

LIFE STORY OF SANTU: A NARRATIVE INQUIRY

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Abstract

Narrative is the means through which we integrate experience to explain how we have remained the same or changed throughout our life (Trahar & Yu, 2015). It means it is used to capture the personal and human dimensions of experience over time. Human subjects have lots of incidents and experiences through which they have come to the present and set their future from generation to generation. With lots of ups and downs in search of passion of life a person faces sweet and bitter experiences amid of several fluctuations; that is the actual meaning life. This life story can be valuable and meaningful for some readers/listeners. So, a narrative inquirer should search and explore such experiences and present in a beautiful language without killing the spirit of the narration and feeling of the informants.

In search of the condition and expectation of the elderly people towards their children, I met Santu in Kathmandu. While taking a phenomenological data about her life condition, expectation and desires towards her children in her old age, she became excited to explore her life story. My meeting, communication skill and passion to listen her story encouraged her to explore more about herself. Believing Santu a representative elderly character of our society, I felt, the parts of the stories are worthy to unlock to the readers/listeners through journal article. So, I started preparing her life story through narrative inquiry under phenomenological approach.

Santu's life story is metaphorically compared to the mirror and mirror image; we see ourselves but what we see is not exactly our reality. Mirror can be cracked even with a small pushes and pulls, and so is the life of women/girls. Mirror gets hanged wherever a man likes same is the life of women/girls. It is never free and independent. Moreover, their desires and willingness are never welcomed and respected in patriarchal society. Therefore the metaphorical use of glass has covered lots of things of Santu's life in the story.

The waves and storms of Santu's life are explored in detail. While taking data about elderly period; expectations and desires, her childhood, youths and adulthood are also examined critically. Her love, tragedy, experience of life, children and grandchildren are also served in a fascinating way in a faithful

order. Finally her experience of life as a female is presented emphatically in a poetic language in the concluding section.

Key Words: Narrative inquiry; experience; metaphor and paradox; mirror; reality

Introduction: Narrative Inquiry

Narrative inquiry, a form of qualitative research (Josselson, 2006 & Creswell, 2008) looks for the gains, pains and desires of the informants and presents in a systematic order like in a narration. It is a skill of organization of human knowledge more than merely the collection of data where the researcher interprets the informants' world personally and make meaningful in the context. Clandinin and Connelly (2000) write, "People shape their daily lives by stories of who they are and others are and as they interpret their past in terms of these stores" (p. 375).

Narrative inquiry uses field notes, stories, autobiographies, journals, letters, conversations, interviews, family stories, photos and life experiences as data (Creswell, J. W. (2007) and follows a recursive, reflective and rigorous process of moving from field to field texts (Clandinin & Huber, n.d.) in social interaction with milieu (Connelly & Clandinin, 1990). Here, milieu refers to the social condition under which people's experiences and events are unfolding. "Most of the narrative inquiries begin with asking participants to tell their stories, either one to one situations or in group" (Connelly & Clandinin, 1990 p. 5; McCabe, 2008). Similarly in Smith's words, "The narrative is a way of organizing episodes, actions and accounts of actions; it is an achievement that brings together mundane facts and fantastic creations; time and place are incorporated. The narrative allows for the inclusion of actors' reactions for their acts, as well as the courses of happenings" (1981, p.9).

According to Josselson (2006) narrative inquiry is grounded in interpretive hermeneutic and phenomenology. It involves the gathering of narratives- written, oral, visual- focusing on the meanings that people ascribe to their experiences, seeking to provide "insight that the complexity of human lives" (p. 4). Though data are collected often synonymously with story, in narrative inquiry, while gathering and telling stories, we are gathering knowledge from the past through reciprocal dialogue between researcher and informants (Pinnegar & dannes, 2007; Chase, 2005). It does not privilege one method of gathering data (Trahar, 2009) because a research is life and it is lived in the landscape of informants' lives. Actions and happenings are also the part of research and are woven into the stories that are retold (McMullen & Braithwaite, 2013). McCabe (2008) opines, narratives are often spoken and contain a chronological sequence of events.

