*The Sentencing goes blithely on its way,*

*And takes the playfully objected rhyme,*

*As surely as it takes the stroke and time,*

*In having its undeviable say.*

*~Robert Frost*

Word, formed by the elimination of an ‘l’ from the world, in no mannerisms should be considered just a Word. A few words are all that takes to destroy a temple, faith or a world, personal or otherwise. Much in the same way, a few words would take you from rags to riches.

We hear people say things, and we think we are not listening. Alas, if the human brain was so comprehensible to the humans, then we’d have achieved the ‘Zero Kelvin’ perfectly ordered state long time ago, perfect sync, harmony. The Creator knew it. He made the laws, of entropy and of mass and energy alike. The entropy is ever dynamic, and ever increasing.

Let’s take the famous work of Shakespeare, Julius Caesar. How many years did Julius spend, and how many wars did he partake to reach the zenith of his power? What did it take to topple him? Just a few words of doubt and misguided reason on the part of Cassius, and the history stands testament to how easily Caesar bled. How those three words, *“Et tu Brute?”,* gained such prominence to be used in every situation of back stabbing and deceit. How many words did it take Brutus to win over the Romans, and how many did Antony take to torch Rome in flames of mass upheaval and mutiny? Perhaps, only a few. Why? Because, these men recognized the powers of interjecting just the right words in the appropriate places.

Words are like arrows, once released from the quiver, will have their devious say, some time or the other. Martin Luther King planted a seed, by the mere words which are ever immortal now. ‘I have a dream’. Everyone, who listened him speaking those famous words there and then had a dream, his dream, his ambition. But these are the examples of instant action that are written upon the pages of history. But that’s not all to the words, they are doing what they were made to, or intended to, everyday, to everyone, slowly, stealthily and steadily. On one hand they are breaking friendships, relations, factions, ideologies, beliefs and bringing down empires, on the other hand the leaders of the states are honing to their lying skills, to woo the public.

John Galt said it just once, that he’d stop the motor of the world. He did it and how? What did he do? He himself admitted that he did not do much but slowly starve the society of people whom it depended heavily on, and yet shunned them as ruthless, immoral industrialists who had no sense of moral responsibility who thought only of filling their personal coffers. Slowly, over a span of many years, he did it, and yet he did nothing, but planted the seed in them. When they were ready, he reaped the crop. Words are one of the most powerful weapons that Man could have invented in all times. I believe there are only a few things that are immortal. Words fall in these few things. Words could be like a virus, they are entombed deep in the subconscious of the host, aloof, alive, and dormant. No remedy can ensure that the malady never thrives or sprouts.

There is this particular friend. Rather, there is this general friend about whom particular friends had been talking about. When I defended his stance, they gave me reason after reason to make me see the other side, which they called the real side. They tried to prove that he was a shrewd planner and a cunning man, who had this inner circle of a very few for whom he’d snatch opportunities from other outer circle friends, including us. While I believed him to be different, they tried to show me the other way around. I realized something that day, and I shared it with those particular friends, the same thing I’ll share with you too. From that day, I would not be able to look at him and his deeds the way I used to. Because, even though I vehemently defended him, and still had faith in him, but it is a natural tendency to test the truthfulness of the claim from time to time. His every action questioned, and every move dissected to find traces of the alleged real intention, just like we’d try to find traces of nicotine in a reformed drug addict. I told them that due to what had passed that day, I’ll never be able to trust him the way I did. What harmed me if not words?

But these are just a few manifestations of a much larger force at work throughout the entire world. The War of the Words, it began the day we started using them. It looms by and large and we all are just playing by the words so many architects ingrained in us. Does it await culmination? The horizons are still too far. But it is just the negative part of it, focus on the other one too sometime.

If I’d only carefully show you the kinks in my armour, even if I draped it in mirth and humour, the thought would still pop up in your mind every next time you’d read something I wrote. Go on, deny it, and I would not argue, I too did the same and would continue to do so. I think I have done what I had to by a mere mention of what I intended not to.

Do you still think it would require going down three levels deep into a dream to make possible espionage, to plant the seed, inception?