

The Floozy Mom

[A Prose Fiction]

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... "Hey...! One more there; declared sanat.

What! In the same damn pit! Asked Basant

Yea...! One more ba***rd...

It's still there? Let's see! I proposed to make sure; this time out of some unknown craze, before it reaches the common eyes and ears.

It's no more there, replied Suraj, police picked up the Carcass early in the morning before the news spreads. The investigation is on.

The discussion continued amongst us at a lone place, in hushed up voices, as if we were whipped by some unknown dictum, to discuss such matters, even at a far off places from the local cluster. A place, frequented by we five friends as our common chatting hub 'A khatti'

It's hardly of one or two days old! Not more than that. I doubt! It must be the act of the same slapper, Said Sanat.

May be! You are right. I supplemented the statement based on the earlier knowledge I had, from the cautious discussions amongst the elders, and whispers of women at river 'Ghaat' a breeding ground of information during their cluster to collect water.

What else! Asked Basant; adding more interest from my other friends. For the first time, I felt being given importance and taken seriously by my friends, contrary to their usual reaction towards me as shy, sober, and good for nothing. I too didn't wish to miss this opportunity to prove my mettle as an informed guy, despite the common impression as a novice. A mild tap on my shoulder from one of my friend Deepak got me back to discussion, from what I was thinking.

Come on! What else you know...? asked Basant, and this time little annoyingly, for my prolonged silence. With a deep breath, I continued, look! Such matters are not new to any; three to four times in a year we hear the news of an illicit born, either dead or abandoned, somewhere near or around that same place. Don't you know? Some time back, a new born was found dead at the backyard of the old 'Matth' near the church, after that another one was found under the heap of garbage of the local dispensary, and this time, from the old pit near the house of that floozy lady, I think all these are the acts of that harlot, all ba***rds!

I was literally surprised, how could I speak all these in one breath.

Finding interest and agog ears of my friends, I continued to narrate the history of the old 'damn pit' as a witness to many such felonious loss of lives, and records of which were perhaps written in the silence

around the old well, dug long ago, by any Samaritan to help passersby rest under the tree, adjacent to the well. During night halt they use its water for cooking, it's not in use nowadays and almost half filled with garbage. The banyan tree still stands as its lone companion, and as a mute spectator of myriad dark deeds.

Dark deeds! But I have seen people bow before that tree; even from a distance while crossing by, muttered Basant, with a toast of surprise and disbelief. Without allowing his disbelief to linger further, I intervened to clarify the precedence.

Yea! You are right my friend; I have seen very often people doing so, and had to find out the reason.

It was an interesting matter, I said; long back a tout under the guise of a hermit camped there, and predicted about the appearance of '*Lingam*' there, it was some common trick that he could play to befool the innocent villagers to earn his living. People gathered at the place, out of devotion and donated all they could, to celebrate the incident, but surprisingly after weeks of such events of celebration, *kirtan* and *puja*, the identity of the tout, under the guise of '*Sadhu*' was revealed, and before anything wrong happens to him; He fled from the spot, but people still worship the tree since then, and things go on like this.

O...k...! But, you mentioned about the lady? If am not wrong; do you mean the lone house at just a few yards from the tree? Am I right..? Asked Basant

Yea! I know you are stuck there... jokingly said I, but Basant felt visibly embarrassed before other friends; As we were together under the same tree, as our prime hub for all the fishy chats, a '*Khatti*' of our choice away from common eyes.

Don't talk nonsense! Replied Basant; you too steal looks to have a glance at the same. You are no saint...! Do hear me!

Cool...! My friend...! Just a tease it was... Said I ; It's no crime though, to look at the house, yet! the lady who resides there, and the common knowledge of her activities as a charm lady of everyone's interest, makes People avoid even to pass by that lane, in fear of being labeled as a bordeller, or to shun the brows of vengeance be raised. The lone house comes to life as the sun sets, and when the night deepens; they say.

This is a strange world, where honesty and character stay intact until they are revealed by accident. Despite all the fine fabrics of the world; the propriety of men and women are willfully without, under the veil of night. Why then people hold a woman responsible, and staple stigmas of immorality? In between, I was thinking to find answers, to a volley of questions that cropped up at that moment.

