marisa who looked at her reflection in horror and exclaimed, "Wait, you can't go yet!" "Dios mio [oh god ] What's the matter?" Janice asked, deeply concerned, for she looked as though she were about to erupt into tears. "Her lipstick- it's gone! It all wore off! How did that happen when hers still looks all perfect and bright red? What am I going to do?" Janice thought for a second, looked at her, and Janice said, "Kiss me."they did a quick check over their shoulders to be sure that everyone had cleared out of the bathroom...and they kissed. Now she had perfect bright red lipstick too.

\*\*\*

Anita was at the swimming pool with Marisa's boyfriend Juliano , she was laying face down topless sunbathing and sleeping, so Helena got a bucket filled with ice and water and dumped it



all on her !! Anita jumped up screaming, running around in total shock, she forgot that she was still topless!!! Some boys were looking and laughing at her - she was cold, wet and blushing from head to toe. It was really embarrassing! That wasn't even the end of it...Marisa was holding her top, and wouldn't give it back!! Anita started yelling for her to give the top back 'Devuélveme mi TOP'[give me back my top], but that just drew more attention. Eventually, because Anita was crying, they gave her the top back. That was a bad day for Juliano and Anita.

Later that week- Helena's long-term lover had spent all night with her doing what all do best. He left in the morning to go for work. An hour later her mother and grandmother showed up to surprise her. she had to scramble around to get the bed made (it was a studio apartment) and all the evidence of the sex-capade hidden in a period of five minutes before they came in. So they are sitting there with her, having a nice chat. Her grandmother was sitting on the end of the bed. All of a sudden the pet cat jumped up on the bed, ran over to her grandma and dropped a used condom on her lap! the cat had this nasty little habit of digging through the trash in the bathroom. Helena almost died a thousand deaths.

\*\*\*

It all started six years ago, they met at a New Years Eve costume party of the motel where Janice worked. She looked a lot like [queen] Reina Cleopatra, Helena was a Bunny; Henry saw her across the hall, they made eye contact and next thing she knew they were chatting it up. Henry was a little creeped out by the bunny suit.

Hola! ERES bastante, hermoso, [hello! You are pretty, beautiful]

But soon, they were alone on the balcony and engaged in a very deep conversation in broken English and bad Spanish. They shared a kiss at the midnight of the new year, 'Feliz Año Nuevo' [Happy New Year] and the rest as they say, is history.

\* \* \*

Janice sat in a side room as her friends, Marisa and Helena, did her hair and make-up.

"Janice you look so beautiful." Marisa smiled as she finished putting on blush.

Helena puts Janice's black hair in an elegant knot with a few stubborn tendrils framing her face, "You will be the envy of every girl in the room. Here, let me pin this ribbon."

"Thank you Helena, Marisa." Janice smiled dreamily. She looked at her reflection in the mirror and saw herself in a beautiful, new white frock, Helena's mother's old diamond necklace around her neck and her blue stud earrings.

"So let's see, something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue! You've got everything." Helena grinned.

Janice looked up at her maid of honor and bridesmaid. She hugged them quickly, "Thank you both...so much."

"Hey now." Helena said, pulling Janice to look at her face. "No crying, you'll ruin the make-up!" The girls chuckled.

A knock came, "Yes?" Helena called out.

"It's Time ! priest will be here in a second."

\* \* \*

The priest began his sermon and Henry and Janice stared deeply into each other's eyes. The priest cleared his throat gently and Janice realized it was time for the vows. They exchanged rings and quite suddenly it was time for them to kiss, to seal their marriage forever. Henry clutched Janice tightly in his arms and dipped her dramatically as they kissed. When the two emerged from the kiss they stared at each other, both thinking the same thing, "I'm going to grow old with you." tú eres mi esposa AHORA [you are my wife now] Henry whispered .

The few people gathered there clapped their hands and surged forward to kiss the couple.

\* \* \*

For the first time in Janice and Henry were alone, completely alone in Henry's home in Georgetown Texas . All Janice wanted was to be alone with her husband. Now that all was said and done, the idea of Henry as her husband was a pleasant thought, almost as pleasant as the thought that we would be together for eternity.

As Henry carried her into his room, It wasn't the same kiss he had always given, the one she grew accustomed to. This was better but she couldn't figure out how. Maybe it was because it was unrestrained, it didn't hold the usual tension that his kiss usually did. His lips always found a way to bring a blush to her cheeks. His lips lingered on her collar bone and then gracefully up her neck. They traced her jaw until he found her lips and he let out his full power.

