

The Divine Killer

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He entered through the main gate right at the moment when the judge got his seat. Everyone presented there took the honor to welcome him, and they all greeted him almost in unison.

“Please be seated.” The Judge said while taking his seat and received their greetings with dignity and pleasure. Then a young person in deep blue shirt and black pant reached to the convict box and pleaded, “My name is Truth. Justice, your Honor, justice!”

The guard of the court announced loud on his unique voice - witness head constable of police *hazeer hoooo....*, (be present).

Nobody could hear or give notice upon that person approaching near convict box who was pleading for a justice.

The court starts at its usual time 10.30 AM. The judge takes his seat at that moment together with all officials. Lawyers move in and out with bunch of files in their hands, followed by their clients. It takes almost half an hour or at times an hour start the actual business in the court.

Month of May, a hot and humid weather.

The Writer put all the files for the hearing on the judge's table, and discussed little over them with him as to which case should be opened first. The Judge selected a file and asked his Writer about witness presence and signaled to proceed, "Let the prosecution be started." He said in a low voice pointing to the Public Prosecution Officer (PPO).

The court immediately turned into a state of pin-drop-silence. Lawyers stopped rambling here and there and officials took their position cautiously.

Only the two heavy ceiling fans continued noising, one right on top of the judge's seat, and another in the mid of the hall, where two wooden large benches lay on which twenty people could sit at a time. Still, the hall had enough space for more standing audiences or to arrange more chairs if needed.

"Who are you?" The Judge asked the person standing in the convict box, rather surprisingly.

"I'm Truth." The man said fearlessly.

"Oh, well, in which case. Who is your lawyer?" Judge moved to the PPO for a reply. The PPO searched his diary out and came near the box and asked the man almost the same question alike to the judge, "Who is your police officer, what's your case?"

"Nobody.., myself has submitted here." He said in a feel-free-mood, confidently. His eyes shone and seemed staring across the wall above the judge, where a framed

photo was hanging. It was the nation's emblem where he read written clearly in bold letters: "Only truth prevails."

"But what you've committed now and where is your case file?" PPO wanted to know subsequently.

"I'm a killer; I'm a culprit of section 302 of Indian Panel Code. No police officer had paid attention over my case, therefore, your Honor, I found no place except to have a plea here at the court of justice." He said in a cool voice. "Justice, your Honor, justice!"

"Who's that unfortunate to be murdered by you?" The Judge asked curiously.

All people present there were curious to know if there was any killing at all. Most importantly people wanted to know who was murdered and why? The courtroom turned a little noisy with the same curiosity.

"I'm a killer of many persons, so, for the sake of infinite justice, I accept I've committed many heinous killings before the honorable court of justice only in order to prevail truth on this earth and get punished accordingly." Said the man standing inside the convict box.

"But as we all know this is a justice room, and one has to follow many procedures in order to get justice. That simply means the court is bound to follow some procedural acts." The PPO explained about the technical side of the affair.

"Here it is...," He said and then he produced a one-page statement in which he had stated commitment of many

killings. All the people present were the witnesses as he was going to submit his statement with all his consciousness. The paper was duly signed and dated.

“Justice, your Honor, justice!” He said.

The PPO opened that one-page statement hurriedly before the court and all the audiences turned silent.

The PPO, after reading the statement, forwarded the paper to the judge and threw a glance upon audiences. He looked a bit nerves.

The Judge too read it carefully and placed the paper under a paperweight, right in front of him, and then made a gesture which meant “what’s this?”

Curiosity mounted in all, silence prevailed all through there. What the matter was, a good-looking young man surrenders himself before the court for being involved in so many murder cases. And this innocent looking man comes here for a justice, well, why not any police registered any charge against him.

Noises of two running ceiling fans existed for a while, but nobody could hear it, only the new case had poked everyone’s mind only to hear inside of their noises. Noises of so many questions!

Right away, when the audiences stood still in a fierce struggle of mind, the PPO turned to them, removed his glass and read it aloud.

“Listen, gentleman! He is Mister Truth, and as he said he is a killer, killer of many persons, and now he wants justice.

He wants to be punished. Okay. Do you know who the unfortunate victims are?"

The breath of audiences choked. "You know..., he is a killer of many ghosts!"

Instantly he made a thunder, followed by audiences in unison. Oh! What a joke!

This is the matter.., why police showed no interest over it. What a joke really!

Soon the hall turned tension-free. A bit noisy. People started being attentive over their own issues.

