



The Dream

Krishna Chaitanya Dharmana

Fable

The room was dark and fearful. It was as dark as the still night with neither the bed light nor the moonlight, present. The boy was stepping slowly to some direction randomly. Indeed, he forgot in which way the switch board fitted to a wall. Or at least the direction towards the main door. Still he couldn't find anything. Except the feeling of darkness scattering all around the room. Finally he found the door. Slowly unbolted. Briskly, opened the door. Then saw a light. One like never before. He deliberately stepped out of the room and into the nature through the light. There were a thousand varieties of flowers in front of him, those might have recently blossomed. A smile on his face started at one side of the lips and reached the other side. And it stayed there for a while. The boy proceeded his little footsteps and forwarded. It was a big swimming pool, this time. He jumped and played inside until the water lost the freshness. The boy pulled himself off the pool and proceeded further. A hundred varieties of birds and animals were confronted. Very beautiful from outside the fencing, the boy felt quiet freedom unlike the animals tied within the fencing. He fed some of them, heart fully. Anew advanced. A very big area covered by numerous trees. He touched some of them and amused himself. Through the trees, he reached other side and stood in front of an outhouse within the main fencing of the villa. He opened the front door and slowly stepped into the living room. What a furniture it has! Very rich looking and rare collection of objects placed artistically. Through the mesmerizing carpets, he reached into the dining hall. A big table with a plenty of food waiting. Not a single best dish has been unavailable on the dining table. The boy sat and ate until his bottleneck reached. Post luncheon, he walked further and found the bed room. It was not the least used by any of the richest prince ever. The bed was as fluffy as the skin of a just born baby. The pillows were asking him to hold tight. His eyes were closing. The boy went into deep sleep. Suddenly he listened a voice. Quiet known. Indeed, very accustomed, the lovely tone. The boy woke up, hastily and moved his eyes all around the room. It was the same little hut he was sleeping in which his mother standing in front of

him with a glass of milk. His dream hadn't been disturbed, though. It was like a reality inside the dream of a dream, felt the boy. Afresh smiled the boy, one that started from one side of the lips to the other side, quiet firmly.

Dreams were no more surprising to the little boy. As they had already been part of his routine. After all, nonetheless, the animation grew every time with a fresh dream, disparate the routine.

"Kittu," said his mom smiling broadly, "another dream?"

"Yet, another, mom," said the boy smiling.

"Did I disturb?"

"Ne'er you ma!"

"What was it last night?"

"A rich villa and I am only one stayed in it."

"How did you feel?"

"First excited," said the boy briskly. "Ended in boredom."

"Why so?"

"There was no mom there..."

The woman laughed and hugged his son softly handing over the glass of milk to him.

"So you haven't got a best dream?"

The boy's best dream was one that he had six months ago. It was a beautiful place and never found the color of the grass over any of his garden or in the park. It was a rainbow color. And the size of the garden was with ends not visible, just like standing in a beach and staring at an ocean to find its end on the other side. Some beautiful small mountains were partially standing in that huge garden. Now an house was visible. Only one house. Oh! but it was flying in the air. If house was there, there should be.... precisely appeared a small little girl. Very little she was. Only three or four years. Only smiling at him. No words she might had learnt, yet. The boy smiled back. Then she took something from her basket. It was looking like a tiny pill. 'What is it?' the boy inquired. 'It is IMRUT,' a voice came from her, though her lips weren't moving. The boy thought he might had overlooked. 'What is it for?' the boy asked another question. 'To make you immortal,' again a voice came without her lips moved at all. The boy perplexed. 'Immortal?' he said quivering at the strange behavior of the girl. The girl was the cutest child he had ever seen. 'How old you are?' he said. 'I'm eighteen hundred years old,' the voice came from her. The boy glanced at her, both strangely and doubtfully. 'So...' the boy thought to ask another question. But the voice interrupted and said, 'no more questions. Take the pill and swallow. And eat one of these grasses. You will be immortal, until....' The dream was gone. The boy always wanted to know what

would be the continuation. It was the only dream disturbed by his mother that early morning. And that dream never came again.

“Good morning, son,” a voice came from behind the woman. It was a bushy bearded man right there standing.

