

Cry For Help



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It was a somber Sunday! The sky was covered with dark clouds. There was something sinister in the atmosphere. People were rushing around, so unusual a sight at the day break on a holiday. It turned out to be the day of mourning. One more young life was nipped in the bud! The guy was an Engineering student, the only child of his parents. He could not get along with the vast course and finished his life by jumping before a running train. He had perhaps found an easy way out, leaving behind a pall of gloom and despair for his loved ones. Dreams were shattered and the very purpose of living dwindled. His father, a valiant Air warrior instantly broke down and the mother fainted. One could witness a sea of people gushing forth to help the hapless family. Ladies kept howling and men crying for long, tears rolling down. Everyone was in a state of shock. Yet, all wanted to help. It was too late and too little. Damage was done already. Could that be undone in any way?

My heart has been aching ever since. Why did the guy commit suicide? Why was a precious life lost? Was he solely to blame or could we hold his parents responsible for the tragedy? Were his friends and teachers also accountable? What about the role of neighbours and community where the 22-year young boy lived? My mind is abuzz with these questions and I am restless to find answers to some of them. Suicide today is a grave social challenge, a permanent solution for temporary problems. We all live in a society that is rather floating on anger and anxiety being constantly fed on conflicts, clashes and depressions. We are busy all the time or pretend to be so, sparing little time for our loved ones. We are becoming an island in ourselves. As a result, we are miserably failing to protect young lives, though, it is the birth right of every human child to live and die only a natural death. But sadly, suicide is taking a heavy toll, a new threat to human race.

We must admit that there is an unprecedented rise in desire among the youth for self-destruction. The invention of Blue Whale game in recent time is only a pointer to that. The will for self-destruction or suicide must be seen as a blot on the face of society. We as society must grow vigilant and more responsible. Every case of suicide is a case of collective failure, involving parents, friends, teachers, counselors, neighbors and the government. As suicide is the culmination of one's pent up emotions and morbid feelings. It is a state of utter helplessness and hopelessness. It is a piteous cry for help. But we the denizens of modern age have become too insensitive. It is just a paradox that everyone who wants to kill himself is in dire need of help, every cell of the body cries out for some help and rescue. It is a craving for grace and mercy. Let's understand that human instinct for survival and be kinder to one another. All our problems are time-bound. Once, solutions are found, the sense of dejection gives way to the sense of jubilation. Can we now stand up and respond to the cry for help and be party to that jubilation?