

Sons and scenes of the soil

CHINTITO

The parents had three sons, one eldest and two twins. They behaved like ten-year olds, which was not surprising because they have been around for quite sometime now.

They never got along, especially because the eldest son was always trying to do something innovative, novel and fresh, although it meant he had to sometimes do some serious bending of established family rules.

The other two sons were sticklers for old values and customs and norms and precedence, so much so that someone suggested they might one day grow up to have some role in our constitution. Indeed, these two did not even know how to say, 'How's that?' lest it should sound like an appeal.

No one doubted the knowledge and potentiality of the big, big brother. In fact, he understood so well the law that he also knew its *faak* and *fokor*. And thereby he possessed enough guile to withstand the gaal of his opponents to feign pain and ward off his little brothers. Up to a point, that is.

The unity of the twins made the eldest son feel rather lonely and insecure. So he pleaded with his parents, those who made him, to bring him some more brothers so that he could gang up on the twins. Like son, like parents. He got the two brothers in a jiffy and the joyful parents did not even have to go through labour and other birth matters. This instant delivery surprised the relatives. But no one dared to say a word, as this nes-ka-fay Baby *chaal* had been used in the past by other powerful people; and in vain.

The two new babies, more like *gelakso* babies, turned out to be aggressive by nature. They were not twins, but they behaved like one. They would not accept that their elder twin brothers were up to any good. If truth be told, the just-arrived babes tackled their teething troubles by calling them 'illiterate'. Ouch!

This belligerent attitude of the new kids on the red-brick block were sufficient to pep up the cantankerous eldest brother, who spent hours playing with his new-found brothers, sucking and sharing lollypop, and indulging in other childlike affairs, such as maintaining *aadi* with the other two.

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The family was obviously divided. As it were, it was a large family. They hardly had a clue as to what would be the right course of action to hold the family together. They wanted to know what the future held for them. So they hired a clairvoyant to foretell the future of these adolescents.

This is what the magician forecast about the five sons of the soil. (Last come, first served, that is the neeti)

New baby 2, Colt without a clue: Arms will be found in the house of his neighbour, but he will turn out to be so helpless in society that the media will be motivated to mistake it to be his house. Tch! Tch!

New baby 1, Bolt from the blue: Will be in the same office for 30 years, but will not be bored; will be upgraded for his exemplary service.

Twin 2, Fault in the list: Will easily antagonise adversaries. For him, silence will not be golden.

Twin 1, Halt in the list: Will get power, but will be toothless. Note of dissent will be indecently treated.

Eldest son, Alt Control Delete: Will join international politics, will become neutral, and will join local politics; will suffer from backaches, but brothers' visit will be able to fix it.

Why do we need to know so much about these children who are so very young and illiterate, who behave so very much like children? Our prime concern is the adage that these children are the future of a country, that in the upcoming decades they shall ruin, *thukku* run, our country. Such is the decree in this beautiful country. ■

Lost in Reference

I have found ^{ee!} I have found ^{ee!} (Eureka! Eureka!)

^[ee! = brick; after a police raid of a students' hall]

Inadvertently the reference in superscript was not printed in last week's Chintito, 'A vase full of citations'. But we found it, we found it. We regret the omission.