



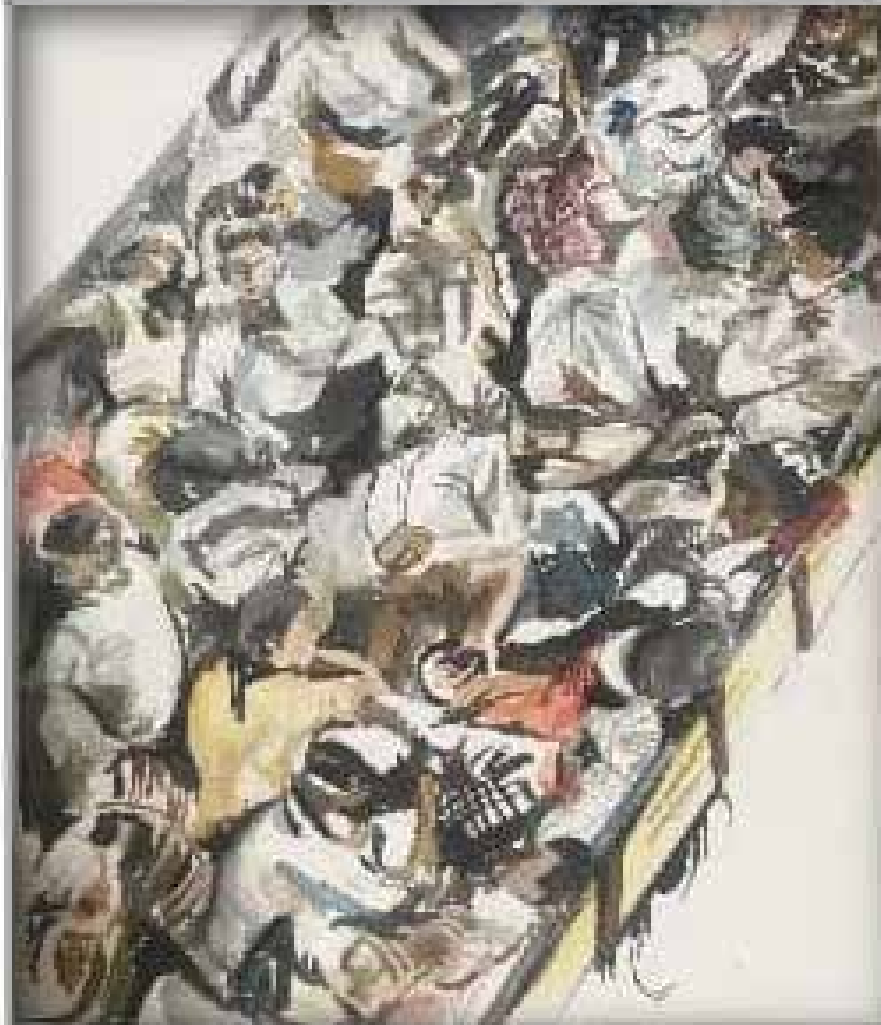
There is a disease that kills people and we can catch it from anyone. So they say we must stand a little away from each other.

But bhai, I don't think I will die of that disease. Because hunger will kill me before that!



I don't have shelter, hope, help or money in the city. But that is no reason to abandon my mother.

The love for her has nothing to do with materialistic needs. I shall carry her to sanity and life!



No no, I have not painted a scene from world war, and these are not dead bodies!

These are the silly people, who want to go to their homes not caring about anything but following the rules, wearing their masks at all times. So what if they are either under or over someone.. their only hope is to reach home at least!



A thousand kilometres is nothing, when a mother is out to save her little ones life.

So what if it's to be covered by an ordinary cycle, with a few rupees in her sack, and her baby tied to her while the sun shines so bright!



Of course I have done fielding! At home, in the fields, then when I reached the city with my family, I helped carrying out rocks at construction fielding sites.

But today, all my fielding instincts and concentration had better work, if I miss on this banana that is thrown at me, I will have to stay hungry for the next 32 hours, as it is the only food I will see on this journey!



This is nothing new, I have seen a scene like this so many times in the zoo. People offering the 5 rupee banana to the monkeys. Oops, but a little difference here, behind the bars are also people! People who we think are less deserving. We can have exotic Thai curry for dinner. They should be fine with a banana!



Temple, Church or Mosque, have shut their doors. None of them could feed me, give me shelter or any money.

Today, my God is this train, I bow down to thank you to finally take me to my home.. as I cannot deal with this selfish world!



I was on my way to home, to you..  
I could not bring toys, but was saving the roti for you.

I left the city, I travelled so far, so tired, so worn out..  
But yearning to see the smile on your face is what kept me going.  
But I could never reach you..I travelled too far!





I showed you many dreams of the city,  
but this dream city has suddenly left us nowhere..

I know you are dreaming about our home in the village,  
And I hope I can take you back home, and I'll try my best to make sure,  
That atleast this dream should come true!



They say safety is at home and not outside. Do they know my entire living is outside? Where I carry the weight of cement and bricks to build those safe homes. My desire is to go to my home and I will do what it takes.

If I have to carry my daughter all the way, I'll do that too..whatever it takes.



Maa, don't lose hope!  
We will walk all the way..  
We won't ask for food..  
We won't ask you to carry us..  
And we will reach home, one day!



Piggy back! It's a part of every father daughter relation.

So what if the daughter is hungry, the father has no money, water is barely available, and the journey to home is never ending