Apart from the mystery that surrounds the well and the tree, the isolated house draws more attentions of the local populace, asymmetric to the social code of conducts of privacy, and spurious gossips of stories, built on the anvil of one's depravity. It didn't appear different in look rather much better in it's surrounding, well knit, all round the house, different flower bases arranged in order, and a fine kitchen garden at the backyard. The lady seldom comes out, as the front door always remains closed, besides at

times, when she comes out to water the plants. It's the time, I often sneak a glance at her only to quickly turn around, for an unseen fear of being caught by preying eyes while doing so.

People name and shame the lady in multiple different ways- some call her as a whore, a charm lady, a queen bee, a doxy beau, and the most common amongst many 'a gunny quean'. No one ever knew or was sure per certain; who visit the house, but all voices unite at one point, regarding one person,- a scrapper from *kolkatta* who frequents the house to collect the gunny bags as a collection depot, stay there for a few days, and return back to *kolkatta* with those bags for recycling business. It is perhaps the gunny bags and the suspicion over her proximity to that person, that has made her be called as 'Gunny Quean' in course of time.

It was one day, while playing with my friends, to our misfortune the ball found its way to the backyard garden of the lady, crossing the tall green fence of the '*Debadaru*' and none of us had the courage to approach the house to collect it back. This time too like the other days, I was literally pushed to take up the job by a unanimous choice of my friends for being shy and poorly resistance to others wishes; the reason why, often they use me as their orderly stooge.

This time I was a bit nervous, in a sense, a mixed feeling within me; a combination of reluctance, craze and fear.

Besides the insistence of my friends, It was perhaps my craze to have a glance at the gunny quean, from close quarters possibly; took over my fear of entering the forbidden zone. For a moment I could feel my heartbeats are audibly louder, my tongue and throat are short of their due hydration.

Despite an unknown agitation in my hand and leg muscles; in one deep breath, I moved towards the gate, collecting all my courage together. I opened the gate pushing it inward.

As soon as I entered the gate, I was awestruck by the appearance of the quean approaching towards me... with the ball in her hand.

I was almost stunned to see her beauty, a tall, slim, and a seductive geometry, her pair of voluptuous bosom, a necklace hung straight on the thin layer of *Saree*, exposing the cleavage, and the curvaceous fine art, perhaps were enough to find flutters in my underbellies, red cherry lips, and a sharp straight nose with a white glittering nose prick, loosely combed locks, was slowly moving towards me...

I stood like a rock, with a many wild imaginations; my mind could ever have...

For a moment, I felt, Perhaps! am in a trap ... I would probably be taken in, and would be made to fall prey to her mercy, she might do as she wishes to, and it's not too far when another newborn would be found dead from the same dam pit; scary thoughts were weaving many webs in my mind.

Now the lady was almost near, and I could clearly smell the freshness and floral fragrance of some unknown perfume, slots often use to please the customers as I had heard, I don't know what was happening with me at that moment, time and again I was trying to swallow and move my dry mouth and tongue, a rare convulse; before I ask and speak anything, she asked in a very cool and endearing voice.

What are you looking for...? This is your ball! ... She said while returning that; "this too is for you; Take it; While offering a chocolate along with the ball. A mesmerizing smile of irresistible magnetism, and the sparkling blue eyes; I was stuck there, unmoved, unaware of, when she said "Go! Enjoy the chocolate; and play". Before I think anything about the chocolate, to accept or return, I thought it's wise to leave the place forthwith, so as not to frustrate my friends, who were alert with their eyes open, and nail nibbling desperate wait from a distance, in expectation of something to happen with me, while I was there.

I did put their expectations to rest, as I returned with ease keeping the chocolate in my pocket, and the information of it, as a precious possession, away from the knowledge of my friends. They asked many questions ... what? How? Only to be answered in denial... under my pretentious smile to say.... "Nothing like that!"

We all were busy in the game, but I, bit unmindful since then, I felt some change in me... Yes I had changed! I was not able to concentrate in the game, the flashy smiles and the blue eyes, her cool endearing voice was resonating in my mind; as if, I was under the spell of some unknown attraction.

I returned home in the evening after the game was over, but not along with my friends as usually we do. I wanted to stay aloof, and away from my friends and others as well, for some unknown reasons. The thought of the lady, and everything about her was there in my mind, as a beautiful memory, which I wanted perhaps to relish being alone.

