



CRUSADE

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CRUSADE

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What do you breathe?

“Air is life. pollution is death. what if we lead our lives as though it were a living death. that is what air pollution induces us into.”



We live in a society where no one is ready to listen to other's ideas or thoughts. With this kind of people around us, we can't even think about nurturing the beauty of nature. If we do so, they would complain saying, “don't you have any work to do, don't waste our time”. If we don't address this pressing issue of air pollution, it would be imminent that the progeny would be exterminated at the merciless hands of the ogre called 'Air Pollution' soon. With the given scenario aggravated with tremendous technological dependence and explosion grappling every phase of life there will certainly be a time when people would have free and uninterrupted e-resources but wouldn't have an iota of reach to natural resources like pure air.

The generations of the past left behind us with a little of what we needed but we are likely to leave nothing behind for the posterity. Now the whole world is after luxury; even a middle class family opt their saving for buying bikes and cars these days when the prudent ones would be cautious enough not only to investing in building houses, purchase of land but also ensuring the availability and axis to natural resources like water and pure air by preserving and forging a greener, safer environment.

According to a statistical report, we have almost consumed 70% of the air until now and we will have consumed 99% of air before the turn of this century and leaving nothing behind for posterity. If this pathetic state of affair is going to continue, then it wouldn't take much time for us to be in the precarious environmental crisis like that of Delhi where air pollution is at its worst deeming the states one of the environmentally hazardous, unworthy place to live in. One of the blessings of Indian sub-continent is the demographic dividend closed to two fourth of which accounts for educated youth. Unfortunately, this enormous human potential lays wasted as the populace is found to be addicted rather buried alive in the tomb of mobile phones and other social medias, hardly sparing time for addressing the burning issues of the nation.

What do you breathe?

Imagine a condition where, in a glass jar with some plants and a tube is connected to it with an external trying to get oxygen imagine that situation? This hypothetical but present scenario of environmental the suffocation and getting one to share well be alleviated by afforestation all



mask and person from it, can you even deteriorating analogy might sound highly likely given the air pollution and conditions. However, a frustration of not for a good air can very encouraging mass over the country.

Thus ensuring a reserve for pure air for the posterity to breathe easy. Like they say charity begins at home, the change that we would like to collectively bring about should also begin from every household pitching in for Just as a drop of poison that changes a jar of sweet nourishing milk into molecules of life threatening venom in the same way negligence to preserve the life giving resources of nature like air, water, land would become venomous and futile for human consumption and inhabitation.

“Save water, save trees, save air, save earth” live and let other organisms as well to live. We have plenty of resources for our need but not for someone’s greed. We have slaughtered more than 35% of animals and bird species. It is more than enough. We should stop it now; if not then we can’t and we won’t. Air is like our mother; don’t adulterate and stain her. Stop deforestation, start planting trees. Let the posterity have something for their future. We don’t have any rights to take away their future. We all are the children of our mother nature and it is our utmost responsibility to look after, care for her.



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HER LOST LIFE

The girl who hid under the covers faking headaches and stomach-aches trying to escape from going to school. She still remembered how her tiny fingers were entwined with her mom's, as she was dragged unwillingly to school. She had a handkerchief pinned to her uniform skirt, a water bottle hanging around her neck, with tear filled eyes she entered the school. Aunties in light blue sarees smiled at her warmly pulled her cheeks, one of them even lifted her up and placed her in her hips. She put her arms around the aunty and wailed "amma", but all the tears began drying when she met an angel inside her first classroom.

From then on her life was full of shouting out numbers, abc's, standing in attention for the national anthem, UKG graduation, sharing pencils and erasers. She even competed with her friends at who will finish the homework in the class first. And laziness took its role. There began wiping the dust off the shoes by rubbing it on the socks, biting the nails, wearing raincoat and jumping on puddles thereby splashing muddy water on her mother, begging dad to get bags and umbrella, forgetting about homework and letting mom finish it, being proud of a good in her test paper and at the same time signing instead of her parents for low marks. Getting shocked by the reckless words written in the girls' washroom. Mingling with everyone exchanging notebooks, sharing and taking special food items out of her best friend's lunch box.

Lying hopelessly about a forgotten notebook at the time of submission. Singing songs and drumming in the classroom, eating when the teacher turns to the blackboard. Celebrating the class teacher's birthday. Being the happiest during group punishments. Writing formulas and favourite hero's name on the desks and rubbing it vigorously at the time of school inspection. Praying sincerely only before her exams.



And after all this she grew up. She walked around the corridor with high ceilings and periodic pillars. She grazed her hand by the walls to feel her lost life. She knew she wouldn't be able to relive it again. The life she didn't even realize she was living until it was over.

The rusty bell by the corner which rang now and then to indicate the students. The pale-washed up appearance of the walls. The wooden doors which creaked when pushed, the huge blackboard and the tiny duster, the desks and benches all of which with the help of teachers have made miracles in many a child's lives. Yes, even the water taps

HER LOST LIFE

leaked crying their hearts out, the wind took the sand in a scoop in their powerful arms and let it out forcefully blowing everything away expressing its agony.

The leaves rustled in the trees waving goodbye. Shoes squeaked stifling up their tears, shoe laces refused to tie up together in order to postpone the end of school life. This is not only about her school life, but of everyone who completed their schooling. Friendship takes its baby steps gathering all the water along its path growing stronger and stronger. Without any responsibilities and burdens much in one's head one was able to live the life. Children's day was eagerly waited to celebrate his/her presence. Some teachers became role models. Petty fights in the class after seeing www matches. A class in which one has a connection with a senior so every kids swarming behind him, a beauty queen who was the envy of every other girl, a singer, dancer, nerd, what else do we need?

