

AND GOD FELL ASLEEP

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Long, long, long ago, there lived a poor widow in one of the poorest and backward most villages of one of the poorest countries of the world. And the people of this village were also backward and full of prejudices.

The widow with her little daughter lived in a broken hut that was far from the locality and sited near the jungle. The villagers believed that the jungle was full of ill souls and ghosts and the widow was in good term with one of the demons. They also believed that the widow helped the demon to kill her husband and thus cleared the way to live with her demon-lover. Sometimes the villagers felt sorry for the little girl, but never dared to go there because of the demon.

After some five or six years, one morning the girl found her mother lying on the floor. She tried to awake her but couldn't. At last she got hungry and for the first time went to the jungle in search of food. In the evening, when she came back, her mother was still lying. She once again tried to awake her, but all her efforts were in vain. From that time every day she went to the jungle for food and her mother continued to lie without slightest movement. Winter went away and then the spring. The motionless body became thinner and thinner. And one evening, when a monsoon storm darted up, the body, which was just skin and bones by then, was gone with the wind. The girl saw how the body of her mother dwindled away. She hoped someday her mother would come back. But after that evening nobody saw her mother anymore.

The girl was not little any more. She was already sixteen and unlike her mother she was very beautiful. Obviously her beauty was not unnoticed by the villagers. And as it is said "*honey never misses bees*", she was also left alone no longer. First came the young men. They liked to chat with her, to be with her. First they came in twos and in threes. After a few days they began to come in tens and in twenties. For the girl, first day's delight turned into horror. She did not know how to free herself from this endless crowd.

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By this time her mother was living in another world that was about five millions of light-years far from the our. That was two dimensional static world. Every thing there was like the still picture. Space was flat and time was fixed. The only clock that was on the

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gate of the royal palace showed one and the same time. There was no days and no nights. If anybody needed light he just had to focus a ray to the point he wanted to light. There was no countries or other administrative divisions. There was only one leader, who, in our world is known as God. All other inhabitants of that world were equal. There were two zones in that world: the upper one and the lower. The upper one can be compared with the Heaven where for every men there were seventy women. In the lower zone the ratio was quite opposite thus can be called as hell both for men and for women. In fact all the people of our world are transferred there after death. As men generally commit crimes consciously unlike women do it because of ignorance, most of the men are sent to the lower zone while most of the women to the upper. Thus forms the heaven and hell in our post-life world.

As all the inhabitants were equal there, they didn't like to work. They used to lie all the time and criticize God, whom no one did ever see. From the social point of view it could be compared with the socialist Soviet Union. But there was no party, no government. It was the kingdom of free souls. One could say what ever he liked. And even one could do almost every thing since all those acts were not harmful to anyone. The causes of these all over freedom can be summed up as follows:

- 1) God couldn't exile anyone as did it Soviet leaders since there was nowhere beyond His kingdom;
- 2) He couldn't punish them physically since they were senseless;
- 3) He couldn't keep them without food or water since they did not need those at all;
- 4) He couldn't kill them since the dead cannot be killed.

So the inhabitants of that world were out of His control. At the same time they also could not make God to hear them since all the weapons they used in their earthly life against their governments were totally useless in the new reality. So it was the self-consistent system of free souls who were totally free in all their activities while all their activities were completely meaningless to them as well as to their Lord God.

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The villagers, namely the old ones were also worried for the girl. they called a meeting and decided to escape her from this young crowd. Two most powerful and richest men of the village agreed to take care of her. The two men began to come to her alternatively. The crowd was driven away. The girl again began to live her usual life. Now she didn't need to go to the jungle for food as the two men provided her with all that she wanted. Thus past six months.

One evening she felt unwell and told the man on duty about it. First he got afraid but very soon forgot completely. The same was with the second one. But after two months when the girl had the belly little bigger than the usual one the both care-takers realized the situation. First they accused one another, then went to the girl and asked her to leave what was in her belly. The girl was completely ignorant. She thought it was all because

of good food they brought her every day. After a long conversation she agreed with them though she didn't have a little doubt about her real position. But the problem was that who would do all these. They obviously did not want the villagers to know about it. So all their plans were left. They decided to wait till the baby comes out.

