

The Book of Siddhanta

‘So, you say that in your time, you’ve learned to fly assisted by mechanical beings but struggle to breathe?’

Before the visitor could reply, the silence of the room was interrupted by the sound of the chants from outside,

*‘A rina minus shoonya is a rina
A dhana minus shoonya is a dhana’*

‘What does it mean, Master?’

The Master did not respond. He was not someone who would entertain visitors anyway, and especially so during the training months. His academy was a guarded castle – entry of anybody who did not belong there was strictly prohibited. It was not a surprise then that when Narad sought an appointment last night, he was not allowed to enter at first by the guards. Only after he had refused to leave and his behavior grew suspicious and weird till the morning, that the guards had agreed to deliver his message to the Master at sunrise.

‘I come from the future. We need your help – 3.1415926’

And due to intelligent choice of his signature, here he was now – in the Master’s private chambers since dawn.

‘So, where were we? The air, what’s wrong with the air?’

Narad came back to his current present. ‘It’s not just the air Master. In my time it’s everything. Everything around us is breaking down. With new knowledge that man will gain in about thousand years from now, will also come new opportunities. And when these opportunities were exploited beyond greed, the wheel of our miseries were set in motion. Mechanical beings were just the beginning. You see, just as an animal needs food, so did these beings in order to move. The only difference that it was not in flesh. It was energy. We learned how to harness energy from our environment, from the power of the sun, the wind and the burning of woods. In few centuries man will make another kind of beings – *Thinking* beings. These thinking beings will not be living, nor will they have brains like we do, but they will have ability to think.’

‘Think! How can something made by man *think*? I cannot imagine’

‘Neither could the thinking beings. When they were first made, they could think only what man taught them to. Yes, these beings could think faster than any human – or Gods – you might say, and would solve the problems of your eclipses and seasons in matter of few moments, but they could not *imagine* still. Imagination will have to wait for another 500 years for the development of the *Conscious* beings.’

‘Conscious beings? Who are they? Are these the *Lords* who sent you here?’

‘I am sorry Master, my time here is short. I will not be able to finish. The door can close any time. I must have your promise. Please say, do you promise? Will you pass on your *Siddhanta* to the monk, Xuan Zang? Only after I have your word, will I continue’

‘Narad, as I said earlier, you have my word. But I may not execute it unless I find my reason to.’

‘Master, you don’t understand. Man is dying and Lords have determined that only you can help.’ Narad’s voice began to crack as he spoke.

‘If they are all so powerful, why can’t your Lords fight the beings that you say threaten you?’

Narad felt his pulse. The frequency showed that his entangled twin in his time was still alive. He had some time.

‘The problem is resistance. Unlike the Conscious or Thinking beings, the *Small* beings do not have capacity to think. But still they live. They are Living beings. Living, yet without consciousness, thought or even senses. They don’t have stomach or hunger as we know it. But even without these elements of compulsion or sense of greed, these beings draw energy from their environment. They are the smallest, most helpful, and most dangerous forms of life all at once. And they multiply. As if our fate would come back full circle to account for our *karma*, these beings are sucking the energy out of us. We are their host and environment. In our history of 5000 years of knowledge, we were able to fight them every time with the help of thinking or conscious beings. But now they bring our death as they have become resistant to all our weapons.’ Narad’s voice became low, and eventually he seemed lost in silence.

Master waited. Then asked again, ‘Why are your Lords helpless?’

For once, Master doubted if he was speaking to a Lord himself, sensing the weakness Narad seemed to feel in his legs. He saw Narad check his pulse again.

‘Master, you are our last chance, believe the Lords.’ Narad was sweating.

At this moment, something struck Narad and he moved to the corner of the room where *Chopat* was kept. 'Here, do you see Master? This dice?' Master's eyes narrowed.

'Our Lords think just like this dice. Their minds work like the game of dice, and it works at the speed of light, yet...' continued Narad with visible difficulty to stand and breathe, '...to fight the resistance of small beings, our Lords' brains fell short of time to think of the potent weapon. Lords estimate that *just if* they had three hundred years of your present time more, the resistance could be vanquished'

'*My* present time?'

'Yes Master, and here is where you can help'

'But how? How can I here...'

'Because in our Lord's game of thought, at fundamental level there are only two possibilities: yes or no.'

'*Binary! Where is he going?*'

'Because 'yes' was known to the man since eternity'

'*Siddhanta!*'

'Because the 'no' was hiding with you for so long!'

'*Shoonya!*'

'Because the *Shoonya* did not reach the west on time Master, because your shoonya was not revealed to the world on time'

Narad collapsed.

The Lord in his twin's brain had sensed the confidence of the Master. The resistance would be vanquished. *Zero* will reach Europe through China, three centuries earlier.

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- Amit Bhola, December 1, 2017

Remark

This story was part of a quantum inspired contest organized by Centre for Quantum Technologies, National University of Singapore in 2017. The contest entry can be found at <http://shorts2017.quantumlah.org/entry/book-siddhanta>