

The MiRЯor Image__A Short Story

I am not an avid admirer of Shahrukh Khan's acting abilities. However, like many who share this view, I see an exception in 'SWADES'. It is a good cinema in parts. Some of its scenes linger in the viewers' mind for a long time. By chance, I relived one of the scenes of 'SWADES' at our home. This is a narrative of that incident.

If you would imagine a small, upper middle class, conservative, and urban household, then it would be almost our home. It has an old fashioned charm about it. Because it is small, it brings the family together whenever we are at home at the same time. Sometimes it is a bit uneasy, and some other times it is a spectacle.

On one such day, all of us were busy eating in our living/dining room. My sister had turned on the TV. I had turned my back to it because of space constrain. I listened to it as if it were a radio and occasionally turned back to have a look when something sounded exciting. A popular channel was showing 'SWADES'. I had watched it before. Hence, it didn't rouse interest in me.

I could make out that it was the scene in which the joyous villagers get ready to watch a film show organized by their village panchayat, there would be a disappointing power cut during the show and the protagonist sings a song to keep the crowd occupied. Disturbingly, the panchayat film screen was projected from its 'wrong' side for a set of people that belonged to a particular community in the village.

As these scenes unfolded on the TV, I was quietly eating my curd-rice looking at the wall in front of me. I was also looking at a mirror on the wall and had watched the truncated panchayat film show on its 'wrong' screen position from the 'right' side.

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