"Your Honor! I beg to say something." Amid audience's laughter he looked serious, he continued, "I beg a pardon sir, the PPO has committed two mistakes, and both seems going against the honorable court of justice, that is, it might be a sheer case of contempt to the court!"

His speech made the people listen to him more carefully. He continued, "Your Honor should know that the PPO sir addressed me as Mister. I'm a convict and as I've expressed my conviction before the honorable court already, still if you do it means you're honor to a culprit. This simply implies that you don't know what a dignity of the court of justice is! Doesn't he seem to dishonor the court?"

His explanation made all stunned. Yes, to his view, he was right. And on the floor of justice, any mocking or sort of this behavior means dishonoring justice. Justice is the

supreme duty on this living earth, and as far as justice is there, everything is alive and well-settled here.

His point was subtle, no doubt, and really it contained a sense. But, the PPO—man of letters—who only knew how to defeat in an argument on the board, took out his spectacle again and looked fiercely upon him and said, “Well, now I’ll call you Friend, OK? Dear friend, who told you that you’re a culprit? There is neither any charge sheet nor any evidences we have thus far. Is there any base to call a simple person a convict? No. I don’t think even you’ve any witness; again, I do not think you can show us your victim’s dead bodies. You’re simply wasting our time, don’t you! Shouldn’t you send off to jail in that offence right now?” Then the PPO turned his face toward audiences who got stuck to them again.

“Your Honor, this is not fare, unless one is given due moment of consideration how one can explain one’s view point. Let me speak your Honor! For the sake of justice on this earth, let me speak!” He begged.

“No your Honor, the valuable time of the court is slipping off for a mischief, allow me to call up the police, better hand over him to them. They know better how to deal with such men.” The PPO requested the court, wiping his forehead, although the heavy noisy ceiling fan above his head was on. It appeared that the weather had gone more terrifically hot and humid. Oh, really unbearable!

Some layers, who owned less work found a shelter in front the bench. Enjoying all along!

Soon the front seat was occupied.

“Your Honor”, the man said with attitude, “I’m ready to submit all witnesses, and ready to justify all situations in my cases. But unless I get a fare amount of time to discuss these all, how one can say all is bogus and nothing. I object your Honor!”

“All right friend!” said the PPO.

“I object, don’t call me a friend. I’m a convict of section 302 of Indian Panel Code (IPC), a murderer.” The man said.

“Okay my learned convict! Can you tell before the honorable court that where are your witnesses, and in which situation did all crimes were committed?” The PPO said by turning to judge.

“It’s only I, it’s me who exists, it’s me who witnessed, it’s me who knows the situation what and how happened.” He said confidently.

This time the PPO moved to the audience and asked, “Doesn’t it seem a simple case of psychiatric?” Then he turned to the court and pleaded, “Shouldn’t he better send to a mental doctor, your Honor?”

“I object..., your Honor, I’m a writer, and readers like what I write.”

“Interesting, a writer, an artist! Almost a psycho person..., doesn’t it!” The PPO seemed mocking over his plea.

“You seem to waste priceless time of the court, better listen to me, punish a culprit, rather you look rambling through the issue.” The man objected.

This time the PPO turned to the judge and showed his gesture as if suggesting what I can do now! It’s your problem now. This is a mental case only.

“Listen to me.” The Judge spoke, “Last warning and last chance, tell me only one reason why this court should allow you for an argument. Can you tell me only a reason; otherwise this court is bound to pass an order to kick you off now.”

“Yes I can. I’m here in front of you and all. I exist here and at this certain point of time, there are many who can be a witness.” The Judge stopped him midway and said angrily, “Don’t try for a reckless explanation, and come straightway.”

“I’ve two solid reasons, one, this is my confession, another is, this is my fundamental right.” He said confidently.

“What do you mean?” The PPO raised the question.

“Please be kind enough to let me explain it.” He continued after a positive affirmation by the judge, “Religions often offer us opportunity to confess for our misdeeds, this is a sort of divine court where all convicts are heard.” He gasped for a while and added, “Because this is worldly court of justice, hence, I think, honorable court must hear a plea and if the case is valid, he must be given an opportunity for a trial. Again, my constitution permits me a grant to seek justice when it comes to Article 20 of

section 3, which suggests of 'Right to Silence' against any charge sheeted convict. Please mention here exemption 4 of section 300 of the IPC. If this section of 'Right to Silence' grants a convict to have right not to speak against himself or herself, I want this section to use in my favor. I think I got the right to be heard to me as my statement clearly state of my criminal affairs."

