The war for old Delhi’s soul

The sky was painted withshades of blue and purple blended with a peculiar mix of rich oranges and reds. Computers were getting set up alongside the ancient temples. Junior designers busily coded their computers to advertise their images while experienced weavers who rhythmically sown fabrics together both had one goal- to sell their products but one was digitalized and the other was manual. Tens of thousands of letters were sent to the government, either talking about to save old structures or to replace them for (hopefully) a better future for all the young entrepreneurs in India. Alarms ring as they join the audience of town meetings about what to do and some join with protesting.

Workers from the government ensures that both sides will be treated equally as they knock down walls of ancient structures. Each clashing of iron and bricks marks a phoenix’s downfall and another rising from its ashes. The latest generation of humans scroll on news articles on their phones while the elderly constantly buy newspapers from the local newsagent, each still hoping their side won the battle. When news came that one structure was saved and another was demolished, everybody got their hopes high, sure that their side would get the government’s attention the most.

Two groups of engineers sit at their home, sipping a cup of tea but one keeps their eyes glued at their mailbox outside and the other group keeps their eyes glued at their mail app in their computer. They both have the same goals but they have different ways to achieve them. Some invest in stocks and others bet with their friends on the streets. This division of groups could soon separate the whole country, one group meeting with only the people in their group and the same for the other group.

Large documents soon float down onto an unexpecting ‘ancient structure’ owner’s hands. The history lies in his hands. Either for the younger generation or to keep their culture. Old Delhi could either remain forever in the same chapter of the same book or it could move on-to be in a unexplored world nothing-not even a mouse had stumbled upon. Old Delhi’s soul rests upon the official’s hands, spirit and personality at stake.