The CURSE of C - 19

A tale inspired by you,
nurtured by wisdom.

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In the celestial world of Swayambhu, everything was magical. Spurred out through its eye - Chakshu was the world with its galaxies, planets, comets and everything in between dancing in perfect harmony. Out of nowhere, an entity that floated freely got engulfed in temptation, tussled with might and intellect only to be cut into half, one of whom, dearly named as Manushya, landed on the pure lands of Bhumi.

Over the course of years, Manushyas began using every bit of their brainy cells to create a kingdom for themselves, until one day when life came to a standstill as the great curse of Chamundi fell upon them.

Over the course of many years, we have assembled questions from the world around us. Gaining knowledge is a sacred deed, until it takes you on a road to destruction. This story is an answer to your subconscious. Delve into a magical world of mythology, mystery and drama.

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Dear All,

Let me tell you a story.

A story of a great species and their destructive abilities.
A story about greed, lust and ego consuming rationality.
A story of a revolt leading to a valuable lesson.

Who am I, you ask?

You'll know soon enough.

This universe is far greater than what meets our eyes. Vast and mysterious. Many wonder who created it and how?

Is there even a Creator?

Well, there is one.

Through a void appeared this magnificent creation. It came to be known as 'Swayambhu' - the one to have created itself.

Swayambhu created this universe, the galaxies, planets, comets and bestowed upon them the knowledge to sustain themselves. It did not command nor control them. Swayambhu's creation functioned with values such as kindness and empathy, leading to peace and harmony.

The source of it all or the epicentre as known by some, came to be called as 'Chakshu' through which Swayambhu admired its creation.

"My blessed creation," it said with good pride.

As we all are aware, there is always a brat amongst us who really loves to ruin it for everyone. The creation of Swayambhu had one such mischief maker!

And this is where our story begins!

In outer space there once floated an entity. It was a comet, celestial in nature. It was bright and shone like a star. It could think, perceive and move around comfortably through galaxies and beyond.

It was homeless but happy! A carefree being enjoying an unrestrained life.

One day while travelling over the Milky Way, it came across the most beautiful planet it had ever seen.

Cupid struck!

A part of this entity got tempted.

However, while this part wanted to settle down, the other half still wanted its freedom. They fought amongst themselves and the part that was tempted broke apart making it lose its celestial spark.

It approached Swayambhu and expressed its willingness to settle down. Swayambhu warned it at first but eventually gave in to the demands of this silly creation.

"I respect your decision, but you will have to be transformed into a creature that could survive on this planet," said Swayambhu in its grave husky voice.

That very moment, the comet transformed into an odd looking creature.

"You are now an animal with sensibilities and instincts just like all the others on this planet. But, your celestial origin makes you special. Hence, you will be called a 'Manushya' - An animal with intellect. Make sure to live in harmony and to love Bhumi just like every other creature on it," advised Swayambhu.

"Bhumi?" asked Manushya.

Swayambhu nodded a yes.

Manushya was delighted!

He crawled around romancing Bhumi, made new friends, explored his new home.

His intellect always gave him an edge over the other creatures of Bhumi. He could think and act not only by his instincts but out of will which soon turned into pride.

As time passed, this self-created image stuffed with ego started ruining it for Manushya. Greed was the fuel to the fire. He wanted to be much more than just an ordinary creature on Bhumi.

He stopped crawling and began to walk.

He started to believe that he was the special one. Swayambhu had said it himself, he thought. Manushya wanted to hunt, settle, multiply and the ambitions were unending.

One Manushya multiplied to millions. Greed and ambition grew manifold. They started to live as if they owned Bhumi. They fought and killed one another and harmed the other creatures. They waged wars, polluted resources and tortured Bhumi.

They always had an issue with everything around them. Neither any creature on Bhumi nor any other creation of Swayambhu ever understood them and their motives.

They never listened. Just did what they pleased.

And you know who suffered right?

