

"Mr. Naresh, can you hear me? I am Dr. Sanghvi here, your surgeon. Please respond if you can hear me. It is extremely important that we see what has been the impact of the surgery on your brain."

"Doctor, please let Papa be. I cannot see him like this, fitted with tubes and like a vegetable, unable to say anything, unable to even show us that he is alive. Is there some way that we can end all this. All I want is Papa to be in peace. That is all I want."

"Now, now, Mrs. Gautham, I understand how hard it is for you. However, I can assure you that the operation was a success and that we should see some semblance of reaction. I am certain that the entire tumor was removed and there should be nothing can hinder his motor capabilities."

"Dear, come; let us leave the doctor to do this job. I am sure that Dad will be all right and that we will take him home with us soon. Do not worry; he is going to live a long and healthy life and in all probability out live us."

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*Do not go Kamala; please do not go. I want you here with me, in the room. I want to listen to your voice, the same voice of your mother's. I was not there for her when she died and I do not want to go alone.*

*I do not want you to go. I can hear every word of what they are telling me. I can hear you talking to Gautham, I can hear the Doctor as he worries with his aides as to what happened in the surgery, I am able to hear Gautham as he comforts you; I can even hear the air conditioner humming away by itself.*

*Doctor, I can hear you, I am trying to shout at the top of my voice and yet no words come out. My lips refuse to move and the air in my lungs refuses to make a sound. I am not even able to move my hands to show that I am alive. I can feel you touch my wrist to feel my pulse, felt feel Kamala squeeze my hand and then I do not feel her touch any more, nor do I hear her voice. I think that she has left the room. Come back Kamala, I need you here.*

*Oh, what is wrong with me? Why can no one see that I am alive? I can feel, but cannot express my feelings. I can hear, but not answer a word in reply.*

*I am not scared to go, I look forward to release from this prison of mine. All I have is a mind in a body that refuses to even move an inch. My eyes will not open a fraction so that I can see what is around me.*

*Ow, that hurts. The light of the doctor's torch in my eyes hurt. Yet I cannot even move them away from the light. I cannot even flinch to let the doctor know.*

*I am just a vegetable.*

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*Every prisoner has his last wish fulfilled. If I ever had a wish, all I would want is to hear Radha sing again. The times when she used to fill my life with song, when her voice resounded in every breath I took, when she used to put Kamala to sleep, when she sang me to sleep, when she sang to wake me, when she sang in the kitchen while making coffee, when she sang in the garden in the first rain; every moment, is etched in my memory.*

*Doctor, I am not scared to go. I wish I could let you know that. All I want to hear before I go is to hear her sing again. I want to hear her, not remember her song. I want to hear her song.*

*What was the tune she kept singing as she was putting Kamala to sleep and even after Kamala grew up? Strange, I cannot remember the song anymore.*

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*"Gautham, I am going inside. I think that Papa is going to go soon and I want to be with him. I do not want him to be alone"*

*"Sure dear, I will leave you with him. I will be here, waiting.*

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*What is this? I can feel a touch on my hand, a gentle squeeze. Who is it? Why does it remind me so much of Radha's touch?*

*Wait a minute, what is that faint sound? I know this song; Radha used to sing this song as she put Kamala to sleep. There has been so many times that I have asked her to sing this song to me when I was not able to sleep. If anything could give me peace, she could, her song could. Has she come back to sing it to me?*

*I slowly open my eyes and look around; there is no one around me. There is a figure in the corner of the room, in the dark. I gently call out to her and she walks out into the light.*

*Ah, I can see her, Radha, the only woman I have ever loved in life. She holds out her hand as she sings the song, calling out to me.*

*I get up with the song in my ears; I walk towards her and take her hand.*

*The only wish I have had for the last twenty-four years has come true. Radha is singing to me.*

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