Narrative inquiry seems flexible since it is based on experiences of individual and her/his life stories. It places a special emphasis on writing. Many narrative researchers seek to persuade their readers by writing their participants' stories in an engaging, literary manner that places the readers in the participants' shoes (Ellis, 2000). Many narrative writings demonstrate that literary conventions such as metaphor, image, and character address the complexity and vastness of human experience in ways unavailable in academic prose (Giovannoli, n. d.). Further, he writes, one does not need to be an artist (poet or novelist) in order to be a narrative inquirer (Creswell, 2008) but s/he should increasingly aware of the importance not just the words but their uses, information and discussion. "Narrative inquiry is based on the premise that as human being we come to understand and give meaning to our lives through story" (McMullen & Braithwaite, 2013).

So, here I have presented a life story of Santu (name changed), one of my female participant in a narrative form.

Santu in Narrative Inquiry

In the process of talking about elderly people and their expectations, I met Santu Thapa/Malla in Kathmandu who was residing in a rented flat with her grand children who are studying in a school in New-Baneshwor, Shankhamul, Kathmandu, the capital city of Nepal.

As Creswell (2008) and Richardson (1997) talk about the sense of community, I got a close bond with Santu during my conversation. I felt, if I prepared her stories in a sound order, it could develop a sense of connection to the readers and listener to Santu as well as writer/teller (me). The elderly female readers would feel it is their own story as well. And, they would be encouraged to explore their own stories in return when they found a researcher like me at their communities.

According to Chase (2005), Narrative analysis may be told as a way to share one's biography (life stories) having researcher understands that personal, social and cultural experiences are contributing through the sharing of such stories. These data may take personal history or reconstruction of an entire life from birth to the present. While drawing such valuable data, it describes in detail the setting or context in which the participant experiences phenomenon (Creswell, 2008). Here the setting may include the participant's home, work place, social organization or school. Or, in a single term, it is a place where 'a story physically occurs' (Creswell, 2008).

Putting these ideas in mind and hoping Santu's struggle, effort, contribution, commitment and experience would keep some important meaning in society and individual's life, I have presented Santu's life story in a biographical order focusing on ordinary events as they happen every day in everyone's life. In this inquiry I have focused not only what she has said but also how they are expressed believing Richardson's thought 'story of a life is also more than the life itself' (1997).

More than Santu's words, her emotions; tears, laughs, smiles, excitements and willingness to share her feelings were important to consider during discussion. Her desires to laugh, enjoy and live, her love towards children, husband and origin of soil, and her faith towards father, mother and relatives are worthy to mention here in the narration.

Santu in a Mirror and Out

Santu has two sons and a daughter. They are all married and have been to Japan with their spouse. The elder son's children are in hostel and the daughter's with their paternal grandparents. Santu is now living with the two children of younger son occupying a four roomed flat for three people.

The flat is well furnished. She has got all the facilities that she could get into her room but she has poor eye sight. Her eyes are deemed but she could listen well. Although she is seventy two years old, she prepares meal for the children and washes their clothes regularly. "Sometimes the clothes fall on the floor when I mistakenly put them on the string. I see the string there and put the clothes to dry but it is not there. My eyes are deceiving me time and again. So, sometimes remembering these all, I laugh alone into the room. And, sometimes I become sad and cry remembering my young days, youth, husband and friends". Santu said with a laugh accompanying with a deep sigh.

Santu was born in a Raja family (Thakuri family of Galkot area who had ruled that state in the past). They had a great reputation in the past and it is still there. The relational hegemony between Thakuri and other castes can be still found in Galkot. That time there was a school in Galkot but she could not attend that school because she was a daughter. More than that there would be a great question mark in the prestige of Raja family if she talked, fell in love and eloped with any one common folk of that society.

Being a daughter of a good family, she was grown up into a strict environment. Even though she could not attend school, she also did not have any feeling of sadness, pain and problem. Everything was

available at home; good food, beautiful clothes, friends and servants. Everyone used to call her 'Maiya'. Maiya was beautiful but no one dared to see into her eyes though many boys liked and tempted to talk, no one would courage to call her in 'Jhamre', a type of dual song sung in a group of boys and girls, and no one ever purposed her. "Nobody used to talk raising their head up!" hahahahahah.....she laughed breaking the pace of conversation.

