Knowledge is Power.

Once upon a time, in ancient India, there lived a king. He was a wise ruler and his kingdom prospered and flourished under his rule. The growth of his kingdom was the envy of many other kingdoms. The rulers of these kingdoms were green eyed with jealousy. The people were happy to be ruled by him and did not suffer from anything.

But as it seems someone’s evil intentions were so great that they overpowered the king’s kindness, generosity and wisdom. Thus on a fateful and ominous day, amidst the raging storm , howling winds, flash of lightening, clapping of thunder and the relentless downpour of rain, the king fell ill.

He (The King) consulted his trustworthy royal doctor and had high hopes, but bad news which he recieved in the end dashed all his hopes. The royal doctor told that he (The King) had contracted a mysterious illness, the likes of which no one had ever known, and subsequently, no cure had been found. The doctor further informed that the king only had another five years or so to live.

The news that he was not going to live a long life hit the king so hard that he started to become paranoid. He felt that anyone and everyone were plotting his death. His main suspicion fell on his son, the prince and heir to the throne. His paranoid grow so much that he threw the prince behind the bars, accused him of usurping the throne. The king further ordered his soldiers to catch hold of each and every doctor in the kingdom and bring all of them to the court.

There, the king addressed them and summoned the royal doctor. In front of everyone, the king asked the royal doctor, whether he had found out a cure for the illness or not? The royal doctor replied that, he hadn’t and the king in a fit of rage ordered the royal doctor to be beheaded. So the royal doctor met his end as he was cruelly beheaded in front of everyone. The rest of the doctors present there started shaking out of fear, beads of perspiration appeared on their foreheads, their eyes widened and they stood with bated breath for the king’s next course of action.

As if hearing their thoughts, the king told them that they would be put in a prison and would be randomly chosen to give a cure. If they were not able to find a cure, they would be beheaded just like the royal doctor. He gave them that night as a grace period to find and prepare a cure. With the first ray of light of the next day, the execution began.

The illness that the king had caught was such that no one was even aware of its existence and naturally no one could find a cure. As a result of which, four to five doctors were beheaded. Fear set into the hearts of the rest. Among these doctors was a young physician. He did not have many years of experience, but he was clever and wise. He put his brain into action and used his little grey calls to think of a plant to save him as well as the rest of the doctors. Soon he came up with a plan which he was sure of not backfiring.

Just as the thirtieth doctor was going to be beheaded, this young man raised his voice and proclaimed that he had a cure. Everyone was baffled. Some looked at him with hope while some gave him incredulous stares. Nearly everyone was thinking the same thing –that how could a person as young as him have known the cure when men who were experts in their fields were not even aware about the illness.

The guards rushed the man to the king and informed the king of the news that the man claimed to have the cure. The king then summoned the man and asked the guards to leave them alone for a while. “I have heard that you have the cure, young man” the king said. To this, the young physician replied, “yes, I do your highness. But for that, I need some special ingredients which I am afraid I do not have them at present and you will have to get them overseas. Even then, they are quite rare to find”. “Very well, it seems like I have been presented challenge. Let us make a bet that if I am able to find and bring the ingredients, then you will be starved to death and banished from the kingdom”, said the king. “It is fine with me, your highness, but if you are unable to get the ingredients, then you must free me as well as all the other doctors. As for the ingredients, you will have to find the flower from which ‘gulaal’ is made, the urine of a fish and the fat from the body of a crow” said the man. The king being full of himself was overconfident of the men in his army. What the king did not know was that he could never get these things.

The king sent his men to search for the ingredients. The army searched far and wide but could not find the ingredients. Along with the army’s failure to get the ingredients, the king’s health worsened to the point where he had only a few hours until he was dead. Sure, he had a big ego, which made him take the bet with the young physician, but he was a man of his words. He realized that he barely had a few moments before he died and so, he ordered his guards to release all the doctors, including the young physician. With that, the king breathed his last.

The people in the kingdom were confused whether to mourn at the death of their king or to celebrate the release of the doctors. All the doctors were meeting their loved ones and mingling with others except for one physician who claimed to have the cure. He stayed isolated from everyone and in a few days, he left the kingdom and no one ever saw him again. No one knew who he was, from where he had come or anything about him. All they knew was that he had the cure but could not treat the king due to unavailability of necessary ingredients.

Thus, the young physician was able to save himself and the other doctors from certain death simply because he had the knowledge that the ingredients which he asked for-the flower from which ‘gulaal’ is made, the urine of a fish and fat from the body of a crow-cannot actually be found. It was this knowledge which gave him the power to become a saviour and get himself and the doctors out of the prison alive.