

THE SORCERER

It was 12th December 1990. A farmer couple gave birth to a beautiful daughter, and they named her Susan. Susan was a bright kid, always intuiting about something or the other. But luck was not very lenient on her. She had weak eyesight from birth. She continually needed to hydrate them, or else they would dry up and cause her a lot of pain. But Susan was too brave to be intimidated by any of this. She never cared about her pain; she had a golden heart. One's foundations are indeed laid down at home, and hers were very good, because of the peaceful and good environment she was brought up in.

She wasn't very good at sports or doing household chores, and she wasn't even forced to do any such thing, because of her condition. Her parents could at least spare her this pain. She loved to read books; it was her rescue from the real, painful truth that she had to live every day. Since her childhood, she was interested in magic books. Like all other children, she was told that magic was real, only to realize later that the magic that she had been told about was nothing but an illusion. She didn't just read stories. She was also interested in how things work. She studied science. People have dreams when they are young, but with age, they succumb to the reality that they are taught about. But destiny had other plans for her. It was her 19th birthday, and she was out with her friends. She didn't drink, she didn't smoke, she was like the perfect kid. The kid who was also the centre of attention that day. Not many of her friends knew about her condition. Some of her friends mixed some booze into her drinks and got her drunk. But soon after that, her eyes started burning. She thought at first that it was just the routine pain that she had to go through. But this was way stronger than that. Her eyes felt like they are on fire. She asked to leave and went out to get her car. It was being difficult driving it, because of her eyes. Suddenly, there was a flash of light and she lost control of the

steering wheel. There was a loud sound. She had hit her car into a tree, and she lay there, unconscious, in pain.

When she woke up, she found out that she was admitted to a hospital. She could not see. Her eyes were paining, and she could not see anything. The alcohol had accelerated the dryness in her eyes last night and because of the long duration of dehydration of her eyes, she had lost her eyesight. She was devastated. Earlier, she could choose to ignore her shortcoming, and focus on what's important. But now, life was going to get hard for her. She sat there crying. She held her parent's hands and cried all night. After this incident, she wouldn't get out of her house. She didn't want to study using Braille, and her eyes would pain all the time. Her life was like a living hell. She had no hope left. She got diagnosed with clinical depression.

A few years later, after she had left living her life, and was just waiting for death to arrive, one of her relatives came with a piece of news that some scientists in America were researching on the illness that Susan had, and they were now ready with the cure. But the cure was too expensive for her family. Still, they couldn't see their daughter like this. Her parents sold all they had, and booked the tickets to America, and were happy for Susan. Susan too was very happy. After all, she could now live her old life. She didn't know anything about the financial issues at her home. Her parents couldn't tell that to her, else she would refuse treatment.

Anyway, just as they were on their way to board the plane, they heard a loud boom. An aircraft had lost control and was heading towards their connecting bus. People started running away, the plane was approaching fast, Susan's parents pushed her away from the bus, but as soon as they went for the door, the bus felt a weird jerk, a woman fell out of the bus and immediately the plane crashed with the bus, and they were killed. Susan didn't exactly understand what was happening around her, she had scratched her knees when she fell from the bus. She didn't care about it. She started shouting, "Mom! Dad! Where are you? Please come here, please!" She started crying. Many of the passengers were hurt, there was a cry all around her. She put her head down and was weeping slowly. She had no parents, she had no home, she couldn't see. There was no reason for her to live. While all of these thoughts were running through her mind, she felt a hand on her head, and a voice said, "Don't worry kid, there is

