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A B A S A K A




SAKLESHPUR : Dec, 2045

I'm here for what my
uncle left me


It's chilly.
He's left me
his estate and
his library

I wonder if I took my
Amigdal as I light a
cigarette. It's an odd place
to be in after the war

As a lone taxi approaches, I
wonder about the desolated
estate, it's infamous among these
parts as the white estate



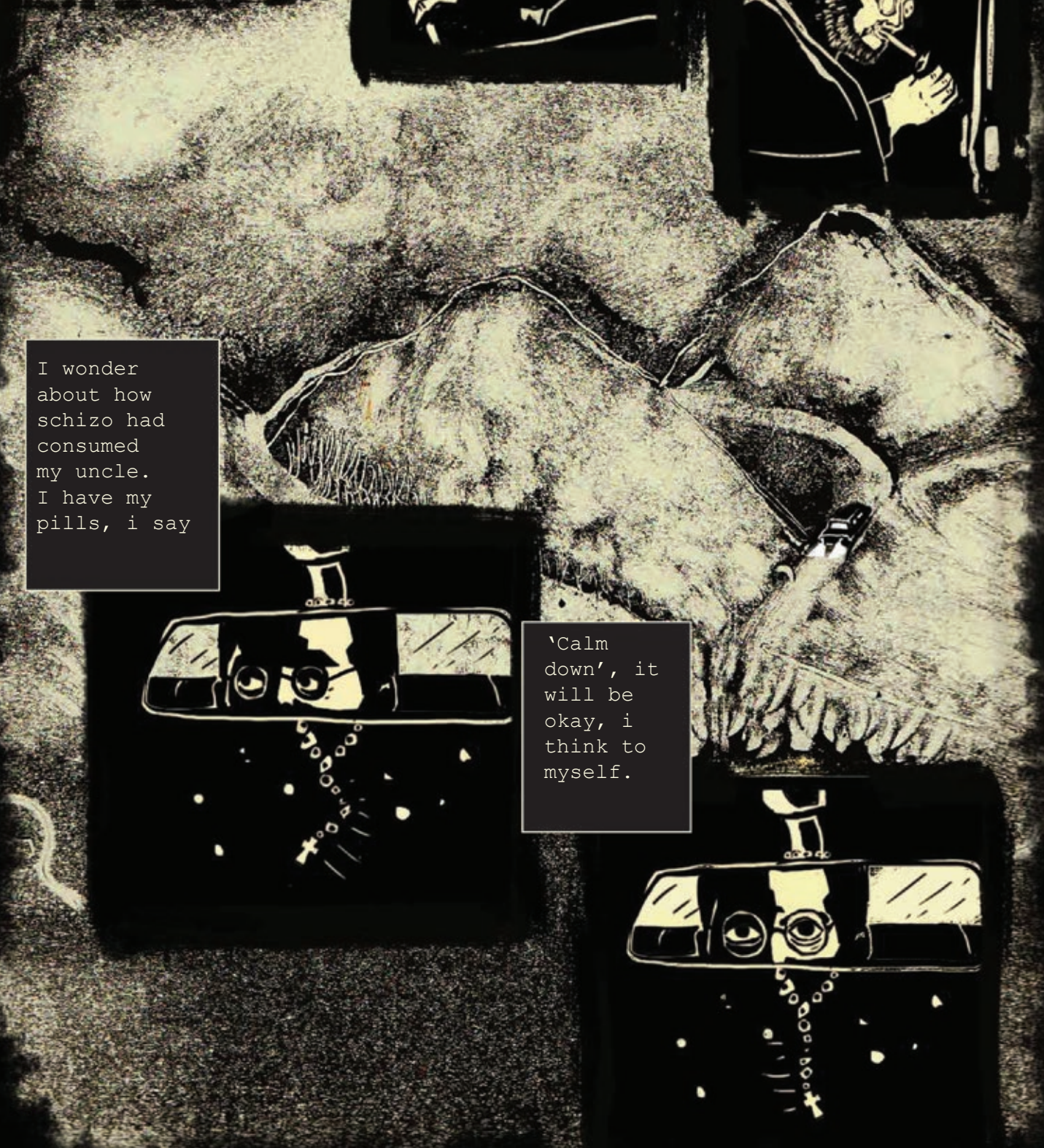
White
estate?



Huh? Too
far. 3000
rupees.



...



I wonder
about how
schizo had
consumed
my uncle.
I have my
pills, i say

'Calm
down', it
will be
okay, i
think to
myself.

AVE MARIA ESTATE
It's an isolated coffee
estate, with a lake
and a farm house.