"At the age of fourteen, one day I was going to my grandparents' home. My grandfather would love me very much. People called him 'Mailo Raja'. He was living with his youngest son (my father was the eldest). To reach there I had to walk almost one and half an hour where I had to cross three/four rivulets and a jungle. As there was a long distance along the dense jungle, the fear of bear and leopard was high. And, it was the time when people used to talk a lot about ghosts, evil spirits and witches. Mother advised me to take Hiramay; our woman servant, with me but in absence of father and brother I denied her advice and slipped away. I was alone and the place was quiet. The whistle of the birds, broken twigs, leaves and branches were also taking my attention highly. More than the jungle tiger, my heart's tiger was eating me much (jgsf] af3n] eGbf dnfO{ dgsf] af3n] vfO{/x]Yof]) so I was walking in a high speed and sometimes running as well. Really I missed Hiramaya a lot there." She was excited and speaking continuously but suddenly she paused and chuckled herself.

"Then what happened?" I asked curiously.

She laughed continuously for long and robbed her eyes, face and palms, and tried to talk catching my palms with her palms.

"Then...hahahahahah.....let's not say that all", she again smiled and felt little odd and ashamed to speak. After a while she patted on my soldier, caught my hand again and started speaking. I guessed there was something interesting.

"On the way at the middle of the jungle, I found a man of almost twenty two or three years old, carrying a big tape-record on his soldier, walking on his own speed. Looking that tape-record and his hair style, everyone could guess that he was a *Paltan ko Laure* (Indian Army) because that time no other people would have a watch and tape-record except such *laures*. Looking his pace, I wanted to overtake him. I walked a bit faster so that I would not have fear of anything on the one hand, and on the other hand he would not feel that I was following him. Therefore, without looking and speaking I overtook him from his left but immediately as I passed, he called me by my name; *How are you Maiya? Where are you going?* I was shocked!!! How did he know my name! That was a quite unfamiliar sound to me but I thought he had known me so I replied him politely without looking at his face "I am going to my grandfather's house. God promise, I was innocent till then". She patted again on my back and laughed and continued again.

"Are you in a hurry?" He asked

"Yes." I replied very short.

"So fast, you are walking! Can't we go together? I am also going there onwards?" He lowered the sound of the tape record.

"Yes. You can also walk faster. You seem you can walk fast." I looked back at his face and said. The man seemed unfamiliar to me but a thin, long and well saved face with a soft smile was looking gentle.

"But I want you walk slow so we could talk for a while. Can we talk for a while?" He proposed.

"What to talk? I think we are talking now also. Do you want something more to say?" I guessed I spoke something more but now I was feeling something different for nobody had talked to me in such a way

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before. It was my golden opportunity to speak freely on my own. Actually I felt, I was a bird unlocked from the cage. “May I ask you something?” I stated myself.

“Yes”

“What is your name? I think I have not seen you before. Are you Laure? You seemed like a Laure.” I asked confidently. I was the daughter of Raja Saheb so I had not to be afraid with anybody else.

“Yes. I am a Laure. My name is Tirtha Thapa. My home is in Kaulani. Now I am on home leave for two months. I came from Gorakhpur.” He answered me all in detail more than I had asked him. “Now, may I know you name Maiya?” He asked.

Oh ho!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What a shock!

He was asking me my name! I was shocked again. First, I was shocked because he called me by my name. Second I was shocked because he was asking my name. There I realized, I had been a fool! But I had to be confident so I asked myself looking at his face, “Why did you call me first without knowing my name? Were you making me fool?”

“No. You looked beautiful. I liked you so I called you just to start a conversation.” He answered obediently, confidently and boldly with a smile on his lips.

“Don’t you know my parents? My brothers and relatives as well? I asked.

“No. But I think I know one of your relatives now.”

“Who?” I asked

“Myself. Now I think I have become one of your relatives. Don’t I?

What a unique and shocking answer! I just laughed and moved ahead.

“Don’t you say me your name?” He reminded me again.

“You can call me Maiya as you called me before.” Without stopping my steps I spoke.

“Maiyawhat? What is your cast?

“Maiya Nepali” hahahahahah.....

“I agree. I like it.”

“Why do you like it? I asked.

“I like you but I don’t have any concern on cast, wealth and relation though I asked...You are really beautiful” He continued speaking but we reached near to the village so I took a path which he was not suppose to be taken. It was my compulsion to choose the next way otherwise my fathers, brothers and relatives would see me and interpret in a different way.

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“It was the first day when I was appreciated by an unknown man. First time I talked in such a way to a boy on the way. And, I knew boys address an unknown girls saying ‘Maiya’ just to start conversation. Even though, after a while we parted from the way, the man remained for long in my eyes, heart and



mind. I didn't know who actually he was but I remembered the name 'Tirtha'. First time I felt life is beautiful.