“Morning papa!” said the boy and smiled.

“What’s new, last night?” Said the man.

“Again a rich dream,” mentioned the woman laughing aloud.

“Aren’t we present in it?”

“No, dad.”

“You are quiet lucky son, at least richer in your dreams,” said the man, amusingly.

“We never come into your dream?” asked the woman.

“This time I see ma!”

They finished the quick conversation and ran after their routines. The little boy on his way to school, the busy housewife cooking food and cleaning vessels, the hard-working farmer harvesting his small land. Happier the poor little family.

It’s already noon, as the siren blown from the nearby factory. The woman fixed some food and on her way carrying to the field for her husband.

The man reached the little pond that flows beside his field and cleaned his hands and legs, sat under a tree and expecting his wife at any moment. Suddenly he felt a pinch on his back. He neglected, until found himself severe and dead. It was a poisonous snake bit him. He need not wait for his wife anymore.

The woman hurried for a while thinking that her hungry husband would be waiting for food. She was too hurry that she reached her husband quiet easily, as she was dead by slipping herself and her head hit a sharp stone.

Hours past. Now, the evening bell rang in the school. The cheerful little boy jumping, laughing remembering that it was a holiday, the next day. He planned a lot while travelling back to home. The sizzling dishes of chicken, the welcoming play ground, the lap of mother and hug of father. Of course, anew a new dream.

The boy reached home. The hut was calm and locked from outside. The boy waited for a while. Then ran towards field jumping and laughing. From a distance, he saw a body of a woman laying down limply. He ran towards it, hastily. So found himself, not anyone else—the dead body of his mom.

It was the last jump. So the laugh. Innocent he was—not even knew what to do at the moment? At least to cry or to scream? Might be—never he needed to cry, till then? Despite the poor background? Ok. That was fine—the dreams were richer.

Rather his subconscious mind knew the human emotions, didn’t it?

Until the last drop of tears he wept holding the deceased mother. The human grief needed to be shared with another of the similar kind. Especially, one that equally share the lost relation. For his father, he ran towards the field. Sorrow after sorrow. Nothing to share. None to share. Only grief. Only depression. Didn't even left a drop for the poor dead father to gratify his soul.

Poor little boy. Lost all the tears for his mother?

Pity on the boy. Not a god there?

Poor little boy.

Now, who wakes him from his dream?

Who makes him find his dream?

And the woman would never know about her husband. Her soul rests in peace thinking for the boy—no worries as his father looks after him.

Or the man would also never find his poor wife. His soul too rests in peace dreaming for the boy—no worries as his mother takes care.

Poor little boy—Kittu.

Who cares the name?

Who calls it again, so lovingly?

The bodies were buried with the help of the villagers. Food was offered to the boy. He could not reject. Does grief replaces hunger? The boy knew, it not. Grief replaces grief. So the hunger. So the dream.

Dream? Yes, the boy wanted to see would a dream be replaced? Though he already knew that sleep couldn't be replaced.

He slept in the mid-night.

Yes, afresh a new dream. Lot of mountains surrounded him and were all covered by a plenty of snow. It was very cold there. But the most beautiful landscape the boy ever witnessed. Some of the snow turning into droplets and falling from the tip of the tallest blue mountain. And one of that little drops had fallen on him.

How fresh it was? How pure it was? Just like his mother's heart? Or like his father's love?

Again he is alone there.... Oh! No. There was someone concealing behind the mountain. No.. No. There were two on either side of the tallest mountain. They were smiling and requesting the boy to come. Who were they? The boy realized the faces once for all. Now they were climbing upside the tallest mountain. So the boy followed. It was too high to reach the tip. But they reached. Hence the boy.

"Mom... Mom," he screamed. "Dad...Dad." Both of them came to him and hugged very tight. Suddenly, the boy listened to a voice. A known voice. He woke up, hastily. It was a dog barking from outside.

“Was the dream disturbed?” Nobody asked the boy. But he asked for himself. “Yes, it was,” he answered to himself. He knew that it was a never ending dream. If it was a dream, wasn’t it?

That day the boy thought to himself, “one that ne’er happens is a dream and one that happens was ne’er a dream.”

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