

PŌWEHI

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN
BY DHANVI DESAI



PREFACE

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INTRODUCTION OF POWEHI

Does the city really exist? Or is it just a myth? the city of Powehi has always been every living persons' greatest enigma. Some peoples' only agenda in life has been to avoid encountering it out of dread; while the others, often referred to as the risk takers, are striving to find the city and experience it. But poor them, its only if their fate allows, they will be able to do so. Fortunately or unfortunately, it was in *my* destiny to end up here. Legend has it, it's not just a city but it is a mighty power, in fact the highest of all; and the same belief has divided the people worldwide into different religions. Some believe that it is where you're sent to be penalized for your sins, while the other set believes it as a place you're sent right before death to gain a higher understanding of life and self actualization. But

little do they know what lies inside.

The non-religious are those who don't believe in the existence of Powehi at all. You might be wondering why one needs to make so many assumptions about Powehi. it is only because the city is fully discreet. The location of the city is ambiguous and undiscoverable. Moreover, those who accidentally end up in the city or are 'sent by the godly force' are never found again.

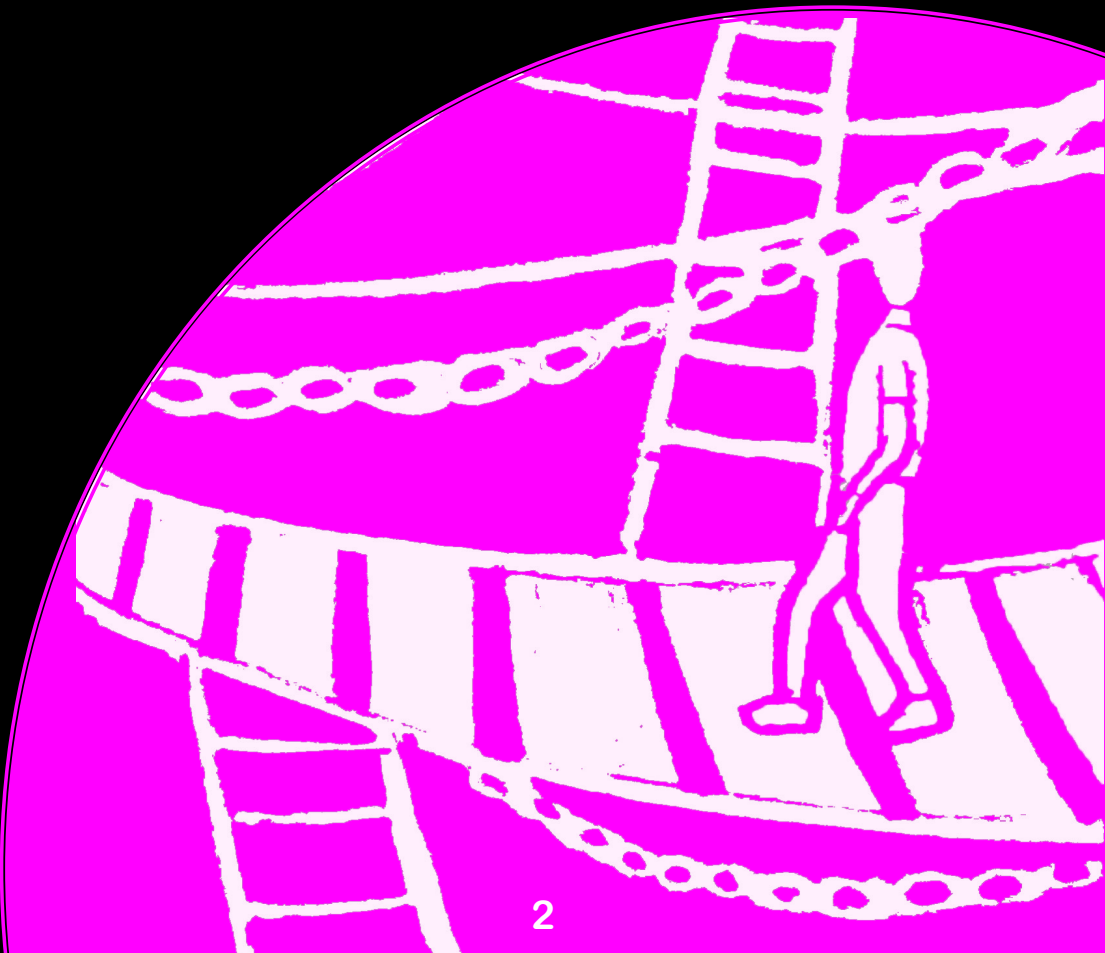
You'll only understand the nature of this city if you have lived here for long enough, but never will be able to predict it. In Powehi, any knowledge you've gained in the past or any relations you hold are of no meaning. Here, the concept of time is a conundrum; but the experts are not to be blamed for that because the nature of time here is a bizarre paradox. How time works in Powehi is far from how you've ever known

or experienced it. Time here is extremely fitful and inconsistent. It keeps changing its pattern, direction and pace, and this drives its residents insane.

