



Theme: My Dream

A Shattered Dream and its Reminding

It was a bright sunny day. Catharine, a seven year old girl woke up from her sleep, hearing the chirping of birds. She rushed to her window, moved her brightly coloured curtain, to find the source of the melodious song of birds. She saw a group of birds flying, on their way to some mysterious places which are unknown to the human beings.

Catharine went to downstairs screaming, "Pappa, Pappa Good Morning". Her father was ~~watching~~^{reading} an article titled, "India of My Dream" in the newspaper. "Good Morning my dear, you wake up earlier than usual, is it?", he asked and kissed on her forehead. "Yes, Yes, today I heard the sweet song of little birds and it prompted me



to wake up earlier pappa", she replied in enthusiasm. Her eyes suddenly got locked in the title of the article and that created a doubt in her innocent mind. "Pappa, what is a dream?", she asked it to her father. The father jolted as well as exclaimed hearing her query. He didn't expect such a question from his seven year old little daughter. He looked at her face quizzically but she continued asking her doubt.

The father said to himself, "oh, what shall I tell to my daughter about the dream? Will she able to understand the true meaning of it at this very young age?". A bundle of confusing thoughts flashed through his mind. He atlast decided to give her an answer.



"Baby, A dream is something that doesn't let you sleep. It is something which inspires you to live in this world" he said. The little catharine was not at all ready to quit. she asked, "Pappa, what is your dream?"

Father was dumbstruck. He had a flash of introspection. Her question pricked his consciousness.

"catharine, dear. come hear. Its time to have your tea", her mother called out and catharine ran briskly to the dining, without sparing a moment to hear her father's reply.

"Oliver, you are getting late to the school," Annie called out. little Oliver arrived at the drawing room, carrying his school bag. "Ya, Mom, I'm



ready to leave", he ran out of the house, waved his hands at his mother, joined his friends who were waiting outside the entrance. They together walked to the school, singing, laughing, sharing the day's hot news and all. Suddenly Oliver noticed a mind blowing sight. A boy of his age was carrying a heavy basket of fruits. He was ~~breathing~~ short of breath as the basket was too heavy for him to carry. His eyes wandered for a comfortable place where he could place the basket and sell it out to the persons on the road. Oliver was totally confused. He decided to ask the same to his friends, "Hey, Raj, can you see that boy?" Raj, who was busy with showing his new boots to the friends.



replied. " Boy, which boy, why are you looking at things or persons who doesn't matter us? Look at my new boots. It costs thousand Indian Rupees."

Oliver was upset and he asked Raj angrily, " I am not interested to see and ~~delivered~~ boast on your new boots."

That boy is my concern. We are so lucky as far as the case of that boy is concerned. We all have everything that a little kid ^{could} dream off. But, ^{I though} he is a boy of our age, he is struggling hard to earn a living."

The friends were totally silent and their appearance seemed they didn't have any interest in that poor street boy. So they compelled Oliver to leave the matter and walk as they were getting late to the school.



Oliver followed his friends but decided to meet the poor boy and have a talk with him. ~~He~~ A real curiosity emerged in Oliver's mind.

On the very next day, he started to the school early and in the midst of the way, he noticed the same boy, but he was polishing the shoes instead of selling fruits. Oliver walked towards him and wished him with a sweet smile. "Good Morning Sahib, May I polish your shoes," he asked so politely. Oliver stepped back soon and answered, "No, No, I don't want to get my shoes polished again. I have already done it from the home." "Then kindly leave sahib, today is a very busy day and I hope I will get a lot of customers. So please don't waste my time," the boy said.



" I'm so sorry dear boy. I have no intention to waste your time. But I would like to know one thing. What prompted you to take these kind of odd jobs, without going to school?" The street boy bursted out into laughter. " SCHOOL !!! It is not a place which suits me. Its my fate to do these odd jobs to support my family. In fact, I have a dream, but I'm sure my dream will be shattered in these kind of streets". Oliver realised that there was a deeply mourning heart inside the boy, though he is laughing out to hide his pain. Oliver, felt really difficult to control his emotions and he touched the boy gently. " Dear young fellow, let me know what is your dream?"

The boy lowered his face. Tears ran out off his eyes. He wiped them out



and said, "My dream is to have a safe and happy surrounding, where I could think of my 'DREAM'."

Oliver tried to console him, as his emotions overflowed. As he walked towards the school, he felt that someone is saying some words from his heart, "This your path Oliver. This^{is} your destiny. You should set up an organisation for the welfare of the street children rather than treading the path of money and fame. The satisfied minds of those children will give you the immense pleasure and its value could not be measured."

Oliver decided his destiny. He framed his dream.

Years passed. When Oliver completed his higher studies, he ~~was~~ had been



caught by the desire and greed to make money and become successful businessman like his father. His family was a business family and all its members had entrepreneurship in their blood. He was not ^{at} all remembered about the poor ^{street} boy whom he met during his childhood and his dream. What he wanted is to ~~fill~~ fill his Bank A/c with crores and crores of money.

He started a company by himself and through cunning tricks and plays, he became a millionaire within one year. Whenever he saw people sitting on the street ^{seeking} begging for alms, he felt contempt and had a feeling of arrogance in his lifestyle. After a few years, he married to Greta, who was also from a rich family and soon they had their baby 'Catherine'.



One day, he met his old friend 'Raj' who was giving alms to a poor child on the street. "Hey Dude, Do you remember me," Oliver stepped out of his car and touched Raj's shoulder from behind. "Oh! what a pleasant surprise Oliver," Raj and Oliver embraced each other. "What are you doing Raj, giving money to these ugly fellows. They don't have the fate to lead a better life. Why are you bothering about them," Oliver asked. Raj was quiet surprised at the change of attitude of his childhood friend. Year ago, he raised his voice for a poor street boy and now he sees ~~the~~ those boys as ugly creatures. Raj didn't say a word for some time. After few minutes, breaking the silence, Raj said "One day you will realise



the meaning of my act". Without giving a chance to Oliver to speak up, Raj went back to his car, and shouted, "It was you who made me understand about the value of lives of our fellow beings. Now you have forgotten your path". Oliver didn't spend any time to analyse the meaning of Raj's words ~~but~~ because he was a very ^{busy} businessman and he didn't have any ~~to time~~ moment to spare thinking unwanted things.

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When Greta and Catharine reentered the drawing hall after having tea, Greta noticed her husband and she was surprised to see drops of tears on his cheeks. "Oliver, what happened? Why are you crying?" Greta shook him. Oliver, who was under the clutches



of his old memories for the past minutes came to the reality. "Nothing Greta, Nothing." He whispered. Greta was stunned to hear his reply. But she didn't ask anything more, that she realized that was not the right time to ask something. But Catharine was annoyed at her father's behaviour. Before Catharine could say something, Oliver took her and made her sit on his lap. "My sweetie, you asked me whether I have a dream. Isn't it? Yes, dear. I had a dream. But I didn't realise its value. That was my mistake. That was a dream that I saw during my sleep. I didn't make it reality." He wept. Catharine was disturbed and she didn't understand anything like her mother Greta. But Oliver continued, "but you should dream



and make it a reality. Don't select the wrong path that like your father. Sweetly, at a particular moment in our life, we will be in front of a numerous paths and we should choose the right one. Follow our heart and don't let our dream just as a dream.

Catharine shook her head and went upstairs to get ready to leave to the school.

Oliver saw that the weather was changing. Clouds hang low over the ground. Soon heavy rain drops fell and it became a thick shower.

Oliver went outside the drawing hall, stood on the verandah trying to unburden himself out of the regret, as the rain drops flashed at his face.