Janice slowly started to unbutton his shirt trying to keep her hands from shaking too bad but Henry was shaking more as he pulled her shirt over her head. He pulled the covers over them

as they explored each others bodies. Janice never had the opportunity to feel all of Henry's tones and muscles, he always pulled away.

He moved with deliberate slowness, careful not to ruin the moment, but no moment with Henry could ever be ruined. He placed his lips just above her breasts, then he slowly let his lips drift down between her breasts down her stomach and ended at the top of her skirt before he took it off. Then he pulled off his jeans with haste. They both were getting eager, each explored the others body with careful intentions. Henry ran his fingers along -the line of her body; along her hips and down her leg where he took hold of her inner thigh and pulled her on top of him,they continued the roll and he ended up onto of her. Carefully he balanced his weight to make sure she didn't feel a feather of his weight. He gently kissed the hollow of her ear and whispered " Te quiero [I love you]."

Then he was in her and they were one. She I could feel the tension throughout his body, making sure he was still in control. she trusted him completely knowing that even though he could he wouldn't hurt her. The heat between them escalated and there was sweat everywhere, as their bodies rubbed together vigorously. She couldn't get enough of him. The passion was forming an atmosphere around them.With one final thrust she let out a moan, and Henry whispered her name in her ear.they lay on theirr sides, still one, she rolled on top of him to kiss him and the passion came back like a wave.they were together the entire night, and only at dawn did they get some sleep.

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5 die in El Paso area-wreck, driver charged

The Associated Press Published: Monday, Jul. 23, 2000 - 4:09 am

EL PASO, Texas -- Officials say a two-vehicle wreck in far West Texas has left five people in a car dead and a pickup truck driver facing alcohol-related counts.The El Paso County Sheriff's Office says 23-year-old Henry Brown was jailed, Monday on intoxicated manslaughter charges. Bond has been set at \$1.5 million for Henry Brown, who was arrested following Sunday afternoon's accident. Sheriff's spokesman says Henry Brown has been accused of running a stop sign and hitting the car. The two adults and three children in the car died.

-----  
Henry Brown, his face sunk and his eyes welled up like puddles in a rainstorm. a muddy blue. he leaned his back to the wall and slide to the floor. he pulled his knees to his chest and buried his face between them. weeping. he stood and walked to the window, staring down at the street. he drew the shades. when they found him he still had the suicide note in his hand. "lo siento, Janice"

.....

Memories ! Janice eyes shone with unshed tears and a silent prayer

Enrique, os echo mucho de menos,[Henry , I miss you so much]

Alguien por favor ayudarme [someone please help me?] just something, anything, please one thing that will make me smile. even if it's just a little bit. a teeny weeny bit? please,Oh God ? Dios mio oh I wish for everything to be linear and to make sense. I wish to feel the right feelings in the right order and to take the right steps forward, in the right direction

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### Part 2- La Chica Diary

The caretaker handed to Janice box containing the a red bible along with it was a blue journal and some jewellery , . Janice recognized them Beaumonts often wore them. There was a photo album containing many photographs of Beaumont and a young woman with blue eyes. Some were taken in India ,others in texas

Janice throat tightened with unshed tears , she picked the box up and walked out of the office.

After returning to Houston , sleep seemed to have evaded her , Janice picked up the blue journal and began to read it .

It was Poornima's diary ,her personal letters , some typed pages , and news paper cuttings pasted in it .

---

Hello ! My Name Is Moon

2 January 1981

MOON STORY ----- When I was born

One night when the moon was out he was watching everybody.I was having my birthday. I looked out the window and the moon was bright, but it was the waning crescent.I was happy because I smiled at the moon and it smiled back! I had to go back to my party and I waved at the moon and the moon waved back.

Thoughts about what the moon looked like when I was born. - I think it was waning because the moon gave me his health which reduced his size. The moon was skinny because it is actually God's smile

On the day I was born my moon was full. It looked at me and said, "Wow! What a beautiful baby!" "I want to be a hat for her." When I was born, my Mom took me to the window. The Moon saw me the day I was born. The Moon decided to be a little cradle for me to sleep in. I

saw the crescent and I was scared. I cried so .My grandmother gave me My name Poornima in hindi it means full moon ,so my friends call me Moon.

## MY MOON'S WORLD

3 January 1981

I grew up playing with my imaginative friends or hanging out alone but that's not my problem because I enjoyed it very much.

