



my C H A N D A
MUMMA
mother and child

Short Story By

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Bond between Mother and Child
is my Chanda Mumma

“My Chanda Mumma”

Everything seems to be very amazing and beautiful to a kid, the huge twirling trees, the colourful rainbow, the moving vehicles all attract them. Feelings of the small kids are full of innocence and purity which don't have logics. Friends, Teachers, School, Those Playgrounds, Fights with bestie, Support we get, Fear of Exams and the list goes on, all becomes our part of life. It is the most priceless feelings which we experience in our golden days i.e. childhood which is never going to reappear. As we grow up we keep on missing those days in life and finally it becomes the treasured journey we had, When a child starts growing up it make their parents to grow as well.

Sometimes people get married at a very premature age even before they understand what life is. But when a child is born

to them, it automatically makes them matured in certain ways. Same thing happened to me which made me more matured when my Manasi was born. She is mere four year kid but she clarified and taught me some lesson in my life.

This is Ragini Sharma from South Mumbai, 32, Bachelor (Yes! You read it correct, still unmarried), Manasi is born from my heart not from my womb, I am a Single Mother, and I found Manasi at the footsteps of Krishna Mandir when she was only two years of age. I took the decision to take care of her by taking legal approval from family court. My daughter Manasi came to me when I was settled as finance head in private limited company, my career was on the peaks, every meetings, planning or any important discussion held in the office, my opinions placed a very important part which I enjoyed a lot. Once I had an important meeting in my office where some major decisions were about to get finalized, so early morning around 4.30 a.m. I went to Krishna Mandir to seek his blessings on me (been a strong devotee of him).

I saw a small baby girl in her pink frock was lying in the footsteps with no one around her, she was crying with her

peaks. I lifted her and started searching for her parents but no one responded. When I met the pujari of the temple, his reply led me to think what to do. He informed that this is not the first time that people left their children here, this is seventh time this has happened. The part which made me feel more negative towards the society is that all were girl child. No baby boy were thrown like this on the footsteps.

Pujari Ji accompanied me to the police station to file missing report of the child. We left the police station and when I reached my home taking the child, my parents were shocked to see me with the baby. They started arguing with me which was not less than third world war. I declared that till police finds her parents, she is gonna stay with me, even if her parents didn't found till the considered time than Police will take away this child to the orphanage. It was just the matter of few more days. My parents agreed to this conditions but their love for the child was real. My Mumma took her to the room and showed me how to take care of the kid, how to make her sleep, how to feed her the food, I really wanted to learn all this.

When I made the baby to sleep properly on my bed, I saw the beautiful smile on her face which reminded me of my childhood. I use to look exactly like her, with those expressing eyes, beautiful lips, fair with her skin. Something touched my heart for her and I wanted her to stay with me. I wanted to relive my childhood in form of this baby, the things which I couldn't do due to the financial conditions of my family, I wanted this girl to do it on my behalf. Like every mother thinks to relive her life by seeing her daughter doing it. I had an emotional attachment with that Baby Girl from the time she came into my life.

During all this complicated situation I forget about the meeting that needs to be done in office, I had to rush there, so I requested mom to take care of the poor girl. When I was back she was sleeping again it was late night. In the morning I use to play with her first and then leave to office, the same thing repeated evening in the evening when I come back from office I used to be with her. Slowly this became our routine, she became part of our life, my dad use to play with her all day and all night. They started treating her as their own granddaughter, which made me happy instantly.



A mother is always
"THE BEST TEACHER"

Days passed by but we received no information about her parents, I was somewhere feeling happy about it. Finally the day arrived in my life when it was the time to either let Manasi go or fight with my parents to adopt her. The days went hard on me my parents were standing against my decision. Somewhere the poor girl has won my mom hearts and she got ready to adopt her but my father denied and refused to give her his name. My mom stood by my side and allowed me to give my name to her. So from that day she is known as Manasi Ragini Sharma, it was my mumma who gave the beautiful name to my child as Manasi. Everything changed from that day, all my financial insecurities regarding Manasi education, my parent's health, and my marriage was all at stake. Somewhere I had the confidence that I will fulfill my dream by doing hard work.