nothing you could have done!" She started crying even more, after getting a sense of affection. The voice said, "Get up, let us go from here, your parents are no more." The voice was masculine. He picked her up and took her to medical. Later he also accompanied her to her parents' funeral. She asked him, "What is your name?", He replied, "I do not have a name, you can call me whatever you like." She said, "I will call you brother. I do not have anyone in this world, and you helped me when no one else did. You are like a brother to me." It was all good. But after this accident, she had no reason and no place to go on. But then her brother offered her to go with him. She agreed without a second thought. He always acted a little weird. Anyway, he took her to a mountain. A place where no one came. It was so quiet and peaceful there. After all the things Susan had faced, she needed a little quiet. She started living with him. They played, meditated, and he would teach her things, he even taught her to read braille. A year later, she had overcome her depression and was ready to face life again. But soon after, something tragic happened. There was rain. It was raining on the mountain. Never had it happened before, it was an anomaly. But the rain was not what disturbed her. Due to the rain, the snow on the mountains started gaining momentum, and there were avalanches all around her. It was a nightmare. True dread that she felt in that moment. Was she going to be trapped there forever? It rained for days, and most of the snow had already blocked her path. She felt sad and scared. She was there for more than a year, but we only like things until they are our choices. This was not her choice. Nevertheless, she came back to her brother, devastated. There he sat, smiling. She was so mad at him. It felt like she was carrying bad luck with her, and he was mocking her for that. He said, "Sit Down Susan. You are now ready to know the truth." All of her anger blew away, and she sat there in confusion. "What truth Brother?". He said, "Tell me, Susan, what is special about humans? What makes them different from the rest of the universe?" She hadn't ever perceived him to be the philosophical guy, and she thought he was just joking, and she said, "We can eat, drink, enjoy, there are many differences. Why do you ask?" He replied, "You speak correctly. But the base for those differences is the ability of humans to change their frequency at will." Susan was totally confused. She said, "I don't understand!" He said, "When a human speaks,

he vibrates his body, and that vibration has a specific frequency to it. Humans can achieve any frequency at will if they speak correctly." This was getting interesting for Susan, she asked, "And what would one achieve by attaining those frequencies?". He said, "You have to find that out by yourself." He then told her to pack her things to move somewhere else. They started their journey to a temple, far away, hidden among the mountains. Due to all the snow covering the roads, it was difficult traveling those roads. But since she was being led by her brother she had to follow. 13 days later, they reached the temple. It had huge gates, which were closed. It didn't look like anyone had been there for ages. They went in. He took her to a library that was on the side of the idol. There was a section of books, written in Braille. He then asked Susan to read these books and understand them. The books all talked about vibrations and frequencies. They had some words which she couldn't understand, but her brother insisted her to practice them every day. Years passed. Due to the continuous practice in pronouncing those words at the prescribed tempo and pace, she had mastered the art of it.

It was her 28th birthday. Her brother rushed into her room and asked her to tell him what would one attain after producing frequencies of choice. She said, "When you practice speaking these words, and pronounce them correctly, you can change your natural frequency to any desired frequency." He said with patience, "And?". She continued, "And if you are able to do that, you can borrow the energy from any element in the universe. You can control them." He said with an excited voice, "So what can you control Susan?". She said that she didn't know. It was time for her to understand everything now. He took her in front of the idol and told her to touch it. As soon as she touched it, she started seeing flashes, even with her eyes closed. She saw a little girl crying, she was praying for the rain to stop. It had been raining in her village for the past 15 days, and all the crops that her parents had sowed, were about to get destroyed, and they would not have anything to eat. Susan felt the pain of the little girl and drops of tears rolled down her cheeks. Her brother said, "Can you control that rain Susan?", she remembered, "Yes brother, yes I can." She quickly started reading one of the words from the books, which could change her natural frequency to match with that of rainfall. After a while, she saw that the little

girl was all happy. The rain had stopped, and it was sunny. All the villagers were relieved too. When Susan let go of the idol, she felt weak. Whenever the body changed its frequency, it would drain her energy. But anyway, this was amazing. She felt so happy. She was one of the unluckiest kids, and now she had the power to make someone else lucky. She was weak but satisfied. According to the book, one must maintain a rest period of 6 months before repeating this ritual.