Finally, I reached to my grandfather's house where at the same day without any consent to my father, mother and myself, grandfather had fixed my marriage with a Thakuri boy, my *Phupa's son who was almost sixteen years older than me. Hahahahhahahah.....you are listening like a story." Santu patted again on my back and laughed and massage on my head like a child.

Santu got married at the age of fourteen with the Thakuri boy of Musikot of Gulmi district. They had also a good family reputation in Musikot. In the marriage, they brought six *Doles* (who carry *dolla*, the bride carriage), thirty two horses, fifty *cypatas* (gifts of fruits and breads) and eighteen *Baazaas* (drums) along with hundreds of *Jantis* (people). Ten people were used to carry the *Garguwa* (dowry) collected at the time of marriage. The marriage was grand but she said it was not her expectation.

In Thakuri culture, according to Santu, daughters are to marry far from their parents' home. They should marry to the Thakuri boys if possible to their Phupa's sons. First Phupa's sons have legal right to claim to marry to their Mama's (mother's brother) daughters. If they do not like to marry or they are not suitable by age then only the girls (mama's daughters) can marry to others. Sometimes the boys can marry two or more than two sisters/wives. Polygamy was a common culture in Thakuri society at that time. So, Santu also came to know that she had become a second wife of her husband. "Hare Rama Rama !!!" she said, she felt she had been to *Narka* (hell).

Santu spent two years in Musikot without coming to her mother's house. Lots of love was there in her heart for her birth place but she could not come. A big home, big rule, big responsibility, big challenge, big prestige, big gap but very limited freedom was there.

Santu had a *Sauta*; another wife of her own husband, at that house but she was not jealous of Santu. As she did not have a child, she wanted Santu bears a baby and fills her empty lap. The *Sauta* was not worried about her own baby but she wanted to see a baby from her husband to continue the lineage of that family. So, she had happily permitted her husband to bring another wife. Unfortunately Santu also could not give any baby for two years. After two years, Santu's grandmother became sick and as she desired to see Santu's face before she died, people went to call/carry Santu to her grandmother.

After two years Santu came to her mother's house where everything was all right except the grandmother. Santu came in the evening and grandmother died just next day in the morning. People believed the grandmother was just waiting for Santu to see.

Santu had to stay there almost for fifteen days. The thirteen days' procession was going on. In Rani Saheb's death many people came to counsel Raja Saheb. The sons (Santu's father and uncles) were in mourning rituals in white clothes. The young people were coming in the evening and night to accompany them believing that the dead spirit would haunt the people at night.

On the sixth day's night, Santu was busy with her mother and aunts in the kitchen for preparing tea and snacks for the vigil team. Outside people were playing cards for spending time at night and talking loudly. Continuously a somehow familiar voice was coming into Santu's ear but she could not recognize by sound. So she herself brought the tea and snacks and came out to see them all clearly. In deem light of kerosene lamp in December night, she could not see them all. Once she came out from the door, everyone started making fun of her and laughed but the voice she had heard inside was not heard then. So when she unknowingly paid her attention to everyone's face, she recognized *Laure* (Tirtha) once again. She got shocked again!!! This was the third time when she was shocked in the same matter. "I reflected all that had happened at the first meeting" Santu's face got changed. She looked slightly sad and nervous.

“Ufffff.....” she took a long breath and sighed rubbing her face and pushing her hairs back from the face.

Next day Laure came at the day time where Santu saw him clearly and recognized well. Laure also had recognized Santu the last night so he, according to Santu, wanted to be confirmed about her. They talked there very little and Laure proposed her to see again at the same place where they had seen first time to each other. “He proposed and I said ‘ok’ without thinking anything else. I did not know what had happened to me. Just later I realized what I had decided. I could not break the promise then so I went to meet him with a little fear.” She added.

She had to work there in grandfather’s house. She had a fear of her fathers, brothers, relatives and others as well. And, more than this all, she was a married girl. Her meeting, talking and sitting with others would keep meaning there. Whatever interpretation people would make seeing her, she had to accept in such cases. Yet, she urged to go to see Tirtha in the jungle.

