



LUGGAGE (Short Story)

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“Anna....”

The alarming voice of the beggar woke him up from the thoughts. The jerking noise of the train echoed in him. The two children who had got into the train a station before had owned a major part of the compartment with their busy chats and games. They climbed on to the upper berth and emptied a bottle of mirinda that some passenger had left there.

“Anna...”

The beggar affirmed his presence once again and jingled the plate of coins as if to make his intention clear to the intelligent and gentle looking strange man who held a bulky book in his hand, but who was lost in thoughts. His attention now turned to the beggar. He felt a sea of experiences in that lazy looking eyes. The brown shattered curly long hair added a saintly look to him. He looked on to his hands that held the plate of coins. The beggar tried to hide his fingers and covered his nails that had already covered itself with dirt. He had worn a torn green sweater which appeared something precious to him. Somebody might have offered it to him or he might have stolen it from any passenger in a dark night inside the train. Whatever...he seemed a little proud on wearing it. The sandals that he wore on his two legs were of two different styles.

“Anna...” the voice was stronger this time. The beggar seemed a little embarrassed on the strange and silent look of the passenger. He waited for the coin as if demanding his share of the world. The man took out his expensive wallet and removed a hundred rupee note from it and put it in the plate of the beggar. The beggar became numb for a moment and then looked at him unbelievably. His surprise and overwhelmed joy came out in the style of a smile that displayed his dirty brownish teeth.

The beggar crawled back with amazing speed. His deformed legs never hindered him. The passenger kept on looking at the way the beggar vanished. The announcement on the arrival of the new station woke him up and reminded him of his identity once again. He stood and dragged his heavy luggage and successfully landed it on the platform. Suddenly, he caught sight of the beggar who had disappeared into the crowd. He was resting on the heap of sacks that were kept in the side of the platform, looking around as if he was relaxing proudly- a dirty lady sitting close to him and a



hundred rupee note in his left hand. The man had a glance at his wallet again, which was decorated with a recent photograph of a beautiful family. The huge home, that served as the background appeared strange to him. He returned the wallet to his pocket, made his golden spectacles right and started dragging his luggage.