How can she be so beautiful! What could be the reason for choosing such a dirty job! Why...?, Perhaps the unwritten law mandates that all prostitutes have to be beautiful and attractive. I didn't have answers for any either, but one thing per certain, that - I had already developed some mixed feelings about her, an obvious attraction and a blunt vengeance towards her. I never knew when, a sense of possessiveness have taken roots in me towards the lady.

The night was more troubling for me, I couldn't sleep, changing sides time and again, I never knew when its already morning, I didn't have interest in anything, as if I was in wait for excuses for another afternoon to visit the tree and the well, along with my friends for play, but importantly hoping to get an opportunity, to visit the same house, if by chance the ball drops there. The day appeared as if dragging too much to reach the time, and I was restless enough not to wait for others to come, and reached the spot quite early to sit on the well, in wait for others to come as usually we do, and within these time, possibly , I could draw the attention of the Gunny quean.

Perhaps! She could see me through her window facing the well, to know that I was alone there, and she came out to wave her hand, calling to come near her. My heartbeats were louder this time, my purpose for coming early clicked as planned.

Like a well wound device, I nodded in affirmative and went there. This time she called me inside her house, I was little apprehensive of the imminent possibility. She led me through the corridors, it was moderately spacious, that reaches the drawing, and then to her bedroom all around dimly lit, and

replete with fragrance, decorated interiors, big jars of dry foods, flower bases all around, a sofa made of cane, and wall mirror, cosmetics and perfumes of different makes, adjacent to it a double bed, well knit, covered with a pink floral bed sheet; I was in a different world of expectation and possibility. All along she was smiling and in between, touching my hand and shoulders, leaving shilly sensations and venoms of seduction into my nerves, while introducing all the interiors of her residence.

Asking me to sit on the sofa, she went for a while saying; am coming!, She came back with a bar of chocolate and offered it to me, I accepted immediately as if I had shunned the choices to deny her, I was literally prepared to submit to her wishes for anything ... yes! for anything of her sane or insane desires. She started talking, being seated intimidatingly closer to me, putting her hand, on one of my thighs, tapping it at times; the maddening musk of her body was suffocating me with wild imaginations.

She continued the talk, about my study, family, hobbies and everything including my age and height, my friend and pass time, I remember to have answered all her queries in the discussion, Now she is too close to feel her pair of soft and mini mountains pressing on my shoulders; to sense the warmth of it, before I try to be little conscious of it, she hugged me tight, to plant few kisses on my cheek, chin, and forehead, blinded by the deep dark wave of loose strands of her hair covering my face, to create a mistake of night.

I felt the electrifying effect of those planted kisses, and the bear hug in my entire being; I was speechless and nervous, sweating, and trembling with an unimaginable thrust of squalor and amour of a rare magnitude. The burst of million volcanoes in my nerves and veins, and before things become wilder and move further, I stood up to ask for my departure as my friend might have arrived by then, there on the field, and perhaps must be looking for me.

I could see the restlessness in her eyes, yet she tried to sum her up, still smiling, and before I leave the place, she asked me to come again when free, while offering a box of pencil of different colors. "Come next! With all your paintings! I would like to see; don't forget...!" Said she, while I was leaving in a hurry, without looking back at her, I consented to come again next, with those of my paintings.

I was fortunate to reach minutes before my friends reach the spot for the play. Things went on like this for quite some time. In the meantime, I had developed an addiction to see her every day, with many excuses, beyond the knowledge of anyone's scrutiny, and preying eyes.

One day I decided to take it to the next level of proximity, collecting all my courage while chatting with her ... I asked; Are You a Floozy?

To my utter surprise; the question didn't have any visible impact on her face, as I felt; she was as usual cool and composed, she just smiled like a fresh bloom, swinging in the west wind, and didn't say anything, in response to my query.

Should I take it in affirmative or negative?, I was lost in my own thoughts; perhaps! she didn't feel it proper to disclose the reality, but her silence further strengthened my doubt, and fortified my nervousness, maybe I had asked a tough question beyond the veracity of my comprehension.

