



TRUTH THAT NEVER LIES IS LOVE

**MADE**  
For Each Other

JUSTROY

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# **AN UNFULFILLED RENDEZVOUS**

Hi,

I am Bobby here.

I was never as simple as my name 'Bobby' reverberates. I have been haughty as none could ever imagine despite the fact that I am born in a middle class family. Haughty in the sense that I felt regal more of me and was proud of being myself rather than being vainglorious. When I say middle class, I am deliberately eluding the fact that I am from the lowest class of the social strata. No family in our parish, Nelliode, was poorer than our family.



Many people who first met me have thought I am as orthodox as my name 'Boby' resounds their ears. But I never gave an easy catch to anybody.

Those who happen to acquaint well with me, felt that this guy is smarter. But I was never smarter the way they thought of me. My quirks and streaks have always been a dismay to the expectations of many. When people wished to see me perform, I did the least whereas when people gave up their expectation on me, I simply dazzled everybody's sight with the mesmerizing performance of mine. But it was merely accidental—a fact which I alone know. I never deliberated to give the world such an endless series of untoward shows that simply enthralled it with excitements and surprises and rattled it with shocks and disappointments. I often feel that my *raison d'être* is to give the world surprises—surprises of all sorts.

I, now, sorely feel that I am a royal blood born in a poor family. But no one paid me royal respects, for they could not find anything royal in me. Having born into a poor Christian family, I had a long journey of struggle to bring my life to this level. I belonged to Roman Catholic denomination of Christian who follows the Zero Malabar Rites in prayers. We have no caste in record, but have caste and class on mind.



According to the caste and class of the mind, we were the lowest. The royal blood, in the lowest caste with an extortionate proportion of noble qualities, had a tough journey to overhaul the system and take the lead.

Though my sartorial elegance surpassed the sense of all my peers which gave them a tough job to compete with me in terms of my dressing sense, I often allowed myself to dress as simple as the simple name, 'Boby' resounds. Thus I never left my chance to remind me—'I am after all Boby'. I am the best knocker in this world in my perception. But you have every right to assess my level for what you assess of me matters me more than what I assess of myself as a knocker. I very easily find faults with every minutiae of things and persons which normally people wish to ignore.

Every person or thing that has fallen under my sight never escaped my scathing criticism though they were not aware of it. I never commiserated with anybody whenever and wherever I felt they can be, they are at fault with or they go awry, for I can't help me watch the erroneous approach of the incumbents rumple the system we have in place. However, my jinx astonishes every single soul on earth than the confidence and pride that you feel for me. The frenetic zeal of the knocker is knackered in various ways.



I was a kook for many for being different from all the parameters set either for an infamous nut or a popular gentle man. None could ever frame a definition and tuck me in the periphery it entertains. I would always reach a few feet beyond in bout of the inquisitiveness I had deep within me.

May be too much to reveal me this way! But this is what I feel about me. I had a dashing personality which never tallied my manners and the social demean our. I belonged to the remotest of a remote place known as Nelliode, in Kottiyoor. I mean I was simply innocent. 'Innocence' also meant ignorance for me. I sorely wished to be in the cocoon of innocence which I felt the most complacent space that I could ever capture on earth.

However, the fallen ones derive immense pleasure at the fall of the innocent. They blighted all the prospects I had being in the smugly cocoon of eternal contentment and peace. Though I had to come out of the space temporarily, I now realize that the serene aura that the space of the cocoon gave me, will never get from the outer world that fill the aura with permanent tedium and cumbersome encumbrance. I know that I have bored you enough by rambling a bit and getting dilatory in beginning the story I promised I have in store for you.



Here it begins:

It was in Seventh Grade that I first realized I had ardent interest on girls. I never thought girls can walk in such vivacious and languid manner, for I had not cared or bothered much about what they do. Moreover, it is in Seventh Grade that I first conjectured and then got convinced that I am worth drawing the attention of girls. But I found myself not supple enough to cater myself to the requirements of the girls. The very sight of beautiful girls would swiftly titillate my tender feelings that I instantly sidled away far from their sight.

And it is from Seventh Grade that I began focusing more on my studies and swotting up enough to score marks which could catch the attention of girls. I often wonder if my interest in girls is the sole reason that I improved at my academics for I was, otherwise, a mediocre student until then. I never went to school for studying because I never believed that learning is possible in school until I was smitten by my first love. And the first love is the best love for it explores the radius of one's heart afresh. However, I am not sure how much I learned from the syllabus. But I am sure that I learned a lot about girls for we would get to see girls only in schools close by those days.



