**My master and I**



Master:                  Come in, my lad!

I:                             How did you know it is me, I had not knocked yet?

Master:                As if you don’t know! Well, you have some questions, don’t you?

I:                             Ah, you know everything. Then do I need to air my thoughts, you already know what I seek.

Master:                Well… yeah… I created you, so of course I know it, but then, why did I create you in the first place? If you keep asking questions in your mind and only I do the talking, then what fun would be it? I did not create ye all to hone my commentary skills.

I:                             Okay, okay… I got the point.

Master:                So what troubles you this time?

I:                             You know me, random things concern me most of the times, and I need to run to you most of the time for the answers. This time I was thinking…about judgment….

Master:                Soo…What about it?

I:                             Well, when do we get to decide? And when do we decide it fairly? Being human, it is very complex to decide between the heart and mind. Reason, is often derived from experiences, but then, all experiences are novel in themselves, looking alike, but all different. How do we get to see things, while staying unrelated to them? Like seeing from the outside?

Master:                Young one, what makes you think so? What troubles you?

I:                             Master, you have stayed alone for a very long while, you know how things revolve when we start looking at things from our past, when we are alone. Family, friends, people we’ve met, incidences, decisions, regrets, faults, happiness, successes, everything, every deed no matter how trivial it might have seemed back then, rises from somewhere, like a chest of memories has just been unlocked. Let’s say, I also got some free time to kill.

Master:                Well thank Me for my being lonely, or else you could have never made it into the world. Rather, this world wouldn’t have been there. But yes, I get the point. So, why do you want the answer to it anyway? I forgive often for follies, don’t I?

I:                             Hah, you kidding me? You sit behind these curtains and don’t allow me in. Always saying that I have a long way to go, and when I am trying to arrange for some transportation for the journey, you are puncturing my tires by this hypnotic talk? This isn’t fair Master! You forgive because You, are You, Our Master!

Master:                You are such a baby; I was just trying to wiggle your cheeks, they are sooo… human!

I:                             That’s not funny, I am a baby anyways. Do you want me to throw in a tantrum or you answering me straight?

Master:                (Sigh) Judging is not a very enjoyable experience. It forbids you to let any emotion from indulging in what you intend to judge. Like a glass sheet. You need to be aware of everything around it, and still remain aloof of everything. You should feel no pain, no pleasure, no feeling at all when you sit to judge something. It’s like being an aggressor, ruthless, always looking for weakness, fallacies, and at the same time, searching for the good points. It’s benchmarking against your own self. You cannot judge what you have no idea about. To be rational, you have to do away with pain, pleasure, emotions and regressions, and to judge, you have to be at least one step above of it.

I:                             So what about us? No one can be like you, imparting justice that is really, **just**. Our prejudices hold us, our hearts sway us sometimes. How can we rise above that? They say that when in conflict flip a coin, as it gives time to know what we wish to see.

Master:                Oh I see, I gave free will to men so that no one follows the rulebook. This saves me the pain of drafting one. This thing called heart, though another faculty of mind messes up with this free will through emotion. And for that coin flipping, I would suggest using a blank coin, the one with no options.

I:                             How? I mean how are…

Master:                Now I ain’t here to spoon feed you with every answer, am I? I have given you a head start, now you wade alone. I’ll just recline and watch you learn. *Use your brain, child, the brain feels no pain, neither pleasure!*

I:                             Whaaat? But Father, that…

Master:                Blasphemous, Leave now, there’s work unto you, be blessed and wake up now, its day break.

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