Classrooms bring forth a variety of students with different talents and comfort zones and umpteen memories. P.e.t period was one's fav. And those uniforms! How come everything ends at the age of 17, why a sudden end when we have a huge life ahead of us. Every time a student feels that he/she didn't get enough of school life. That innocence!

That pure happiness!

The special feeling of being cocooned under dad's strength and mom's love!

Can we feel all this again!



The most important thing a child misses in school life is dependence. Being independent, finding his/her path, choosing good friends, coping up in a new environment with the help of his/her own personality, it is all like a heap of responsibilities loaded into a rifle and shot at you not once not twice but a hundred times. We feel defeated and then we start adjusting and school becomes a memory, a sweet one that wants one to go back and start all over again.

Do you know what makes school special?

How much ever a student hates school he/she will get to love it at the end...

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FALLING IN LOVE WITH CAREER

from workload, starts controlling one’s personality, behaviour towards family and colleagues and becomes a reason for dissatisfaction with life.

Nobody chooses a profession that he/she does not like unless the circumstances push him/her into it. Compulsion from the family, pressure from the so called ‘elite’ class of the society and the dire need for money trap the person into the pit of a disliked profession. One also abandons his/her ideas on dream job, falling prey to the words of the peers. One is also scared to choose the arena that he/she loves, in fear of a tough competition from the colleagues- to-be. However, the most precarious of all is the decision to give upon a job, owing to the fact that it is considered third-grade by the society.

No profession to any other. The never be other job. Every hard work and it is defame a person kind of work that he/she does. This potentially can lead to a disturbed mental health of the person.



under the sky is inferior effort into one job can compared with any profession has its own ethically not right to on the side-lines of the

*“Do what you like,
not what others seem to like.”*

Taking a step to achieve what one likes involves a lot of sheer determination and courage. It is only when one acts in favour of his dreams that dreams come true. Procrastination at the time of hard work yields only a bitter fruit. One is put into a situation where one is forced to go against the will of one’s family and the society for a right cause. It is solely one’s own choice to prioritize things.

CHOOSE WHAT YOU LOVE

Fortunately, there are ample amount of ways by which you can choose what you really



want to do. If money seems to the controlling factor of your decision on a profession, just forget about loving your job. Things start collapsing and irking when your accomplishments revolve around money. Whatever you want to do, do not do it for money. Profession is the part of one’s life where one gets the golden opportunity to explore his/her inner self and push his/her limits to the sky. Career


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FALLING IN LOVE WITH CAREER

indulges our soul into a constant and elevating learning process and unleashes our inner calibre. Work with love. It is the impetus to a satisfactory and healthy career.

*“When you do not fight for what you love,
You absolutely do not love it.”*

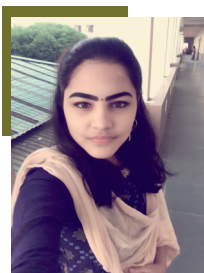
As a positive and matured attempt to get into one’s dream profession, holding discussions with family, explaining why you want to choose the job and promising them of a potential success seem very helpful. We live in a biased society filled with ill-minded people. Remaining oblivious of the conventions upheld by the society and choosing what you like is the major stepping stone to a happy professional life. Once you start doing what you love, you start ‘living’ your life.



CONCLUSION

A river manages to cut through the rock not because it is more powerful than the rock; but because it keeps enduring to accomplish what it wants to. Love for career does not come out of nowhere. It has something to do with the heart. It is impossible to fall in love with a new career when you are already in love with some other job. Money can conquer the biggest of lands and the most precious of stones. But money can never acquire love. Let your heart decide on your choices. Heart chooses your happiness. Brain chooses money. Choose love. Choose passion. Choose your dream job.

“Follow your dreams, believe in your choices, Don't give up.”



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MY LIFE

எனது வாழ்க்கை!!!

எனது அழகுரலே என் முதல் அடையாளம்
 எனது தன்னம்பிக்கையே நான் எழும்பி நின்றிடக் காரணம்
 தவழ்ந்த நான் எழுந்து நின்றதும் சிரித்து மதிழ்ந்த என் பெற்றோர்...
 நான் நடக்க துவங்கியதும் மற்றவர்களோடு சேர்ந்து என்னை ஊக்குவிதனர்
 தன் துன்பம் காட்டாமல் எனை வளர்த்த என் தந்தை...
 என் தாயின் பயத்தைக் கண்டு குழம்பி நின்றது ஏன்??
 நடந்த நான் பறக்க ஆசைப்படும் நேரம் இது.. ஆனால்,
 அப்பொழுது எனை ஊக்குவித்தோர் இப்பொழுதும் இருக்கிறார்கள்
 என்னுடன் இணைந்து அல்ல.. எனக்கு எதிராக.. ஒரு தடையாக..
 எதிர்கொள்கிறேன் அவர்களை என் மணவலியுடன்!!

காரணம்... அவர்கள் கூறியது!!!

உனக்கு சிறகு இல்லை! எனவே பறக்க முயற்சிக்காதே என்று அல்ல
 நீ பட்டாம்பூச்சி ஆகிவிட்டால் பெறிதாகிவிடுவாய்... எனவே!!
 என்றும் எங்களுடன் எங்களைப்போலவே...
 சிறு புழுவாகவே இருந்துவிடு.... என்றதனால் தான்!!!

- இப்படிக்கு

இறகை விறித்து பறக்க நினைத்திடும் ஓர் மனித பட்டாம்பூச்சி...ஃ...

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