



## Why can't you?

Respected Dignitaries on the dias and my dear students, a very good morning to one and all of you,

I am really glad to be here in this auspicious occasion. Standing in the dias with my beloved teachers who led me from an introvert girl to someone who has his own opinion, tastes, and culture. For me the school has a soothing effect on the dusty green ravines of my heart. My wounded heart quenches its thirst from the forever memories of the lost paradise - my school. As you all requested me to tell the inspirational tale that led me from the soils of misfortune to the synthetic track of life. It happened when I was in my 10<sup>th</sup> grade.

The earth was in its immodest greenery. An extra specially sweet splendour of the spring bloomed in my heart watching the silver chains



of the monsoon showers embrace the green soils. The white  
sa cascades of my heart tottered through the mosses  
over grown ledges and crimson violet rocky cliffs. The  
chilling coldness of the huge downpour touched my heart  
embraced me and adorned me with its silver white  
pearls.... Wading through the flooded highway the  
poet in my mind rose from its clenched ~~and~~ wrist  
to a bird with 'wings of fire'. I was hardly breathing  
utter despondant and panting for breath I stood. I was  
really exhausted after the long run, but it was  
futile. I had missed my routine bus. A strong feeling  
of disgust peeped through my eyes. My cheeks bulged  
out with strong feeling of tension. My heart, in its  
ravines had an immense pain.... I was at the verge  
of a disappointed sob.... but stood with a silent  
cry frozen under my thorax....

After a minute or two I saw Ammu  
and her friend coming. It was as a light at the  
end of a tunnel. She was wetted by the monsoon showers



Her nylon uniform enormously embraced her with its wetness. Through the narrow slits of her cloth I could see the scar of a vaccination gently peeping out. She gave me a smile. A smile of 'eternal' beauty. It was as if a daffodil bloomed. It could extinguish the fire of my heart. Amma and her friend started their conversation. They had stories of a long weekend to convey each other. I never meant to eavesdrop, but the obvious behaviour of the human heart - to peep into others life acted upon me also! I couldn't stay back, I heard their conversations, a bit clearly.....

Soon Amma's friend asked her "How is your mother?" Soon Amma's eyes had vigorous reactions. The 'daffodil' on her face dried up and fell down clearly got mixed up with the raining wet soils. Amma's face had veils of dark clouds over that. She had a silent cry... no... a <sup>s</sup>ilent protest. but I couldn't jump out of her wide mouth. It ended up with a solitary tears at the ledge of her eyes..



My heart too had a small pain at its one of the corners. I could sense it piercing my breasts. . . . .  
Ammu with shivering voice replied "She's not well. . . .  
Doctor has demanded bed rest. . . . The municipality health officials comes and she have regular health check ups going on. . . . She had something more to say but couldn't complete all the way. . . . .

..... We reached our school very late. The ache caused by Ammu's shivering still pierced my heart. I couldn't sit in my class room with a calm heart. I felt as if that my life blood was drying. . . . Emotionally imbalanced, I felt me as if a small size of slice of pudding tottering through the cannines and incisors. . . . Hardly. . . and gently crushed down. . . . I with a sorrowful heart told my sorrows to my best friend. She with greater embarrassment told that Ammu was her cousin and she was in a really pathetic condition. For her father left her and her sick mother the debts and fox eyes of the financial companies who.



ate their flesh and soul. Their scrutiny and harassment had made her and mother to immense sorrow and pathetic conditions. Their life had no hope but had lacks ~~and~~ and splinters. It had no ornamentation and fabrication but real blood, heart-soul relationship. I felt sympathy for Amma. My heart ached and wretched every time I heard of her name.

In the evening I explained the plight and the sorrows of Amma and especially the most Jesuitical spite and malice of the financial companies to them. My ~~own~~ mother too had a strong feeling of grief and empathy towards her family. She told me to be empathetic towards Amma and donot isolate her from the synthetic path of life and she added that if she need any counselling or mental preparedness do call her as my mother was an Ameen and she is working in a court that has many such services for the marginalised girls of the new era.



I received a small space in Ammus heart. We became close friends and she shared her heart melting sorrows to me. I was joyful and happy as I could bring the daffodil of her face back to her...

