

# *The Legend Of The Golden Carousel*

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*Set under the heavy northern winds of Greenland, America, was a town with a legend as old as all the life the earth had ever seen. It, like all other legends, had neither rhyme nor reason to it.*

*For generations, it had traveled down lineages of people .It had wandered like a nomad through the countryside, a fable through tribal festivals, a sonic wave through the oceans, a lightning bolt through the sky or mostly to the philosophical minds, a golden dream of the open eye.*

*The legend was, however, not a matter of a haunted house, or elves, or possessed dolls or fairies, or bloodsuckers. It was about something as whole as life in itself, something that never stopped for anybody, something that went on with every passing hour, with every passing year. It was more about reading between the creases and contours of this mysteriously angelic masterpiece.*

*This elevated legend was concentrated in the town of Carouswirlitte, proudly named after the one foundation that earned this small town oceans of visitors the year round. Every year, people came from lands far and wide, to hear the legend and to make belief with their own eyes. For it felt something so magical to see The Golden Carousel turning.*

*However, how could a turning carousel attract so much attention, right?*

*But that's where we start with the legend of the golden carousel.*

*The Carousel, a resplendent piece of art, was sculpted as though the Gods descended onto the land of demons to build this goliath, explicitly expressing the fleeting steps of life, buried*

*somewhere deep in the hearts of people whose fleeting steps now only advanced in the greed of more money.*

*One could stand in awe of the carousel for days together without feeling a need to eat or drink or so much so blink an eye. Such was it's mesmerising beauty. Laden in the purest gold, the carousel had never lost it's glow, for such was the mystic hand of its architect.*

*Undeterred by ages of death, havoc, war, floods, carnage, massacre and wreckage surrounding it, it stood as pure as the sun, as beautiful as a rose, as untouched as a bubble traversing galaxies.*

*The carousel, like any other, had an anchor pole about which the golden horses, forty in number to be precise, pranced.*

*The significance of the number forty and its relevance in the turning carousel couldn't possibly be ascertained by any person who religiously knelt down in front of Jesus every Sunday at the church.*

*The no. forty has persistently recurred throughout biblical history.*

*Jesus fasted for forty days in the wilderness before being tempted by Satan.*

*He remained on earth for forty days after his resurrection, appearing to the apostles and teaching them, before ascending to heaven.*

*Jesus utters the word 'fulfil' in some variation or other, precisely forty times throughout the gospels.*

*The most notable, however, are the forty days and nights of rainfall that caused the flood of Noah. During this time, the whole world flooded to a depth of some 15 feet above the tallest mountains.*

*Philosophers from lands far and wide have obsessed about the significance of these curiously forty horses swirling in a mist around the anchor pole.*

*Some say, that maybe one day the carousel will stop a while and take all the good people away on the forty golden horses to a faraway land to rebuild a world devoid of the plague of Satanic inhumane tendencies.*

*A world where honesty would be the best policy and love towards mankind an innate quality. A world where chariots of gold would be pulled by beautiful white horses and the night sky would be full of stars rather than the dreading pall of pollution.*

*A world where hunger, poverty, war, distress, the assassination of emotions and murder of dreams would be the tall tales of a destructive history. But with the formation of this new era of mankind, the rest of the world which is poisoned by temptations of satanic behaviour will burn and rot in the bowels of mother earth, punished with the imprisonment of their dark souls.*

*This, was however, only one of the many famous fables surrounding the Golden Carousel. Children in the town of Carouswirlitte, fond of this swirling masterpiece, would gather around their parents and grandparents to hear these stories of admiration at lengths, either at night while sleeping or as a pastime during the summer holidays or while savouring their sumptuous meals at the dining table.*

*However, no matter how enchanting the drawing power of this magnum opus was, not a single man in the humble town of Carouswirlitte could proudly claim having built the ravishing Golden Carousel, that stood proudly in the heart of the town. As though it were a constant reiteration of the long lived quote of Shakespeare; "Men will come and men will go, But I will go on forever."*

*As the legend goes, the glorious volley of Golden horses under the umbrella of God, ran in long before life was known. And for ages , generation after generation it has stood amidst the hustle bustle of life, quietly cascading through the gloom of men meeting ashes and the endurance of rebirth from those ashes.*

*Now, one a many might wonder, how is it that this carousel isn't already a historical fact earning laurels in a museum or a research material undergoing c-scans like the murals of King of Tutankhamun of Egypt, whose skeleton was ruthlessly dismantled to squeeze out the gold from under his pelvis.*

*This might be an obvious curiosity in accordance with the destructively inquisitive nature of human beings. But such was the grace of the creator, that nobody could come within 10 feet of the Carousel, because . . .*

## *THE CAROUSEL NEVER STOPS TURNING.*

*From the day it was born, it has been swirling around as though ballet were its favourite form of dance. It has danced and swirled in the rhythm of progressing life. Every single person in the town would cross the carousel day after day, and never would they fail to stop a while and sit by the carousel. The sight of the carousel cascading, overwhelmed the people and gave them a sense of how everything had to pass by. Nothing could remain frozen in time, for life went on without fail.*

*Some have come to believe that the carousel really does hear the whisperings of our soul and contemplates on the beauty of the passing life. For who could discover whether the carousel was only swirling on its own accord or was teaching everybody a lesson in its full consciousness. The lesson that sometimes, in our race for a better life we forget that this moment, right now, right here is at its very best. It might get better, but for now, as the clock of life ticks, the music of*

*heartbeats rhythm, the light of eyes shine, don't forget to stay right here, right with me and feel  
the fleeting steps of life...*

*For LIFE goes on.....*