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Because of non-physical existence her mother could observe everything that happened with the daughter. Time to time she came to her daughter, tried to talk to her. But the girl could neither see nor hear her. There was an invisible wall between them – the wall between life and death. There was only one-way connection between the two worlds – that begins in the world of living and ends in the world of death. So her mother was always well-informed about her daughter unlike she knew nothing about her mother. But her will to help her daughter was so high that she decided to go to God and asked His advices. She went to His house and knocked the door. But nobody came out. She heard someone snorting inside and knocked again and again. But neither did God nor His valet come to meet her. As she was trying to awake God up her affection for daughter became less and less. And someday she unconsciously gave up the idea to help the living.

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By the time, when her mother was still alive, there lived a boy in the capital city of their country. The boy neither did see his father nor his mother. He even did not know if they were alive or he did have them at all. In this world like God he was all alone. He had no relatives, no friends. And in the sun and in the rain the sky served him like the roof over his head. His bed was the naked earth. From dawn to dusk he ran from one street to another asking people a piece of bread or left-over. Sometimes they gave him something to eat. But they were always indifferent to him. To them he was only one of the thousands of *tokais* (a nameless and home-less orphan).

But festivals came to his street too. Specially during the strike he felt himself the monarch of the street. Then he could walk or run however he liked. No bus, no car or no rickshaw would disturb him. Sometimes before the strike young people came to him and asked him to paste the posters on the wall. He was always happy to help them. No matter what their demand was. It was the only time he felt himself useful to someone, to the society as a whole. During the strike he felt himself so happy that never thought to go to his spot. These days he usually slept on the high-way. The greatness of the sky enchanted him. He could never understand how the sun, the moon, the stars were hung in the sky. Sometimes he thought may be they were also pasted on the sky like the posters. And he was always glad to think that he would ask God to give him the job in case He needs to paste them again. These nights one and the same dream came to him. *He lay in the middle of a garden on a bed of roses. The roof over him was round like the sky and thousands of stars winked at him from that roof. And the garden and the roof became smaller and smaller. As the stars came nearer they turned into angry crowd. They were shouting and shouting. There was a monotonous o-o-o-o . And on the back-ground of*

this bass time to time there came out words like democracy, dictatorship, up, down ... As the sound was endless it was tough to distinguish either they were shouting up with democracy, down with dictatorship or up with dictatorship, down with democracy. After all it was a nice bunch of fine political slogans and so nicely decorated that one is always in confusion to find out the exact stick corresponding to the flower. It was a nice packet of incomprehensible programs done with understandable words that could easily confuse the mass. At last the procession came to him, tossed him in the air. And he began to move from hand to hand and at last was dropped on the hard, naked ground as the crowd went past. The cold and hard embrace of his mother earth woke him up. And each time as the woke up he found himself in the drain with two police laughing at him. "Don't you know sleeping is prohibited here?" – told one of them hitting him with the rifle-bud.

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As the universe expanded after the Big-Bang, the baby grew bigger and bigger in her womb. And the space inside her became less and less. It was very tiresome for the coming kid to live in such small a space. So time to time he kicked her mother, shouted her to bring him out. And at last when it seemed that she could no longer expand her belly and the baby could no longer stay in this condition, some revolutionary movement took place in her womb. And the **kid of revolution**, red with blood, came out of her. And his birth appeared as a calamity for the villagers. The wind began to dance horribly around him. Men and animal did not know how to react. First they waited, but being convinced that this dance is not going to be finished they fled away. And it was just later when the wind got tired and stopped dance. Then came the rain. And it came down from the sky like the river, like the water-fall. Two more years went past. Only it was in the forth year of his birth when life began to step on his own way. And the villagers and the animals came back from involuntary exile. People came to the village, they gathered one by one near the jungle where the girl lived. They saw the girl, saw her child, they remembered the calamity they carried for last three years and burst into anger. Their anger turned into fire that ate up the hut the two lived in. They began to stone. They stoned the kid, they stoned the girl. And after five days of stoning they found a big hill standing before them. By the time, they were mad about stoning, a big black bird came down and took the girl with her kid to her mother. And after five days, when the anger dwindled away leaving the people to their own way, they looked for the girl. But they did see neither the girl nor her child any more.

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By the time when the villagers were busy with stoning, the whole nation was sitting on a political dynamite that could be explored any moment. And our little boy from the capital city, who was no longer a little one, was also very busy with the movement. He could be seen every where pasting the posters or shouting slogans. Everybody was sure that the revolution was knocking the door and he might come any time like flood. And everybody was computing how gain a little bit more from the days coming. Our boy was not an exception. He began to think what he would eat once the door of all the

food-stores being opened to him. And he was so much absorbed by his dream that did not even notice the whole week that he survived without even a drop of water.

