Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Death Calling and the HOPE

Nabila Abbas · Wednesday, June 10th, 2020

Note: *The entire name in this story is imaginative & doesn't belong to any personal life.*

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They are gossiping that this pandemic will be engulfing every human on this earth like a monster does with no mercy. The little kids are seeming nervy, teenage faces turning dull, adults are texting each other to find out what will happen next, and the old ones are sitting in deep thoughts as they believe this is the end of the world, perhaps. There is no hustle and bustle on the roads, schools are empty, humans are suffering under prolonged lockdown, and no one knows when it will end.

Ali's grandma is telling him stories that this pandemic is worse than ever. 8-year-old Ali is terrified and continuously asking: *Grandma, why aren't the scientists doing anything?* And the grandma is just laughing and patting Ali to stay calm. Because she thinks that this time no technology will ever work.

Next door, 7-year-old Noor is sitting with her dad; she is wondering, "Why isn't God helping the people, Daddy?" Petrified and in his own thoughts, Daddy has no words to explain this situation. He is trying to escape such thoughtful questions, because he knows somewhere it's difficult to blame God when humans themselves have not even prepared themselves for their final return to God.

Chubby aunt, the next door over, is almost crying for her gym to open. She wants to look even prettier, but she is putting weight on. She is praying for the end of this pandemic and gossiping on the phone with her friends. She is so tense that she is eating from the heavy bowl full of fat foods. She doesn't even stare for a moment inside the bowl. She is always a chatty aunt.

The next door over is Alina who is 21 years old. She is smart and clever. She tends to stay active on social media. She misses no updates. She notices the beep on her phone. They are supposed to start a group chat and for sure it is about Covid–19. They are arguing, cross questioning and discussing this pandemic, but the outcome is seemingly no more than a long, endless discussion. They too have no idea what to do except receive updates about the continual increase in the positive patients of Covid–19, globally. This group of friends has frightened nerves. They finally switch off the chat.

The next door over is Ayyan's house. He is 28 years old. He loves to create local YouTube vlogs. He is preparing his new vlog about Covid–19. Rather, he is in search of something which should

be very triggering and catchy for the audience to read. *What if I post ….the Covid–19 is the end of this world? Yes, it will work, he says to himself. No, but I have to bring something new and shocking. Umm…What if my vlog starts with a bold headline ….umm….Covid–19 is the anger sent down to Earth by God? Whoa…It will definitely frighten my audience and they would eagerly click the button to watch it. Yes….umm…but…* Ayyan is a little bit confused but getting ready to post his next vlog soon.

The next door over is a 10 year-old-little-worried boy with his arm around his chest and eyes full with tears. He is weeping silently because his mother shouldn't see him crying.

Why he is crying, the HOPE thinks. I shall talk to this little boy. The HOPE turns around and comes in front of him. "Why are you weeping my little boy?" HOPE asks.

"Ahhh!" The boy is getting scared. "Who are you?"

"I'm HOPE," it smiles back. "H-O-P-E…"

The boy stops crying for a moment and stares at it.

"Yes….why are you crying little boy? Let's be frank with me. I'll fix it."

"They are saying this world will end. People are dying. Covid–19 has struck them down. I will also die of this," the boy replies, sobbing.

"Let's HOPE the HOPE is alive because there is nothing when it dies." It pats on the boy shoulder and smiles.

"But…what if I will not be able to see this tomorrow?" The little boy seems not to be satisfied and is still sobbing.

"People, let's not live to see tomorrow but to let the HOPE in us grow. The world is full of fear." It sits with the boy and pats his face while cleaning up all his tears.

The boy stops sobbing, looks at the HOPE, and says, "But this Covid–19 is very dangerous. It will kill us all."

"Still, HOPE'S the only thing to cheer. We're troubled when HOPE is lost, without HOPING to find it at all cost. Let's not live for today and tomorrow."

It tries to make the little boy understand. It is working. The boy stops weeping and sobbing.

"Dear HOPE, you're so nice to me. I'm feeling fine now. But why is God not responding? Do you know God?" The boy seems a little confuse.

"Till today, man has seen no God. But HOPE is the only divine bud. From which the tree shall rise, to bloom the flower of life, to its full size."

It kisses the little boy and stays with him.

The little boy is now satisfied and feeling relaxed. He almost forgets about Covid–19. His mind is full with new energy to fight this pandemic with more courage and strength.

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