“It was written on my fate so I met him there continuously for six days. We used not to have much talk but both of us wanted to see each other frequently. It was not enough to see at home when he came to ours. On the thirteenth day, the last day of the funeral procession, my husband had also come. My father put him *Tika* and had his meal. My uncles and grandfather also put him tika. After two days my husband wanted to take me to his home but I wanted to stay there for some more days. My mother, father and aunts also started compelling me to go with the husband. And, the husband sometimes was threatening me as well. Because of his threaten, terror, compulsion also I did not like to go with him. On the one hand he was too old to me on the other hand he was threatening. I said this all to Tirtha. On the same day at the same time Tirtha looked deeply into my face and asked whether I loved him or not. I said I do but I was a married girl. Then he reminded me the statement he had said two years ago; ‘I like you but not your cast, wealth and relatives...’ Finally we decided to escape from there. We eloped at the same night and went to Gorakhpur through Sunauli in six days. We did not know what had happen there in my father’s house after we escaped from there.”

Santu made a bold decision in critical situation. She did not know where her life was going. She had her father, grandfather, brothers and many relatives. She had a big prestige; the daughter of Raja Saheb! Eloped after marriage with a kshetri boy. Life in a mirror seemed beautiful but who understood her feelings, desires and thrusts?

“Thank God! Tirtha was not married! We stayed there in Gorakhpur for ten years. We got three children and came back to our village on eleventh year. Till then the problem was solved. Hahahahaha.....but my father, mother and even the brothers did not invite me to their house. Living just in three hours walk, I even could not see my father and mother at their last stage”. (Her face got slightly changed).

Tirtha was very good till they were in India but when they come to Nepal, he started drinking alcohol, spending money on women and gambling. He started showing his *laure* status to everyone by drinking, fighting, gambling and quarrelling. Retired pension was there but it was not enough for him to drink. “I did not have any right to go to my father’s house to share such problems. Now I have good relation to the brothers these days but they did not call me when my father and mother were alive. I wanted them each time but they accused me saying I cut their nose marrying to the lower caste man. This also supported Tirtha to be drunkard. (Taking a long breath after a pause) Sometimes Tirtha used to bit me and children as well. The children would cry and run after me to save themselves from father. Poor children! They did not know I was more insecure than them. I wanted to die but when I would see their (Children) face I could not decide that at all. (Rubbing her eyes again speaks continuously) We gradually became poorer. When Ramu (name changed), the eldest son became eighteen, he started saving me from his father but he could not stop him drinking alcohol. So Ramu went to India to earn money. The daughter was fourteen years old. I wanted to teach her at least up to class ten but father (Tirtha) decided to marry her at the age

of fifteen. She was studying just in class eight. Next year Ramu came and took his brother also to Delhi. Then again Tirtha and I remained alone at home.” (She lights a cigarette).

Again she continued speaking. “I hoped he would be changed after that but he was not. Whenever my brothers met him and said something, he would get more frustrated, angry and fired. My brothers never knew what Tirtha had given me. They just blamed him and made him drunkard. I wanted to go back to India but it was too late.”

“After three years of the daughter’s marriage, Tirtha got asthma and he could not go out of the house. Then only he stopped drinking and beating me. This was probably written in my fate. God examined me time and again. So, forgetting everything happened into my life, I took care of Tirtha very sincerely. When I looked at him, I just remembered he loved me a lot, he accompanied me in need, he gave me three children, he showed me the Lahur (India), he made me a good house wife and in a single sentence, he gave me an identity through which I have been surviving till now. I remembered those all and loved him for seven years continuously. After seven years, he died on my lap dropping some tears with love and regret at the age of sixty five. I never let him listen what wrong had he done when he was healthy. The great thing was that being a *Kumar* (unmarried boy) he had accepted me such a married woman, the other’s wife.”

Now, Santu’s both the sons, daughters-in-law and daughter are in Japan. They took their *mamas*’ (maternal uncles’) sons also in Japan to earn. The grand children are around her. She believes god has been taking care of her. She had more than a million rupees to pay to others in her husband’s time but the sons have paid that all. Now she has enough land, money and concrete houses in Galkot and Chitwan. The sons are proposing her to see a good house in Kathmandu as well but she calls Kathmandu a hell (*Narka*) and wants to go back to Galkot. According to her, nothing is good for her in Kathmandu. She cannot walk alone, she can’t travel in any vehicle; not only the four wheeler and two wheeler but also in sky flying (airplane) as well.

