



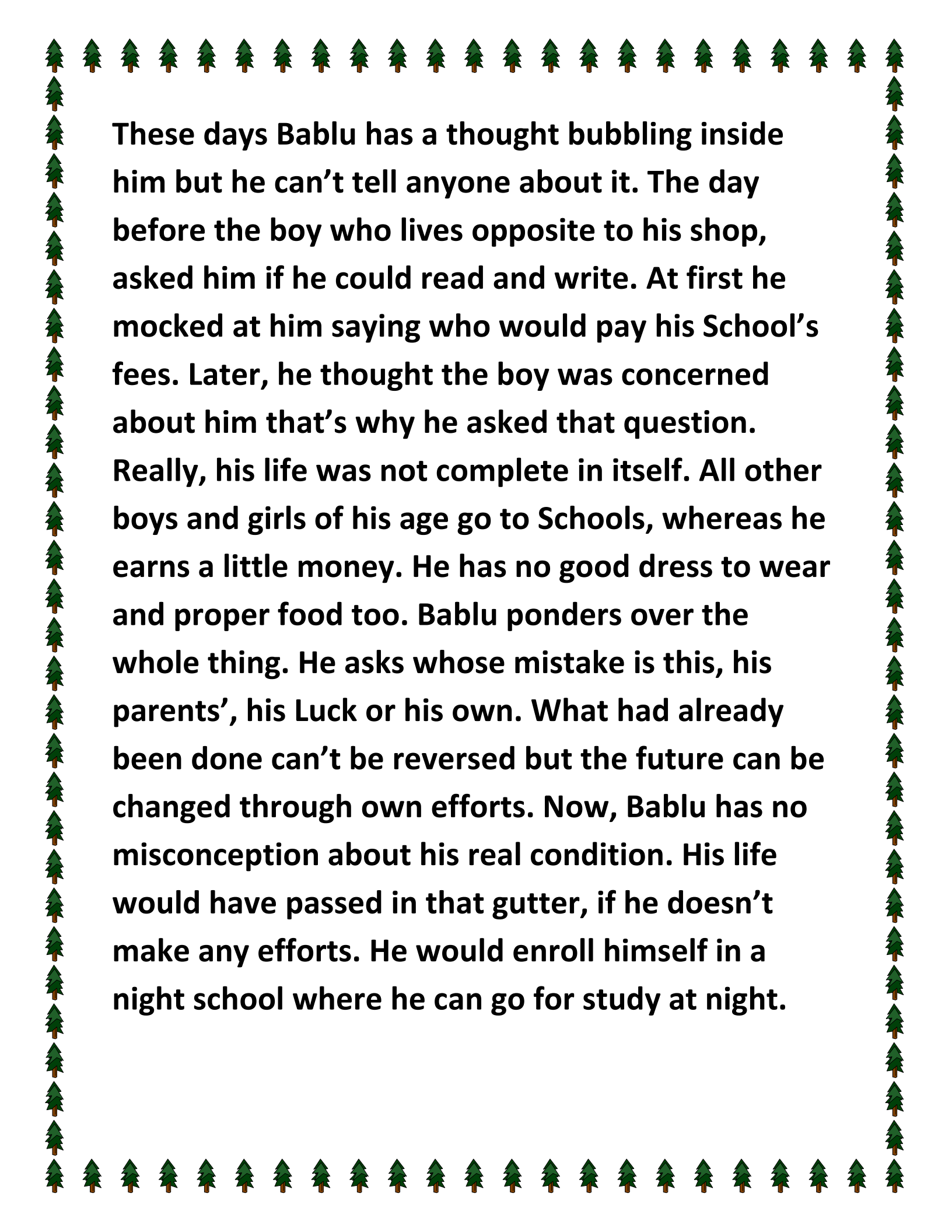
## Am I happy?

As usual, Bablu was carrying empty tea cups and whistling lost in his own thoughts. Life for him was centred around his shop where he worked. He came there when he was just a little boy. His