Again there was a quiet moment, except moving fans round there up. The Judge seemed puzzled over this matter, looked for the PPO who already had considered it a good mental case and the sick should be sent to his best suitable place—mental hospital.

"Your Honor, I beg to say something, if you give me permission." The man requested the Judge, who turned to the PPO and gestured to give him another chance to plead.

"Go on." The PPO said.

"Your Honor, there are so many cases in which no any culprits are caught and punished, still the fact exists and the matter of importance is that the crime has occurred and there are criminals moving freely outside."

"Ok, Ok, conclude. Just finish your narration of Alif Laila." The PPO said irritatingly.

"Yes, sir, I'm coming to the point. Simply in my case, a convict is there before the court of justice for a trial and punishment." "But in my case," he continued, "Honorable court has doubt for I've killed ghosts."

“Exactly, this is a solid court and we need solid witnesses, solid situations and solid explanations based on the law. We exist on facts and not on sheer elements as you have.” The PPO explained.

“I’ll prove it that my crimes are solid and not that it had happened in just an abstract manner. They too come under the scanner of the law and hence I’m truly a culprit.” He said politely and bowed down before the court.

Outside in complete stillness due to hot temperature, somewhere behind trees a cuckoo sang. This world is unique, as most creatures would creep lazily, and mankind would only yawn, reptiles sit encircled and birds like cuckoos would sing songs of pleasure.

Maybe life and death exist together.

Life? Death? Murder?

Inside the courtroom, there was a killer, advocates and a judge. A mystery had broken inside there.

“Order sheet.” The learned judge asked his writer and ordered, “call him next day for a hearing”.

Soon this murder mystery spread in the periphery around there, letting all concerned people talk widely. They gossiped largely upon the way he had put himself therein, the way he introduced to the court, and all about his temperament and confidence. And, above all, it was for one who had killed many ghosts.

Next day, everybody ran up for their suitable seat quite earlier in the morning. Not only that, people arranged so many extra chairs. All advocates were called by the judge to join for a tea party. It was half-past nine in the morning, much time for the tea party.

“At first, thank all of you for being in my tea party here. Have your cup of tea please.” The judge requested.

“Thank you sir, it’s our pleasure.” The senior advocate Kannojiya expressed his gratitude.

“Officers, what do you think of this case? I want your clear view regarding it.” The Judge said.

“As I’ve already expressed my opinion, it’s a mental case.” The PPO turned his face around and smiled.

“Be frank, please.” The Judge encouraged them to share their thoughts.

“I don’t think there is any harm of law if we get to hear him for some moments, although it depends upon you, your Honor!” Kannojiya said.

Hum, then the judge threw a glance on the faces of the people present. Only a silence existed. Their faces appeared almost thoughtless.

“I can understand. I can understand it well that at times we all have to face a moment or we reach at a turn where we feel all alone. Completely alone. Nobody can help us, no tradition, no theory and nothing can help us out. This is how I’m feeling now. Though amid this crowd, I feel

lonely, hapless.” He added, “Thanks again for being with me.”

‘10:30.’ The court started. The PPO reached near the board walking lazily with files in his hand. The Assistant approached the judge with some files to be heard on that day. He instructed his Assistant to issue another summons next week.

The convict, named Truth was given an opportunity for an argument. The eagerly waiting audiences, fully packed, saw him coming inside the courtroom with same attitude they had seen yesterday. Approaching to the convict box, he greeted the judge with dignity.

“Prosecution...” The Judge signaled to move on the procedure.

Everybody was more than conscious about the thing yet to happen now—how the argument would proceed or simply he would be sent to a hospital.

“Listen carefully..” The judge said, “This court has decided to hear you on. We thought you got only two valid points which needed to be considered, one is that this is your confession and another, we think, it might be a case of freedom of expression. Actually, this is not really a right place anyway for your free voices, but we feel in this case, you should be given a chance. But unless and until we feel that you’re not intended to kill our time. Is that ok? Now, go ahead...”

“Well, the PPO sir, you’re entitled to cross him on ground of law, be careful, this is a unique case. You have not to

prove for a conviction, but, on the contrary, you see here what the matter is! Unique.” The Judge said and pointing to the man in the convict box asked, “Do you need a lawyer?”

“No your Honor! Thank you so much for hearing on my plea.” The man bows down.

