



Jamal Mia in Queue

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Do you want to know about Jamal Mia? Come along then, let me tell you.

Jamal Mia was only 48. In his 48 years he had worked hard to save hard because he had only one child, a daughter. While he managed her living and educational expenses from within his daily expenses, he needed to save money for her marriage. This is the culture of the country he lived in. He was a lowly government forgotten clerk working in a forgotten government office in a forgotten little town.

He saved all his money in a brand-new shiny bank because his neighbour's son worked there and said it was the best and was the fastest in responding to client needs.

Then the time came to get his daughter married. He went to draw the money he had been saving for so long. The brand-new shiny bank said it did not have the money. He heard that the money had swum and flew away. He was aghast. Was the brand-new shiny bank not bound to give his money back as and when he asked? Should they not have kept the

money and not allowed the money to swim and fly away?

What should he do now? The brand-new shiny bank then told him that he should go the big, imposing bank branch in the big, glitzy city. So, he did.

What he did not understand is why he needed to go to the big, imposing bank branch in the big, glitzy city. Perhaps all the money was gathered there for some important conference.

But what conference and why? He still he did not quite understand. He asked his neighbour's son, the grass, the plants, the birds, but no one could give him an answer he understood.

He did not understand which guideline, law or rule allowed all the money to grow fins to swim or grow wings to fly out to the big, glitzy city. Did it also fly out of the country? Why and how? He only heard whispers and then the news, that money had swum and flown out of the country. Really? How?

At the big, imposing bank branch in the big, glitzy city, he asked for his money. They said he needed to wait, so he stood in queue. He waited and waited and the queue never seemed to shorten. People came and went and Jamal Mia carried the same queue number of 13.

The queue crossed the bank threshold, the road, the river, the trees and all and Jamal Mia still waited at number 13. In his waiting hours he kept thinking about the 'how?'

While he waited and thought, the clocks melted and dripped from the trees; the days and nights married each other; the seasons blended together to make sherbet and big roots sprouted from Jamal Mia's head,

but he still did not get his money from the bank. and there is where we find him now.

Let me share with you.

What Jamal Mia did not know is that sometime before, green Greed, with his undeniable charm, had been invited with open arms to Jamal Mia's very own country. 'I will go down in full force now!' green Greed said with a smirk and undeterred determination.

Saying that green Greed started to float up and up and up, gradually changing into the soft white clouds. Then changing colour to a soft mauve and deep purple and a shade of purple grey-black. That was because as he rose, he became heavier and heavier and heavier. Then came the time when the weight burst through and all came down in rain – gently at first and then turned torrential.

It poured day and night and from dry land and small puddles, it turned to flood, seemingly engulfing all in various degrees. A rare few, however, like Jamal Mia, remained untouched by the flood, but only perhaps with a few droplets here and there. The flood did not stand still, but was like a vicious, strong Mosasaurus moving forward with such strength that it could not be stopped. It washed away the buildings, huts, trees, cows, fences and all the fish in the pond.

As the flood flowed into the rivers and the bay and then into the ocean and the world, it took with it all the fish and the money that had grown fins and tails. The storm that set in at the same time, ravaged the trees and that had wings flew away in the strong gusty squalls including all the birds and the money that grew wings.

... and that is how and why Jamal Mia kept standing in the long queue in

the imposing bank branch in the big, glitzy city, unable to get his money because it had all swum or flown away. He kept waiting in the queue, growing roots from his head, thinking and wondering why the bank could not give him back his money

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As the roots from Jamal Mia's head pinned him down, made him smaller, more forgotten and unable to move, Greed changed colour living through moulded, melted seasons; the burning sun dripping magic and the serene moon humming a bizarre, mocking melody.