It was a lovely winter day. The morning song of a vagrant awoke the red round sun. He yawned for a while, blinked at the pale stars, crawled forward, stood up and at last began to stride along the bow-like path that God made for him billions of years ago. Silver clouds glittering with the sun were roaming about the sky. Little clouds were playing cock-fight while the big one watching them. Time to time the sound of their laughter broke the silence of the morning. Sometimes when the big clouds beat the little ones their icy cold tears came down the earth like the rain.

On the back-ground of this lovely atmosphere our boy came out of his shelter. The road was already crowded. People were coming like leaf storm, they were coming like flood water. They crowded the road, they crowded the field, they crowded only where they could. Our boy had long been one of them. Today he wanted to be a special one. So he went to the young men who used him to paste the posters. He wanted to paste more and more posters. But realizing that today he cannot paste any because of the crowd occupying all the walls of the city he decided to paste them on himself. But as it became impossible he put off his shirt and asked the young men to write slogans on him. And the young men did it with all their love. Red, yellow, green, blue and all other colors they did have they used to paint him. And the slogans came out. They were not just letters, they were the live conscience of the nation. And the slogans began to shout from his chest **Up with democracy**, while from his back they cried **down with dictatorship**. He began to run, he imagined himself the moving wall, the moving stage. He could felt thousands of eyes on him. Suddenly everything seemed to him an endless dream. The crowd turned into the stars. And yellow stars and green stars and red stars and blue stars were looking at him. First they crowded around him. Then they began to run away. He also wanted to follow them. But after a week of fasting he was too weak to run. Suddenly he heard a heart-pounded cry, then he felt a hot lead passing through his heart. Little by little he returned to the real world from the dreamy one and fell face down on the street. The flow of his blood flooded the country. The sun grew redder and redder as if he had just taken bath in the bloody ocean. People found all the trees both big and small being covered with blood red *palash* and *krishnachura*. And by the end of the day when the sun set down its last rays picked the boy up and took him to the world where the girl lived.

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A nice time was standing all over the upper world where do the boy, the girl and her mother live now. As was mentioned before, it is neither cold nor hot. There are no days and no nights. And all these are because of its special situation. For it there was no sun and no moon. And the sun and the moon are as little as the stars for us. If we connect all the physical objects (e.g. the sun, the moon, the stars, the planets etc.) of the Universe by an imaginary line, one can find the upper world lying along the other line parallel to the imaginary one. In other words, it always keeps the same distant with all physical bodies of the Universe. To have a better look on the upper world we should imagine a multi-dimensional sphere with the upper world to be its center. Then one can find our Universe with all its physical and non-physical objects lying on the surface of this multi-dimensional sphere. So to have a look on any of the objects of our Universe

any inhabitant of that world just has to look through the radius pointed to the object he needs. Thus it is out of the Universe and at the same time inside it. So all the earthy parameters like space, time etc. are invalid here.

One of these nice days (reader should not take the word "day" as it means to us) while roaming about the milky way the boy found the girl looking through a telescope pointed to our world. He could find the mountain-like waves in her blood and hear the drum of her heart.

"What are you looking for?" he asked the girl.

"I'm looking at the east Europe and thinking people and specially the political leaders of poor countries are as fool as I was once. When I was left alone" she continued "people, both young and rich, came to me. They flattered me and once they got that they wanted I was always thrown like leftover. Every time I was cheated I promised not to anybody. But every time they came with new sweet words, and my anger melted into water and once again I stepped into the trap they made for me. And the same thing is happening now with the countries of east Europe. First west provokes them to revolt and once you are under their control they'll make you their concubine. Just try to say a word against them, they will even bomb you on the name of democracy as the fundamentalists cut your head separate on the name of God."

"Yeah, the people are the same everywhere." The boy began "You see when I was alive, nobody even gave me a piece of bread. And once I died, every year they quarrel over my corpse. Every one wants to give me a name, every one wants to enlist me to his party. In that world I had no name, I belonged to no one. My only mission was there only to find a piece of bread. I lived there only for myself and only for the present. Love, future, human right – to me they were like the stars in the sky, too high for me to reach them. There I never committed a thing you can call crime. But I was shot dead. And now they are killing each other for the share of my corpse. And every time they kill a man on this purpose, I feel the burning lead passing through my heart. And what for?"