As expected, there were many chairs set behind the two big benches, and yes, there was little space left in the courtroom. Only the two ceiling fans were noising.

The PPO opened his diary and penned something down.

“Let start..., take a vow religiously that you’ll only speak truth.”

“I take the vow religiously that whatever I speak will be truth only.”

“Your name?” The PPO asked.

“My name is Truth.”

“What’s your surname?”

“No, there is none..”

“Note down please., what’s your father’s name.”

“Sorry, I don’t know my father’s name.”

“Do not know your parents?”

“They are unknown to me your Honor.”

“Note down please., by the way, tell about your age, caste, community...”

"I'm so sorry, I do not know anything about them, and even I have no account of my age."

"Interesting, now, tell me your residential address, you must have one, I think you cannot live floating in the air, right?"

"Well, the entire earth is my place to live." The man said quietly. This time the PPO turned his smiling face to the audience suggesting what a miracle account of his bio-data! Amazing!

The writer too felt playing like a sort of puzzle game—how to fill up the form! The Judge whispered him to mention there something and get on over the discussion.

"Well, so, you're a killer?"

"Yes your Honor, I've already told you about it."

"Don't forget you're in the convict box and only you're responsible for your arguments, OK? So, listen carefully to me and reply carefully before the court of law."

"Yes, I'll try."

"The honorable court wants to know who you killed, where and how?" The PPO threw a series of questions so warmly as to shake him.

"They all were ghosts."

"How many, give an exact number."

"Countless..."

"Well, where and when?"

“There is again no any account of time in my life, and all I can say about the place is that there had been dark prevailing, a total dark throughout.”

“Which weapon did you use, and let this court know where it is now?” The PPO almost shouted at him.

But the self-convicted man replied him politely. “The only light of enlightenment! My own light. My only weapon used in their murder. And it’s right now in me, within of me.”

Certainly. the reply deserved a huge laughter there, but none dared to laugh at his responses.

“What was the reason to kill them?”

“Maybe there was none, maybe I’m that sort of person.”

“By the way, how you’ll likely to define your victim’s murder?”

“Well, I think it was a complete destruction of prevailing dark. I can correlate with women who love and are conscious of their dignity, learned persons how they’re aware of their respect. Similarly, ghosts love only darkness, and I’m the enemy of that.” He explained it calmly.

“It’s over now. Now I would like to ask questions to the witnesses of this case. Note down please.” The PPO turned to the writer, wiped out his forehead and moved a bit of back and forth around the board, then continued, but before any proceeding with witness, the Judge repeated the oath to tell everything that is true.

"Where you had been, when all the crime happened, I mean, killing of the ghosts."

"I was there, your honor."

"What did you see then?"

"I saw convict Truth killing ghosts right in front of me."

"How he killed them?"

"With all his enlightenment, it was Prometheus Light of Knowledge, your Honor!"

"Did you hear any voice or cry there?"

"Yes, they were bitterly crying."

"So, the ghosts cry out..." The PPO shrugged his shoulders.

"Can you tell me, how you got to hear them out, I mean, through your one eye or through your two ears?"

"There were none of these...; I saw them through my sixth sense."

"Well, what is the sixth sense, by the way?"

"It's part of our body which wakes up when all our normal five senses fail to notice, and through this super sense one can take use of all five senses combined together."

"Interesting. Why the ghosts are his enemy, any reason?"

"Their enmity seems to be from unknown times."

"Your Honor!" The PPO faces the judge and said, "There is nothing in this case, so far, as we've seen, our case is as abstract as it was right in the beginning. The facts are far

ahead. The limit of tolerance of this court has gone afar and I think this is too much.”

“I object your Honor!” He cried out, “This will be injustice to end up this case in this way.”

“But this court runs through solid evidences, and so far, I think, you’ve produced none!” Judge said.

“But I say these evidences are as omnipresent as God is, even here now they are present!”

“Don’t try another ripple for us.” The PPO shouted.

“You all are an evidence for my case.” He said pointing to the PPO and all the audience present. Then he added, “I would like to ask you all that is there any person who left their houses without any sort of worship, prayer, meditation or something like..., I believe nobody would’ve come here without any act of faith. And, this is my proof.”

“Make it clear.” The PPO demanded.

“You all are my witness, as concrete as it should be according to the law. I think everyone has gone with worship, am I right? Tell me if I’m wrong.” He looked at the people with a question mark. Nobody said anything. Only silence prevailed.

