

ISSN: 2278-9529



GALAXY

International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

July 2015 Vol. 4. Issue IV

www.galaxyimrj.com

Editor-In-Chief- Dr. Vishwanath Bite

About Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/about-us/>

Archive: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/contact-us/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/faq/>

Rebellion

Abdul Haseeb

Dear grandfather

I want to go...

Up ... up ... up ... above on the earth.

The young insects' voice began to echo.

The above on the surface of the earth, a strong, massive and unyielding tree, laden with nutritious fruits, dense, protecting people from the fierce sun, fighting pollution and strong gusty winds, has been standing for so many years. Its roots spread deep into the earth to which were clung numerous parasites. These parasites' world was limited to this root of the tree, which went deep into the earth.

A few years ago, a young insect of this place rebelled from norms and conventions of his ancestors.

"This is sin, a cardinal sin." They yelled at him.

"No, curiosity, inquisitiveness leading to discoveries is not sin." The young insect retorted.

"To creep up onto the earth is a declared sin. Don't try to legitimize it in the name of innovation."

"Friends, I just want to find out from where these veins of roots which feed us come. What is their truth?"

It does not matter where they come from. Our only concern is to suck them and get proper food."

"These veins are our life. What is bad knowing about them?"

"The sin is not in knowing but in creeping up."

"For knowing going up is inevitable."

The young voice of his grandson, reminded the old insect of the incident of his youth and when this new voice expressed the same desire of going up, he benignly said:

"This earth, these veins are our life, my son."

"When do I deny this? I want to go up along with these roots to find out their origin." The young insect said.

In this young voice of his grandson, the old insect heard the echo of his friend whom he vehemently tried to stop.

“Going up is the biggest sin because the earth ends after a point.”

“Really ... what is there after it ends?” He amazingly enquired.

“Great punishment.” The old insect shouted. “hard and painful chastisement. Do you understand?”

“Why are you getting angry?” The young insect did not like his tone.

“Because I am concerned about you. You are my grandson.” The old insect shouted again.

The young insect remained silent for a few moments and then in a worried voice asked: “Which type of chastisement?”

Meanwhile the old insect had started sucking juice from the veins. He closed his eyes for a moment and then said:

“My son, listen to me. The darkness which prevails here is nowhere on the earth. It has a queer atmosphere that dazzles the eyes. We can neither live nor die. It leaves us completely paralyzed. These veins become harder as you go up leaving us unable to pierce into to suck the juice.”

“How do you come to know this all when you have never been there?”

“Yes, I’ve never been there but my friend once went there.” The old insect said.

“Did he tell you this all?”

“Yes. He came in a wretched condition and died after a few words.” The old insect sighed. He again slipped into the past.

“Finally you have come back.” Seeing his old friend, he said indignantly.

“Yes, I’ve come only to take you and the fellow insects there.”

“Be careful to speak it again, you transgressor, the real looser. You have come to make us so. Get out of this village. You are no more needed here.”

“Who are you to order me?”

“I am the head of the village.”

“Congratulations, my friend! However, listen carefully. This is not our destination. Our destination is above, in the open space, a place full of light. These veins are roots which turn into trunks and there are leaves where ...”

“Be off or I will chop you into pieces.” He began shivering with anger.

Alright, but you cannot keep our fellow insects in the darkness.” He said resolutely. “One day they will come out of this darkness.”

“I will keep them from going astray.”

The old insect can remember every single word even today. His friend crept upward crestfallen and never came back.

“He had sought forgiveness to the Almighty before he died.” The old insect said to his grandson shrewdly.

The old insect continued to see his silent grandson in a grave manner then he uttered:

“My son, the devilish thoughts keep coming into the mind. Be repentant and stay contented. The fluids of these veins are our food, the source of strength and energy for both our mind and soul. God has endowed us with them as a reward for the devotion of our ancestors.

The young insect knew that his grandfather was an inexorably adamant fellow so he quietly slipped away towards his direction.

“We have to live in this pitched underground darkness.” The old insect shouted from behind.