We live in the society where everyone is interested in others life, they have an immense interest in the problems that others are facing in their life. They will drag it, stretch it and later interfere in such a way which will create another image of you in the society. People will start pin pointing every step that is being taken, suddenly you will realize that you became the hot topic of gossips in the society.

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The unmarried girl took the decision to adopt the baby girl made an astounding effect on the society and soon they all made me the showstopper in the entire Thane District.

Manasi came as God send Child to me and because of her appearance in my life God planned more success to me. Soon my office promoted me as CEO of the company. I was settled financially as well as personally, Work pressure increased due to which I was not able to spend more time with Manasi, but thank god my mom took all her responsibility. I was earning for them, for my parents, for my daughter and for myself. I lost entire year of her childhood in earning money for her future. One thing changed during this period when she first time called me “Mumma”, it was an awesome feeling in the entire world. If you will ask me to choose between the other happiness required in life or to hear Mumma from Manasi. Without any consideration I would definitely choose the later part.

Things were moving with the rapid speed, being the CEO it will never allow you to have time for yourself, it is 24/7 time job, you need to be available anytime. I didn't wanted to stake my career by any means, so I started giving more and more

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time in the office. Time passed so fast that I wouldn't be able to see my Manasi, who now has turned four years old and I missed all her golden moments. One fine evening when my Mumma was not well and she was suffering from high fever, Dad was not in town. No one was there to take care of my child, Mumma too required rest as she was continuously working from past three years, I didn't take any single leave from my office. So, I informed my office colleagues to take care for a few more days, I am on leave.

**"Children are the
only reason
for mother to do
what they are doing"**



I spend the entire day with my family, she is such a cute angel, and she started speaking with her cutest voice. She declared everything that her Granny taught her, she sang poems, she dances to the tunes, she sings the songs and she gets angry too. I never knew my daughter was enjoying her life with her Granny. Her Granny was little better now since morning.

It was their daily routine in the evening whenever my Mumma use to feed her the food they would be sitting in the balcony. Her Granny use to narrate her the stories of Chanda Mama (The Moon) and she use to look the moon constantly. Today, it was my turn and I was very bad in telling stories. I knew some of the stories which I heard in my childhood but I didn't remember instantly. So, I tried to show her the Video, You tube but my Manasi didn't like Phones or Videos, she was more attached to Listening Stories.

So, taking the food I requested her to tell me the stories that she heard from her Granny, I know she is very small and in fact she could not say the entire sentence that she heard from her Granny. I wanted to know what she understands from the stories, how she talks, I wanted to listen her which I

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missed from past two years, she started narrating with little stammering while repeating the words.

She said, the story is about “My Chanda Mumma”. I laughed immediately and corrected her that it is not My Chanda Mumma, it is My Chanda Mama. She didn't listened and said, no Mumma it is “My Chanda Mumma”. Arguing with the small kid is mere not possible so I let her speak.

“Mumma, Chanda Mumma stays here in our Balcony, I see her everyday”

“Manasi Beta, “Chanda Mumma stays in the sky, they don't have home”?

“No Mumma, Granny said me Chanda Mumma stays here only with us”. I was shocked to hear that her Granny was saying her that I was her Chanda Mumma which was a kind of strange. Shocked at my mom description where she was comparing me with Chanda Mama.

She continued, “Mumma, you see the lighting thing in the sky is called Chanda Mumma, which comes every night and spread light in everyone life, She never comes in the day .

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because we cannot see her. She is working all day and all night for me and my bright future. She works so hard that sometimes she never returns home. She is working for me but she don't come to meet me. She sits in the balcony but she never talks to me. I cried for her one day but she didn't came down to me”

It was confirmed that My Manasi was missing me more than I did, I wanted to know what her Granny told her about my absence in her life.

“Manasi, what Granny said about you Chanda Mumma, what else you know about your Chanda Mumma”

“Mummmaaaaa..... Water... I need Water..... The thing is very spicy, I don't like it” She ran away to her Granny.

Her Granny made her to drink water and she lifted her in the arms and came back to balcony where I was sitting with some sad expression on my face. I was sad that I don't know what my baby like, what my baby eats, how she eats and when she drink water. As usual my Mumma came to my rescue and she continued the other half story of Chanda Mumma.