The only concept of time close to ours is that of 'months'. Not to confuse months with a duration of thirty days. The months are not in any way based on a time

period but rather represent the queer phases of the city. A month might be- what we call a day- long or even a year long. The experts are still figuring if the months are in any way cyclic.

This is a city that changes its form every month.



MONTH I: A MUSICAL CITY

Exhausted from the around the clock excursion and knowing that this place was a black hole, I swallowed the bitter pill and laid my camp here so that I could get some rest and start looking for a way out later. I must say I slept like a horse and it was only due to this loud piece of music that I woke up. the tune sounded like that of a banjo, but it dissipated by the time my unusually lousy self managed to rise and investigate it.

It was still daytime, the sky just as bright and blue as it last was. At that moment I understood that that the oddness of the city had started to occur, but this was just the beginning. I ended up walking towards the interior of the city instead of outwards.

As I went in through the jungle, I was spellbound by the mystifying view. The scenery was typically more blue than green. It was full of lush blue waters, and the leaves that felt translucent reflected the color of it. It all seemed so fresh,

but I realized soon that strangely, I couldn't smell any of it. The journey from in there was astonishingly calming even though the place was booming. I heard hundreds of sounds at once, yet I could apprehend each one of the euphonic sounds separately. The little streams falling onto the ground; the water thumping on its banks; the birds and crickets chirping; the leaves rustling; the whistling breeze cutting through the branches; the squatter of the squirrels quarreling for a piece of cherry; the hissing of a snake strategizing his kill; the squeaking of the wood weighed down by the big growling cats waiting to pounce at the snake: everything sounded melodically perfect. I felt like my ears had gained some strange power. Was it because my sense of smell had died?

Trying to figure out where it all came from, and if it really was happening, was driving me insane. I gradually realized that it wasn't my ears, but it was the city playing games.

I then finally arrived at a colony where I encountered humans. The solace that was felt at the sight of humans around me was atypically tremendous. The place was filled with wacky, towering structures all around. It was only after I got a wholesome view of the place, I realized they were actually buildings and houses in the form of vast music instruments.

In this month time only contains the present. The people here live with no memory of the past and no thought of the future.

Imagining the future is

no more possible than seeing the colors beyond violet. In a world without the worries of the future and regrets of the past, where one lives life moment by moment, life is very zestful and radiant. The people here seem to be habituated with the continuous sounds and pieces of music. They live the music. Instead of talking, they sing their thoughts out. They dance along. This month is like living in a musical movie.



MONTH 2: A CITY OF DOORS

To d a y
w h e n
I w o k e
up, I felt completely disoriented. The place I woke up to was in no way the same as where I slept. I was completely clueless about where I was. It has never been so dark here before. Soon it occurred to me that the vague myths I had heard before about – remodeling itself every month could, after all, be true. Considering my first month, I would call myself lucky to be ending up here; but I didn't know what lied ahead and that dreaded me. But the curiosity made me jump out of bed to examine what kind of eccentricity I had got into now. When I opened my door there were miles and miles of... nothingness? All I could see was a paved pathway leading from my door gradually disappearing into the dark. I stepped on the path; and as I walked along it, cutting through the darkness, I could see more and more of the path before me. I bent over to see what lied

down there only to discover a chasm of darkness...what would happen if I missed a step? Well, I was too afraid to find that out. Neither could I feel any air, nor could I feel time passing by. I never realized if time could even be felt, until today, when it was seized away. Am I in a void? Am I going in the right direction? Oh, there is no other direction". I noticed that my breathing halted, yet I was alive; I was okay! But a feeling of trepidation and panic overcame my mind. I wanted to get out of the place. I wanted to run, but I couldn't. The shroud of darkness over the route made me doubt every step I took ahead.

As I ambled along the pathway, I could see more and more doors: some suspended; some lying over stairways and ladders. After about half a mile of a walk, I reached a

junction where the road divided into three. I couldn't see where each one was leaded, and I had no option but to take a leap of faith and choose one. The stride that I took lead me to a path that terminated at a door. A beige door with no handle. I pushed it open and I was blinded by white

light. I stepped into the door and it disappeared after me. It seemed that I had entered another month. Thank heavens, this month was the shortest of all. The torment was over.




