
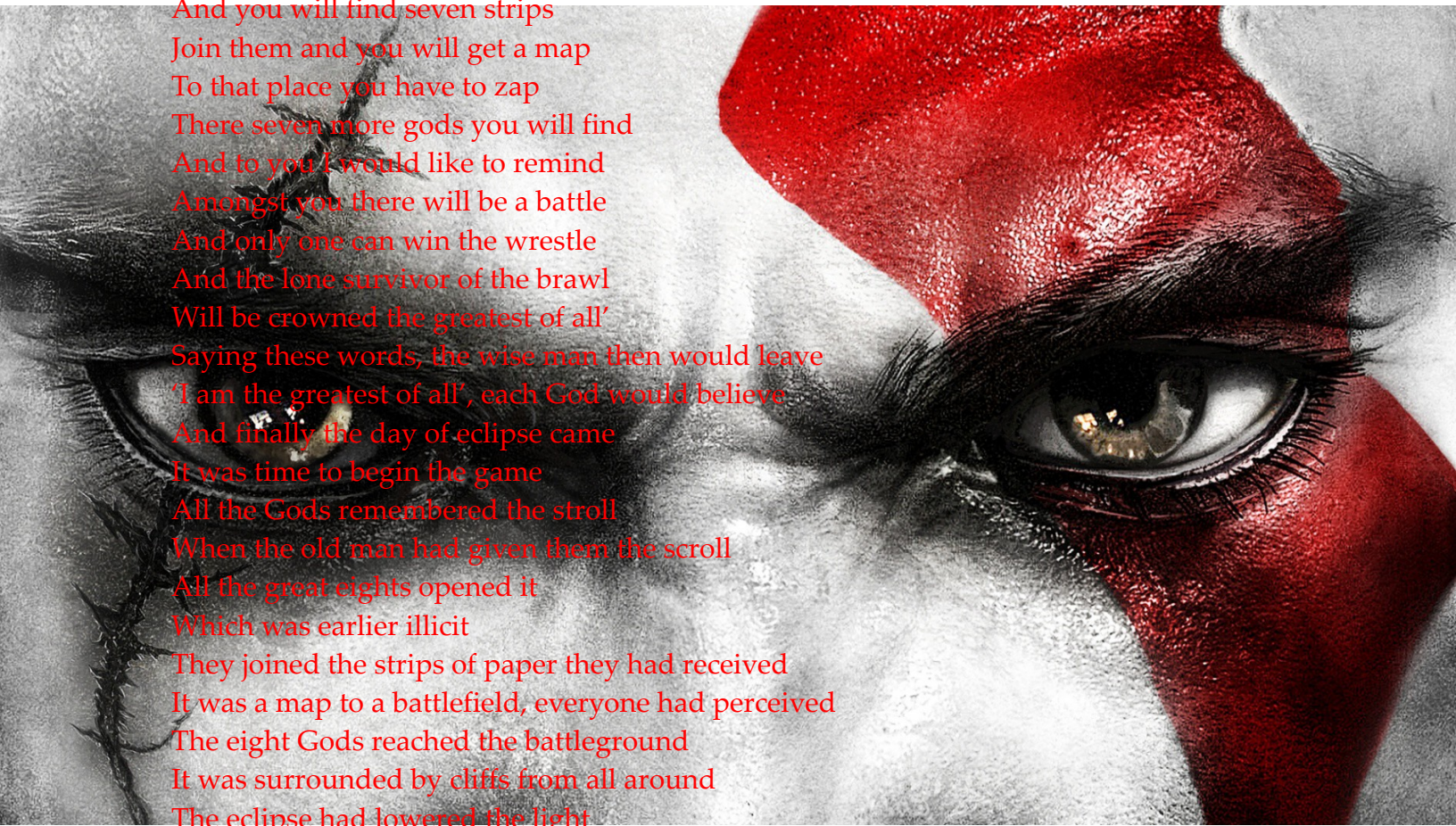


War of Gods

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a person's face. The right side of the face (from the viewer's perspective) is painted bright red, while the left side is painted white. The person has dark, intense eyes looking directly at the camera. The texture of the paint is visible, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the face.

