

A Journey from

1 2 12



TODDLER TRANSFORMATION TO TEENAGER

DIVYANSHU DHOUNDIYAL

A Journey From
1 To 12

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1 To 12

By

Divyanshu Dhoundiyal

Dedication

It's because of my parent I was provided with a way to walk on but because of your knowledge and experiences I came to know how to walk on that path safely.

A tribute to my maternal grandpa (late Mr. Dharmanand Dobaroyal) and paternal grandpa (late Mr. Mohan Lal Dhoundiyal). I wish I could have spent much, much more time with you.



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Preface



I would first like to give my special thanks to my mother and father who helped me in completing my novel and also motivated me to do so. This is my first written text work. I am not very fond of reading a novel, but to some extent like making people laugh. This is nothing but my regards to all my teachers who taught me how to live “your life by performing your duties”. It is a way to show love and gratitude to my parents and grandparents and to all my family members.

This novel does not belong to “romantic Bollywood masala” (a line from *Pyaar Ka Punchnama*) but it consists of some instances that took place in my life and in my friend’s too, but the incidents that happened in my friend's life I have transposed them on me. The instances which are used here are true and realistic.

I just want to convey the feelings a child has as he grows up from a toddler to a teenager.

I hope you will like it.

Signature of the writer
DIVYANSHU DHOUDIYAL



The First 2 Miles: *The Beginning Steps*

I cannot remember the exact date when I went to my first school. I could only remember myself as a child with a “rotudu” (full of tears) face and mucus flowing all over from my nose, a school bag on my shoulders and my papa (father) holding my hand. My father is a strict person regarding school and discipline, as in India are 90% of the fathers, which is a genuine thing. So was my father. I was crying, as I wished that I did not have to go to school. This also happens with every child. I would almost lay down on the road and my father would somehow manage to pull me up and try to take me to school. It was a funny thing for the people near us, as though a monkey was dancing to his owner's tune or command. Somehow my father sent me to the school. The first day in school, it looked as if I was a prisoner and I was being taken to my cell. But in my language also there were more problems/culprits. I stopped crying, when my teacher gave me a car to play with. After those days I could not remember what happened in classes and which incidents belong to which class. So I write incidents till my second class in this novel as a whole.

Everybody used to know me and they called me “chhota don” (mini don) of our locality. I could not remember it clearly but people tell me that I used to have a gang that constituted of 7–8 “gundelogs”(gangsters) of my age of about 5–6 years with a dog as my best weapon. I was the gang leader. At that time we used to

play many types of games including cricket. I would definitely say that we had creative brains; we designed many movies but at that time we didn't have a video camera. Otherwise, we would also have been very famous on YouTube. Here is an incident related to my gang. One day my gang member betrayed us; so I said in an aggressive voice "MAYANK TUNE MUJHSE GADDARI KARI" (MAYANK YOU BETRAYED ME) and gave a command to my most faithful member the dog, "BHURI, JA CHOO;" it was a code word to tell him to attack. Then, what a funny thing happened, Mayank ran and behind him was "Bhuri," who was in full throttle running behind him. Mayank ran and he fell right into a "nala" (sewer); but the dog listened to the order. He gave him a bite right on his right bum. I could only remember his scream.

I mentioned in the beginning that my father was strict about me attending the school. So one day it was raining cats and dogs and in that heavy rain, he took me to the school. There was a big sewer line that was opened in my pathway and which my father and I had to jump over. As my father was an adult, he jumped and at the other end he shouted "CHALO KUDO" (jump) and I was continuously saying that "PAPA GHAR CHALTE HAIN, BAARISH TEZ HAI" (Papa, let's go home it's raining heavily), but he persisted and I had to jump. I made an attempt and to my good luck, fell right into that sewer and there was water overflowing due to that rain. And that sewer turned into a water slide, though dirty and smelly I enjoyed that slide as I was a toddler only but instead of asking, "DIVYU LAGI TOH NI?" (DIVYU, DID YOU GET HURT?), my father gave me a slap for this incident, also as my clothes got dirty and got torn, also as that sewer slide was not too smooth. We both went back home from where we started our school journey. I changed my clothes and started the trip to

school again and the rain was at its peak. Now this time at that sewer on which I fell before, he first made me jump and then he jumped later on (we again came to that place because for going to my school it was the only way). When we saw our school from 200 meters we said, "Mission accomplished," and my father became happy; but when we reached the gate, there was a message written there: "The school will remain closed today due to heavy rains." My father and I panicked as we had made much effort to come to school; but I should say it was adventurous.