MONTH 3: THE CENTRE OF LIGHT

I entered this place, and a shaggy layer of pale bushes all around prevented my further view to the city. As I shoved my way in, the thicket started clearing out. My sight hadn't recovered from the intense darkness back there and this place was just getting whiter and brighter. All my eyes could register at that point, was a strange pallidity with just a slight tinge of color. What appeared to me next, were these whitish, colossal, pillar-like structures, which according to my first assumption, were buildings. When my eyes finally adjusted to the radical scenic change, and I managed to look up at the sky, I realized that what I had perceived as skyscrapers were actually humongous trees: white trees soaring above the clouds. Anyone new to this place is bound to feel shrunken. I then approached one of the gigantic trees at the nearest distance to me and stood before it. A section of its trunk swung open

with a thud, leaving me stunned. There was a quirky elevator inside, which took me up to a room; "ah, finally some civilization".

The third month is mainly characterized by those giant trees, having a plenty of houses, stores and other amenities right inside them. The people live inside those trees and hardly find the need to come out. There are no traces of concrete structures or artificial buildings.

In this month, the city of Powehi is turned into the form of concentric circles, built around a center point: *the center of light*. Why it is called so is because if one views this point from above, it appears to be a glowing source of light. At this point, all the wavelengths of light get reflected



by the objects, making them seem white. So, as one goes towards the center point, the city gradually loses its color and turns achromatic. When one stands at the center, he sees a plain white canvas before him. Here there is a strange aura of tranquility and serenity felt in the nerves. But to experience this one shall also be ready to look down on pure white feet and arms.

This place satisfies all: those who seek bright, pungent colors; those who enjoy pastels; and those seeking peace in pure whiteness. Most of the people are concentrated in the middle areas, avoiding the extreme ends, preventing their bodies from turning either bland or highly saturated.

Overall, during this month, there is a sense of serenity across the city as one has the ability to choose a visual ambience idyllic to their minds.

MONTH 21: A VIRTUAL FRIEND

What is the purpose of human life? What is the humankind's greatest desire? Is it just luxury and success? No. All one wishes is to be happy; to be loved; to be understood and accepted. Every person holds a drive for self-actualization; for becoming their best selves. The city of Powehi, in month 21, fulfills these desires and thus happens to be the most content month of all. It could be called a mental paradise. During this month, time flows very fitfully, and as a consequence of that, people receive sudden flashes of the future. At some point in the past, a shrewd trunk-maker, Lokua was miraculously blessed with a vision 189 years ahead of time. Unlike the others, Lokua decided to share the future with the city. What he saw, he created for everyone and this brought a revolutionary change in everyone's life. As a result of his generosity and the great contribution to the city, he was enthroned as the leader of

Powehi. What he had invented was a virtual sole mate, an invisible friend, designed personally for each person. The soulmate is someone who would rightly guide one through all his phases of life, support him, and understand every action and every thought of his. One can easily confide in it and it would always know the very right thing to say in every situation. Someone who can never dishearten him.

The city in this month is defined by this invention of virtual sole mates. It was the greatest and most thoughtful invention of all times. It didn't bring any materialistic pleasure or physical convenience but a mental fulfillment.

However, the soulmate is, after all, just a voice. Even though it is something someone would ever wish for, it is not what someone would ever need. Humans require a touch. They long for a physical

support.

But in a city where one has no real friends, where one has already received what he ever wanted, he stops looking. When one has already found an exemplary sole to share his entire life with, he doesn't feel the need to make any more friends or interact with anyone. In such a city, the people live among themselves. They are all strangers. They hardly make eye contacts when they walk past one another. But whenever they accidentally clash into each other or when they just happen

to find themselves together, random gatherings are turned into wild venereal orgies. Due to the compressed sexual drive people here are extremely lustful and a strange erotic vibration prevails over the city. All the seductions and copulations take place without them exchanging a single word or glance.



MONTH 33: WRITTEN IN THE STARS

During the month 33, the sites of the city of powehi are quite ordinary. At a glance, one would not notice any anomaly. No singing birds, no giant objects, no mystifying voices, no dark voids. For a moment, I felt I had finally found my way out of Powehi. I wished with all my heart that I had. But in my mind, I knew that it wasn't possible and the fact that I hadn't seen such a city before proved I was still trapped in powehi. This place is not as normal as it portrays to be. What is visible is just a part of it; for in this month, time has an infinity of worlds. What we see is one reality, while there are two other alternate realities where everything happens almost the same, except, you do one tiny thing differently, and hence, as a result, have your life turn out incredibly different. The decisions

and choices one makes are fueled either by the id, ego or superego. And according to that, at every point of decision, the world is split into three different worlds, each powered by a different part of our mind. For every person, there are three alternate futures. Each future is real.

All possible outcomes of decisions are bound to occur, whatever you chose to do. This creates multiple unique versions of a person and his life. It is not possible for one to travel through these dimensions as there can't be two versions of a person in one dimension. However, they can visit and observe their different versions of life. When the residents of Powehi hit the sack, their subconscious minds retire and wander into the parallel dimensions.



