



Ami's Journey Home

Jyotirmoy Das



Little Ami, no older than six, giggled amidst a joyful chaos of uncles, aunts, and cousins in his lively village home. The air hummed with laughter and stories, as his grandparents smiled from a cozy corner. Their three-room house, with its bustling outdoor kitchen and peaceful prayer room, was always full of warmth and love.



Ami loved to explore the verdant backyard, where a small, shimmering pond reflected the sky. He'd chase dragonflies near the tall, whispering bamboos and count the eleven plump mango trees, dreaming of juicy summer treats. Coconut palms swayed gently, providing shade for his playful adventures.



At six, Ami waved goodbye to his village, moving with his parents to a rented house in a bustling town. He quickly adapted, discovering new passions like collecting colorful stamps and drawing imaginative worlds. Books became his best friends, opening doors to countless adventures.



Ami's thirst for knowledge led him far from home, first to a grand metropolitan city for his undergraduate studies. He then pursued his masters in another state, followed by a doctoral degree in yet another vibrant city. Each new place brought fresh challenges and exciting discoveries.



With a heart full of dreams, Ami and his wife embarked on an incredible journey to a new country for his postdoctoral research. They marveled at the unfamiliar sights and sounds, hand-in-hand, building a new life together. The world felt vast and full of promise.



Years later, Ami was truly settled in his new country, his heart overflowing with joy. He and his wife now had a cheerful little son, filling their home with laughter and tiny footsteps. Their small family thrived, creating beautiful memories in their adopted land.



One quiet evening, Ami sat with a worn photograph, his fingers tracing the faded image of his ancestral village home. He remembered the vibrant trees, the shimmering pond, and the echoes of family laughter. A gentle sadness mixed with deep affection filled his gaze.



The ancestral house now stood starkly different in his mind, stripped of its former glory. No longer did the mango trees or bamboos grace the yard, and the pond had long since vanished. The once-bustling home felt quiet and empty, a silent testament to time's relentless march.



Ami spoke softly to his mother on the phone, her voice a comforting echo from across continents. She was the last guardian of their old home, a lone figure in a place once brimming with family. He felt a pang of longing, wishing he could bridge the distance.



Standing by a window, Ami looked out at his new city, a complex expression on his face. He held onto a quiet dream of returning to his roots, to the land where his story began. But a question lingered in his heart: could he ever truly go back, or was it just a beautiful memory?