

WALKS

THROUGH

LIFE

STORIES

SANTHOSH K. KOMARAJU

Copyright © 2019 by Santhosh Komaraju

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Rise of Motherhood

(Sample story from the book – Walks Through Life: Stories)

Shantan was hurrying up his ten-year old son, Ekala, to eat his dinner so he could go to bed. Since last year, father and son would eat their dinner without the other members of the family. Ekala's mother's death left his father a widower, who then had sole custody of his son. From that day forward, Shantan had to take on an additional role of providing both paternal and maternal shades of affection. But, that job was not going well.

"Finish up your dinner soon. It's time to go to bed," said Shantan to his son. "Saraya is waiting for you."

Saraya was a caretaker appointed after his wife's death to look after Ekala. Her excellent ability to handle children convinced Shantan to leave his son in her care every night in order to engage in his usual nocturnal activities.

The son, who was used to this behavior, knew this would be one more night without his father by his side. But, today he did not want his father to leave. He wanted him to sing lullabies and narrate bedtime stories sitting by his side. He was in desperate need of father/son interaction.

"Father, I want you to be with me tonight and tell me a bedtime story. Please, father, please...", pleaded the son, as Saraya was keenly observing them from the other

room. She very well knew what excuses Shantan would come out with as she was not new to his lying tendencies.

Shantan replied, "I cannot do it today as I have to go out to work. But, surely, I will stay with you and tell you many stories tomorrow," he lied so as to calm his son in that moment. Though these kind of excuses generally tempted Ekala to deviate a bit every night, tonight he expressed stubbornness.

"But, you say the same thing every day," said Ekala with a heavy sigh. "Can you at least read me a bedtime story before you leave?"

"No, son, I cannot," Shantan replied as he signaled Saraya to pick him and take to his bed. "As I said, I will stay with you tomorrow night, but today I have to go. Go to bed. I will tuck in the sheets, so you can sleep.

Hurry up, Saraya, take him to bed," said Shantan, as he hurried toward the door.

Saraya walked in and comforted Ekala in her arms as Shantan left for the night.

Saraya let out a heavy sigh, as she took Ekala straight to bed and did her usual routine of putting him to sleep. He questioned her, "Why does father have to work every night?" The question was straightforward, but the answer could not be.

So, she softly said, "As how I work at night, so does your father."

That answer was a bit convincing, but could not provide any relief for his disappointment.

Ekala sighed softly in response to her explanation. Saraya knew she had to alter his mood as soon as possible so he would not ask any more questions. So, she enacted some of his favorite characters from the bedtime stories she told in the past, in a comical way so as to bring some cheer. That worked out well.

The ten-year old boy forgot about his misery temporarily for that night and slipped into sleep. Saraya then slipped into her thoughts about the boy's future under the shade of his inconsiderate father, as she dozed off right next to his bed.

That night passed by, and the next one came in.

Ekala again displayed signs of desperation to be with his father that night, either at home or with him at his workplace. He said to his father, who, by this time, was furious seeing that he was not in bed yet, "Father, can I come with you? I will not disturb you at work. I will sleep any place you ask me to. I just want to be with you tonight."

Saraya was doing the same thing as last night, listening in on their conversation. Today, she felt she might hear something different than usual from the father. Because of the level of desperation Ekala displayed that night, Shantan had to satisfy him to some extent, before taking him down with his usual set of lies.

Due to the persistent adavance from Ekala, Shantan had no choice but to take him to the place he had to be that night, a brothel, which was not an appropriate place for a ten-year old. While he claimed that

it was his workplace to disguise his shame, he was actually going there as a needy guest.

So, he said, “Ok, I will take you with me. But, promise me you will stay in the one place I choose for you to be, and never step away from there until I come to pick you up in the morning. You will have to sleep there no matter how uncomfortable you feel. It will not be the same as the cot you sleep in at our home. It will be much worse.”

These words were directed to elicit doubt in his son’s mind, in hopes he would back off. But, it didn’t go as planned. Ekala felt he won the battle. He was delighted when his father agreed to take him along that night.

Immediately, Ekala exclaimed, “Ok, father. I will behave as you say.”

And, now, Shantan had no choice but to take him. Saraya showed excitement about how things turned out. She was signaled to leave by Shantan, who, at this time, was preparing a plan of action for his son’s arrangements for that night’s custody at this unconventional place.

Father and son stepped into that ostentatious place together. That was not a common sight. As expected, the hosts of the house were surprised to see a ten-year old walking in their hallway. Ekala, who could not judge any of them due to his innocence, exchanged smiles with everyone on the way. They, too, returned a big smile, trying to be nice, but raised their eyebrows at Shantan, questioning his son’s presence.