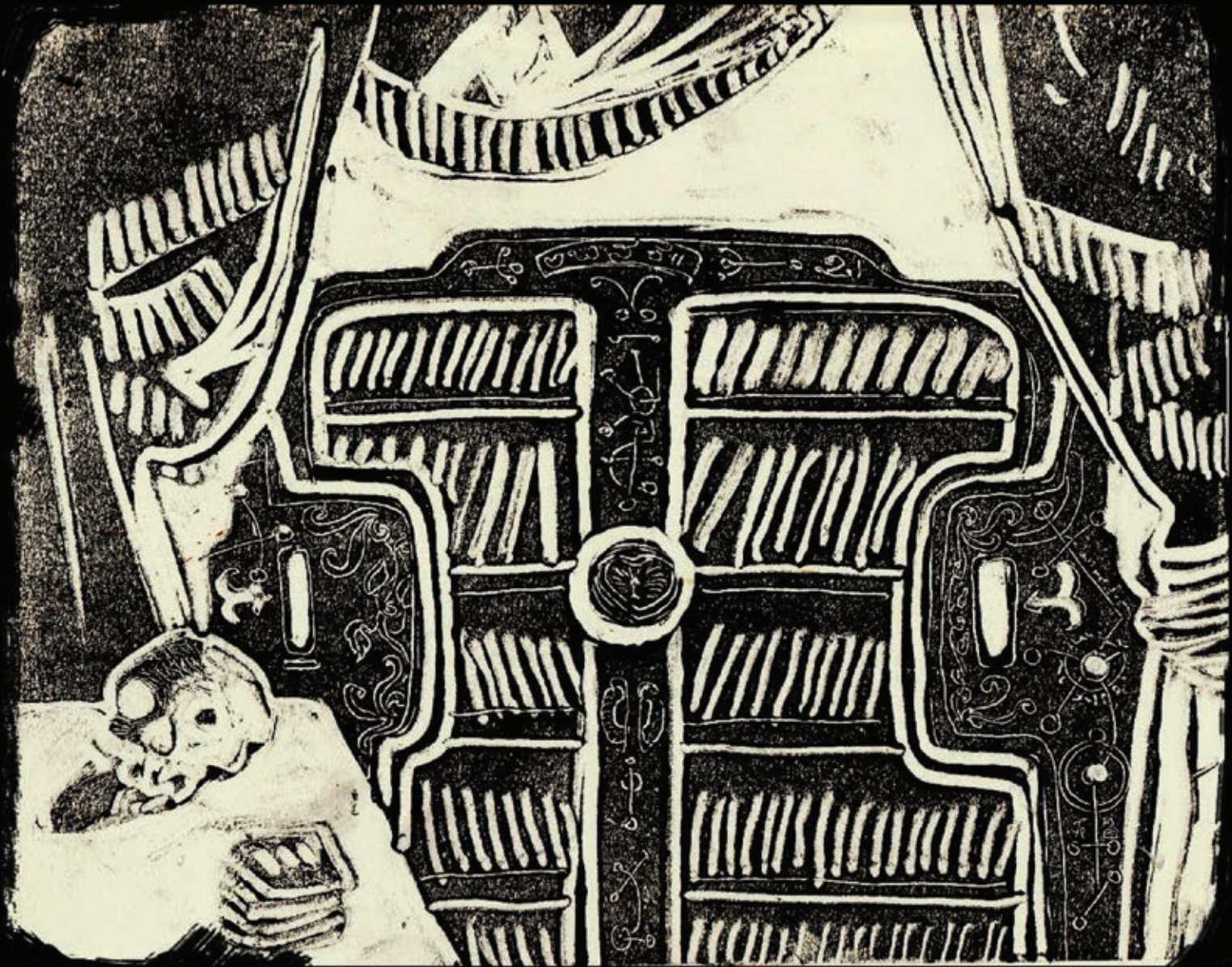


eh.
haha.

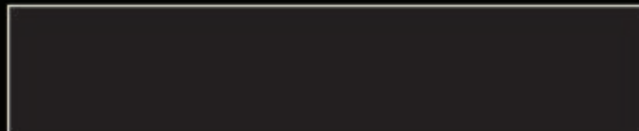
I soon
disccver
that it's
not as
isolated as
i thought
it would
be. Cats
are always
welcome.







I find a strange bookshelf that is a machine, almost. It stands at the back of the library



..there's a book shaped slot on the left...



..and another one just like it on the right..



I figure out the
mechanism after fiddling
for a while




The shelf needs to be fed one of
it's books, and then the dial
has to be turned.



I hear a click.

The bookshelf spits out a single
book. It is a journal by one of my
eccentric grand uncles - Abasaka.





"Abasaka leaves home after a fight and gets lost in the forest. He finds a massive tree at the base of which is a small temple.

Inside the temple he finds a manuscript for a universal language called Abasaka..