I felt guilty, for some time there was silence between, she was simply smiling, perhaps was trying to collect herself. It was after some considerable pause, she said... "It's going to be evening any time soon; I have some urgent work to finish, would you like to help me to get some items from the nearby shop please!" She asked, while handing over a list of items, and some money.

I returned that day without any answer to my question, after handing over the items from the local shop, along my suspicion about unspoken engagements, for which she was in a hurry, that to before the evening ; isn't it about the possible customers, that she probably entertains in the night? Who could be the visitors, and many more such questions, I was asking myself on my way, back to home.

What could be the reason for saying "I have some urgent work to finish", she could have named it, instead of hiding it; there could be something fishy, which she avoids me to know. I was lost in my own thoughts.

No..! It can't be so! Maybe; I was thinking too much into her private affairs. I tried to discipline my mind from all sorts of weird thoughts, but there were clear signs of jealousy, and possessiveness run amok in my mind, and I couldn't sleep that night too.

It was early in the morning, I got the news of one person from Kolkata has arrived there, in that house last evening, from Basant. He seldom visits my house so early, but this time because of the hot news in the air, to spice up the day.

"Just leave it! Don't you have anything good to say?" I wanted to downplay the matter, but there was anger in me, and restlessness to reveal the truth.

Finding my response non-accommodative, Basant left, and I was left alone to plan for the mission, without delaying further before anyone sees me.

I left for the spot with a plea, of picking some flowers for *puja*, and there can't be any better place to collect those, than the backyards of the gunny lady. It won't be a problem to take this excuse in these wee hours, if by accident anyone sees me. I convinced myself.

I entered the premises finding no one around, as usually the place is less visited by people, for the stigmas attached to it, finding the front door closed, I inspected around the house, and the backyard to notice one window facing the garden was half open.

I could hear some hushed hissing sound of panting and muffled groans, I came closer to the window on pressed heels, only to see the gunny quean with a man in compromise, the mini mountains were bare and open to the sky, fondled and licked by the man like a mad dog, the spreading threads of dark dense hairs on the bed, and the rhythmic grunts of the man on knees, coupled with slurping low moans of the gunny lady; for whom I had nurtured so much of dear thoughts.

I was literally angry and perhaps jealous, as if I was losing a patch of land under my feet in vengeance and utter frustration, shit..! Shit...! Floozy...! You floozy...! Shit, I hate you! Slipped from my mouth, maybe, I was bit louder to make them be aware of my presence, to quickly cover up their body to inspect; the presence of anyone around.

The lady came out, still poorly covered in a hurry, a thin layer of *saree*, no upper garment to hide her east west conical mini mountains, even the bumpy areolas were still musty and stiff enough to hide, perhaps! were refusing to be tamed early.

With her usual smile and husky seductive voice she asked... You! And laughed... So early! , No problem come in... I have a very nice thing to show you... I was ashamed and was not able to look at her face... Come! Come! She asked again, and did hold my hand to lead inside her bedroom. The man by this time was seated on the sofa, a well-built person but quite reserve, wiping his broad hairy chest and face in a towel, exchanging an honest smile at me.

Look! He is the man of my life! My husband; She introduced both of us; I had spoken all about you to him, so many times... He loves you too, and sends chocolates and pencil boxes for you... He is your chocolate uncle... Yesterday evening he arrived and has brought a pair of dresses for you, and different types of chocolates... wait! Let me unpack those for you. I haven't yet! They behaved quite normal with me, knowing it well that, I was witness to their private hours of intimacy, maybe they took it easy, as an exorable act from a boy of fifteen.

I felt unnerved and ashamed, and was inconsolably crying with guilt and repentance to have woven so much of vices in my mind regarding the lady, her love for me was without blemish, but I had rotten thoughts about her. These thoughts were maddening me, no amount of reparation would ever washout my vice; this thought was wreaking me further and I cried sitting on the floor.

She came with the pair of dresses in her hand and a bar of chocolate, she hugged me tight to console me ... saying, don't cry my boy! Why are you crying...? It's alright! Look! Here are your dresses ... I too, hugged her with all my love and adoration... While few words naturally came out of my mouth... You are My Mom... floozy Mom. As both of us were crying and consoling in each other's arms... My uncle, gunny uncle, left the room for the backyard garden, to light his morning cigar.