Licensed to Live Everywhere

Dr. C. Muralidara Kannan

We are the filmy flat blackish brown flying beetles. Confront us at your kitchen, cellar, cup-board, larder, parlour or at times sans your permission stealthily peep into the privacy of your bedroom.

Once, a little lady yelled into a scornful scream as she found one of our brothers found a perch on her kitchen stove, dropped the utensil in her hand. He, taking another tiny flight landed on the lady’s apron

Aha! Now, the lady’s scream turned a queer concert of a dance, jumping jugglery. Her fun loving hubby spurted out: “You kept telling you would dance for me One day or other, today the inordinate delay ended”

The brilliant school going boy of the home tried an instantaneous what he thought as a haiku: “The approach of cockroach is the extremity of encroach”. Poets are born even in an extraordinary circumstance

The fun-loving father of the home cupping his hand coolly groped for the tiny brownie, held him close. And softly, gently took him to the window, out he flew ‘Return of the dragon’ is inescapable he always knew

Another docile young lady seems newly wedded started nagging at her young dotting husband to shift the house at once at the mere sight of our fellow being. Poor couple ! Will be keeping on shifting houses !

A family on a picnic to a woody spot, the lady spotted one of us, “Impossible, these filthy phantoms, here too” The man spoke, “Oh, these brown beauties, family friends They are omnipresent, heaven or hell found everywhere”

What a great hit on the nail ! The man is wise for we are the real phoenix, blackish brown beetles with weird wings. We don’t make legends, but licensed to live everywhere for no repellent, nothing can make us extinct, never.