I have a strange ability to create my own world, so called "Moon's world" where I can spend my time there with myself. When I was in " Moon's world ", I wouldn't hear anyone, anything except what I was looking or listening in my own world.

Many of my coworkers experienced me in this mode while I was at work. There was one time I remember that My coworker, Sita talked to me or tried to talk to me about our assignment. She didn't know I was in " Moon's world " at that time (you must know that when I was in my own world, I looked like normal, like I was doing a normal job, but I wasn't actually doing it!!!). She talked to me, told me her ideas, asked me questions but no response. She started waving her hand in front of my face but still no response. It's then she realized I wasn't there....

That happened to me a lot. I can shut the world outside from me. I won't hear anything or see anything except what I want to hear or see. I used to do the psychology test for personal character. My result came as "Normal schizophrenic", how it is normal I'm not sure but I know I am not "schizophrenic".

Maybe that the reason why I love spending time with myself, all alone. I can spend three days in my room and not going out once, if I have enough food and books to read. I did actually. I grew up as a bookworm, I started with Enid Blyton, my cousin's Alistair Maclean. As a school kid my free time was spent in reading books, ofcourse the library was stocked with all the books of Enid Blyton -Famous Noddy series.The famous five including the dog , the Secret seven , School life of Malory Towers and Darrell Rivers , Fatty and Betsy with Mr Goon the police man in the mystery of the vanishing prince and the secret room

My first book. a british favourite was Marry Poppins the governess with magicall powers I loved them all The four Saturdays , thimble summer , charlotte's web and Laura Ingalls Wilder , Nancy Drew and Hardy boys are some American children stories

As a teenager read Mills& Boon classics who can forget Babara Cartland romances I got the best of both american and british literature.If I didn't go out with my friends, I stayed home and read books. I liked reading detective stories, murder stories, short stories and also fantasy children books too. Dame Agatha Christie the queen of suspense 'murder on the orient express

with her famous Belgian detective ' Miss Marple series are some books I enjoyed. When I was 18 years old, Miss Marple was my idol. Some of you may know that my favourite detectives are Sherlock Holmes and Hercule Poirot. Of course Danielle Steele & Agatha Christie, my all time favourite writer

1989 15 JULY

EXAM

FEVER

One time I was taking a test and I borrowed a pencil from my teacher. When I finished, I walked up to my teacher's desk where he was busily engaged in reading something, and put the pencil back into one of the cups. About five minutes later, there was a gurgle and a shout and we all looked up. The teacher was holding up his coffee mug (filled with coffee) and the pencil was sticking out of it. He roared "WHO DID THIS?" as I shrank into my chair and the class simultaneously exploded, ultimately he blamed some kid who was always causing trouble. He told the teacher it was me, but the teacher didn't do anything.

MY TRYST WITH STILLETOS

I'm extraordinarily clumsy. Like, to a fault. So clumsy I trip over my own feet. So clumsy I run into parked cars. So clumsy I slip in the shower. I'm extraordinarily clumsy. I slip in the shower. I have a really big problem with stairs. It doesn't matter how big or small the staircase is, probability says I will fall up them (yeah, I fall *up* not down) or slightly misstep. For my senior school graduation, I was planning on wearing flats. I'm 5'7, so I usually don't wear heels. My friend, after some convincing, lent me her 4 inch heels, which were adorable, but they were ridiculously hard to walk in. Plus, she's a foot size smaller than me, so they hurt like hell. I went to a Catholic school, so the ceremony was held in a church. When my name was called to receive my diploma, I walked up the stairs no problem, but on my way back down I lost my footing, slipped, and landed on my butt in front of roughly 200 teachers, classmates, family, and friends. My principal had to help me back on my feet.

1996,

The year when my life took another turn, I was no more a school going kid, no more school uniform, no more prayers to start the day, no more assembly to listen to boring lectures from principal to start the day, no more 'Come in queue' during walk from assembly to classroom. This year turned me in a queen!, my monkey bones got activated as I had everything around to go naughty.

'Go and get admission in college' mama announced

'Alone?? I mean you coming with me right?'

'Wrong... Go and get things done, you can go with XYZ, she took name of a person whom I was aware, she was also a student of the same college'

'Ok cool' I said, and all set for me to fly

After completion of my Form I went to the office. There were some guys and girls sitting over there. they called me, when I reached there the senior girls told me that this person is our teacher, that teacher asked me some questions and showed me that I had learnt nothing. later on when I got back, I heard the girls laughing, saying he was just their class fellow and not a teacher... ..',..... he hee hee

I got admission without any problem.

