

SILENCE IN THE WORLD: UNDEFINED

CONFRONTING SYSTEMIC INJUSTICE.



KHADA N. ACHARYA

Silence In The World: Undefined

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Disclaimer

This is a work of real stories with a twist. Names and characters are made up to make sure nobody was hurt. Places and events are real but shown creatively.

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Dedication

To **Michael Brown** and many more **innocent people**.

To **Undocumented Immigrants** who fear deportation.

To **Muhammad Ali** and more **Muslim men** who change the world through peace and will change.

To **Madeleine Kunin** and more **refugees** who overcome their fear.

CONTENTS

1 Introduction

Introduction about book 04

2 Chapter 1

Wow Unique World 05-06

3 Chapter 2

O Cruel Heart 07-09

4 Chapter 3

I Am a Muslim Man 10-13

5 Chapter 4

The Refuge 14-17

6 Conclusion & About

Conclusion: Breaking The Silence 18
About Author



INTRODUCTION

A Silent Cry. *Silence In The World: Undefined* is a testament to the pervasive injustice that continues to plague our society. It delves into the heart of racial inequality in the United States, shedding light on the experiences of countless individuals whose voices have been silenced.

Through a collection of personal stories and observations, this book aims to provide a glimpse into the realities faced by marginalized communities. While not a formal research study, it offers a raw and authentic perspective, highlighting the systemic biases and discriminatory practices that perpetuate social injustice.

By sharing these stories, we hope to amplify the voices of those who have been unheard. Your role in this endeavor is crucial. By sharing this book with your colleagues, you can contribute to a broader conversation about racial justice and inspire collective action.

Let us stand together and break the silence. As one who has experienced the weight of silence, I refuse to let others suffer in obscurity.

CHAPTER I

WOW UNIQUE WORLD

There is a home called Ferguson in the Mudderland, Unique Slaughter.

In that home, animals live with **Master Justice**. Master Justice listens to everyone... except his family. But Master Justice has no family. Only friends. Friends who stand by him. But he never listens to the poor. Black or white.

Far away, in **Vital Land**, I live. Here, many Master Justices help each other. Animals help each other. Here, there is a small house called **Helpful**. I work there. I love working with animals. I love my future.

One bitter Friday, Master Justice goes blind. No one cares for his animals. His friends say: "We will help." But Master Justice is blind. He cannot see. His friends free the animals. "Free!" they shout. The animals run wild. Peace dies. A war starts—a stupid fight.

Healthier white animals live in one part of Ferguson. **Healthier black animals** in another. **Unhealthier black and white animals** live everywhere else. Healthier animals think unhealthier black animals are criminals. But unhealthier white animals? They stand with unhealthier black animals.

In my place, Vital Land, we fight for rights. Right is right. Wrong is wrong. Not like Ferguson.

Then—news. A **white healthier cat** chases a **black unhealthier mouse**. No reason. The cat kills the mouse. Protests explode across Unique

Slaughter. Animals scream: "This is wrong!" But the cat walks free. Master Justice's friends lie to him. He believes them.

Today? The killing game continues in Ferguson. Slowly, it spreads. Unhealthier black animals still fight. Master Justice stays blind.

Now I think: What about Vital Land? Will unity die here? Will freedom become a war here? Like Ferguson?

Ask yourself:

- Am I free?
- What if my home became Ferguson?
- Do I want Mudderland or Helpful?

You will see: **Freedom is a lie.** Mudderland was. Mudderland is. Mudderland will be. Master Justice believes lies. Speaking truth? Oppression.

Our children won't know freedom. Freedom will vanish from dictionaries. Because Master Justice is weak.

No matter how long they protest:

- Justice never comes.
- Unhealthier black animals die for no reason.
- Healthier white animals walk free.
- Their freedom? **To kill.**

CHAPTER 2

O CRUEL HEART

Mrs. Hope's class watches Easy Death. The DVD starts. Words flash:

"Don't be the Knife that breaks the Wood.

Be the Glue that mends it."

Music plays—da... ta... tada... An unnamed Narrator sits by a pond. He holds a book titled Real or Reality?

In the Friendship World, three live:

- Glue
- Knife
- Wood

They are happy. They help each other. Friendship is their world.

Then—a **Creature** arrives. He looks like a bomb. But not quite. (Is he Trump? Words like him?) Glue, Knife, Wood? (Canada? USA? Mexico?) You'll see.

The Creature smiles fake. Knife is angry. "Why are you here?"

Creature: "To help you."

Knife: "What? What?"

Creature: "You are the greatest in this world."

Creature smiles again. "Knife—why share this world? Break Wood! Chop Glue! Rule alone!"

Knife: "WHAT? WHAT?"

Creature: "You were born sharp. STAY sharp. Break Wood! Kill Glue!"

