Born with a silver spoon,
Lived with a heart of gold.
Walked into immortality,
With her glorious deeds.

I pulled the top cover of the calcium carbonate shell… I opened my eyes and pulled the cover with a bit of more force from my head and not fully developed two-fingered hands. That ‘kraackkk…!’ sound brought a smile on my parents’ face. Mom took me in her big, huge, giant hands and kissed me. ‘Sue... our Sue!’ my mother called me.

It was about 70 million years ago from now... I was born into a family known as “The King of Reptiles!”…. Tyrannosaurus rex… The most ferocious meat-eating predator of the Tyrannosaur family of dinosaurs of the Mesozoic age.

The nest, belonging to my mom and dad, contained nearly two thousand eggs, which cracked one after the other. I being the first one... was offered the meat of a Tarbosaurus.... ‘Awful….. – it smells…’ I could not even smell it, putting that thing in my mouth was the most scary thing that mother wanted me to do. I jumped off her lap. Everyone was busy eating the meal. Mom and dad were very happy that they now had a complete family.

I could not resist that smell anymore, and came out of the nest to inhale some fresh breeze. I entered a huge forest with hundreds of nests of our competitors. Suddenly, an Albertosaurus saw me...
just to check on me. He examined me from head to toe… it took him an hour to detect the defect. ‘What’s the matter Devarshiji?’ mom asked him.

‘I think Brain… I mean a well-developed Hypothalamus – the emotional centre. That is the reason behind his anomalous behaviour,’ he said.

Everyone was amazed. He further explained that the cause was in the genes, perhaps a mutation in the genes that created a brain that catered to emotions. My family was in a dilemma. A week passed… nobody touched upon that topic again.

Suddenly one day, mom asked me to sit at the corner of the nest. I followed her instructions. She and father discussed something… about the wrong genetic combination and held one another responsible. My mom got a bit tensed.

Then, I overheard my brother saying, ‘What’s the use of her 58 teeth, her long, huge scary body, her sharp claws… she has no right to live with us.’

‘Shh…’ another brother said.

Tears came rolling down my eyes. ‘Were they my own brothers and sisters? My own family?’ I asked myself.

Suddenly, mom and dad came towards me and to my shock pushed me out of the home. I fell down…left alone to eat the ferns, club mosses and cycads. There would be no family support… I would have to face thousands of competitors with whom I could not fight. I wanted to stop crying, but could not.

I was all alone wandering in the colossal dark forest…escaping from others’ eyes. ‘What’s my fault? Let me eat what I want. Let me also live my life. Why should I live in isolation? Why was I forced to live apart? Why am I the one to suffer? Was it just because of a wrong genetic mutation? why should I suffer because of that hypothalamus… or whatever they called it?’ I kept asking myself.

Eating the conifers, ferns and mosses, I somehow managed to survive for some time. But, unable to face the loneliness any more, I thought of once again going to where my family lived...

I was now left all alone with my father. ‘Thank you father! I love you,’ I said.

‘But, I don’t!’ he said. ‘You are the black spot on our family’s name. You have no right to live. The spot on our name, our fame, our dominance on other dinosaurs of our age. You have no right to live, neither with us, nor in isolation.’

His sharp claws tore my heart, my stomach, but I felt more pain in my hypothalamus...

‘Yes, that’s right. Everyone is right. I am the culprit. I spoiled the name of my family. I have no right to live,’ were my last words. I wanted to say sorry for the fault which was never mine, but could not. I could only hear my mom’s voice, ‘Sue… my child.’

Her voice relieved me. Perhaps my mother also had developed a hypothalamus, due to which she could not stop her emotions. At least, I got the answer to all my questions when I took the last breath of my life. I was relaxed because my mother’s soul was with me even after my death.

I saw tears rolling down her eyes…as I closed mine.