

A Small Village Girl

Around 100 years ago, a little girl named Rama (one who makes you revel) lived in a small remote Indian village. She had a very rough start in life. She had no idea who her father was and felt abandoned when people poked fun at her father. She could not go to school because her mother did not have the money to send her to school. She wore the tatters and went hungry to bed on most nights. She understood her mother's plight and helplessness and was determined to always be happy regardless of the situation. In spite of all her troubles, she had hope, which kept a smile on her face no matter what the situation.

As a child, Rama would get lost in the world of music, which she would listen to on the streets. Her mother was a servant at a rich merchant's house. They would allow little Rama to be in the back yard close to the compound wall. She helped her mother with certain chores, which could be done outside the merchant's house in the yard. While helping her mother with her duties she would hear one particular haunting melodious song coming from the temple nearby. This went on for a long time. She soon learned this tune and realized that whenever she sang this song she was quickly transported to a magical hill where she could listen to any music of her choice. So whenever Rama was sad, she hummed this tune and was transported instantly for a short period of time before she would be brought back to her wretched life on earth. This is how her interest and aptitude for music became great and within no time she had a great repertoire of music. Rama sang many new songs effortlessly while washing clothes or doing some household chore in the backyard. She was unaware of the raw talent that she possessed.

One day while she was engrossed in a new song while washing a big drum, a visiting drama troop overheard her beautiful voice from across the street and they stood there spellbound. They enquired after her and after hearing her life's story they readily let her become part of their troop. The head of the troop knew that Rama was their crown jewel. She was all of twelve years of age. Her mother bid her farewell knowing that this was the best she could do for her child.

Rama toiled hard and was loved by everybody in the troop. She often hummed that special song when she was sad and was transported to that magical hill which was now her home away from home. Very soon she got her next break and started performing in various dramas, which took her to the big screen as a comedian. All her life's hardship made her see life with a sense of humor. She made millions laugh with jokes that sprung from the grim realities of her own life. Then her life took a turn. After having a child with her husband, he left her for another woman just like what happened to her own mother. She raised her child as a single mother and attained fame and fortune. But she never forgot that little tune and visited that hill even when she

sad. Her career was flourishing; her personal life was in shambles. Her son had become dissipated, though he had nurtured him with all the love and care that he could have the childhood she never had. She felt that her life was empty and useless. All her hope had vanished. On stage she put on her “stage” face and played her role perfectly to bring laughter to people.

She thought people needed a dose of humor and so she transformed her personality when she was on stage and continued to make millions laugh. One day, just as she finished her role and exited the stage, she had a heart attack and fell on the floor. Rama hummed that magical tune one last time. She had reached her home on the hill, but her body lay dead on the theatre steps. Thus ended her sad life. Her son lay in their home, drunk, not even knowing of his great mother's death. Neither did he seem to care when the news came to him. Friends performed the cremation, while her son still lay in bed at her mansion. Rama lived on the musical hill happily ever after.