Knife: "Yes... but I never tried."

Creature: "DO IT NOW! This chance won't return!"

Knife imagines power. He goes to Wood's house. Sees Glue and Wood talking. Together. (Knife forbade this.)

Knife screams: "WHAT IS THIS?"

Glue and Wood go silent.

Knife breaks Wood into two pieces.

Creature arrives. "Now chop Glue!"

Knife hesitates. Glue once mended him.

Creature grabs Glue: "CHOP IT—or I take it!"

Glue whispers: "Do it. This is friendship."

Knife chops. Glue's pieces fall—

SPLASH.

They hit Wood's broken pieces.

Wood becomes whole again.

Screen goes black. Movie ends.

Bell rings. Class should end—but doesn't. Lunch waits—but students stay.

"Is Glue gone?" they ask.

Mrs. Hope: "Glue saved friends. Glue brought joy. Now? Gone."

"Why? Where is Glue?"

No answers. Lunch ends. Students leave.

Truth:

- Glue = Canada
- Knife = USA
- Wood = Mexico
- Creature = Trump
- Friendship World = North America

Ask yourself:

- Who is worse? Creature or Knife or Glue?
- Who are you? Creature? Knife? Glue?
- What would you do as Glue?

CHAPTER 3

I AM A MUSLIM MAN

Fact: 1.6 billion Muslims. 1.6 billion believe in Allah. Like me.

Ask me "Who do you believe?"

My answer changes. Changes because of one line:

"I am a Muslim man."

The question "Who am I?" follows me. Always.

Some call me **terrorist**. Some say **religious genocide**. Some see **hater**.

All because I am a Muslim man.

Funny thing? They don't know me. They don't know my heart. Because I am a Muslim man.

Muslim? What? You think talking to me is bad. Dangerous. Worse? When you ask me things. I give true answers.

You ask:

"Know Yahweh?" I say: "I am a Jew."

"Know Jesus?" I say: "I am a Christian."

"Know Guru Gobind Singh?" I say: "I am a Sikh."

"Know Buddha? Vishnu?" I say: "I am Buddhist. Hindu."

Why? Because I am a Muslim man.

Then you ask: "Know Allah?" I smile: "I am a Muslim man."

You get a **heart attack**. Talking to a crazy Muslim man.

But me?

I talk to Hindus. Buddhists. Sikhs. Christians. Jews.

No heart attack. Because I know who you are. And I am a Muslim man.

I know religion. Not like you know it—**business**. Stop making religion business. Business as religion? Madness.

Religions? Crazy? You feel awkward. Because I say "I am this... I am that..." You think: "He will kill me." Lies. Because I am a Muslim man.

You think: "He traps me to kill." Your thought? **Half-right**.

Radicals like "ISIS" kill. But they kill Muslims too. Not true believers. Not like me. Because I am a Muslim man.

You ask: "Why go to Church? Temple? Stupa?" I smile: "I am a Muslim man."

Why go? To learn. To pray. To read your books.

Pray? Why? Praying is same. Only ways are different. That's why I pray in your places. Because I am a Muslim man.

I feel proud praying anywhere. I see Allah everywhere.

You ask: "Why pray to Jesus? Yahweh? Vishnu?" I smile kind: "I am a Muslim man."

You get confused. Ask again. I say: "I see Allah in every god." You say: "What? OMG..."

God? Oh! God! Funny—I see Allah in all gods. Why? God is not different people. God is One.

You get uncomfortable. When I say: "Your god is mine. Mine yours." Because God is One.

Paths to God? Different. Different paths = Religions. I follow different paths. That's why I pray in your holy place. I see God waving at me. Because I am a Muslim man.

I touch your holy book. I read it. You ask: "Who are you?" I say: "Christian. Hindu..." Because I am a Muslim man.

I read your book. Even if it's not Quran. You never read another book. I read. Because all holy books say same: Don't kill. Love young. Respect old.

I go to your place. Read your book. Pray to your god. Because I am a Muslim man.

Not to kill you. Not to destroy. I do it with pride in Islam.

Remember:

I am **not** terrorist. I am Muslim man. I hate crime. Like you.

I am Muslim man. I will change the world. **Without** violence. Because I know you. I know your religions.

You don't know me. You call me terrorist. Thank you. But I will change this world. With **love**. With **faith**.

I am change. Because if I don't change it— Who will? You? Who knows only your religion? Terrorists? Who use religion to kill? **No**.

I will change. Because I see Allah everywhere. **Not** in hate. **Not** in crime.

I don't hate you. Even if you hate me. Allah teaches **love** over hate. Allah leads me. To change world with **holy words**. **Not** holy war.

CHAPTER 4

THE REFUGE

In this world— **Winners. Losers.** Funny thing? I was winner. I am winner. I will be winner.