Expecting such doubtful looks, Shantan took his son into a large open hall and said, "You have to stay here until I come back. Do not go anywhere."

Ekala nodded, as he gazed at the pretentious decorations lurking everywhere in that house.

Shantan left to go upstairs and, in a while, returned with a lady who was adorned heavily. Sounds from the clinking of the ornaments reverberated in the hall, as she slowly walked down the steps. Her eyes glared at the boy with a sharp look as she descended the stairs. Her pretentious attire unsettled Ekala to some extent, but he hid that and acknowledged her with a smile as she closed in on him and his father.

"Oh, he is such a wonderful boy. I will not have any problem looking after him tonight," she exclaimed, as she rubbed her hand gently on Ekala's head. That comforted the ten-year old to an extent. Shantan was relieved after handing over his son's responsibility to someone he could trust, none other than the owner of the house.

Shantan said to his son, "Ekala, she is a very nice lady. Do not give her any trouble."

"Oh, stop, this boy is a charm."

These statements provided solace for Ekala, but he was still disappointed that his father was leaving him here with her. He looked unpleasantly at his father, who walked hurriedly upstairs until the door of the room he entered was shut.

Ekala walked heavily with his assigned caretaker toward a room that looked like the most pretentious one

in the house. As he entered with her, Ekala asked, “When will my father come back?”

“He will return once he is done with his job.”

“When will he be done?”

“Hmm... I do not know what job he was assigned to today. Perhaps, in an hour or two.”

“One or two hours... or more than that?” Ekala kept up with his questioning.

The owner of the house further realized the need to break the flurry of questions that would surely follow, so she attempted to divert his attention toward several pretentious objects lying around the room. Unfortunately, considering the purpose of the household, she did not find many baubles to satisfy the kid, who was currently bubbling with severe disappointment. Unless something was brought up that would bring him closer to his father, his current state would not be altered.

She slowly realized the challenge that was being presented. She needed assistance, probably a woman somewhat younger than she, with more patience, who could be playful and engage him until he slipped into his usual sleep routine. But, the glittery reflections everywhere were not conducive toward her mission.

So, she called for a gang of women who were relieved from their duties that night, and they gladly accepted to volunteer for his care. As she stepped out, the group engulfed Ekala to engage him in playful activities. Everyone tried to lure the kid into their play, but it grew more boring every minute for him with their pretentious

acts. After a while, he sat rigid with little expression on his face, declaring their failure in the assigned task.

Considering their unconvincing attempts, they quickly lost interest. Finally, they all left the room, leaving him all by himself. That was not the agreement made during the handover by his father, but none could handle him for long.

Leaving him alone did not amuse Ekala. So, he stepped out and slowly climbed the stairs proceeding toward the direction his father went, smiling at everyone on his way, until he made a stop when he heard his father's voice. He could sense his father's presence in the room to his left. So, he knocked on the door in anticipation of seeing his father as the door opened.

Instead, a well-adorned lady with a pleasant smile greeted him. Surprised by his presence, she asked him what he needed. Ekala replied that he came here for his father. Seeing her questionable face move in his direction, Shantan explained to her the prior events that took place at home, and also in the hall earlier.

She asked Shantan to leave while she took care of putting the boy to sleep. She requested that he not return until she signaled him.

He was reluctant to leave. "How can a woman like you manage an adamant child? You are in no position to handle him," Shantan said.

She rolled her eyes at his disrespect and swayed her head gently, indicating that she wanted him to leave the room immediately. Before leaving, Shantan said to

Ekala, "Son, she is a very nice lady. Behave yourself and do not give her any trouble."

She took the boy inside. Looking at her, Ekala said, "You sure look like my mother, especially the way you smile. She used to tell me many stories during bedtime."

Her emotions were slightly rattled upon hearing those words. People in the house were not used to such sweet voices filled with innocence. Her motherly essence spilled out as she looked at the child's condition. She hugged him instantly and started conversing with him so as to make him comfortable in her arms.

The boy, who was incapable of understanding her unethical qualities, had already made himself comfortable, and treated her temporarily as his mother. Both were savoring every moment of their rendezvous. Every word the child spoke was fired at her like a welcome bullet, piercing her unscrupulous body with affection.

For a while, she lifted her impious facade and played a motherly role. They were having a good time exchanging conversations with each other.

She sang lullabies, which Ekala warmly received. The severe emotional drought that he had been experiencing was gradually being replenished. The more she sang, the more he craved.

Ekala, whose mood was turned around compared with the last couple hours, now placed himself in a comfortable position with her and said, "You remind me of my mother. She is a loving person like you. Once, I did not see her for a whole day. When asked where she went,

my father said she left us and went to a different world, and she would never come back again. To this day, I do not know why she went without telling me."