BHUMI!

Every single time!

Bhumi felt drained. She pleaded with Manushyas to stop this mayhem. She cried painful cyclones, burst out angry lavas, jittered innumerous tsunamis but they did not pay any heed to her plight.

They ended up creating a gadget instead, which they became very proud of. It was an odd winged object, that would rotate around Bhumi and give out information about her well-being. Not that they cared; they just wanted to be able to forecast her reactions so they could be better equipped in case she reacted more than they could take.

They studied everything around them, all the other creatures too. Cut them, tortured them. Only to make their own lives better!

Cruel right?

I felt really bad for Bhumi. I whispered to her several times to fight back with greater intensity.

After much defiance, Bhumi agreed.

She approached Chakshu - The eye of Swayambhu to seek advise.

"What is it my child"? it asked.

"I am frightened Swayambhu. I have been turned from a lover to a mere slave!" she said.

"You have gone through so much my little Bhumi," it said in its deep voice.

"Your strength is compassion, not fear. Let your fear disappear, for your strength is a blessing and your fear a curse!" It added.

Bhumi was the compassionate daughter of Swayambhu. Harmless and blessed! There was no way she could handle this situation on her own.

Manushyas had to be dealt with differently. They required someone to underline for them the fact that they were a small part of a much larger picture- just one of the millions of Swayambhu's creation. Hence, Swayambhu summoned its cantankerous daughter.

There was a roar that sent shivers across the universe and from the most mysterious and darkest corners of space appeared,

CHAMUNDI!

She was furious, ready to kill. She could never stop once she began to destruct.

Chamundi was angrier this time only because her favourite sister was hurt.

"I summon you today to salvage your Bhumi from the tyranny of Manushyas," said Swayambhu. "Are you willing to help her Chamundi?"

"With great honor," replied Chamundi in her cold haunting voice. "And if my strength is not sufficient I would invite my beloved Mahakaal to fight along side me," she added.

Mahakaal was Chamundi's consort- a creation of Swayambhu and the ultimate destroyer.

"That would not be necessary as his powers are so great that my worry is it will consume not only Manushyas, but everything else including you and I," said Swayambhu. "We cannot channelise his rage nor alleviate it."

"How do you suggest we do it then?" asked Chamundi promptly.

Bhumi and Chamundi stood staring at Chakshu. Clueless.

"We need a vessel," said Swayambhu. "And it has to be from the plains of Bhumi to survive the conditions there!"

No one came forward to volunteer, to be the vessel, for Chamundi's anger.

"There has to be someone who is fearless and desperate enough to help me," appealed Bhumi.

"I wish to help!" came back a response in a high squeaky voice. It belonged to a humble creature who still crawled! Bhumi called it a Pangolin.

"Small but courageous. The hard skin will act as an armour to receive, store and pass on Chamundi's powers. It is perfect!" explained Swayambhu.

The powers of Chamundi came gushing down on the Pangolin's hard skin and started to spread.

The difficulty was, it was spreading too slow! They needed another vessel to transport the curse faster.

"Rats?" asked Bhumi.

"They are infamous and perfect but not fast enough!" said Chamundi. "How about someone equally grubby and can fly?"

Without any second thought, the great fearless Bat was summoned, it agreed to help its dear mother.

Bhumi stood silent. She was in a dilemma.

"What is it that bothers you dear Bhumi?" enquired Swayambhu.

"Manushyas are mostly arrogant but also sincere. The only problem is, they think they are invincible," responded Bhumi.

"I do agree my dear. Their good actions and their ability to love has made them worthy of it. But little do they know that invincibility is only the beginning!" replied Swayambhu.

"The beginning of?" asked the Bat. It was in high spirits to be standing in front of Chakshu - the source of this universe itself.

Swayambhu's eye looked at the little creature. "The beginning of either being heroic or self destructive," it said.