Santu is not dissatisfied in staying in Kathmandu and preparing meal for her grandchildren but her heart is always there in Galkot, her own place. She spent her terrible days in a small hut but now the concrete building is in no use. Nobody is there to stay. She could not stay there even for a month. Now she wants her daughters-in-law come back to Nepal and take care of their children and send Santu back to village otherwise, she wants her dead body to be taken to Galkot for cremation even after her death. She wants to die in the middle of all the relatives and neighbors and burn in the same place where her husband, Tirtha was cremated.

“In this age everyone wants their children take care; prepare meals, wash clothes, offer a glass of hot milk in the morning and evening, massage each evening before to bed....but it is not possible. They need money more than me. They need much land and big houses then their parents. Having pains desires and demands we need to be quiet in old age. Nobody listens us. So I left expressing such desires to them. If my sons forget, please you remind them to take my dead body to Galkot to cremate”, She said to me and pat again on my back and ordered two cups of tea to her granddaughter.

Santu and Mirror

Mirror is a metaphor where we see everything clearly but opposite reflecting the image of self and others (Shengold, 1974). We recollect everything in the memory and present whenever we need. In this sense it seems like a paradox. Actually the mirror of the life is metaphorical paradox in Santu’s case where lots of tears and pains are hidden behind a smiling face.

According to Michael Brown (n. d.), a non-white American who was killed in police shot in America, our life, including all the memories, is a high precision mirror. It shows us literally and metaphorically who

we really are. Nothing in our life is not a reflection of who we are. This is the secret language of perceived memories, events and things. It shows us to ourselves. So just we need to have a good wisdom to recognize ourselves.

Santu laughs, looks happy, enjoys with neighbors and relatives but she has lots of storms, tsunamis and cyclones in her hearts which cannot be seen easily from outside. Living in capital city of the country is taken as a comfortable life, having children in Japan is taken as a prosperous life and having grandchildren with grandparents is accepted as a fortune but what Santu actually is feeling is different from what others think. She has lots of love towards her village, she wants the children live with her and take care in the old age, and she wants her dead body to be taken to her own village. But, she also knows these things are not going to be happened easily in her life.

She spent her life as a daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother and care taker of her grandchildren but she found nowhere a good status in her life. Her willingness, desires, feelings and aspirations were never respected. In her own words she is/was treated as an incapable and incompetent character throughout her life. When she stated herself that she was in a mirror, I remembered a statement of Haglund (1996), "Part of the power of the mirror metaphor is that the single image captures many aspects of human development and human experience at once" and Cruz, (2004), "The mirror image can be compared to a reflection of the worlds reality on our life experiences, or to the reflection of our life experience on the reality of the world... yesterday's knowledge is transformed into today's ignorance and tomorrow's everything becomes different".

Life looks beautiful, according to Santu, in a mirror. This mirror is our society, our family and our relatives but as a daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, how we experience is always within us. More than money and property, an elderly needs love, care, respect, sympathy and encouragement to live longer. Money can buy goods from the market but it cannot buy love and happiness in a family. And, a person is smiling in our meetings on the way does not mean that he/she is happy and satisfied in his/her life. A figure or face of a person is seen in a mirror but not his/her heart.

Conclusion

Humans by nature are story telling organisms who, individually and socially, lead storied lives and tell stories of those lives (Connelly & Clandinin, 1990). The study of narrative, therefore, is the study of the ways they experience the world. More than youths and children, the elderly people like to share their life experiences once they get the people to listen their feelings and thoughts. So, Santu has also disclosed her thoughts and feelings once she felt I could listen her very seriously. Many elderly people; male and female, are there into the societies who have certainly many life experiences but they are still unheard. Santu's presence in this inquiry proves they are also feeling suffocated with their own experiences but once they get a right person to express, they can open from their heart.

Despite many fluctuations in her life, Santu's condition, experience, feelings and expectations are important to understand. More than that, Santu as a daughter, sister, wife, mother and grandmother she was supposed to play varieties of roles in her family and society but she said she could. So I believe I should address it emphatically. Thus, in a conclusion I have presented her sentiment in a poetic language:

**I was a daughter,
 So, I could not think.
 I was a girl,
 So, I could not decide.
 I was a wife,
 So, I could not plan.
 I was a mother,
 So, I could not be free.**

**I was a grandmother,
So, I could not be independent.
Now, I am an old woman,
I look upon others and survive
Actually the Women,
Never Live Their Own Lives.**

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