

Village Road Side Jamun Tree

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It was a happy and a pleasant Friday morning.

I was pleasure in driving my motor cycle on an empty village road with a 40km speed.

I limited my speed because I was enjoying driving on the village road but also I had a bitter experience in a careless driving. I just got a good divine smell when was crossing the small Siva temple on the roadside - any passersby can have Dharshan from the roadside. Though I'm a vaishnavite I just turned my head and gave a gentle driving bow to Lord Siva.

In a distance, I could see a group of school going boys was hitting stones on a tall well- grown

Jamun tree. It looks like Gulliver had been attacked and harassed by the six inches tall

Lilliputians. I think, I knew that place very well where I once fell down from my bike. I was nearer to the tree- I slowed down and I saw the boys were wearing worn-out school uniform in red and light-sandal colors.

Two of boys were showing their directions pointing out the tree to others where were the Jamun fruits? They were started throwing stones at the tree but the stones were not hitting Jamun fruits only either hitting on the branches or leaves. The road was scattered with stones, a few green leaves and jumun fruits were squeezed out – then I got good aroma.

It was a nostalgic moment when I was young my mother used to tell me not to eat jamun fruit before Krishna jayanthi festival- I religiously follow what she says even now because she is my mother. Sometimes, she used to warn me not to claim or go near to Jamun tree because it was believed that a resting place for the venomous krait snakes. I do not think it is a taboo or a myth even now.

I tasted many a time this fruit with salt and chili powder - it has a combination of sweet, mildly sour and astringent flavor and tends to give purple color to tongue. Jamun changes its color from green to pink to blood red to black as it matures its nature.

Now I could remember the story of Avaiyar- she was a Tamil prominent poetess, once she was resting under the Jumun tree. She met a shepherd boy wittingly asked her whether she needs a hot fruit or cold fruit-she confused and replied a cold fruit. The shepherd boy claimed up on the tree and shook a branch in the tree instantly jumun fruits fell down and she picked up a jumun fruit from the ground and cleaned a little bit sand on the fruit by blowing up, sarcastically the boy asked her, is it a **hot fruit**? A disguised Lord Muruga who later revealed himself and made her realized “**known is a little and unknown is an ocean**”. After that episode, Avaiyar wrote many children literary works. This jamun tree kindles a many useful past stories of others.

It gives shades to unknown passersby.
 It gives a good breeze to all.
 It gives fruits to all.
 It allows children to play and swing.
 It expects nothing from others.
 It has humane characters.
 If it falls its logs useful to built houses.
 It teaches 'Ethics'.

It cries not – never shows its happiness- it treats those two things just the same. It never
 advertises itself.

I want to be like you, I want to serve others, and I want to borrow all your values.
 Could you please lend your virtues at least now? I know you have no human voice.
 I will follow you, I will follow you, I will follow you.....

Ash

When I was stepping down from my house, I glimpsed over the main gate.
 Something was a slightly wagging its tail.
 Then I had a full view at the main gate, he was none other than Ash.
 That was the third time I met Ash.

With a lower pitched yawning, he was gave a good morning wishes by broadly wagging his tail.
 He stood before me by wagging his tail fast and humming with his voice in an over excitement,
 he was trying to jump up on me to show his caressing to his master and he did a play-bow.
 However, I'm not his master only the neighborhoods; I had a fear in my heart because he is as
 tall as a calf.

I knew a pretty well about his likeness, He likes only milk. But, I gave a two pieces of Rusk.
 He didn't taste it at all. I was not worried. Then, I walked out to buy a news paper from a shop
 nearby.

He also walked along with me. His actions exhibited his loyal to everyone on the street; he never
 distinguished among his food-feeders and non-food- feeders. He is called 'Ash' because he is in
 ash color.

I heard someone called him, Ash.., Ash.., Ash.., Come here! It was an Anglo-Indian woman
 Voice.....

I thought, she might have named him as 'Ash', Ash put a jump and ran quickly towards East
 direction.

After a long time I did not see 'Ash', my brother said, 'he is no more'. Ash becomes ashes.