



Compassion for an Innocent Life

The birds slept peacefully in their nests as the sun had not arrived yet, to bless everyone with the hope of a new chapter in their life. As usual Linda was up and now staring at the peek of light from behind the misty mountain. Without getting up from the bed, she rubbed the foggy eyes of the window and pressed her face against it. She immediately retreated her face, feeling the painful coldness. The sun slowly spread its petals outstretching into rich blue sky. To our curious doe-eyed Linda, the sky looked as a canvas which is blended with



various shades of red, magenta, orange and blue. Linda's mother never had to nag that her daughter was a sleepy head as a lazy now. For a eight year old that was an astonishing. Linda was a self-dependend child for she washed her clothes, put on the uniform and combed her shoulder length set back hair tidy and was outside the house sight on time for school. Today became Linda was earlier than usual, her father gave her a ride to the school. She was dropped at the front of school and when her father was about to leave she called "cheerfully" "Papa, papa..." she threw her lotus stem like



hand over his neck and dragged him down and gave the most lovely kiss on the chin, happiness was filled in her heart and his father's day became so beautiful. He watched as the fragile creature ran to the ground in a rhythm. He loved his daughter and he received it back as double. Linda's friends were playing on the little playground outside their class, they all ran besides Linda when she came running to the playground. She put her bag inside the classroom. "Linda, what should we play today?" asked a friend of hers. "I don't know. How about playing tag until the bell ring." All the five children

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rejoiced "Come on, then let's play".
The children ran hurriedly to
the ground often tripping each
other and laughing a stack.
Nisha, a woman in her thirties,
unmarried and a person who
loves everything and everyone was
the homeroom teacher of Linda.
She saw Linda playing on the
ground recklessly and called her.
Linda came with a pleading
face. "Teacher, please can I play
a little more? I swear I will
get in class when the bell rings."
Nisha madam looked at her with
kind & caring eyes "Ok, Linda, but
do play safely and remember your
promise. OK?" "Yes, I will do teacher."
Saying this Linda disappeared from

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There. Her teacher let out a long
~~sigh~~ sigh. She was especially considerate
considerate for Linda cause she
had a severe heart disease, so
she was admitted to the hospital
several times. Everyone in the school
from the managers to the janitors
cared for Linda like she were
their own daughters. Linda and her friend
played everyday, but
unfortunately, the day was bad
for Linda or it quite wasn't.
Her friend Nimmi was chasing
her, she ran all around the
ground, stubborn to give up.
She panted heavily, her side
sage raised up and down.
Suddenly she stopped midway,
her vision spiraled around and



round, all seemed like a chaotic picture to her. To her friends and all others in the playground as if Linda stood still gazing at the ground. Without any alert she fell, her head hitting the ground and her eyes raised up inside her head. Her friends and some senior students on the ground came rushing to her to small child laying on the ground. A senior student among them scooped her in his arm ~~and~~ and ran to the nearby building. Her teacher Nisha and the headmaster hurried to her side. The headmaster quickly hailed the ambulance as teacher Nisha and two other teachers



carried the child inside the health centre giving his first aid, his friends called his name in an attempt to wake up their friend, who was now laying motionless on the bed in the infirmary. Nisha madam pushed his two hands on Linda's chest up and down. Sweat dripped from his forehead as she tried and tried without any success. Not even a single gasp. The sweat from madam Nisha's forehead mingled with his tears and flowing down his face as a river of despair. The children who by now realised the horrors of the situation wailed with their open mouths, while the staff and the headmaster stayed busy.

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trying their best to save the child. The headmaster became frustrated at the delay of the ambulance and now father calling taxi. Their school was far from the main roads, but an ambulance can hardly make it to the school. The ambulance arrived in high speed into the school compound, two nurses with a stretcher came running to the infirmary. "What a luck, the ambulance arrived before the expected time." "Come, please come in, she had just collapsed on the ground." The headmaster explained worriedly. "OK. Does she have any health issues?" Inquired the doctor. "Yes doctor, she is a heart disease."



poor patient"

Replied Miss Nisha.

"pl... please, please, same bus."

"Don't worry"

At right moment ^{Linda's} ~~Nisha's~~ father and mother arrived at the hospital. Miss Nisha came forward and hugged Linda's mother, both were crying their eyes out. The headmaster who was also at the hospital consoled his father and ~~he~~ calmly explained the situation to him. The atmosphere outside the ICU was tense. There was a crowd outside, it seemed as though the whole school was at the hospital praying for the life of the girl they cherished to the bottom of their heart. The clock ticked



away. At last when the doctors existed the operation theatre everyone muffled their tears and looked at the doctor as if looking at the god God himself. Their face was stained with the trail of tears which could dry out. Their love for Linda was so deep that they wished if it for sparing her life and taking their own. They were ready to sacrifice anything for Linda, even their own life. The doctors and the nurses understood their caring for the child and they themselves experienced such an emotion or during all their life. The doctor removed his mask carefully and looked down at the report from scanning.

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The room remained in dead silence.
Only the ticking sound of the
clock could be heard. The silence
was broken by Linda's mother.
"Doctor!"

"There is no need for worrying,
madam, your daughter is fine.
I am quite impressed by the
consideration of everyone here. I
have never experienced such
a reaction from the patients class
ones. I applaud you, all of your
kindness and caring for his
had saved his. Humans need to
have compassion in his life."