# INDIA OF MY DREAM–VISION 2047

75 Years ago, a great Indian man (Mahatma Gandhi Ji) spearheaded the reforms in India. He implanted the seedling of Globalizing humanity and uprooting the weeds of Brutality and sadly our promise to this great man’s thoughts never materialized and still remains an illusion. 25 Years from now, we will have reached the milestone of a Century past the independence and I dream of an India which is at the peak of peaks.

I dream that, women will walk with confidence in their eyes; strut like a conceit in the low lights, with no fear of their fellow brothers walking by and can make out that everything is fine; that, the horrors of harassment get demolished and the self built cages of caste and color get destroyed. I see it to be one where Social Justice and Equal Rights is more than just CATALOGUED!

I dream that the authorities don’t see themselves as heads above the law and they work for welfare without any flaw. Who doesn’t falsify testimony and sees people through mercy and justice instead of questioning them over their Faith and Ethnicity; where people will live with identity and dignity and none needn’t worry about Unemployment. A place where the youth needn’t regret their Degrees and be labeled by the society under the title “Jobless and Unworthy” .

I dream that our noble freedom fighters will be lauded for, not merely by our mouths but with our HEARTS united. The sacrifices they’ve made for the nation will remain till posterity and from that wounded flesh, let patriotism spring. A time when the upcoming generation will never have heard of Political Assassinations and where politics and violence have nothing in common; where love and peace is sought for.

I dream that sophisticated establishments and lush green fields are able to coexist. A place where Health and Hygiene will flourish and will be available to all; a Pollution-free environment where advancement doesn’t cross the borders of nature’s sustainability. A point of time when India shall be the most advanced nation so far.

I dream that the images of the crippling for survival, their tongues withered up to the root due to starvation, cursing the poverty into which they were born and waiting to bend before the jaws of death, never exists. A point of time where the word “POVERTY” no longer exists in the dictionary .A time when the farmers no longer have to make themselves victims of death due to Indebtness and the poor produce they could extract; Where resolutions to conflicts meet and Equity is given more importance that Equality; A time when both girls and boys can study and nobody can abstain them from their choices; A time when individual rights are not only recognized but also discharged.

I dream of this wondrous daybreak when Corruption and Nepotism CANNOT survive and the sky scraping wall of outrageous injustice be demolished; A time when wounds and scars can no longer lie and the poet in each one of us need not cry .A Vision is the source to Acton. That’s how I’ve envisioned it at 2047 like boulders of fantasies upon my shoulder, too heavy to carry, yet aware of this potential’s affinity to reality. So let us pour our hearts and souls to the very same seedling that our great man once sowed and watch a flawless India flourish by tomorrow !

**JAI HIND !**

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