Once there was a sagacious man
Belonging to an anonymous clan
He wanted to meet the greatest God
So he asked about it in a synod
But nobody there could answer him
And all the responses were grim
So he began his pursuit for the greatest creator
Accompanied by some money and a Psalter
He decided to commence his search from Greece
And after a month of travelling, his journey did cease
First he met the King of Gods, Zeus
Whose soul was completely abstruse
Next he met Ares, The God of War
With a body, prodigious and muscular
Later, he met Hades, The God of Hell
No one had ever survived his mortal spell
Subsequently, he met Poseidon, The God of Sea
He could transform everything in his way into debris
After that, he met Hephaestus, The God of Fire
In no time his adversaries were burnt in a pyre
Then he left the Greeks and went to the Norse Land
Land where the Gods were glorious, colossal and grand
He first met Odin, The God of Death
In moments, he could stop anyone's breath
Thereupon, he met Thor, The God of Thunder
Using his hammer, the whole earth he could sunder
Then he went to a Himalayan hill
And climbed it with all his skill
There he met Shiva, The God of Destruction
All the wrong doers had to face his infliction
With all Gods he used to go on a walk
The both used to have a small talk

After the talk, he used to move on with his task
To every God in trepidation, he used did ask
'I want to meet the greatest of all. Do you know where is he?'
To this each God used to say, 'He is no one other than me.'
The wise man would then gave them a scroll
With a motif that was utterly droll
'You do not have the consent
To open the scroll at present
Unfold it during the next eclipse
And you will find seven strips
Join them and you will get a map
To that place you have to zap
There seven more gods you will find
And to you I would like to remind
Amongst you there will be a battle
And only one can win the wrestle
And the lone survivor of the brawl
Will be crowned the greatest of all'
Saying these words, the wise man then would leave
'I am the greatest of all', each God would believe
And finally the day of eclipse came
It was time to begin the game
All the Gods remembered the stroll
When the old man had given them the scroll
All the great eights opened it
Which was earlier illicit
They joined the strips of paper they had received
It was a map to a battlefield, everyone had perceived
The eight Gods reached the battleground
It was surrounded by cliffs from all around
The eclipse had lowered the light
Which made the war more plight
On the field there was a lot of haze
Which made the things hard to gaze
Everyone were deciding their plan
Then came the sagacious man
He greeted and started to address all
'If from this cliff you do fall,
You will end up in a vast sea
And you defeat you need to agree
From where you will have to roam
To find your beloved home
And as I have told you prior



The only brave warrior
Who will win the brawl
Will be crowned the greatest of all
These are the rules,
Now pick up your tools
If you loose don't feel chagrin
And now; let the battle begin'
Saying so the man left
In that art he was so deft

For seven days the battle didn't stop
Until then six Gods had fallen from the top
Then Zeus and Shiva stopped for a moment
In order to figure out their opponent
They were sweating but weren't tired
They were bleeding but still desired
To make their opponent fall
And become the greatest of all
Then the sagacious man returned
And towards the two he turned
'Now I will defeat you and become the greatest; anon'
For the Sagacious man was a disguised demon
'How foolish you are.' he said
'Demons begin the raid.'
And a huge army of demons came from all directions
The two Gods teamed up and stood in their attacking positions
Blood began to splash
As weapons started to clash
Metal met Metal. Blade met Blade
As deep wounds were made
For seven days and seven nights they fought
The battle wasn't turning out as the demons had thought
The Gods conquered each of the demons one by one
And at the end the demons had lost and the Gods had won
The sagacious man then came to the Gods, crawling, about to die
'How could two defeat an army of thousands? Our best we did try'
The Gods said, 'With thousands two could cope,
As you saw darkness and we saw a light of hope.'

-Sahil Bondre
(15 Summers)