

The Puddles Have Seen Us Grow

It would be the first rumble of the monsoon, and seven - year old me would spring up from her chair, wear her shoes, and fly to the playground. There was no need to call her friends downstairs. The lightning was their message and the thunder was their warning. Each one of them would run around in the mud, risking their lives for something that would probably only last a moment, but the memory would last a lifetime. Little did the tiny kids know that their lives would change. Little did they know that the world would change.

I still go out to dance in the rain. I still close my eyes, face the sky and breathe the scent of the mud in, and I'm practically double that age. Something hits me harder than the rain. Something gives me this feeling that I want time to halt for a moment, to justify its complexity. It's something we all have felt, one day or another. It's something that takes us down memory lane, deciding if we want to relive it or not. It's nostalgia. Nostalgia of the "good times", of the times we would die to go back to. It's interesting that not even a decade has passed, and so much has changed. Our names, written on paper boats, would float on the flowing water that led to a place no one knew. It's strangely wonderful how so much has altered around us and within us, but some special things never changed, and I'm hoping they never do.

It takes courage and time to digest that along with us, the world is also growing. A new side of us means a new side of the world. Yet, one basic principle of all life that has existed on this planet, has never, and will never change. It is the human art of finding unusual joy in tiny things. Tiny things that shape you to handle the big ones. It doesn't take more than a moment to bring a smile back to a tensed face by letting the drops touch one's skin. Seven - year old me would probably be wondering why dancing in the rain is such a big deal for me now. Little does she know that this is the art and peculiarity of life.

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