



## THE WHITE MASK ON COMPASSION

It was a burning hot summer day. The sky had changed its gradient from blue to chrome yellow. Everything seemed dry and out of the comfort freshness. The trees were all ready to shed their brown dried leaves. And there created no shade for departure of the chirping birds flying around in the burning atmosphere. The sky had no clouds to hide the shining red ball of flame, the sun. The migration of birds seemed very meaningful. The fresh aroma from the chimneys of every house called my name. I couldn't resist further. The stomach growling even more loudly like a lion's roar made me run downstairs to grab something that could fill my desire. The kitchen seemed vast and I could feel a very good vibe as I moved further.

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



There I saw my mother standing across the kitchen table all ready to feed my hunger. The table was full. Freshly cooked pancakes along with pure yoghurt and colour-crashing fruits made me even more attracted to the kitchen table. There I sat giving up my complete glances towards the table. I couldn't resist and gobbled them up as quick as possible and gazed at my mother sitting across the kitchen table with red wine soaked lips. I didn't know why or when a gentle smile went through my pale face of round. As I finished up filling my stomach with homemade food, I rushed upstairs again to lock up myself in the room and taking up a peep towards the large land all dried up due to the cold spoiling heat. Everything seemed usual, the dried brown grass, the burning road, the hot spreading skies, the hills all worn and the birds migrating with its chirping. But, the large squabbling

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



crowd at the end of road near the hotel seemed very unusual. Everyone seemed to be very rude and harsh on something. What may be the reason for such a mass squabbling? And why is everyone's face all mean and angry? I was not able to stand still in ~~my~~ balcony of my little attic without knowing the answer to my question. Such a huge mass was very rare in this beautiful village.

'~~Pappa~~' The large voices from the mass was calling my name. I was uncontrollable. I rushed downstairs as fast as I could and moved towards the shut doors. That's when a weary voice caught my ears.

"Martha, why are you rushing towards the door? The atmosphere is very critical. It's very hot outside."

With much agitation I answered in a very gentle voice,

"Mom, I'm in a rush towards the large



~~exposed~~ crowd at the end of the road. Everyone is squabbling at something. I have to take a glance over there."

I don't know why but these words really caught my mother's attention. She softened her voice and let me out with opened doors and an umbrella to stay away from the burning rays of heat. As I moved outside, the wind opposing me was dry and hot. My blonde hair was all moving backwards as I kept my steps further towards the mass of voice. The sky was all clear but filled already with burning rays of the red hot sun. I was soaked in sweat as I moved further and I never meant to replicate it. By whipping off the sweat all salty and slimy my mind was scribbled with numerous doubtful questions, all about the crowd.

Why was the mass for? What was the news for this anger in the villagers face? These



Questions made me even more fatal:

There I stood very behind the last man included in the crowd. This wasn't the matter that made me agitated. But the crawled young boy laying in the hotel made me agitated. The bones was projected from his dark black body. The kinky hair was all dusty and hadn't seen water for days. The pencil thin body made my eyes fill really quickly. But, the thing that didn't caught my mind was, 'Why didn't the people offer any help to the skeleton boy?', 'Why is everyone staring at him ~~although~~ without giving any help?', 'Why is still the mass squabbling at each other?'

I was forced by my imagination and overthinking to ask an aged man standing beside me about the voices raising. He was too with filled eyes and couldn't spit a



word out. Still with his holes he managed,  
"Dear little young girl, the mass is against  
that tiny boy all crumbled causing no trouble  
just an irritation with his skin colour. These  
people, all with fair pale skin don't wanted a  
black poor boy laying over there. They all are  
not willing to offer even a pinch of food to  
his mouth to fill his stomach just because of  
his rare skin colour around."

I was tempted to cry. The little boy don't have  
a right just to step out from his hunger. Aren't  
these peoples heart even not willing to do so.  
~~I got a little cry.~~ Don't these sights, make them cry.

The black boy all crumbled up with his bones  
projected and pencil thin along with dusty  
face and dried up mouth make the white men  
cry was difficult just because of the mask  
covering up their compassion.

I couldn't stand there anymore without



even opening my mouth against this. I was forced by my gentle heart to move towards the side of right. I rushed back to my house as fast as I could opening the door with a bang and grabbing all the fruitful stuffs for the little poor black thing. That's when I had to stop hearing my mother say,

"What are you upto now?"

This question seemed right to be answered,

"Mom, I am much agitated, the crowd was for nothing but to hardly oppose against a young black boy laying near the hotel going to die."

Before I conclude my words she added up few more food from the kitchen table to a basket and handed over it to me. There was this big reason that brought a wide expression of happiness towards ~~her~~ this kind ~~mind~~ my face seeing all her kind deed. I too love her





way of attitude against the cold minds of white's against the black. I couldn't stand there further and rushed towards the cruel surrounding the poor again. I sat near the boy grabbed a fruit and gave it to him as I patted him gently.

Everything was too late. The soul had all ripped out of the boy's body and had set free towards the place where he could find the rights. The crowd still squabbling about the lifeless black body all with projected bones and left out breathe made me fatal. I was forced to raise my voice against the mask which is covering up their compassion.

"You all are wrong with this poor boy. He has gone. You never let the boy escape from the clutches of death. He was lying in front of you all weary with hunger. Don't you dare look anyone with those cruel





white eyes. Don't you dare discriminate a person checking whether they are white or black or any other kind. Just rip off those mask covering up your compassion towards the right."

I was silent after much words running out of my mouth. The crowd was silent too gazing at me in the burning hot. Me with the poor lifeless boy all crawled with hunger sat on the dry grass land near the hotel without a bit of smile or happiness. The sky was about to turn all dark. The wind was going to be fresh after the dusty husking. Still staring onto the boy lifeless made my last tear drop on his dusty black cheeks.