

Imagine that you are allowed to work three Miracles. What would you do?

The days of miracles are over. The gods do not come down to earth and do not bestow on men the power to perform miracles these days. However, it would be very slender indeed if I could work three miracles.

My first miracles would be to turn all deserts, seas and oceans into green fields, farms and orchards. There would be waving fields of corn where there are dreary deserts today. Gardens and orchards would be floating all over the sea and oceans there would of course be a broad passage for the ships to sail, but the rest of sea water would be covered with floating gardens such as we find in Kashmir. Do not tell me now that the selfish sea water is not good for vegetation, growing tomatoes and bananas, apples and grapes, turnips and cabbages on the sea is a miracle, Just imagine how happy the whales would be on eating mangoes grown on the Atlantic Ocean. And the people of Rajasthan living by the side of sand dunes in Bikaner and Jaisalmer will not believe their eyes when they see lush green fields of corn waving in the breeze and rivers and rivers and canals flowing rapidly. Thus, with the power to work three miracles, I would first solve the problem of food for the whole world and that too for centuries to come.

My second miracle would be to give wings to the whole making. How dull it is to be tied down to the earth! How splendid it would be to fly like birds or angels in the air! I should then like to float awhile on clouds and walk along the rainbow in the sky. Poor words worth! How he longed for this power when he wrote-

**“My heart leaps up when I behold,
A rainbow in the sky.”**

Instead of going for a walk along crowded roads of Delhi, my friends and I would get up at 4 a.m. and fly up into the eastern sky to roll freely in the softly colored clouds looking grey at first, then pale, rosy and at last red. And going to school would be a delight. We could land on the roof if the school gate was closed against late comers. One might slip in through the ventilator, quite unnoticed by the teacher.

My third miracle would be to cure the ill, the maimed and deformed people of the world. I would get it announced by the All India Radio that whoever drank the water supplied by Delhi Municipal Corporation even once during the next six months would be cured of all diseases. In this way I shall drive away all diseases and end all deformities of man. How happy and healthy the whole humanity would be!

However, other is the other side of the picture, too. Food grains and fruit etc., would become so cheap after my first miracle that the farmers would become very poor. They would have no money to buy clothes or other necessities of life. My second miracle would not only throw piloted out of employment but would also cause many accidents in the air. Little Birds will be frightened when they see fat men and women flying in the air. And my last miracle would make the problem of water scarcity in Delhi.