A tree's biography

By : sulochana

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I love this place, its fresh air always surrounding me, gives a perfect view everywhere with lovely buddies dangling in each branches. I know this place has a name because I have often heard the people say "orchard". First time I heard this word from a teacher who had been to my place with a lot of small children, they were talking about some subject "fruit".

"So, children this is an orchard and we are here to see the different kind of fruits. An orchard is a place where we can find different trees bearing different fruits." the teacher had told the children. Then I came to know those beautiful buddies around were called fruits and like me others were called trees.

I was still alone without any fruits with me.

I longed for them as I could see every tree covered with it. But then one incident changed my longing forever. It was the usual sunny morning; I heard the big thud of a foot step rushing my place early in the morning.

"Come on! Sam do it fast, we need to deliver it by afternoon, the truck won't wait for us."

They were not the same people who used to come and water us. So, who were they?

"I didn't know what they were exactly talking about, deliver, afternoon, truck."

Suddenly to my surprise they started picking up all the fruits from the trees.

I shouted with effort "Hey stop! Stop! Do you hear? Were they deaf or pretending to be because they just ignored me? The trees started crying with agony as they were separated from one of their part. The fruits gave a loud cry. I was so terrified to see this site but regrettably I was unable to help them. Unable to see their pain I cried with them. We pleaded, we prayed but everything went in vain.

After sometime I could view no more of my buddies. Those wicked fellow had ruined our place. Then one of the tree popped out," This is not a new incident, It happens every year, you are new so you couldn't see it.But we are used to crying and then start with the repetition again. There is no substitute to our tears my friend."

His words pierced me and I thought even one fine day I would bear fruits and feel so many buddies around meâ ¦and thenâ ¦one bad morning everything will be ruined. "Oh my life! I would better die instead of suffering such a pain.

Then again another old tree sternly said, "This is not overâ ¦still another work has to be done â ¦he paused for a momentâ ¦cutting down the old one, to make more space for the younger onesâ ¦I am waiting for my turn to come." his voice trembled as he said this.

He was right indeedâ ¦in the afternoon another two huge men came and cut him downâ ¦he fell down with a smileâ ¦as if he had lived his life to the fullestâ ¦I prayed for his peace.

I cried the whole nightâ ¦life was also a short play for meâ ¦gradually I begin to bear fruitsâ ¦But instead of getting happiness I waited for that morningâ ¦trembling even to think of that horrible incidentâ ¦which was waiting for meâ ¦with open armsâ ¦

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