

# **THE IMMORTAL**

The tale starts some 10,000 years ago. Back then there was not much trace of humanity. The species present resembled humans but were of course nowhere near to the intelligence of homo sapiens.

Those nomads lived in clans, because it provided them safety from everything else, including other clans. To maintain the strength of the clan, everyone was required to devote most of their time practicing fighting. There was this clan somewhere near to a river we now know as Nile.

It was a sunny day, and a clan was out in the woods fighting each other. Nothing seemed new. This they would do every day. But something was going to happen which would change everything.

People had no names and their only way of communication was a distorted language. As the day was about to finish, there was going to be one last round. But suddenly, the skies started to become darker, the winds started howling, the animals started running around. It seemed as if the world was going to end. The men felt something that they dreadfully tried to avoid -Fear. Suddenly there was a big flash, and a lightning bolt came down near the forest. It was loud, as if something has burst. The men saw something inside the lightning as it fell. They rushed there.

There was nothing. Except for some pieces of metal and rocks.

33 days later, they saw something that they had never anticipated. There was God standing right in front of their eyes. He was sparkling. Something about him felt very serene. There seemed to be an eerie peace on the face of God. He looked like them, but of course God only took this form to familiarize.

They came near and started worshiping him. It was all they could think of. After a while, the God spoke, in their own distorted language, "I have come here to help you." He took out a vile with a strange liquid. "Anyone who drinks this liquid, will become unbeatable. They will never have to

be afraid of anything. The fire will worship him. The lighting will bow to him. I want one of you to have it.” He said, “But there is a condition. The person who drinks this liquid, will then have to cut his finger a day later, put their blood on my dagger, and behead me.” It was a strange exchange, but the clan needed the liquid. They needed to be safe. So, they agreed. A competition was set up. When other clans heard about this, they too rushed to compete. The competition went on for days. Men cutting each other. Blood everywhere. Everyday was a massacre. Finally, after 33 days, one man was declared the winner. He was happy, and so was his clan.

He went to claim his prize. As promised, he drank the liquid, then a day later, he cut his thumb out, put the blood on God’s dagger, and was going to behead the God. God said, “The God created by a man finally dies a man, created by the God...!!!”. Then they threw his body in Nile, as they did to every dead body. He kept the God’s vile and dagger.

God had kept his promise too. The man became strong. Nobody in his clan, or the neighbor clan could defeat him. He started winning the clans and tying them together under him. He became powerful. Some were happy with this leader while others brooded over the stagnate power.

Some of his opponents devised a plan to kill him. They would call him to fight, and cleverly feed him to lions. So they did.

The man, despite being strong had no chance against a group of lions. He was brutally killed. The clans were taken aback. But this was the law of Jungle. They threw his body into Nile. For 33 days, the body just floated. Suddenly, there was a gasp and the man woke up. He had returned from the dead!

The happiness was immense. He did not die. But he could not figure out why. He moved on. The river had already transported him far from his people. He arrived at some nearby clan. The clan had a good leader. He accepted the man. Days passed. He never desired to go back to his old life. He was happy here. Gradually, he fell in love with the daughter of the clan leader. He chose her to mate with. The leader was happy by this choice, for he was the fiercest fighter of his clan.

But they could not produce a child. According to the rules of the clan, both were disowned by the clan. The man, with his partner started

roaming around. No clan was ready to accept them. So they decided to live alone in the forest. Years passed, his wife was getting old, but he was not a day older than when he met her. They could not understand.

A few years later, the wife died. But the man did not. He, being infertile was not going to be accepted in any clan, also his only companion had passed away. He decided to die. He took a log of wood and pierced it through his abdomen. He bled to Death. But, again after 33 days, he woke up. He was devastated. He cried for days. He tried everything he could think of. Beheading himself, jumping off mountain, drowning, even jumping into a volcano. More than often, he would die right away, but only for the next 33 days. Every time the methods grew in pain.

Life became a living hell. It was like a bad dream, which could never end. There was nothing to hold on to. So he waited. He waited in the hope that one day, something will kill him. He started roaming the Earth. Many times, he would marry a girl, lived with her for her entire lifetime, and then just move on.

As Hinduism started in India, he went to live in the Himalayas. He would live there with the gurus for some time, and then move on to other mountain. He could not live anywhere for a long time, for people would then see him not aging.

But slowly, things started to change. The world was changing. New technology promised many new things. He wanted one of the things to be death.

In 1600 AD, he started using ships to go to new countries, where he would be far from people who knew him. Not only did he have to live a long life, but also an anonymous one. As Science progressed, a new hope grew in him. Science tried to find answers to the unknown. Maybe his question could also be solved one day.

He started studying. He studied anything he found but could not remember or understand it all. He was no brilliant. So, he started meeting Scientists. He would become their secretary and learn from them.

One of his master was Dr. Albert Einstein. His theories were revolutionary. Everything he said, the man tried to understand, because

he was saddened by the fact that this man would not live long enough to see his work in action.