Now coming back to my school life. I was not a very bright child in my first school; so every day my teachers used me as a target to cope up with their anger; they thrashed me every day. They were not mentally retarded, but to some extent I knew that I would be thrashed for not doing my homework. But this had no effect on me, so I never did my homework.

One incident in my school lingers in my mind. I was told to write my name in the register. I was in Kindergarten and I couldn't write. Instead of teaching me to write my name, they said, "Naam bhi ni likna aata kiska baccha hai ye?, kaisa baccha hai ye?" (whose child is he and which type of child is he?) and then gave one slap right on my cheek and what I want to say that even today also nobody is able to write my full name correctly. Time went by quickly and I was in my second class. I was thrashed for not doing my homework and for my bad handwriting. When I reached my second class, I somehow passed my exams; then an incident happened another day for not doing my homework, but this time, I was not beaten but my teachers planned a demotion to my previous class and sent me there. The teachers and the students of that class looked at me as though I had committed some heinous crime or if I was not a student but was a zoo animal, but I know how it felt in my heart.

I was living my life in a shock. But everything sorted out when I apologized in front of my principal. My principal was an old acquaintance of my father; so all things were sorted out and my demotion was cancelled.

After all the punishment and these incidents, I developed a lot of inferiority in me and didn't study or have any curriculum activity. I was just fed up with the studies. An incident linked to school curriculum was that there was a function in my school and before 5 min of its starting, I went to a teacher; the scenario was that of a 'hare coming to the lion'. I also somehow managed to say that I wanted to sing. As being a pure Garhwali (a community from Pauri Garhwal in Uttarakhand), I decided to sing a Garhwali song. The teacher in a voice that seemed he was scolding me asked, "Abe gadhe, kya gayega?" (Hey donkey, what would you sing?) and then when he called me 'gadha', then the donkey (me) answered, "Sir (though I wanted to thrash him), I will sing "pushpa chori Pauri khaal ki" (it was a song nicely done on a love story of a Garhwali boy and a girl, who is praising her). I was told to sit in my seat, and then my name was called out and my heart started palpitating as if my heart wanted to burst out and sing. I became very nervous but my mind said that, "don't worry, let's do it." I went to the stage and rocked it. If it is moralizing so it can be said "Darr ke aage jeet hai,"- dew (there is success after fear).

I was frightened to go to school. I thought that it is the most wicked place on the earth. I should say, so whenever I did something or whenever I didn't do my homework, I would bunk school. I would like to tell you an incident regarding my bunking strategy, please do not try to imitate it—once caught your life can become living hell.

One nice morning, my granny was giving me a nice lecture to go to school as I was making excuses for

not going to school as I hadn't done my homework but she refused to relent. My father and my granny were the same by nature "strict", so I planned something mischievous; I ran, took bath, got ready to go to school or to say pretending to go to school, I got my bag ready (which was like a bomb I was carrying and the trigger was in the hands of my school teachers) and I went to school. I ran and hide behind a building around 500 meters from my home which was on the way to my school. So as I was very famous in my locality, anybody who was passing from nearby used to say "AREY DIVYANSHU, IDHAR KYA KAR RHA HAI? SCHOOL NI GAYA?" (Hey Divyanshu, what are you doing here. You haven't gone to school today?) and I used to get angry and say "APNA KAAM KARO, DUSRON KO MAT DEKHO" (do your work don't pay attention to others); and then I sighed and said, "YE MARWAYENGE" (They will kill me). Then it was very funny when my granny went to take me, she passed my hideout but didn't see me as I somehow managed to hide more efficiently. So when she left to go to the school, I tip-toed and went back home. At home my father was there sitting, which was in hell for me, my heart was pounding, then the scolding happened when my granny came and asked me "Ke batek aayan chan?" (From which way did you come?). I had an answer, I said, "the way from which you didn't go, so you could not see me." I thought my bad luck was over but, nah, I was wrong. It had just started. One of the person who saw me at the hideout came to my father and told him my masterplan; now what could have happened you could imagine. My father came with a stick and thrashed me.

(A meeting with my fear)

In the whole of medical treatment, I just shivered by the name of one thing, which is known as the medicinal injection.

ABOUT THE BOOK:

The thing I would like to tell you by this novel is, perception of people depends on his/ her hard work so if you want to describe yourself, do it by your actions not by speech. I have seen the people, replacing the bad feelings by good feelings, so be someone who can change the world.

Another thing I wanted to show is talents are proved by marks and a wrong measurement could lead to bad results.

Everybody is genius in his/ her respective fields so try to find yourself and grab your dreams.



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