The parents would never send their daughters anywhere other than schools.

Thus school became the best field of my war to win the love of girls—I mean my girl. At times, we would play ‘hide and seek’ in love too. We would look at girls only when we were sure that they were not aware they were being noticed. They too would do the same. ‘We’ means boys of our time; 80s and 90s. I was always an exception to almost everything that I dealt with or connected to from my name to my dream of my life.

Girls are so adept at looking at boys that it seems they are looking in some other direction. Girls look straight, but easily view the boys in all rows. They also know how to scan a particular boy in a single glance which is an impossible task for the boys to do so. Therefore I know from the moment that I began noticing girls that the skills of boys and girls are different and incomparable!

Our times, there was no single reason on earth for boys and girls to talk to each other. In case they are found talking, the society would hunt them down and make them acquiesce that they are in love and then would do every bit possible that they never marry. However, the smart boys of our parish and school never relinquished their fascination and admiration for beautiful girls. I, being an odd boy-out



always, never dared to initiate any talk with girls. The long accrued fascination and admiration of smart boys for pretty girls helped them garner enough courage and propose their long coveted love to the girl they loved. Some smiled with consent; some shied away; some bluntly refused to accept fearing the dire consequences.

I too had a girl to propose who always gave me an imbroglio at the very thought of the proposal. I badly wanted to propose her. Though, I would perplex myself thinking the most suitable 'phrase of proposal' in the world which, I hoped, would make her feel accept my proposal instantly. She was so ethereal and charming that I would be lost for a moment at the very sight and sound of her. She had a name—the most beautiful name I have ever heard. Alina.....Alina Alexander. What I liked most about her is her gait. She walked with a flowing gait. I meant she never walks, but only flows and slides like the pristine waters in the brook hurrying down the valley of the Wayanad ghat facing the township of Kottiyoor.

One day, I rose up determined. 'I can't allow her flow endlessly as this. Whatever flows on earth has an end. Why does she have no end or destination?' I simply didn't relish the way she flew down the valley and the manner in which she always gave



me the slip. But I didn't know then that it was me who, in fact, gave her the slip always.

We had a long saunter of an hour to reach the courtyard of S.M.B. L.P. School, Pamperapan. Alina would trickle down the valley along with her friends. She has always been an outstanding persona among her friends keeping a clear margin with others in terms of beauty and grace. Therefore, I never found myself in a fix when it came to win the love of a girl in my life. Though she had two friends always lingering her both the sides, I never cast my eyes upon either of them; I mean I peeped. There were a few more good girls in my class. But I had only one choice, i.e. Alina.....Alina alone! 'If I ever to fall in love with a girl, she will be Alina'- I decided. My choice for Alina was distinctly clear.

There came nothing or nobody to overlap my interest for Alina. I knew that she passed by the road that connected to the narrow footpath to our home at 9.10 a.m. She had 10 minutes walk to reach the junction which led to the narrow lane of 5 minutes' walk to my home which means if we both (she and I) started for the school at 9 a.m. and 9.5 a.m. respectively, that would culminate at our meeting.

Most days we both would start for the school at almost the same time making her lag behind me



which very cruelly happened to elude my long cherished dream—a rendezvous with her. Moreover, I had a friend who fervently insisted my start for the school sharp at 9 alleviating his early reach at the school premises so that he can spare a little time with his friends for his repartee session before the start of the class. However, that day I started for the school only at 9.5 a.m. looking forward to our meeting. As soon as I reached the junction, I looked back and forth for her. My high spirit was dampened by her absence. As I could not find anybody to accompany me down the school. I walked alone to school dejected and dispirited.

I reached the school a bit late. But to my comfort and console, I found her sitting in our classroom and having the usual round of her repartee with her friends. She was sitting in the middle of the row having the two swarthy girls both her sides and crooning something and giggling. A few wisps of her curly hair were so charmingly hiding her left cheek dimple. A tic of her cheek muscle, I found showing some displeasure wrapped in pleasure at the comment of her friend sitting at her right hand side and a thousand times quicker than a fraction of second withdrew her fleeting, but sweet cast on me. She simply incarcerated my



heart in hers. I then suddenly grew aware of my appearance especially my coiffure and began to tend it right.

It was only then that Shinto Philip who, to my great elation, told me what he had overheard from the taunt of those two swarthy girls about Alina and me.

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