She hugged him a little closer to her body to give him additional comfort at this time. That movement had come naturally to her, evoking maternal compassion as opposed to her unnatural routine that she routinely dispatched for her needy guests. Ekala continued to behave as he did, and the woman, attuned to his frequencies, reciprocated as needed.

Ekala continued, "From that day onward, my father never stayed home at night. I think he was upset because my mother was not coming back. Is my father coming to meet you every night while he leaves me alone?"

Consumed with shame and guilt, she replied, "Yes."

Ekala then said, "If so, why don't you come and stay with us? You can sing lullabies to me every night. We can play all the time. You do remind me of my mother. You are also a sweet person like her. Please, can you come and stay with us? My father will be home every night if you stay with us. Please, please, can you come?" pleaded the kid with an innocent face.

The flood of emotions displayed by the child overwhelmed the woman, as well as the father who was listening to this conversation from outside the room. Both understood what they were doing to Ekala. In their hour together, Ekala forced her to expose her maternal side.

The purity that was concealed inside was now revealed by the unethical woman, which was how she was always referred to by mature society. But, that society never tried to see what this child saw in her. At this moment, she was transforming into a mother, the purest form a woman could ever be. By the end of the night, the transformation was fructified.

It was not just the lady, but Shantan himself who was altered by this occurrence. Until now, he had only been thinking about himself and his despair, which he chose to overcome through unethical involvement with this woman.

No one in that house tried to stop these transformations, including the owner. Once they were united by passion, in the form of this ten-year old boy, nothing could separate them. The bond was now tightly sealed, and they were allowed to walk out of the house freely as one collective unit.

From the next night on, the father never had to return for his exploits, the lady host never had to be seen in that house again, and the son did not sleep alone. Mayura, the woman who was now becoming a responsible mother, transformed along with the father, Shantan, and the son, Ekala, to become a family. Saraya was no longer needed as her night duty had been relieved. She had wondered about the boy's future the previous day, and, the next day, she abolished that concern, once and for all. One night deemed enough to alter the destinies of all of them!

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Before introducing myself, I would like to thank you for being part of my authorship. Your reading certainly makes my writing whole.

My sole intention behind writing is to learn as much as possible by continuing to write. And then learn, write and then learn again, write again... I hope the learning continues, and, hence, the writing. If there is something that fills my bucket, which can be either fiction or non-fiction, I will gladly undertake it.

The inspiration behind my writing comes from my interaction with Hindu mythology. I believe mythology does not just offer us historical events but, rather, a set of valuable lessons that are often interwoven within the details. Past events offer great wisdom for future generations. Once those teachings are realized, we understand that the bad happened for a very good reason. Thus, we are constantly being haunted by the bad so as to get motivated to do good. We are fortunate to have all these Hindu Vedic teachings in the form of ancient scriptures— Shrithis, Smrithis, Puranas and Upanishads. Many ancient Hindu sages handed over these valuables through their divine vision so that we have guidance readily available to us in every walk. If they are to be ignored, we are losing out on the treasure of our lifetime.

That being said, our thirst for learning is ever-growing with this tremendous source of axioms left at our disposal. The deeper we go, the more we find that there is more to learn—infinity learning, as I call it. There is no chance for boredom, as each level of knowledge pushes us to the next as we crave more.

I hope you rejoiced the sample story. As for what is coming next, there are stories that can take us beyond the accepted truth, a tower that speaks volumes for its visitors, carrying with it many more ideas in their inception. I am looking forward to the next set of my writings and, at the same time, the learnings that it produces. So, more ideas are waiting to come alive.

You can follow my future writings by joining my [mailing list](#) on my website. You can also contact me through the website contact form. Below is my online address:

<https://www.santhoshkomaraju.com/>

I hope to meet you again in my next story.

Please find below some of the book reviews and links to buy the book on Amazon if you are interested to read more stories.

WALKS THROUGH LIFE - BOOK REVIEWS

"Compelling, smooth and very intricately woven." -

[Booxoul](#)

"An introduction to the author's craft and skill to draw a reader's attention to issues of varying nature." - [Merry](#)

[Brains](#)

"The language is formal, and almost fairy tale like which adds to the strong morals of the stories." - [Neoleaf](#)

[Press](#)

"The Book is just not about few life lessons or morals that it serves, it is also about being a reflection to our society, the light, the dark and the shadows!" -

[Cannonbeam](#)

"Serves you a set of short stories with a spectrum of ideas and thoughts to ponder upon." - [Criticspace](#)

Also, about 100+ positive reviews on Amazon & Goodreads.

BUY THE BOOK

amazon.in

amazon.com