The Judge asked his writer to note down, “Any witness or any evidence if not proven properly and by nature they are abstract in their form, which can’t be guaranteed any denial of occurrence. At some places and in remote cases any law or its section doesn’t seem to clarify the thing or

seem going beyond any explanation, still, evidences can be worth self-explainable.”

“Carry on.” The Judge ordered.

“May I ask another thing to explain here?”

“Go ahead.” The Judge allowed him.

“I would like to ask all persons present here—is there a single person who is not scared of darkness, who is not afraid of a ghost?” He looked at the audience and stared for a moment. Again a quiet moment.

“Your Honor, as I’ve demonstrated that the real truth exists more effectively than that of solid evidences.” He said quite calmly.

“Note down,” the Judge said, “Witness and situation if not proven under due section or at prevailing traditions, it’s not correct to say they’re false. The convict is true as he says that all presents here in this court couldn’t deny his statement, therefore, all the people present here are to become his witness instantly, and they all are here included in this case as a witness, a partial witness in this case.”

This remark of the court turned the PPO puzzled as to where this case was going. He turned to the convict and asked, “My learned culprit, could you tell us why not all lovers be punished in charge of murder when they say—we’re dead in love! What would you like to say, isn’t it a killing?”

Everybody was spellbound.

“Maybe there would have been a killing but this is more entertaining.”

“I ask is that a killing or not?” The PPO said firmly.

“Not a killing but joining of two candles for more lights, for more happiness. While in my case, the dark has vanished utterly. So, it was a killing. Next, the IPC of 1860 suggests that ‘intention’ in an act of killing is important. As opposite to this ‘intention’, the lovers live blissfully rather than being denied.” He described peacefully.

“Your Honor, the learned convict uses articles all in his favour only, but when it comes to him, he seems to turn it down.” The PPO then turned to him, “You know section 176 of the IPC suggests that in a murder case a ‘body’ is a must as evidence. Where is your ‘body’ in all your killings?”

“I agree with the law your Honor! In my case, the subtle body was there, but I know our law doesn’t divide the body existence into solid or subtle.”

“Interesting! Can you tell this court where these ghosts live, I mean their residential address.”

“Yes, they’re omnipresent, even here.”

“Well then, prove it right now in this court.”

“This is not possible now, because my killings take place when I am in meditation or in a dream when they try to corrupt our dreams, that’s why nobody can see it, only myself is a witness, and only myself knows all about it.”

Then the PPO said, "I've no more question to ask your Honor, I think, until now, it has been well proved that the convict is only a dreamer, he acts only in abstract form, a totally day dreamer. He needs a hospital and not a jail. He needs a psychiatric and not a jailor." He sat down on his chair comfortably.

The sun had descended down the mid of the sky in the west. The crowd was intense and watching all the discourse with much attention. Highly engrossed.

The court was adjourned.

The next day, everyone was curious to know which way this case would turn. Who actually that young convict was! There were so many queries.

The fresh day started only with the case of that man. The same crowd occupied the courtroom as if they were waiting for the sentence with great excitement.

"Would you like to ask him any question?" The Judge asked the PPO. He denied raising any more question.

"Do you want to say anything?" The Judge turned to the man standing in the convict box.

"Justice your Honor, Justice!"

Some moments passed. All the people present had only one question in mind—what next? And, finally, the Judge reached at his decision and voiced out clearly.

"After having a due consideration over this argument, this court comes to the point that the man, whose name is—Truth—as we know and we do not know of his age, caste

or creed or anything of his residential proof or his parents, is a convict of the IPC section 302. This court finds him guilty of committing crime under this section based on self-conviction and charges him for murdering unseen ghosts. Moreover, this court of law does not find a proper punishment or tool to punish the culprit. Therefore, the culprit is allowed to be punished by himself only. This court sets him free."

The culprits, Truth, signed on the order sheet and then bowed down and greeted the judge, and left out. He looked so peaceful and gracious.

The PPO unfastened his necktie and said, "I think you'll punish yourself by hanging yourself till death. The least punishment for you, this can help you. Am I right Mister ... Truth?"

"I do not think that you're right. I've involved myself in so much of destructive works, now on; I'll be doing creative works only, my only punishment!"

He added, "I'll continue spreading light of wisdom, but all along I've to see within myself as a witness. Nobody has ever seen God, but all have witnessed themselves. I'll continue looking and witnessing God through myself, because, I'm not God, but a part of God! And, this court has proven that!"

And people saw him going away.

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