She did as instructed. After six months, when she touched the idol again, she saw a man in an airplane, he was scared to death. The engine of his plane had failed, and he couldn't even eject, his seat was locked. She could feel his fear, she got anxious and screamed, "I can control the seat!", and started speaking some words. A few moments later, she saw that the man got free from the seat, and he got ejected. She was so happy again. She never had the power to help anyone before, but now, she could help everyone. At least once every six months. But she still held on to the idol. She was feeling weak, but she wanted to help one more person. She saw a little boy, crying and screaming. His mother was trapped in a bus, and an airplane, which had lost control because the pilot had ejected himself, was heading towards the bus. Susan quickly started chanting some word, which could match her frequency with the bus, and quickly ejected the little boy's mother. She was really happy to see the smile on that kid's face. But soon after that, she saw someone else there, herself. She saw herself sitting there and crying, before she could do anything, she was pulled away from the idol by her brother. She was startled. She asked him, "That was me, wasn't it?" He nodded. She was shocked. Everything was coming together now. She didn't really control anything, she only shifted the impact to the one who used the chants to alter the course, in her case, it was her. She started realizing that every bad thing that she faced, may have been because she helped someone. She wasn't unlucky. She decided to never change the course again. But she was confused about something. She asked her brother, "I understand that I shifted the effect, but that should affect my present, or future at most. How can it affect my past?". Her brother answered calmly, "You know about the butterfly effect, right? Humans have only studied it in the spatial dimension. But the truth is that it travels across the temporal dimension as well. Not all the people you saved

were in present, you saved them in past too.” Everything was coming together now. Her parents died because she saved the pilot and the kid’s mother. She got trapped on the mountain due to the rain because she stopped the rain for that little girl. Everything was clear. She didn’t want to go to that idol again but also didn’t want anything to be random. So, she decided to sort everything in a unique way. She would write a book, which had the laws that would govern who gets what. It would then change the course, altering the reality and equally distributing luck and jinx among humankind based on what they deserved. She started writing the book. Her brother would help her here and there. After a year, when she was on the verge of completing it, one of the formulas didn’t make sense. It was missing a constant. She tried everything to correct that problem but couldn’t find the solution. Just as she was going to throw away the book in anger, her brother came and asked her what the problem was. She told him. He looked at it for a few moments and suggested her the solution. It was working! He had found it. She was very happy, for at last her law was ready. The law for everything. He asked, “What are you going to call this book?”, she said, “Well, I think I will call it “Samya”. It’s a Sanskrit word, meaning Justice”.

But there was a problem. To put that book to decide automatically, she had to manually change its natural frequency to match the frequency of the idol. And for that, she had to touch the idol once again. But this was necessary. She prepared for the ritual. It was the day everything would change forever. She went to the idol, touched it, and started chanting the particular words required for this purpose. But she started seeing visuals of people in pain, as soon as she touched it. She tried to deliberately ignore all of them. She was successful. The book’s frequency was successfully changed. The last step required her to change the course of reality once, for the book to become fully functional. She saw a kid, in hospital. He had an accident and pieces of glass had pierced his eyes. Doctors told him that he was going to be blind forever. She knew what she had to do. But this was the hardest decision that she could ever think of taking. But, it was necessary. She started chanting some words, and suddenly, the boy felt that something fell out of his eyes. It was the glass. He opened his eyes and screamed in joy. He could see. She couldn’t. The ritual was complete. She sat down there,

crying. Her brother came and held her and asked her to be strong. She sat down, and asked him, "You said you didn't have a name, what does that mean?", He replied, "Well, no one had ever given me a name, but I have a name now.". She inquired, " What is your name brother?". He said, "My name is ...", Suddenly there was an earthquake. "Is that an earthquake?", he asked. She said, "Yes, but this place shouldn't have an earthquake, it's not in the zone." They knew what was happening. They started running towards the door, and as soon as they opened the door, a large chunk of concrete fell over them, and both of them got trapped in the debris. Susan was hurt badly. She was bleeding all over. She felt that she wasn't going to make it. She asked slowly, "What is your name brother?". He said, "I am Samya."

THE END

---Bidhan Arya