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“Manasi, Chanda Mumma has come today to meet you, to see you smiling, to see you dancing, to see you eating”. She started playing with Manasi and in between she started to feed her food and in between some water”.

Manasi came to me and started describing further about her Chanda Mumma, She said, "Mumma, You know Chanda Mumma is same like you, she comes only in the evening, she don't talk to me, she stays so far that I can't reach her. Why Mumma you do all this to me? You don't like me naa? "

I took her in my arms and tears rolled down my eyes, I fought for her from everyone and I wanted to give her everything in life but I couldn't able to see her sad. It was for her future and I was ignoring her present which seems very painful. She was missing me every day and every night and I was thinking she is happy with her Granny but the place which Mother takes in child's heart can't be replaced by anyone. I was so wrong in making her future good instead spoiling her present.

My mother saw tears in my eyes and trying to make Manasi sleep in the balcony itself, she was singing something which

Manasi like and within moments she slept in her lap and my mumma took her to the bed, I accompanied her when she started saying,

“Being a mother in today’s time is a challenging job, you have to deal with this thing because you made this choice. Now you need to balance both the things, professionally as well as personally. We all know you have office pressures on you but Manasi is also your responsibility which you took it lovingly. I know you are working very hard for her and for us but it is also necessary to show that you love us not in the form of money but by spending time with us”.

She continued, “Ragini, always you need to keep in mind that Money can’t buy all the happiness that you want, sometime you miss all the golden moments which you can never recollect in your life and you lost Manasi childhood by two years. Still, you have time with you handle everything before it is too late. I made Manasi to understand about the Chanda Mumma but when she will grow up she will understand that you gave all the importance to your office, you gave importance in earning more money and you ignore her for her own sake which may be she would not like”.

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I became silent after listening to my mother's side which was all true, I don't know why but I could see my mother's eyes too which conveyed me many things. I realized the day I got busy with my new life, responsibilities and new activities, I didn't thought of anything else. The main reason was my Mumma, I knew she will be always there for me. I never thought even for a second, maybe she needs me more than I needed her. She missed me all this years as I was her best friend till then. I never asked her if she had any issues or problems in her life, what she wanted or what makes her happy. Even when I use to call her from office, it was only to ask about Manasi.

Today, I am realizing how does it feels when being ignored by your own child, I couldn't take it for one day. At the same time I am feeling guilty how I have hurted my parents focusing on other things. Somewhere I also knew that my Mumma is the only person in the world who makes things perfect in life. She made me understood work is important to be financially important but not always, especially keeping everything on stake of our own family members happiness. Now, it is my turn to pacify everything with everyone around me.

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I understood what my Mumma wanted me to say, I saw the truth which I kept ignoring from my mother eyes. I don't want Manasi to called me as Chanda Mumma instead I would love to be called only as Mumma that only to my cutie pie. I finally decided to take care of her and my family and devote less time to anything else.



Moral of the Story

Earning Money is definitely necessary in today's life and to live our life with high standards is everyone's dream but looking after small children is equally important too. To make children grow is itself a big task and to grow them in the healthy environment is like using permanent marker, you just need to write anything once and that writing stays lifetime, you cannot erase it afterwards. Likewise, once the child goes into the wrong directions and if they start believing in wrong values and traditions, it cannot be corrected. This is the crucial stage where every child needs attention and care. Only mother can take care of her child and fathers can show which route to choose in life.

So, my request to Every Parents is Take Care of your Little Angels in the Home and Never Try to Behave and Never Try to become their Chanda Mumma or Chanda Mama. They need you more than your Office and more than anything else. Take Care.

AT THE END YOU WILL
REALIZE MOTHER IS ALWAYS
A GREAT FRIEND



M Y C H A N D A

Mumma

A child is a pure gem, their emotions are natural and transparent. What colors you fill in them, they become like that, if you want your child to grow up peacefully and in a healthy environment, you need to read this story called "My Chanda Mumma". This short story beautifully explains the emotions of a child while growing up. This story ends up with a life learning lessons for the readers.

Keep Reading and Enjoy.....

J Y O T I L A N K A