In 1945, there was some news in the headlines. The World was in war. America had decided to drop a new weapon of mass destruction. The "Atom Bomb". It worked on principle of nuclear fission. It split the atoms to produce vast amount of energy. He smiled. After all, he thought he found out the way. If the atoms of his body split away, there would be no center to come back to. Happily, he packed his bags, and went to Hiroshima, Japan. It was August 6, 1945 AD. He sat down in his hotel balcony with a cup of tea in his hand. Suddenly, there was a loud boom. The blast could be seen clearly from the balcony. He was happy. The Uranium bomb destroyed Hiroshima, including him. He was wiped away. All his atoms were miles apart. But his atoms were not something normal. They had a special electromagnetic force of attraction. 33 days later, in a destroyed building, the man moved his finger again. Death failed him once again. There was nothing more dangerous than what he saw. Entire city swiped away. Not one life in sight, except for his. Cheated by death, he returned to Dr. Albert.

Ten years passed. On 18 April 1955 AD, Sir Einstein died. He lost yet another friend to death. He was angry. He screamed, "I will bring him back!!". He took the favorite book of Einstein; he went away and hid somewhere. This grief pushed him. He started learning biology, cellular regeneration. He was hell bent to see his friend again.

He never felt so connected to anyone ever before, maybe the intelligence of his friend attracted him, maybe his grief, but after ages he wanted to do something.

He had been everything. Cook, sailor, soldier, and everything else. But he never really wanted anything. But now, this was his only desire. He had time. 1000 years passed. He seemed close to crack it, but things went south. He failed again and again.

Out in the East, some scholars had an Idea to create a stable wormhole, which could transport things from one point to another in space time. But their Idea was not fruitful. The physics behind their idea would only allow

a stable wormhole, when anything that went inside from one side, would be completely obliterated. Only the atoms would go other side.

The man had a fortune, obviously because he was working for centuries. He decided to fund the research. There was still a flame of hope burning inside him. If the atoms could be taken dimensions apart, they would not be able to merge again. This was it. This was the answer. The research started. As soon as he thought everything was going to be okay, things took a turn.

The world went into technical war. Countries injecting each other with lethal technologies. People were no more human. They acted like robots. There was speed to this world. The world where he was born, was not the world where he lived. No one knew him here. Neither did he know anyone. But the technology revealed his Identity. He was there in front of the world, with his pictures from different centuries. He was exposed. Different government tried to take him in. America succeeded. All his research on cellular regeneration was taken away. He was now a test rat. Scientist started experimenting on him. His DNA was peculiar. Among them, there was a scientist called Dr. Ray. He liked the man. Dr. Ray kept him updated on any of their achievements in his case, and of his funded research.

50 years later, on 26 May, 3005 AD, Dr. Ray came to him and told him that his researchers had succeeded in their attempt to make the wormhole machine, but as predicted, nothing could be transported without destroying it into atoms.

This was it. It was time to break out of the facility. He had been imprisoned for 50 years, and it was getting out of his hands. But the success of the machine would give him a chance at dying. So, that night, when the shifts changed, he went out of the facility through the hole that he had been carving for nearly 30 years now. He took with him the related research.

He went to his house, took the dagger and the vile that the God gave him, and rushed to the research site. The scientists there were shocked to see him, for he should be at the facility. However, they greeted their funder and told him everything about the machine. Nothing that they passed halfway, would come back total, it would disintegrate the half that went in. They had tried every element known to humans. The man gave

them the dagger and told them to test it. While he went away to his lab to solve the mystery of his DNA.

In the meantime, the officials got the news of the escape, and the search parties were sent for him. They went to the man's house, only to find out that it was empty. Then they went to his labs. The man saw them coming, and told the scientists to close the doors, they did as instructed. The police were at the door, banging it, trying to open it with all the might they had.

Suddenly, the man screamed, "Voila, I got it!". He took the vile that God had given him, filled it with some chemicals, and rushed towards the wormhole.

There was a loud thud. The police broke the door, and standing in front of them, was the man, with dagger in one hand, and vile in the other. The police saw no way, and shot the man, but before the bullet hit him, the man had jumped into the portal.

When he woke up, he was in a jungle, he quickly started searching for his vile and dagger. He went around to find out where he was, and instead he saw some men fighting. When he went there, they feared him. Because of the huge ion-discharge on his atoms, his body was sparkling.

He then saw something, which startled him. He was confused. He saw himself, standing in front of him.

The chemical he carried with him, was a cell regenerative serum, which could bind to the atoms of the cell, and program it in such a way that they would come back to functioning even after being separated.

Things began to become clearer. The only way he could die, was to inject his body with nanites carrying the antibodies to the serum with his DNA. Since he had no child, there was no option earlier to get his unaffected DNA.

If he gave the serum to the other himself, and injected his blood after a day, which would then contain the antibodies the body will have created, he could finally Die!!!!

So, he said, "I have come here to help you." He took out the vile. "Anyone who drinks this liquid, will become unbeatable. They will never have to be afraid of anything. The fire will worship him. The lighting will

bow to him. I want one of you to have it.” He said, “But there is a condition. The person who drinks this liquid, will then have to cut his finger a day later, put their blood on my dagger, and behead me.”

A competition was called, in which he somehow knew that the other himself was going to win.

The other himself won, drank the liquid, and after a day, put blood on the dagger, and was going to behead the man. The man said, “The God created by a man finally dies a man, created by the God...!!!”

**THE END**

---Bidhan Arya