And both of them keep quiet. They stared at one another for a long while. Then they said in chorus: "Why not us go to God and ask Him to help the people suffering for nothing?"

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The house of God was closed as ever. They heard some one snorting inside it. They knocked again and again, but nobody came to meet them. At last the boy said, "God helps those who help themselves" and pushed the door open. And on the dark black background of the room they found an image made of gas and light lying eyes shut on the floor. The boy thought that God was sleeping. As he thought to awake Him up, God opened His eyes and told "Sit down my children! I know every thing. Now please sit down and listen what I do say.

Long, long, long ago. I was lying all alone in the center of a very little sphere. And there was nothing beyond the sphere. There were no stars, no sun, no moon, no planets, nothing, absolutely nothing. They all together made the surface of that little sphere where did I lie. It was the place that was very much like the one of your dream my boy! Once, disturbed by some bad dreams, I unconsciously waved my hand that caused the sphere broke down

like a house of cards. In your world people call it **Big Bang**. Once being free the parts of the sphere began to move from me in a tremendous speed. How many times I tried to bring them back and put them in previous order. But nobody in the Universe who once gets the taste of freedom wants to be dependant again. So the more I tried to have them back the more they became alien to Me. At last I got tired and gave up. Millions of years went past when I was tempted by a cumbersome whim. And as a result of that caprice I created the living world. At last there appeared so called **man**. And as soon as I provided them with intellect, they began to suspect about My existence. In the early days whenever and wherever there was a decline in religious practice and a predominant rise of irreligion at that time I used to descend Myself among them as Avatar to deliver the pious and to annihilate the miscreants, as well as to reestablish the principle of religion. Then I Myself used to appear millennium after millennium. I taught them how to live, how to pray. I told them about my uniqueness. And they believed in Me, in My teachings. They believed that I am omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient. But as soon as I left them, they began to differ My one form from the other. The followers of one Avatar began to kill the followers of the other. To improve the condition I then began to send the prophets. Though they propagated My teachings, but because of their ambition one demanded his way to reach Me is better than that of the other. And in the long run I was again divided into parts. The pathetic most thing among them all is that most of the fanatics believe that they are doing it for Me, but their leaders who provoke them to do it they neither do believe in Me nor in heaven nor in hell. They just mechanically follow some verse of Mine (only some not all) those serve their earthly interest. What do you think, do I need a temple? I say no. I am too big to be confined in any man-made temple. But some people are building temple for Me when the others are destroying it. In the long run they are insulting Me in stead of honoring. People ask, do I have any form? Again I say no. All that I created are the shadow of Mine. So all the forms that man can imagine are that of Mine. I am unique, at the same time I am present in all the living and non-living. So when I say that God is one, you should know that there are am both one God and many Gods at the same time. When I say that I have no form, you should know that I have too many forms also. When I say that I have no relative, you should that all that I created are my relatives. They are connected with Me by their birth and by their death, they are connected with Me by their fate. They are connected with Me as the electrons connected with the nuclei in an atom. Any you can never find a hair-thin gap in this life-long connection. And My uniqueness lies on the fact that it is only I who has the supreme-ability to be this and that at the same time. Now-a-days they develop some equivalent form of abstract God. Democracy, communism etc. they are nothing but the more developed, more incomprehensible form of God. Almighty advocates of all these isms can treat them as they need. On the name of democracy they can bomb cities, they can hang you, though any ideology, even all My divine teachings do not cost the life of the smallest bacteria. Homeless hungry people pray to Me to help

them. But they even don't have the little idea of that how helpless I Myself am! My heart pounds in sorrow, but there is nobody to hear Me, to console Me. O My children, some how you have the fate of Mine. In your world none of you even had a name. Today having the chance to do some thing for you I at least want to give you name. You boy! from this day you will be God with small "g" that is god, and my girl you will be the tolerant earth.

As He finished the speech the boy and the girl were taken out of the room by some miracle. The door was as closed as ever and they again heard some one snorting inside the room. The meeting with God came out to them as a very short dream.

From that day the two began to live as the earth and the god. Her little kid who was picked up during the stone rain began to come to good people time to time in their dream to bring them back their lost hope.

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Dubna, September-October, 1995.