Abasaka christens himself after the language and returns home, determined to learn more about it"

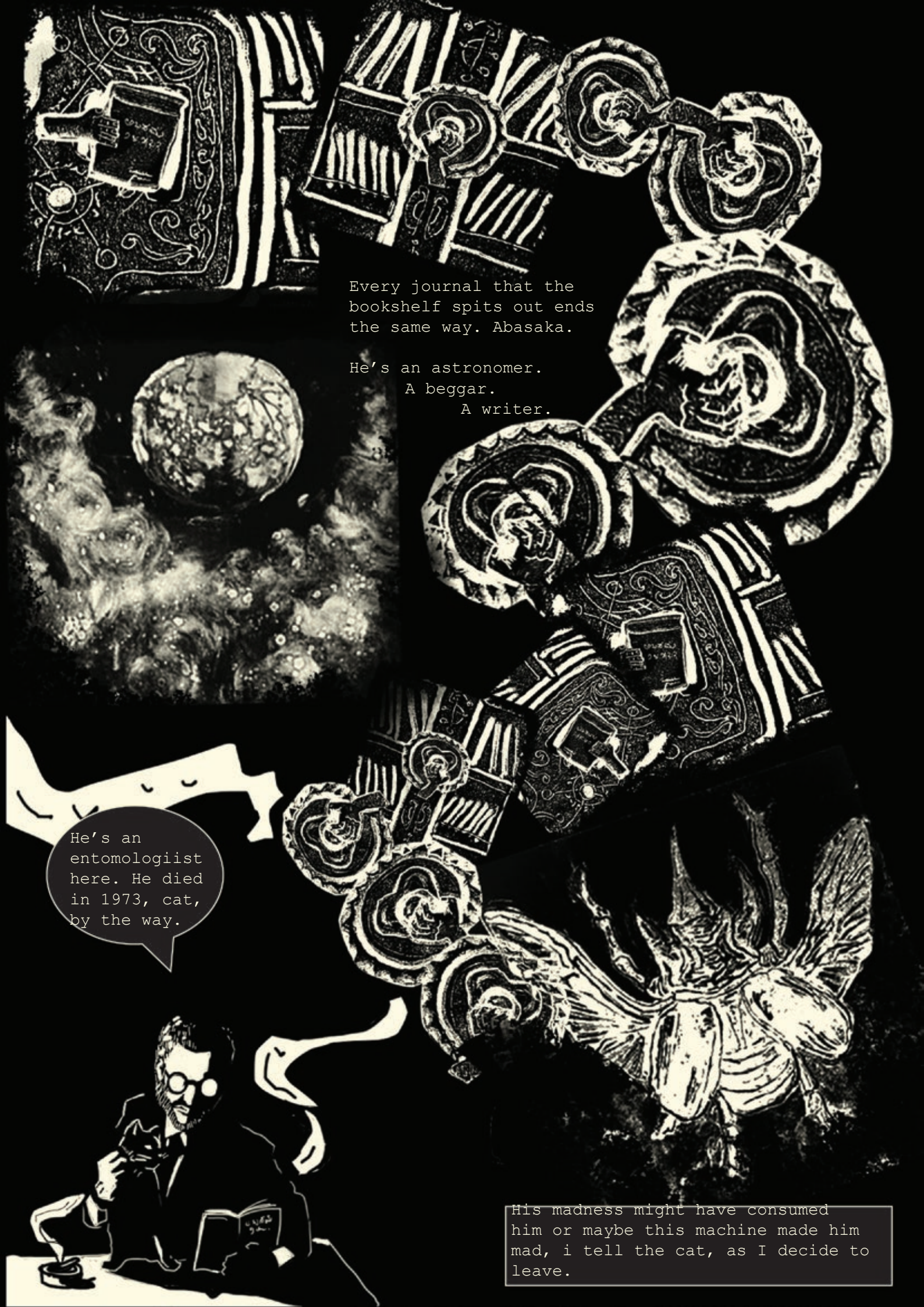


"Benaras, calls
Abasaka, one day..



..he sleeps at
an old temple
on arrival &
has a vision of
the goddess,
who grants
him knowledge
of a divine
language called
Abasaka..

Abasaka christens
himself after
the language and
returns home,
determined to
learn more about
it"



Every journal that the
bookshelf spits out ends
the same way. Abasaka.

He's an astronomer.
A beggar.
A writer.

He's an
entomologiist
here. He died
in 1973, cat,
by the way.

His madness might have consumed
him or maybe this machine made him
mad, i tell the cat, as I decide to
leave.

It's quiet.
My absence makes no
difference to Ave
Maria Estae

As I drive away, I
wonder if what I
found in the library
will stay with me



I remember the weird
bookshelf again,
as it was before i
turned off the lights



Dust gathers.
The inheritance
still waits.

THE END

