

Playing on The Grass

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Amidst the rural landscape, where the horizon kissed the earth in a seamless blend of hues, two trees stood sentinel by the roadside, witnesses to the passage of time and the stories of men. Their branches reached toward the heavens, grasping at the fleeting whispers of the wind, while their roots delved deep into the earth's embrace, anchoring them steadfastly to the soil. One evening, bathed in the golden glow of a setting sun, a father brought his son to the foot of one of these trees, eager to impart a timeless lesson. With patient hands and steady guidance, he taught the boy the art of climbing, instilling within him the courage to ascend to greater heights. Beside this tree, its companion stood silent witness to another scene. A child approached, beseeching his father to learn the same skill. The father says, "If you climb there is a high chance that you will fall and break your bones. Better to play on the grass." The father cautioned against the perils of such endeavors, urging his son to remain grounded upon the safety of the earth below. Paralyzed by uncertainty and the weight of apprehension, the child withdrew, became conscious, stepped back, and couldn't decide what to do. He lost confidence, and couldn't trust his instincts which were high earlier that he could do it, his youthful spirit dampened by the specter of fear.

With each passing day, the seeds of doubt took root within the boy's heart, choking the once-vibrant aspirations that had dared to bloom. He never climbed on the tree. He didn't even dare to learn it. As he matured his zest for life waned, overshadowed by the looming shadow of hesitation that clouded his every thought. Instead of creation, innovation and courage it was fear he sensed first.

Months later, fate reunited the boy with the trees that had borne witness to his thwarted ambitions. He gazed at the tree he yearned to climb, feeling a sudden pang of longing. It stood barren, devoid of leaves. On the other side, it was the very same tree where he had once observed boys learning to climb. That tree flourishing under the joyful laughter and exuberance of a group of children who fearlessly embraced the thrill of climbing, oblivious to the specter of danger. Intrigued, he approached them, He asked the boys, "Aren't you all afraid of breaking your bones"? Boys look at each other, laugh and said, "We have never even thought about it. This is our way of playing in nature. Our fathers taught us to climb on the trees. We never

sensed fear in it rather we learned to enjoy it fully”. They all started to hang around that tree; to climb, play, and enjoy their childhood. The boy observed that those boys shared a kind of meaningful bonding with that tree. He thought to himself, “What an amazing life they are living!! There is an adventure, fearlessness, enjoyment, excitement, sharing and hopes.”

The next day, he again went there and saw that those boys watered that tree and it was growing and becoming robust like those boys. The boy looked at the tree and its dancing leaves with the cool breeze. The Tree looked fresh, smiling, lively and energetic with its green leaves. It seemed it was becoming just like those boys. God knew whose energy was flowing within whom. Suddenly he heard a voice and his eyes rested on that same tree which was dry, pale, dull and weak. It says, “If I had been watered, I could have grown too.”