

THE POINT

by
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"We'll pay you," said the Chair of the Board of Directors.

"Thanks," replied the Blue Donkey without stopping to think. She had got so used to haggling and hedging and quibbling and cribbing about the matter of money that she had responded without thinking, but in a moment caution prevailed. "Pay me for what?"

"For writing a story that proves our point."

The Blue Donkey considered. "How much will you pay?"

"Fifty pounds."

It wasn't very much, but it was better than nothing. The Blue Donkey stopped, hesitating. "What is your point?"

"That we're in the right, and that they're in the wrong." The Chair of the Board expounded further, "They're lying and cheating. They won't cooperate and they hinder us when they can. What's more they're breaking all the rules!"

"Which rules?" the Blue Donkey enquired.

"The rules of all civilised societies on earth!"

"Are they civilised?"

"No!"

"That explains it," the Blue Donkey



sighed. "What you mean is that they're breaking your rules."

The Director shrugged. "It's the same thing." She looked the Blue Donkey straight in the eye. "Look here, which side are you on?"

"That depends," murmured the Blue Donkey.

The Director decided to change her tactics. She would reason with the donkey. "Don't you care," she asked, "about justice and humanity and the quality of life?"

When the Blue Donkey did not reply immediately, the Director went on, "The fact is, it's a human rights issue, and so, of course it follows that you're on our side. You see, you are one of us." She waved expansively to include the other Board members.

The Blue Donkey stared. "Do you mean to say," she asked curiously, "that you see yourselves as a bunch of donkeys?"

"Of course not." The Director appeared unoffended. "But we do share the same values."

"I see," said the Blue Donkey. "So it's a question of values?"

The Director nodded.

"And of rights?"

The Director continued to nod vigorously. Then she looked at her watch and wrote out a cheque. She thrust it at the donkey. "And also of interests!" she concluded triumphantly.



What's Cooking?

*She works all day
for everyone,
But he and his son
play sword and gun.*

*I heard her say...
Even if it's water
that boils in the pot,
I feel I'm the one
who's being cooked.*

*Elakshi,
Student of Class V*