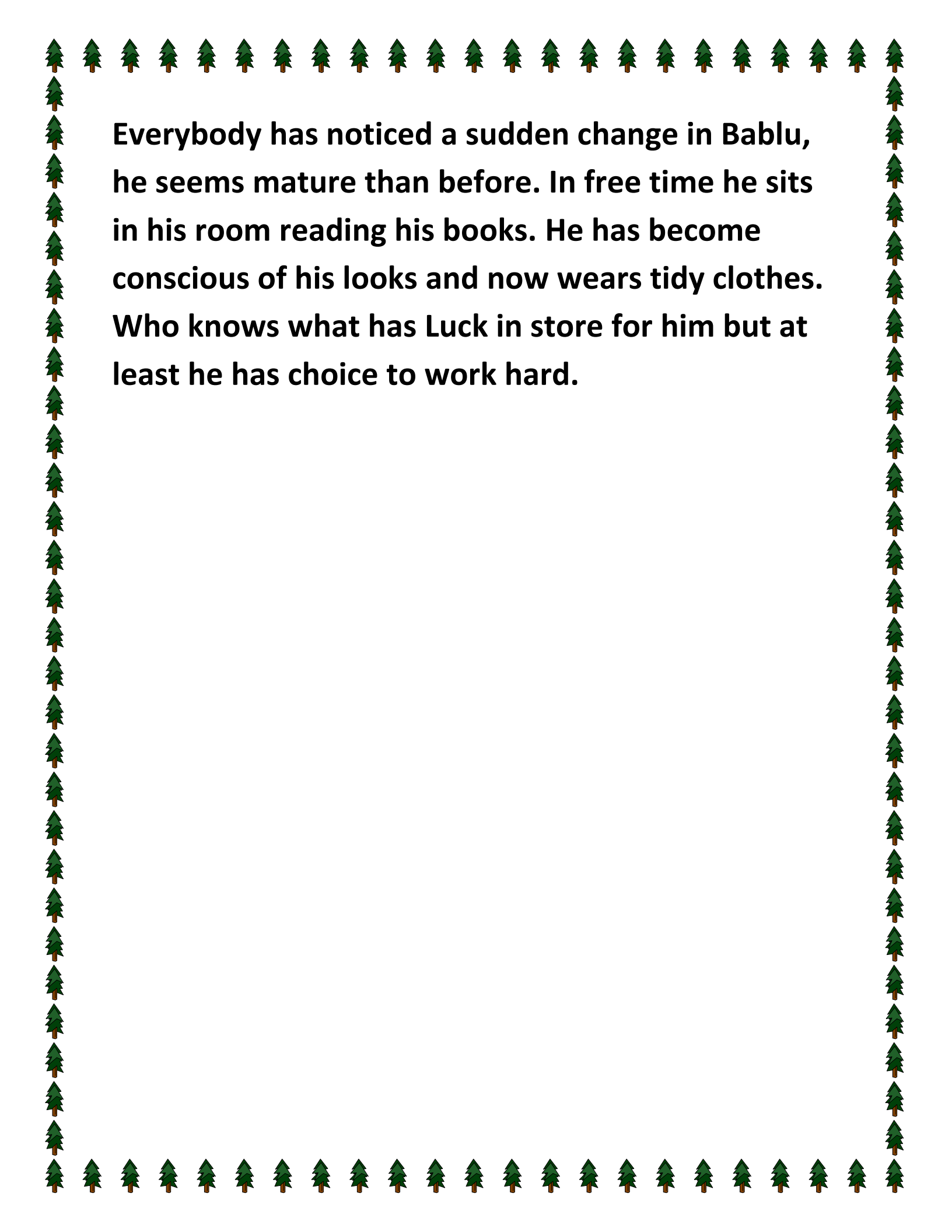


father brought him there and handed him over to the shopkeeper for a little amount of money.

People say his father was cruel drunkard who sold him for money. What might be the case; Bablu has been accustomed to his life as it is. He wakes up early in the morning when his master shakes him and calls him abusing names. He doesn't mind his scolds as he is the man who sheltered him when he was left by his own people. In fact, his master is everything for him now. He like the hustle and bustle around his shop. Many vehicles pass through the main road. He likes watching people when he has a little time to relax. Often the master offers him biscuits and tea. He has made other boys his friends who work in nearby shops. They all are alike, belonging to poor families and satisfied with what they possess. They have fixed a day for entertainment and that is the second Sunday of every month when they go to see movie in cinema hall. Nothing can be better than this opportunity of enjoying together.



These days Bablu has a thought bubbling inside him but he can't tell anyone about it. The day before the boy who lives opposite to his shop, asked him if he could read and write. At first he mocked at him saying who would pay his School's fees. Later, he thought the boy was concerned about him that's why he asked that question. Really, his life was not complete in itself. All other boys and girls of his age go to Schools, whereas he earns a little money. He has no good dress to wear and proper food too. Bablu ponders over the whole thing. He asks whose mistake is this, his parents', his Luck or his own. What had already been done can't be reversed but the future can be changed through own efforts. Now, Bablu has no misconception about his real condition. His life would have passed in that gutter, if he doesn't make any efforts. He would enroll himself in a night school where he can go for study at night.



Everybody has noticed a sudden change in Bablu, he seems mature than before. In free time he sits in his room reading his books. He has become conscious of his looks and now wears tidy clothes. Who knows what has Luck in store for him but at least he has choice to work hard.