

The Autobiography of a Cloth

Hey human beings! You all look smart and pretty in those garments. I play an important part in your personality. But do you know about me?

My life began as a small seed. My master was a farmer. I was brought up along with my companions in the black cotton soil of the Deccan Plateau. We grew into plants and bore closed cups with white woolly substance. The farmer and his family separated us from the cup and after process of winnowing sold us to a cloth merchant.

I trembled with fear and so did my companions. But no one cared for our feelings. Our new master took us to a cotton manufacturing mill. In the spinning department we were put on spindles and turned into yarns of different kind. My body ached and I hated this new master. After "Weaving on machines I was turned into a cloth. I was dyed and a nice flowery print beautified my look. The process did not end there. I missed my old master, his tender love and caring and wished to be back with him. I cried but nobody heard me.

I was draped and sent to the market. A dealer brought me and again my master changed. I was placed in a brightly, lit shop. I made new friends. They had the same history like me. But I could not stay there with them. A pretty little girl, who had come to the shop with her mother, liked me and after I was measured, I was handed over to her. She paid a good amount to get me.

I was taken to the tailor. He cut and sewed me into a beautiful frock. The little girl wore me on her birthday party. I felt happy. I was her favorite dress and I felt proud. But the moments did not last long. The girl grew and I was no longer of her use. The girl's mother handed me over to her maid. I now became the favorite of the maid's daughter. She wore me many times. she used to play in mud and I suffered from bruises.

I had grown old and torn from many places. The maid used me to wipe the dirt and dust in her kitchen and when I lost all my colour and strength she threw me in a heap of garbage.