It was a college, a beautiful college of a beautiful hill station, to be precise main campus of the university, so surroundings were always politically charged, lots of happenings everywhere.

I am not a hill person by birth, but hills have a charm which can make anyone fall in love with them, no pollution, sweet people, lovely nature and beautiful birds and vibrant life.

Got new teachers, new books, new dresses (wow) and on top of everything new friends to chatter. College was already started and I start cursing the girl who accompanied me to college during admission, Idiot, she told me so many stories about ragging in college, all seemed cool, it's been a week and we all settled in class well.

GOD always do wonders with me, something happens when you least expect that, else you keep waiting cracker will never blast. It was a beautiful morning, Zoology lecture was just finished and we were arranging note books to proceed for next lecture on Chemistry.

It only took fraction of a second, few girls and guys appeared in front of the whole class from no where.

'We are your SENIORS' one of bossy looking girl took the charge, what a tone; it shook us all, including my inner self. Class dropped dead, everyone turned silent listening to those words.

I was the one sitting on the first bench, first one in the row. 'Oh damn, why today why me again, GOD...' There was a panic; we all looked at each other to find out if someone can rescue us. There was no one, GOD escaped from window and left us in hand of butchers, who were calling themselves as seniors.

We all were sitting in the middle and seniors surrounded us in circle, they got settled on every corner to get a better view of the drama going to happen next.

GOD if you are there... I just remembered him again

Yes GOD was there, seniors picked the other side of row to start with, lots of questions some known tricks some unknown tricks to embarrass us, their giggles and laughs were adding in to our embarrassment.

First pick was a guy who danced, sang and replied to so many silly questions, next was a girl, who was holding my hand so tightly you can see marks till date (kidding), her grip was hurting me and see I had no chance to shout.

I kept my head down, trying to hide myself in myself only, felt if I can get disappeared somewhere, only if today I can make myself absent from class.

I became third in the row. Count down was already started. 3...2...1...

And it was my turn.

'Hey you', this was SJ the same girl who started talking. 'Get up' she pointed to me.

I slowly lifted my head to look at her ; it was a very slow reaction in response of her strong voice. I looked into her eyes.

'What's your name?' SJ asked again.

I kept looking at her. No answer.

'I don't have a habit to repeat things' she was on top of her voice. 'What is your name?'

GOD I should not be laughing, I thought... I lifted my shoulders in a gesture like 'I can't help it'

REPLY, SJ had gone mad.

I started enjoying it now.

I took my hand, put thumb in front of lips and sway my palms, making a symbol of can't talk

REPLY ME... she shouted again

I again made the same symbol.

She got the message. 'Ohhhh, is it so', all of sudden there was sympathy in every laughing eye.

'How come?? I mean since birth or some happening?' SJ felt so sorry for me.

I again created a symbol for telling her it's since birth.

'Oh ch ch ch ch' everyone gathered around me with a sad face.



'We are so sorry for all this' SJ was showing good girl inside her, 'but still we would like to know your name, if you feel ok?'

I took her diary she was holding in her hand, and wrote my name, it was most generous smile I could manage on that time to thank her for leaving me so soon.

'Poornima', she repeated my name, 'Thanks!!!'

Let's move guys, can't take things anymore', SJ was sad for me, and I was happy.

Every one of them moved out of the class leaving us smiling behind.

Wow !Poornima that was a great show, one of my friends called from other corner.

'Never mind dear' I happily replied.

### CAFETERIA STORY

I was eating a snack with my classmate

**Mean Girl #1:** "Ooooooh, a hamburger? So much for that diet."

**Mean Girl #2:** "Are you kidding? She's never been on a diet in her life!"

*(The third girl who they are talking to is, for the record, very nice looking.)*

**Girl #3:** *\*taken aback\** "I...I worked out today. I need the protein."

**Me:** "Come on, leave her alone. She can eat whatever she wants!"

**Mean Girl #1:** "Yeah, I guess you don't have to worry about what you eat if you're already fat and ugly!"

*(One of my senior college mates has been listening from a distance. He walks over, looks all three girls up and down, and then turns to the third.)*

**College Guy :** "Excuse me, miss, but do you think I could get your phone number?"

**Girl #3:** "Are you serious?"

**College Guy:** "Completely! Who wouldn't want a date with a beautiful girl who knows how to take care of herself?"

### MY FIRST ADMIRER

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