

Paranoid

When someone claims that people want him dead, we usually say that he is being paranoid. Knowing this I still claim that people have wanted me dead because like the trailing threads of an old rug, it would look better if it were trimmed so that all the edges looked regular. This is what happened to me.

I had a mental breakdown and that caused a few problems. Firstly, Indians don't accept that mental illness exists; they still live in a time when you should pull yourself together and get on with it especially if you have responsibilities like three children, a mortgage and a job. Also, mental illness takes something away from the collective honour of the family; if one person is mentally ill, maybe they are all susceptible to craziness. Another factor is that as an Indian you have to be bloodthirsty for money and material goods from the moment you are born until the miserable moment of your death. If you are not, you must be an odd and unwelcome piece of shit to be scraped off a shoe.

So, getting back to the people who wanted me dead. My ex wife did, and she probably poisoned the children to think like that as well. I can prove that she did. Once, when I was very ill and not one of the 400+ members of my extended family cared to look me up, (bastards all), I was rushed to hospital. The doctor told me I had only 48 hours or so to live. In a moment of weakness I told my ex wife and the next day a solicitor's letter arrived asking me to sign over everything to her. This is the same solicitor who took six to eight weeks to arrange each meeting to discuss the financial arrangement that left me broke and on the edge of being made homeless. But on this occasion my ex wife managed to rush to the solicitor's who rushed as well and like hyenas they gathered around me to wait for me to die. They didn't try to help me, oh no! Because they wanted me dead.

And so, to the children. It is true that they were children when my marriage broke down, but they are not children now are they? The idiocy of generations is hard to break down, that is true, but I thought one or more of them might want to look me up. I am their father! But no, they think I am an embarrassment and it would be better if I weren't around. That is me, a genius in my own right. It is true! I have been assessed by a psychologist who told me that she had never met anyone like me and that all my scores were well into genius territory. I don't claim to be the genius of geniuses, you know; just a regular genius is enough.

Anyway, what of the other 400+ members of my extended family? Most of them are too far away or don't really know me. I can forgive them. Of the others, there is my oldest brother who wants most people dead if they have any money. He would rob a blind man of five pence if he had the chance, let alone me. He loses sleep because he knows I have a small pension pot. Enough of him, the poverty stricken sad, sad, so and so. Why did God create people like him?

So, although not every person in the family wants me dead, my ex wife does, my children do and my oldest brother does. Incidentally, I have cast a massive curse. If anyone who does not want me when I am alive comes to my funeral, I will come back, hunt them down and kill them. That extends to the next seven generations of their offspring. It is called Satma Narak; the curse of the seventh hell.

So, I declare now that I don't forgive any of these people and will never forgive them. I will never forget either. There is one more person for whom the bell tolls. I have never prayed to God because I think it is like begging. But I have prayed for one thing at least once a day for the last ten years. I have already cast a spell on one person and I will see him dead before my own demise. He knows who he is. This is the curse:

maine onko panccha diya hai satme narak mein

PS

Since I have now finally got to grips with myself after ten years of serious mental illness, I return, a whirling dervish with a sword in each hand spinning on regardless and stamping ankle deep in blood. Let us wait and see who is the last man standing. We are all here now, now on this earth and there is nowhere to run.

By reason or by force my power over you grows stronger