

# Post Meridiem

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Nargis & Farah

## **Post Meridiem**

Photograph by Nargis

Story by Farah

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Walking alone at night can be either dangerous or very dangerous but never safe. Specially, As a female. We've probably heard so much on the media about females being



raped, sexually harassed, molested  
etc. That has held us back from  
going out alone at night. Despite  
the street be crowded with people  
or as empty as a cookie jar, it's





always frightening as we always have the thought of “what if I become a victim?”.

Since I've been a child I was always told to not go out anytime past 7pm



as it starts to get dark out. Even when my mom needed groceries from out or maybe even just a pack of butter, she would send my brother to go and buy them. It was



stuck in my mind that girls cannot go out alone. And I'm still being raised with that mindset.

I have went out at 10 pm before and had different experiences. The



first time I ever walked on the hauz rani lane alone at night was a couple months before when my mother had visited one of her friend's home and I asked her if I could





leave a little earlier as I had some homework to get done. She permitted me to go and I was very surprised how she didn't hesitate on letting me go out alone specially at



10 pm as she had never let me out once it gets dark. I thought she permitted me because maybe I'm growing up now and I'm not the same little girl she used to think



anymore. Or maybe she thought the people on that street could be trusted. I can never know what's in a mother's mind. Though she let me go home alone, I was still not



convinced if I should actually leave  
as I know how dangerous the  
streets of hauz rani are as the  
population of males are more than  
of females. I still didn't think much





of it and left alone.

The streets were absolutely empty and silent and all I could see was dogs, orange lights and men. Im very fond of listening to music



while walking out as I don't like to listen to the sound of bikes, cars, children or vendors, I like to stay in my own world. But this time I was not listening to no music and the



silence was terrifying. After passing a few blocks, a man had asked me directions of the mandir. I did not bother answering his question hence I was really scared of the



thought “what if I become a victim?” I was scared if he does anything to me so I just kept walking without answering and he stared at me for a while. I started to





shake and looked back once again  
and he was still staring at me but I  
didn't care and kept on walking. As  
I walked and passed two blocks, I  
saw 5-6 men sitting on and around a



bike, all chatting loudly and laughing. After a long walk when I reached home , I first whispered “alhamdulillah” thanking God that I reached home safely without



becoming a victim. It was a little scary but not as dangerous as I thought it could get which actually could but fortunately, it didn't.



I had become very bold after that, I started to think if I did it once, I can do it again and have some better experience. After all, I've always wished to walk alone at night





under the starry sky, listening to music while the street be pin-drop silent. Only if I was allowed to. I had once again went out at night around 9:30pm but this time , my



mother was with me. We were walking home after she had come back from work, this time I was listening to music unlike the first time because I was not as scared



anymore as my mother was with me. She saw one of her close friends who used to live in the same building as us when we first came to India. They started to chat a little



here and there but I was too impatient and just wanted to reach home as I was really tired. I started to walk the rest of the street alone to reach home faster. While being a





few steps away from my home's gate, I saw a man with a younger boy standing by his side , staring at me, I wasn't as scared anymore as I was near my home and my mom



was a few steps behind me and my neighbour's could hear me if I screamed or got into any trouble. I stared back at him until he broke the eye contact, and as I thought, he



did. So I start to walk even closer to my home until another guy sitting in front of a closed tailor shop, starts to look at me inappropriately, and likewise again, I stared back and



waited for him to break the eye contact, unless he didn't. He thought I wouldn't say anything but I was a little bolder than I could ever get, I asked him "is there a





problem?” and he didn't say a word but “hmm?” until I repeated my words and he lowered his gaze. I went home and thought to myself that maybe I can save myself from



being a victim by being this bold  
and brave.

Farah





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