

A Story becomes a Memory!

Rain drummed steadily against my black umbrella as I hurried down the sidewalk, clutching my backpack tightly against my chest. I made sure the library book tucked safely inside. I hadn't finished it yet, and the thought of a single raindrop soaking its pages made me quicken my pace.

I couldn't wait to get home, curled up in my cozy bed with a steaming cup of tea, and disappeared into its world once again. After all, it was a book by my favorite author, Arundhati Roy, a smile hit my face.

I admired her long before I read a single page of her work. Years ago, I had seen her photograph in the newspaper, standing fearlessly in the middle of a protest to protect the mountains. There was something unforgettable in her eyes. She wasn't simply writing about courage, she lived it.

Sometimes, though, I wondered if the person I admired most wasn't Ms. Rai herself, but her mother. What kind of woman raises a daughter with such compassion, conviction, and strength? I found myself respecting the mother who had nurtured someone capable of changing the world, one battle and one book at a time.

Fierce gust of wind pushed against my umbrella, forcing it sideways. Cold droplets slipped through, dampening my hair and brushing against my cheeks. But I barely noticed.

I started walking fast, thinking about Rahel and Estha, who had already won my heart. They were twins but different. Rahel carried questions in her eyes and refused to stop wondering about the world, while Estha carried silence like a heavy coat, speaking less as life asked more of him. Was I thinking like this? No, I was not. They were two children who loved each other deeply, but the adult world around them was complicated and unfair. I was sure, something beautiful was going to be broken, and the children carried that sadness forever.

I did not understand the politics, the social boundaries, or the weight of the injustices hidden between the pages. I only knew that two children, Rahel and Estha, felt unbearably lonely, and somehow their sadness stayed with me. Years later, I understood what my younger self could only feel that some stories enter our hearts before our minds are ready to understand them.

My life has changed since then. I have read countless books, traveled through different worlds created by words, and explored life in ways I could never have imagined at ten years

old. Yet, Rahel and Estha stayed with me. Their affectionate bond, their quiet courage, and the pain they carried remained somewhere in my heart.

I still remember how their world changed after their mother's forbidden love, the loss of their cousin Sophie, and the unfair suffering of Velutha. When I first read their story, I did not have the words to explain why it hurt me. I only felt the loneliness, the injustice, and the unbreakable connection between the twins.

Years later, I understood that the story was not merely about a family tragedy. It was about love that defied boundaries, the innocence of childhood, the scars left by loss, and the wounds that children carry long after childhood ends. Some stories do not leave us when we finish reading them; they grow with us. Rahel and Estha were those stories for me.

And today, I find myself sitting here, on the other side of the world, far away from those mountains, listening to a new audiobook by Arundhati Roy, "Mother Mary Comes to Me". Yet somehow, I am still wandering through the world of "The God of Small Things".

So much has changed, the places I have lived, the person I have become, But some things remain unchanged. The Rain and My Favorite Author!

A story became a memory, and a memory became a part of me.