

Coming home



My summer vacations had begun and I was bored, bored was an understatement. For the first two weeks of my holidays I just slept like a log the whole day with nothing better to do. Then on the 25th I of June I suddenly heard my parents say that we were going to Goa. " We're going to Goa, did I hear Dad say we were going to Goa". We had not been on a holiday for nearly five years. It was always the same " we can't afford a holiday just yet". I was overwhelmed with several emotions at the same time, fear, anxiety and excitement. I was going to leave Dubai my foster home.

My ears soon peaked up to hear more. " We are going to goa, we are going home". This was two surprises in one; firstly we were finally going on a holiday after so long that too to Goa.

Goa was taboo in our home after my dad and his elder bother had a bitter battle over the ancestral home and property. Since then we moved to Dubai. For so long my dad's brother took over the property and refused to give my dad his legal share. After much of a squabble and mud slinging, we all left, and dad didn't want to return ever. After this we never breathed the word Goa.

I wondered at the change of heart. My uncle had called and apologized to my dad. He said that he wanted to see all of us and return to us what was rightfully ours. I was only 7 when I last saw Goa. Although I was born there we hardly lived there and went there only on holidays. But now I was 15 and the desire to see my birth place had been aroused. I wanted to meet the

people, see the beaches and the other sights I had just seen on the internet and heard so highly of through some of my friends.

I was so obsessed with the thought of leaving that on the day of departure I couldn't sit still in the waiting lounge. My heart was beating as loud as an African drum and my mind was thinking at the speed of light. I was just imagining all the things I would do when I landed. I wanted to jump scream for joy and dance. My eyes kept looking at the watch on the wall. I felt like the same seven year old who had left Goa eight years ago.

Finally when I boarded the flight I calmed down. The thought of landing was so pleasant that I smiled through out the flight. I landed in Mumbai; I then had to take a connecting flight to Goa. I waited, boarded the second flight and landed. The minute I landed I felt butterflies tickling the insides of my tummy. The fear of what was to be seen was so great that I didn't want to open my eyes.

The ride from the airport to my house was approximately two hours. I told the driver to drive slowly and not to rush it as I wanted to delight in each and every moment of the pleasant experience. Looking at the surroundings made me feel happy to be back. . I felt so happy to be in paradise.

I spoke freely with the driver as he was from our neighborhood. On the way I saw many beaches, gardens and loads of greenery. One of my most favorite pastimes is gardening and the greenery here was just too rewarding to the eye. I reached my locality and on arriving there I was really impressed with the orderly rows of houses which were built by the people themselves. My

ancestors house itself was a grand mansion type which was built in the olden days when the Portuguese had colonized the land.

The house was quite big and I was in for quite a luxurious time. I had arrived in the morning and went to rest. In the evening I met my cousins as they had been in school the whole morning. On meeting them I exchanged small talk as I didn't know them so well. They were so happy to see us. They asked so many questions at the same time that I didn't know what to say. " How is Dubai?", " did you miss us?", " how was your flight?", " how do you like Goa". I was confused as to which question to answer first. After a tiring conversation I went out for a walk.

The next morning the driver whom I had hired for taking me for a full tour of the place had come. As I was going to be here for a week and a half I wanted to make the best of this vacation. I wanted to see the old churches and the other historical artifacts which were still preserved

The first place I visited was the old Goa church. This was one place which interested me so much because the body of St Xavier until this day has been carefully preserved as his presence is felt in the church. This place was so holy I just didn't feel like leaving the place.

The next day I then went to visit the different forts present. Most of the forts are open to tourists and so are being renovated in order to make them look attractive. These forts were built to insure the security of the country from sea invasion. It was just like the fort which is there in Dubai, but with lots of trees to cover it from sight.

In the evening I went to Dona Paula which is another tourist attraction. This place has got two of the most ancient wind turbines which were used by the old goans to collect energy during the day because of the strong wind currents which passed the area. This place was legendary according to the folk gossip and it was called lovers paradise. This is due to the myth attached to it stating the viceroy's daughter's affair with a poor fisherman. They faced many objections and so jumped off the cliff. The place was at the seaside and the view was mentally stimulating adding to this view when it started raining it was even more pleasant. It made all the tension and tiredness of my trip vanish.

