**The Prediction – Short Story**

 Long ago the Kingdom of Inder was ruled by Kalyan Malfee. One day astrologer came to his court. The King asked him “Tell me, when will I die?”

 The astrologer replied “My Lord, birth and death is not in our hands. You will die on the 29th of the last month of this summer. Your death will because by lightning.”

 The King started to laugh. During summer, the day would be so hot, the stars would shine brightly, there would hardly be any black clouds let alone rain and lightning he thought.

 “Alright, if what you have predicted happens I shall gift to you a part of my kingdom. But if nothing happens to me you shall be thrown into prison.” the King said to the astrologer. The astrologer agreed and stayed in that town as he was not allowed to leave.

 As the summer was coming to an end the King’s attendants made arrangements for the safety. They took him a cave in a mountain. Except for five strong men the others went to their homes and stayed inside. All wondered whether the astrologer’s prediction would come true.

 The day the astrologer had predicted came. That day two strangers came to that town. They were brothers who had planned to kill the King and usurp the throne. Suddenly the wind began to blow furiously. Thunder rumbled in the skies. Fleshes of lightning were seen. The strangers asked the town people what was the cause of such a thunderstorm during the summer. “O our King’s end has come near. It is said that he is to die today struck by a bolt of lightning.” Said the townpeople. The brothers felt their work was made easier. They had come on camel-backs. They made their way to the cave where the King was staying on these camels.

 They entered the cave and one of the brother’s said to the King “I will kill you with my gun” The King was surprised to see them. “Who are you” he asked. They removed the cloth covering their faces. “You are Mansingh” the king recognized one of the brothers. “Come and kill me, with your sword I saw that what the astrologer has said will come true. There is a flash of lightning when one uses the sword. First sit down for a while you are like my brothers.”

 “Why have all your attendants deserted you? Asked Mansingh.

 “The bolt of lightning may strike any moment now. So they have all hidden themselves. You also run from this place with your brother” said the King.

 But Mansingh did not do so. Instead he dragged the king to the mouth of the cave. At that moment a bolt of lightning struck the King who fell down dead. The astrologer’s prediction had come true. Even hiding in mountain cave the King could not escape his destiny. The people of the town mourned the death of their King.