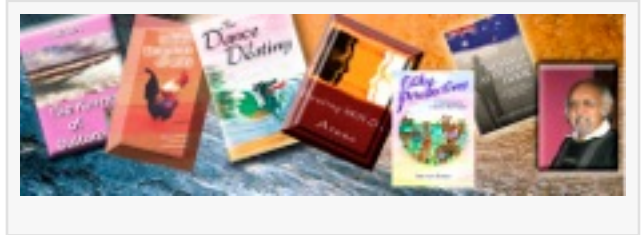


# Unreal domains of existence – Raja Arasa Ratnam

DALMENY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, November 27, 2015 /EINPresswire.com/ -- “House spoke. He had the right to speak first because he was the Elder of the tribe. Speaking first has traditionally been understood in all manner of societies to indicate unobtrusively, implicitly, and without further sign or signal the authority necessary to lead. Yet, it was also understood that age or seniority did not necessarily deliver that authority. However, House’s tribe had agreed in that democratic way that had been lost since the demise of the Athenians ... that House was entitled to speak first. ... ..



House was not a common house mouse (that is how he received his pseudonym) or even a garden mouse. He was indeed an intellectual mouse who, when the moon was in conjunction with Pluto (not the neighbour’s dog), could not only see into the future but also anticipate trouble.

That might explain why he had not been eaten by Whicky, the Persian cat who shared the house with him. Whicky, so named by little Virginia (who, at age eighteen months, had displayed the normal age-related inability to say certain sounds), was a very relaxed beast. He must have been, since he seemed unable to see or even sense the presence of House when they were only a metre apart in the kitchen.

But Whicky was not the problem. It was Mangy Maxwell (MM), Whicky’s best friend, who lived next door, who posed an existence-threatening problem.

Existence is, of course, as Whicky had already intuited, an ephemeral matter. Well, not so much matter as energy perhaps. For, as the ancient Hindus have taught, not only is matter interchangeable with energy, all existence is only Maya; that is, neither real (but not in a Platonic sense) nor unreal, and that both real and unreal are merely transitory emanations from that ocean of consciousness from which all objects with form and name arise.”

(An extract from ‘Of mice and morality: a parable for adults’ from my book ‘Pithy Perspectives.’)

“The weighty wall of water advanced most majestically with a massive decorum. It was silent, strangely silent. It was also as wide as the eye could see. It was very, very high. The only path of escape was up. But how? Linlin screamed. She woke up sweating. What a crazy dream that was. A terrifying wall of approaching water seemingly a mile or so high and so wide as to deny a view of anything else? Ridiculous, she said to herself as she sought to douse her anxiety with a cup of hot oolong tea. ... ..

Soon after the dreams, the sun over China and its environs stopped at noon. For about four days it did not set. Way over the other side of Earth, the sun did not rise for the same period. What happened after those four days was of little relevance to the few, here and there, who survived. They were so terribly traumatized that they, en masse, lost their minds.

For the sun to seem unmoving, the Earth had to become still. With the sudden loss of movement by the planet, the normal forces of rotation on its surface raised massive walls of water from all the oceans. These then went on to cover vast areas of the planet. Indeed, one major wave, going north, went over the Himalayas and inundated central Asia. ... ..

The noise of global destruction was horrific for those who heard it just before they were drowned by the water or buried under the debris of both man-made and natural structures. ... Then, there was stillness, a stillness so ferocious and frightening. The remnants of the human species still alive were however beyond awareness of the universe outside their tortured minds. ... In any event, they would soon join another stillness, the stillness of silent non-existence ... "

(From 'The ferocity of stillness')

"Suddenly the carpet rose. The Djinn was nowhere to be seen. Had he become invisible? As the carpet rose majestically, Abdul noted that it was as firm as a sheet of solid material. It remained horizontal in the manner of the basket of a hot air balloon. It was totally silent. ... While the falcon was not interested in what was happening below, having seen it all ... the hitherto solid structure of the carpet tore apart as if by a whirlwind. Down fell Abdul toward the ground ... effectively pancaked with a thud and a squish.

The falcon, now free to join his feathered fraternity, thought he saw Abdul's soul move rapidly into yonder space and beyond at a rapid rate of knots. The falcon also thought that he heard the Djinn's chuckle. As it flew off in search of a new abode, it did wonder whether the Djinn had been merely an agent of Destiny, that necessary intermediary facilitating what had been written on Abdul's forehead"

(From 'Grounded')

"At the Customs barrier, he sees a bearded Sikh, resplendent in a most colourful turban, talking to a black man, as colleagues might. Approaching the latter, Rueben calls out "You! Come and give us a hand with our luggage. I will pay you well." "Pardon?" responds the black man, with the accent of a native of north England.

"I need a hand, man. Let's go." "Excuse me, sir, I am the Immigration Officer on duty here."

"In that case, where the hell are the porters?" "There are none, sir."

"Don't be bloody stupid. Where have they gone?" "We do not have any porters in this country."

"Why not? How do passengers manage with their luggage?" "With difficulty, sir," responds the Immigration Officer with a sly smile.

Sighting the smile, Rueben explodes. He looks ready to depart Earth with a flush and a thud. "I will report you for insubordination," roars Rueben."

(From 'The Boat People')

'Pithy Perspectives' is a smorgasbord of short, short, bi-cultural stories, available from Amazon Kindle at \$US2.99.

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