I then went for a tour of the mountains and the small hills around the area. The landscape was very beautiful. The mountain showed the area around and we could see up to a certain distance farther than my neighborhood as well. The mountains were covered with shrubberies which were glistening due to the rain and huge fruit bearing trees. The wet damp ground had a sweet smell of fertility and purity. There was the famous cashew tree, the mango and the apple trees, the coconut trees, and many others. The grass fields on the hills were crowded with cows and other vegetarian animals. This was an unusual sight but quite a pleasant one as in Dubai, which is a desert, the only unusual sight we get to see is the camel crossing the roads. I was able to see nature and be one with it. I saw various different domestic animals which helped the goans in their day to day life.

The next day I went shopping and I was surprised to see that the people at the market place sold things at such a cheap rate. So seizing the opportunity I bought a lot of stuff. The main market where all the business activities take

place is called Maupsa. To go to this destination there is a bus service available. The bus ride to the market was a pleasant one. There were quite a number of people who used the bus as it was packed.

The people around in the village are middle class people and among them there is just one or two who is rich. The goans work in the fields from morning to evening and their night life is very active. Though the place was quiet, many of the neighbors used to get together at each others house on the week ends. I was invited one evening for one of those and that was the night I enjoyed the most. The food was excellent. The list of the food that was prepared was endless as well. Though the people were of the middle class they owned their own animals which they used to consume for their meals. They had the pig which was used for pork and the hen for eggs and the meet and even the flour was home made not from the stores.

For dinner that night there was the typical Goan food, pork sausages, pork vindalo, pork sorpotel, home made brown buns, fresh fried fish, and three different salads and lots more. The food tasted out of the world. I never ate such delicious food in my life, no wonder the goans were so over healthy. Their food was mainly consisting of the above mentioned meats. Their after meal activities was something new that I had the opportunity to experience. They had a sing song session which was known as mandoz. The songs sung were the old folk songs and was something the goans took pride in. I had an eventful evening filled with exciting experiences.

That night thought me an important lesson about life and what was the real meaning of joy and happiness. Looking at the poor goans I learnt that true

joy and happiness was not something which could be bought through the power of money it was something that was earned by hard work and love. Due to the hard work and the love of the people for each other they had remained happy and successful in life. Though the people living in goa are of the modern age they are still clinging on to their old beliefs and are set in their thinking, one of the examples of the set behavior is the way in which all the houses have the same old fashioned style in the exterior design and the way in which all the houses are lined in a neat row. Out of the whole area I found only three houses which were of the modern design and looked out of place among the rows of look-alike houses.

The next interesting part of my vacation was the various festivals. Though I have always seen only goans all over the place occasionally I have also seen people of other religions. Goa is now a mixture of the original citizens and the newly settled people of different parts of the world with the result of which Goa is now a melting pot of various different cultures.

These new comers have their own festivals which have aroused my interest. I was lucky to be present during the week as the carnival as well as the Hindu festival called Govinda was going to be celebrated together. This was something new which had never occurred before. Always the two festivals were celebrated separately as the people used to end up with heavy riots which broke up among them. The Carnival as well as the Govinda festival was something I had never seen so I was extremely happy to be there. The Carnival was an event which the goans celebrated in order to show their independence. It was a non-stop 3day festival of color, song and music. The Govinda was something similar. I was able to experience two feasts at the <https://assignbuster.com/coming-home-essay-samples-2/>

same time. I saw new folk dances and I saw the Hindu's put up a pot high up in the buildings and stand up on top of one another and try to reach it and break it.

All this was so exciting. I have clicked so many pictures and have made two whole albums of my first holiday in Goa which are now some of my most prized possessions. I was sad and heartbroken to leave paradise, as in just a week I had the happiest moments of my life. I was going back but to my home away from home. But the one and a half week holiday in Goa is one I was going to remember for the rest of my life as it was an experience of a life time, it was my home.