



- HOME EDITORIAL NEWS ENGLISH ... MALABAR AFLAME : Lesson 1 - (Karoor Soman)

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August 13, 2023



1. Born again

1945. War is over. The City of London is basking under a blistering sun over a vast meadow of ruins, the spoils a prolonged war. Blossoms of red lilac fail to smile at the morning mist. No more scary bombers from the Fuhrer's Luftwaffe...

That day...enemy planes lit the sky like the fireworks of Thrissur Pooram (a fabled annual festival of a Hindu temple in Central Kerala, India) that he had seen in his younger days. Bombs and bullets rained on the earth. He closed his eyes tight but he could feel the flashing of the bombardment around.

Having escaped, he consoled himself. A war begun will have to end. Where the demolished buildings stood, other structures will come up. In place of the lost souls, new lives will sprout.

Peter Scot, his boss, was fully engaged in the restoration of London to its past glory. Peter belongs to a noble family. A large stock of horses he has. A majority of the horses in the British cavalry belong to Peter.

In the golden twinkle of the illuminated nights beautiful female singers in glossy outfits will mesmerize the audience. On such occasions, the boss allows all invitees to don their own national dress.

Antony remembered one such party which was attended by the well known Indian, V. K Krishna Menon from his own native state of Kerala. Menon approached the white dhoti and jhuba-clad Antony and asked: "Malayali?"

Where do you come from? I am Krishna Menon from British Malabar, from the district of Palakkad." While they were exchanging pleasantries, Peter Scot came to their midst with pipe on his mouth.

Peter explained to Menon how he happened to bring Antony to London. Dreaded by war, many of the Irish workers he had in his stable had fled to their native land.

In London also, Antony did not change his manners. He did not feel wrong about the habit which he had developed in Cochin. With the backwaters fringed with Chinese nets, Cochin was a fascination for him.

Which are noble in the universe? The deep sea or the infinite sky? Or the bloody battle for power? Why do the sheep graze on the green climb up the hills? Why do they loiter without the shepherd?

When the stray thoughts vanished, Antony realized that he was standing at the desolate street. He walked ahead. The trees fringing the street dragged his mind to the previous nights...

Those who cause human to sigh on the soil of the graveyard are showing the style of people living and enjoying themselves in the comforts of the palace.

His work was over, he went in search of Ali. Antony was not at all attracted by the array of the charming night hunters on the streets after the war.

Someone called fondly from afar. He halted back. "Yes, coming." When he carried the first brick, it shook a little in his hand. Are they not blood-stained? There was anxiety on his face.

Fear won't take me to my destination. Disappointment and depression are natural. The desires of big cities are like those of greedy people. Their wishes, principles, pleasures - these are never-ending.

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