(Harsh Shah 10th JK2)

“Unseen they suffer,

Unheard they cry,

In agony they linger,

In Loneliness they die”

The petite ant in its mortal struggle for survival veered past the grey, metallic nib of the pen that had slammed down in its path, making a narrow escape. The ant now flushed with adrenaline, running as fast as it`s young and energetic yet. Small feet could carry it could think of no logical reason behind it`s. Young life looking at the face of death. It had not disturbed nor hurt any other creature but just had dared to cross the brown barren wooden surface on which a man had been writing which had been enough to invite his wrath. It knew that it was no match to stand it`s ground and challenge the stranger creature and so decided to find a crack to escape before, it would be cracked by the pen`s nib. Noticing a small opening on the barren surface, just enough for it to escape it thrust it`s energy and made for it. When suddenly the bright light was replaced by a grey colour. It was hardly surprised and it hardly reacted as the metal nib punctured the ant, relieving it from this cruel world. The murderer with an arrogant sneer on his face swatted the ant straight out of the window. He had managed to play red-ants with a red ant with the result being fatal, for the ant.

Is this what distinguishes a man, who is supposed to be the supreme creation of the supreme being, From the rest of his creation? To kill a harmless, weak ant and to have a blood upon his soul? Is this what makes man the king of creatures by attacking the weak, harassing the harmless?

In today`s world, in this twenty-first century where man is aspiring to establish a colony on Mars, is believing to discover extra-terrestrial organisms, in such time he is failing to hear the plea of help of the animal in his neighbourhood.

Kicking of the stray dogs and their pups, hurtling stones on them not only hurts them but also successfully shatters their beliefs in him. Laughing at our co-creatures, poking fingers at them and treating them as if they have been blessed to be born in hell, giving them a hellish experience makes sure that they give up their hopes from us, that we are their saviours.

The invention of whips, cages and straps are there to control the harmless, powerless animals but has something been invented to subjugate our desire for ruling, to control our ambitious minds?

Loading heavy burdens atop the donkeys and other beasts of burden, loading until their very legs start to shake under tremendous pressure just shows how weightless and how inhumane we are.

Hurtling abuses, stones physically hurting, emotionally stabbing their heart to such an extent that in these days of water scarcity the animals are forced to waste water that flow down from the glaciers of their eyes should act as a mirror for the inhumane humans and should reflect their immoral standards.

We, as the pillars of this establishment of Mother Nature should undertake a responsibility to positively respond towards such demonish act that takes place in the society, to uphold the sole meaning for the creation of our souls.