



Where is

my



papa?

A NOVEL FROM SATISH NOMULA

WHERE IS MY PAPA?

Himanshu Pandit, a school going boy, standing for a military School bus, on the road. Bus driver never stops the bus, boy had run's towards bus and he stand in the front of the bus.

"Pandit you had not allowed in this bus to travel, school management as issued a notice not to allow in this bus. Sorry, Pandit.

"What I had done? What this punishment?"

"I am a vehicle driver, if you had any doubts, you can contact your class teacher, and I had late. Bye! "

Himanshu starts running, towards school and he reached before the school bus,
Driver becomes surprised.

"How you had come here?"

"I had no vehicle, but I had guts to run speedily, my angry is my speed, but school had shaming my guts, before my school mates.

"Your father is not loyal to his job, as military man, he had supported our country enemies but on humanitarian grounds, you had allowed in this school to study.

“Tell me, Where is my papa?”

“You father already died, on terrorist attack”.

“No, my papa has not died, if he had died, where our father is died?”

“Pandit I had no information about your father dead body, your are question bank

I am not an Answer bank. Please leave me”.

After school assembly, Himanshu enters into class room, all the Himanshu classmates hate him, he sit beside a door in a bench, and Himanshu sit single in full bench. Class teacher enters into the class room.

“Good morning teacher”

“Very good Morning children, please take you seats children”

“Thank you, teacher”

“Tell me tomorrow lesson, moral of the story”

Teacher saw all students silent, but Himanshu raise his hand.

“What happened children tell me, the moral of the story; you not studied the moral of story?”

“I had studied the moral of the story; I am ready to tell the moral of story, teacher.

“Where are studied your father’s moral of the story, but we can’t accept your answer, just keep quiet and listen, what I had told?”

“Why are you connecting my studies, with my father’s moral of the story teacher?”

“Don’t waste my time, I am not ready to give answer’s to your questions, you not had right to do discuss with me. Don’t disturb the class with your personal questions, pandit”

Pandit, eyes are filled with tears and he start crying, all students saw him and they started laughing.

“Pandit gets out, from my class and kneels down in front of the class door”

Himanshu Kneels down in the front of the class door, all his classmates through the paper balls on him.

After completing his school hours, Himanshu comes out from the school gate.

He starts running towards his house and reaches his house. Himanshu hugs, his grandfather and starts crying

“Where is my papa? Grandfather, all my classmates and teachers are insulting me with their words and punishments”

“Don’t worry my son, your father is a great soldier, and you’re the great soldier son. Your father had two gold medals, for his bravery. Unfortunately these people are insulting, your father braveness and loyalty. One day these people know, your father greatness and braveness”

“How they know my father braveness and loyalty? Where are the proofs and where is my papa?”

“When time comes, truth will come out, one day this nation identify, your father greatness and braveness. Till we want to wait! Believe in God and believe in truth, My son”.

“I can’t control my emotions, if anybody insults my father braveness, how many days; I want live like this grand pa?”

“Don’t worry! I will admit you in a nearby private school, they will never insult you”

“My father and your son served, this country putting his life on danger but you insulting his braveness, by changing my school. I had full rights to study, in a military school but I am also a Indian, I know how to struggle for freedom for myself. This is my nation where the freedoms fly in sky, but there is

no freedom for truth. I will insulted, but I never my change my school. I had born to brave soldier his name is” Veernder pandit” I also ready to scarify, my life for this country. I know how to handle the school teachers and class mates, but don’t change my school, I requesting you Grand pa.”

“I proud of you; you had no mother and father, I appreciated your self confidence. You’re the brave boy, I had never seen before. I will never change your school. Study well I am with you, go and change your dress and take your books, do your home work, if you any doubts ask me, I will clarifies your doubts go my son”.

“Grand pa my father, had not died, he had killed by somebody but enemies never kills him. Enemies know the braveness of my papa. I will never accept my father has died in Enemies hand.

“I also know my son, had not died in Enemies hand, but while the fire exchange between two country boarders, while your father fighting with Enemies, I don’t know what happened? Army had not given any information and they had not found the dead body”.

“My papa is not died at boarder, he had died or not but, all my classmates and teachers are insulting my Papa. He had supported the enemies. So I getting very angry they are blaming father braveness. How I will live by hearing this type of insults, regarding my papa, tell me grand pa”.

“I understand your emotions, my son but we want to bear the insulting for some days. If you had any problem in the school, please inform to me. I will talk with school management. I will explain about your sadness, so they can understand, they will support you without any conditions, without punishments and without insulting words.

“They had targeted our family, any time they talk false statement regarding our family. What had they know about the papa. Grand pa any time the telling our papa is liar, but any how I will bear the insult ,from today onwards I will never cry in front of you, shall I go to my room.

O.k. My sons go I take some rest; I will come to you after, your home work as completed.



Himanshu opens his father trunk box, where his father carried his trunk box, while is doing the job in the army. He found in the box some books; some cloth and he saw a found some photos, two photos are belongs to receiving the gold medals, from the army major and last photo is regarding his papa childhood photo, wearing a watch at his hand.

“This is your papa photo; he had taken this photo, when he completed his tenth standard. I had gifted him a watch; you can see this watch in this photo.

End of Preview.

Rest of the book can be read @
<http://kinige.com/book/Where+Is+My+Papa>

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