"And this is clearly the latter" roared Chamundi. "I swear to cause them such pain that it will teach them the real meaning of being invincible! If they live that is."

With their powers combined, Chamundi came up with a pandemic that was a nightmare for Manushyas. Chamundi created it, the Pangolin held it and the Bat spread it like wild fire. The mighty Manushyas were finally being challenged. They were panicking!

In fact, it was not a fight. Fight is when the opponents are equal. This was an onslaught.

It was such a sight I must admit. All for the greater good!

Chamundi's curse started to spread. She was going wild. She was destroying with her full might.

Thank the Swayambhu for recommending the vessel or by now Bhumi would have been burned down by Chamundi's rage.

Just like greed and temptation of the first Manushya spread from one to many, the curse of Chamundi spread from one to millions.

As a matter of fact, it spread much faster than anybody had ever imagined. “How was that even possible?” everyone wondered.

"It is the destructive abilities of Manushyas that is speeding up this process," said Swayambhu.

Within a short time, there was enough harm done. All that Manushyas had created was dysfunctional. Their world stopped!

Bhumi felt her pain go away. She could breath now. She started to feel better!

Manushyas were inquisitive to know the essence of this disaster. They tried to find out, they even came up with a name for it - they called it the C-19.

C for Chamundi, C for Curse.

19 was derived from certain astronomical calculations Manushyas had invented. That is how they had tried enslaving time but ended up getting bound to it instead.

Manushyas had fought so much amongst themselves, that they had to make patience and kindness compulsory. They named that compulsion.

Called it Humanity!

Other creatures have unity. But it is natural; bound by duty. They feel it. It is not an obligation.

Even in these virulent times of the curse, Manushyas started talking about how powerful they were and how if they stood together, could abolish this pandemic.

Rubbish!

All the preparations to fight this curse were being made. The only things Manushyas were missing at this point were regret and apology.

They had not even understood the depth of their crimes, forget pleading guilty.

No lesson was learnt!

Swayambhu was concerned. Manushya was one of its favourite creation. He was the only species with powers like Swayambhu - to create and nurture consciously.

Swayambhu wast left with only two options.

One, increase the rage of Chamundi which would wipe out Manushyas from Bhumi once and for all. But, any more pressure from Chamundi than what she was already putting in would destroy Bhumi that very instant.

Swayambhu had to go for the other option.

Manushyas had to be compelled to use their minds!

Someone had to talk to them. Someone they knew. Someone who could make them feel it, tell them who they really are.

"Manushya's birth was out of desire. They need to be reminded that they can transcend this desire and have greater pursuits for they are an unparallel species with great intelligence," *it said to me.*

Chakshu was looking at me with compassion as I stood in front of it enchanted.

Considering my association with Manushyas, I was invited by Swayambhu to intervene and make a request.

And therefore I come back!

As Chamundi continues to curse through her vessels, I request you to take a moment and recollect those times when we were still one; floating happily in space with no temptation, no ego, no anger, lust or pain.

We were not men, women or had any other gender; nor belonged to any religion, nation or caste. Neither were we rich nor poor, neither wise nor fools.

We were nothing but happy!

I had the wisdom to not be tempted but you, my poor self got tempted, got stuck and struggled for all these years only to be fearful and sad.

See what you have done to yourself?

Your tiny minds, your pride and greed have taken over your senses making you pay no attention to this vast creation and discipline of Swayambhu.

Such an insult!

You are a part of a much larger and blessed existence and you have all the right to be happy but not by making someone else go through pain.

Apologise to Bhumi and promise to never hurt her. Be thankful for her acceptance and be conscious of your actions.

Let your desire not be your essence for you are far greater than that. You are celestial by nature.

Be happy for great times are to come!

Yours Truly,

The part of you that always wanted to be free.

Dedicated to:
A more conscious future and
all our fellow earthlings who have been a prey to this pandemic and also the ones who have fought it bravely.
May peace be with you all!

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by

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