In contrary my mother had a field work that week. She had to move a family from their home as they were unable to pay the debts of a private financing company. It was an aching scene for my mother. The family was a teenage girl and her mother. Her mother with wounds on her neck and corners of the body which was adorned by the worms and ants. She was eaten up by those ~~the~~ creatures so badly. due to long term bed rest. The public and the local leaders created a scene at that time. They behaved really tough to my mother and other officials. They had such a immensely painful memory from there. They were harassed mentally. They had such a great bad experience from there. The public reacted vigorously



As if my mother and other officials are the reason for their bad fate: but ~~the~~ my mother and other officials could complete their job and because of a strong feeling empathy towards the mother and the girl my mother and other officials made temporary accommodation for the girl and her mother but... but the news became sensational. The social media platforms ~~harass~~ harassed my mother as she was the evil power behind the sad fate of the family. Without remembering the hospitality my mother had provided to them they ruined her. The social media addicts shared it through their viral pages. The media platforms boasted the news out... my mother she was ruined, the antisocialists quenched their thirst from her maternal heart. The sacrilegious youth stared at her with utmost anger and vengeance.

I had a lot of difficulties to go to my school after the event. I became so demolished my heart wrecked. Those days were as if a strong red hot iron



needle piercing the heart. I visited the school one day with my heart beating and eyes 'overwhelmed' with immense grief. From the school we were taken to 10<sup>th</sup> lane, in the out skirts of the town. We could see a small square room and some people surrounding it. They were in mourning. Some super natural creatures with its ice cold fingers touched me at every moment with shivering foot steps we walked in; under the smell of an Incense stick we could see our Amma lying in a coffin with an 'eternal' smile... My heart was pierced, life blood dried up the immense pain broke my nerves. The ravines of my heart had terrible land slides. With a gloomy heart we went back to our homes from the school...

When I reached the home I could see my Mom with shivering body and red eyes. I never saw her like that before. I couldn't do anything before. She made me close to her heart and give a sob a desperate sob...





with shivering voice she said to me your Ammu was the daughter of the woman who me and my officials banished from their home to a temporary accommodation. Something rised ~~am~~ from my stomach passed through my veins and slowly but in a terrific manner broke my thorax and moved out as a loud roar, a cry of immense deliquescent nature which absorbed the blood of my dear Ammu.

The social media platforms were ruining my mom. With utmost pity she ~~to~~ resigned her job which was her 'dream' which never allowed her to sleep. A Daily newspaper reported that Ammu and her family had payed the debts back but the financing companies with their greedy needs were ruining their life in the ~~back~~ backdrop of the high interest demanded for the debts.

Through the further investigations I could find that the 'social media sensations' were brought by the financial mafia for their greedy and delinquent 'interests'.



The medias boosted this up with great efforts for their ratings! The same social media platforms which ruined my mother's life supported her and made their way against the antisocialists and financial rackets who had their evil powers behind it. For my mother and

For my Amma I fought. I raised my voice in front of the public to protest against financial Tycoons playing with the life of the marginalised people of the society. I made strong strikes and protests with my friends and teachers to punish the maladjusted financial mafia and the antisocialists creating false notions in the social networking sites. For the very first time I could sense the power of my voice, the valour of my heart and the strength of the menstrual blood in my nerves.

I had great support in the media platforms. That support and encouragement from my teachers made me fight and finally I could buy a long 14 years imprisonment for the sacrilegious mafias who urge to taste the essence of the life of the people with



... purity in their heart. I fought harder and raised my voice against many antisocial issues and made my way and last but not the least I got the sanction from the Government of India to build a house for my dear Amma as mother. This strong spirit of rivalry and valour and the fire that developed in my wings made me conquer the barriers of life to attain my dream to be a social activist and a fellow civil servant of the nation who strives for the welfare of the maladjusted and marginalised societies of my beloved nation.

... Mine was not just a dream but the sharp edges of a molten rock that pierced my heart and drenched me to the soles of misfortune but my life my vigorous heart after all the strong strong impulses imparted by my teachers and friends that made me conquer the the dreams. Some tears still peep through my eyes when I my memories rise from their sleep. I hope my inspirational story has become a great valour for the students who eagerly heard my story.



With great pleasure I inaugurate the Ammu Memorial essay and seminar hall of my school. I bow at the feet of my teachers for the paradise on the earth lie under their feet and in this moment I ~~am~~ remember Ammu and my mother with a aching heart...

To all my dear students. Remember only a good tree makes a good fruit. be the vigorous power and source of courage, valour, love and respect towards others. Life may dampen you to the soils of misfortune but the synthetic track of life lies under the utter perseverance and hard work. So Dream high quench your thirst from your dreams and hardships of life. If a person like me, an introvert, a person without sure opinions and tastes can stand before such a great strength of audience why can't you? Let the end be your beginning! Thank you. One and all of you.