

Topic: Why Shade Shrinks 2134

I Need A Shade !!

Deepika was back home today, happy and contented. She was overwhelmed with happiness. She was not alone today, she had a new friend with her, her hands covered the friend as if to protect it ~~from~~ everything. To everyone who stared at her friend, what she gave back was a bright smile. Her friend, her very own banyan tree.

Deepika was a dashing youth, young beautiful and energetic she was an active member of a group of young ~~girls~~ environmentalists. It was Diwali eve and being a citizen of Delhi she was sure that the atmosphere is going to suffer badly on every diwali. This year she and her friends took an initiative to distribute plants to the people in the city. Every year, they distributed sweets, but this time they wanted it to be ~~different~~ different. She said "Who needs these plants no one! wonder what our earth is going to become in the coming years. Right now, we have no trees left in this Delhi city, one or two here and there, nothing else. Nobody is ready to plant one too... If this continues how will we live longer?? we will have no water, no oxygen... everywhere only pollution.. And what about the ozone layer, does anyone ~~think~~ spare a moment to think about it? Oh god I don't know when this city will be turned into ashes...". All the members of her group ~~supported~~ supported her ideas. They were all actively ~~into~~ distributing the plants. At least a few plants were left. They ~~felt~~ felt proud that atleast they could distribute a lot of plants among the people.

Among the left over plants, stood a small banyan. It was standing in the middle proudly and it seemed like it was Deepi smiling at Deepika... It was her cherished dream to own a Banyan tree. What else could bring a smile to Deepika's lips, other than this Banyan plant... She decided to take it home

back of her house where she had planted many plants and trees. From the very beginning Deepika had her love for the earth she was very much concerned about it. Her parents didn't like this attitude of Deepika as they thought she would lose concentration in studies, though they could do nothing but support her she planted the banyan plant, her ever long cherished dream, right in the middle of the plot where she planted her plants. She felt like the banyan tree added more beauty to the place

Weeks passed by, months passed by she eagerly checked her tree everyday. Once after college she called her mother "amma, I will be late today a meeting has been arranged in the club to discuss about our further activities and I have to go there is nothing to get worried." Her mother replied "Deepu do you think you need to go... it will be too late. How will you come home back...? don't you know that your father is not at home to pick you up from the club. I think you shouldn't go for the meeting." She wanted to go for the meeting, it was very important to her. After a lot of compulsion, her mother agreed to leave her for the meeting.

After college, she sat under a tree enjoying her cup of tea. She seemed talking to herself but she was actually talking to the tree. "Why do people cut you down...?? What all do you provide them with but still why?? Why aren't they realising that it is you who protects them, from the eyes of death, in your shade..."

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... The city was noisy and the sun's heat! Its time for the sun to set down into sea but still its rays were burning hot. There was neither no wind nor a shade to rest, she reached the club in no time. The topic for the club's discussion was 'a source of shade in every house....'

Every one spoke out their ideas, Deepika too. The meeting went ~~hours~~ for hours and hours they had a lot of ideas to share

When the meeting was over, it was night, the heat had set and instead of the burning heat, chillness cold breeze covered everyone. All of them had their own vehicles or someone came to call them. One of Deepika's friend offered to leave her home but she resisted. She wanted to walk through the trees in the next junction. All of them bid bye to Deepika and left. She was walking alone. The city was abnormally unusually quiet. She loved the atmosphere, but she was a little scared too because the road to reach the junction was too scary and empty. She saw a ^{few} bikes passing by her, but she didn't feel a little better. A few moments later, she saw, the same bikes coming back to her. Before she could do anything they caught hold of her. She was used by them like a material for pleasure. She was brutally raped by them. When she tried to make some sound, they hit her head with an iron rod. Her single mother, was sitting tensed at home... she didn't know what to do. Whom to call. Her mother tried to call her, she called her friend to get some information about her, but all in vain. It was a sleepless night for her mother.

Early morning, the next day, the newspapers highlighted 'College Student Raped!' She had been raped and left under a tree. She became a flash news in all medias. She became a matter of discussion. Political parties tried to blame each other for what happened to Deepika... When some part of the society blamed the men, the others blamed her, who walked through the roads alone at night.

In the midst all cameras and flashlights she found 'no shade', no support, ~~to sit~~ and to share her feeling. Not the media, not the public, nor the political parties cared to see what she has to say. And her beloved family, who was her biggest support and strength also left her at the time of the need... She stood like helpless and pale. The only shade left for her was her mother, but how could she say something to her, she has already out her mind...

Deepika lost her courage, her strength, her faith, everything.

After a few days everything settled down, everyone forgot her from the first pages of the newspaper she was thrown to the last pages to the last page just to become a news to fill the column.

Deepika got depressed day by day, her condition now was beyond anything her mother could help. Deepika spent her time whole day sitting near the window. It was her shade from the world.

Deepika's mother very well knew her about her daughter's love for her Banyan tree. Her mother made a small tent near the tree. The banyan tree has now grown big, big enough to give them a little shade. But the tree today has lost its charm. Its beauty. The leaves all day, the branches were about to break, it was like the tree resembled Deepika.