

I Remember India

I remember sunny India in December.

I remember the lush, juicy mangoes from the fruit vendors. My mom told me the vendors lived on those carts due to poverty in India. I felt so sad that night.

I remember all the cooking transpiring, one floor, another, and another, all cooking dahl and rice. I could hear the water bubbling with the flavorful dahl inside. The dahl talked to me, beckoning me to devour it, but I refused.

I remember being picky and only eating oatmeal for breakfast. Everyone wanted me to eat dahl but I refused. I was like the ugly duckling, sitting in the corner, eating oatmeal with more than enough brown sugar.

I remember talking day and night to my eager family all wanting to know about what has happened in America. I felt bored but realized how interesting life is in India.

I remember all the dogs barking as if the world was ending. My mom kept on complaining about all the dogs. People were yelling in languages I could not understand outside our house. I could hear my cousins, aunts, and uncles, praying through the night.