

How Are You, Mr. Hussain?

War And Triumph Green

I have been lying here since that horrible war which happened ten years ago. Scenes of the war keep flashing in my mind though I do not want to recall any of those painful memories.

It was an early morning in spring. The sky was bright in its rose pink color. Silhouetted against the clear sky, the mountain ranges appeared greater and higher than ever. The land breeze softly swept over the lakes, the forests and the blooming daisies, and finally reached a green pasture. Birds sang in their lovely tones and the enchanted dew trickled down the leaves. Joy and hope pervaded everywhere.

But all of a sudden came a vigorous explosion. It was not any ordinary explosion, but an atomic one. Houses burst apart. Huge clouds of smoke ran up into the sky, dyeing it coal black. Spreading over the horizon, the fire razed all the land. Totally unprepared, people fled in panic and chaos. Some caught fire and some were

being stepped on by others. Fueled by the blood and flesh, the fire lasted for ten days. Those who survived the fire were infected with fatal diseases, which limited their lives for another ten days only.

Now, no human beings, animals or plants survive. All living things have completely vanished. Nothing of the past civilizations is found. The earth is in absolute coldness and stillness. Dust flows un-restrainedly, in this bound-less plain. All that remains are rubbles and ashes which scatter all over the earth. As a mound of stone rubbles, I feel helpless. All I know is that the war is over and there is no victor at all. What do human beings want to vanquish? each other? the world? or themselves?