Title where **nobody** loses. Winner always wins.

Call me **dumb**. Say winning talk is dumbest. Call me anything. I was born with **great title**. Title few people have.

Title makes you wonder. Title is crazy. But **everybody** wins.
Nobody loses. I won because of Bhutan.

Bhutan? "World's Happiest Country." Beautiful? Yes. Beauty built by **blood and sweat** of my grandparents and parents.

But me? A kid who knows— **Happiness is not happy**. Struggle life is happiness. Yes.

Struggle where— **Food not enough. Education broken. No hope.** Life worse than prison. We were prisoners. Of injustice.

Struggle happiness? You argue: "No!" I say: "Yes." My late father taught me: "Struggle life > King life." His words hit me every time I see people like me. He said: "Not enough food? **Share**. One pencil? **Break it**. Share. No hope? Tell friends: 'One day better.'"

Happiness comes when you help. You call it "helping." I call it **happiness**.

Call me **idiot**. I won a title at birth. A title few get. I won because— The "happiest place"? It made my family **leave**. I won because— **Struggle = Happiness**.

Happy in U.S.A.? **No**. Not then, Not now because of Bhutan.

I was winner. I am winner. I will be winner. Won at birth. Call me **half-brain**. Not happy in "land of freedom"? Because nobody knows my title.

At school? Nobody human-like. Except me. I am immigrant. But why treat me **inhuman**? Because I had a title at birth.

Funny? English teacher can't believe I'm immigrant. Because my English = American English. Why think immigrants don't know English? Newcomers? Big reason? No idea. But that teacher? **Refuge me**.

Immigrants? I say: "I am from Nepal." They ask: "Live near Kathmandu? Pokhara? See Mount Everest?"

I feel **angry**. Why no ask: "How was camp life? How you struggled?" Few students know. Know the camp because they born there too.

Camp? What? I say "I am from camp." They call me terrorist. They meaning Nepali students and American students. Because of long beard? They say: "You are Nepali." Because I speak Nepali? Nepali? What? Nobody believes me.

I ask back: "Who are YOU?" They say: "Nepali friends." Some say: "Nepali." I am surprised. Those friends changed. They are Nepali. I am terrorist. Call me terrorist. I won't cut hair. Won't shave beard.

Change? I might change like them? I used to say: "I am Nepali." Americans ask about Kathmandu. Everest. I feel bad. **No pride for my camp.** Place I born. Place I struggled. Struggle that made me happy.

Mind? Change? I am great. I change mind. Now I say: "I am Bhutanese." Family from Bhutan.

Why change? So they ask about my **struggle land.** Land I born. Land I struggled.

Only question I get: "Woo! Happy in U.S.A.?" **Happiness vs freedom?** Again—no pride for struggle land.

They tell me about Bhutan. "Land of happiness." They say: "Freedom—you achieve. Happiness—you get."

Why no pride for my struggle? Why? Why? Why? No ask: "What happiness means?" No ask: "Why struggle = happiness key?"

I explain: "From Bhutan. Born in camp. Because Bhutan swept out my family." They don't believe. Call me **silly.** Think I hide path to happiness. Why hide? I get happiness in struggle. **Struggle = Happiness.**

Loser? Winner? No loser in my game. Game nobody believes I won. Game reminds me of camp. **Nobody loses.** I win my way. They win theirs.

Why am I winner? Why no loser? Because different from Americans?
No we all human. We all win. Cheer for win.

Saying? "Where there's a will, there's a way." My game: **Where there's winner, no loser.** Title stays with me. Got it at birth. Title not enemy. I am winner. Winner with **no loser.** Winner with **no violence.**

Game? Curious? You wonder about my great title? Title I got at birth. Title I carry. Title I win. All because of **refuge.** My title: "**The Refuge.**"

Call me **strange.** I carry "The Refuge." Oh. "The Refuge."
Refuge? Refuge? Winning not happiest. Winning where **everybody wins?** **Nobody loses?** That is happiest.

"The Refuge" man? Will not refuge people like me. Call them **dumb** and or **crazy.** I won't. "Them" = Refugees worldwide. You refuse them. Like you refused me. Refuse their truth.

You refuge me? But you won't refuge them. Why? They might be world's talents. Talents world needs. World needs them because they are winners like me.

Winner where nobody loses. Because of the title. "**The Refuge.**" Remember — You won't refuge them. **But I will fight for them.** With words, **Not war.**

CONCLUSION

BREAKING THE SILENCE

From Ferguson's streets to severed borders, from mosques to refugee camps—silence is the oxygen of oppression. This book is a scream into that void.

Your Call to Action:

- 1.SPEAK: Name injustice when you see it.
- 2.LISTEN: Center marginalized voices.
- 3.RESIST: Refuse complicity in silence.



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