The young insect’s curiosity did not subside for the moment even yet he silently moved away from there. The old insect could not stop himself from cursing his friend as he thought the present development was the consequence of his bad omen. Then to his trouble, he got the news that his grandson was missing. He passed the order of his comb operation in every hideout of the veins and roots but they could find no sign of him. The insect-village was morbidly dull and the old insect knew that the first spark of rebellion had ignited from his own family. His worries grew manifold whenever he thought that he could not guide even one of his own family members. He apologised his failure and kept himself busy in the righteous future of the other insects.

Time never stops anywhere, neither on the earth nor beneath the earth. Life goes on everywhere. As the time passed by in the insect village, it only increased the old insect’s apprehensions. Then that moment also came when someone told him that his grandson had returned. His delight was for a fraction of moment and at the next moment, he trembled with fear.

“Dear grandfather” ... the young insect addressed him respectfully.

The old insect cast a furtive glance at other insects who had gathered around in the mean time. He wanted to protect his headship of the village and his self-made righteousness. He remained tight-lipped for a few moments then he spoke addressing everyone:

“To talk to sinners is to be like one of them. Tell him I have no grandson.”

“Brothers, please tell me what my mistake is.”

“Tell him going above is the biggest sin, the worst kind of sin.” He erupted with extreme anger.

“Going above is not ... He again stated with respect. “Above on the earth the real life begins.”

“Again that old nonsense.” The old insect yelled.

“Yes, again that one ...” The young insect smiled meaningfully adding to his grandfather’s anxiousness. “I don’t wish to let you down but to conceal the truth is a crime. I have met your friend before coming back to you. You lied when you told me that he had died after the repentance. He is alive up on the earth and happy.”

The insects started looking at one another. The old insect tried to laugh off this new revelation:

“And these veins are nowhere there. Are they?”

“Alright, but these veins are roots of a tree, the above on the earth are its trunk and branches which produce leaves and fruits, our real food.”

“If those fruits are our food, why are they not here at our place?” The old insect argued with cunning smile. “If those are not here beneath the earth how can we call them as our real food because we have been living here since ever. What do you think?” He hurled the question at other insects.

“You are right.” Many voices came in a chorus from the crowd.

“My fellow insects”, the young insect said, “we are the kids of the insects whose female lays eggs descending deep into the earth. For some times, after the eggs are hatched, the baby insects stay there then they creep upward and get out in the open space where they get fledged, their feather grow and they fly in the sky.” He pushed up the upper part of his body and flaunted his newly grown feathers. All the insects were wonder struck by this new phenomenon. He continued:

“Perhaps at a juncture of time in the past some insects misunderstood this place as their permanent abode and they did not dare to come out or the situation must have been so that it became necessary for them to stay here. Anyway, whatever the situations might have been, it is sad that their successors have regarded it as their home.”

“Curse on him who calls his forefathers’ name.” The old insect shouted.

“Curse on him ... Curse on him.” Many voices came simultaneously, strengthening the old insect.

“Our forefathers are not those who lived here, beneath the earth, but those who flew in the open space. Our numerous fellow insects are flying even today in the open space. My friends, I invite you all to our real place, to our real life on the earth.”

Beware! Let not this idiot’s nonsense beguile you.”

“You are right grandfather.” Some insects said. But we are not satisfied with the present conditions.”

“It doesn’t matter at all.” Said the old insect. “you can rather go further deep into the earth where no one has reached yet. This will be even a greater feat.”

“There is nothing below, move upward. Is there no one who can accompany me?”

“We will.” A group of young insects advanced toward him.

“Oh! Finally the devil’s magic has worked on you.” One of the loyals of the old insect blurted. “To live out of the darkness of the earth is to commit the greatest sin. Don’t be such a fool. Obey the head of the village.”

The group of the younger insects did not pay heed to him. They kept on moving upward as they heard the old insect’s speech to his fellow insects fading away:

“This apparent darkness is, in reality, a kind of light which our minds are unable to perceive. We have to live in this darkness and earn name and fame. Start creeping deep down to dispel the bad omen of the disobedients.”

The time went by. Those insects who chose to come out in the open space fulfilled nature’s demand, therefore, the nature endowed them with smart body and free life, and below, under the ground the life remained stagnant.