

The Bong Blunder

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Introduction: The Foul Foundations of Fate

In the annals of ancient, where history's heroes are often as sanitized as a showpiece septic tank, lies a tale too turbid for textbooks—a parody pitched at the pitch-black heart of conquest's comedy. Behold the saga of King BoseAka, the Bengal-born berserker whose bowels of benevolence buckled under the burden of bodily functions. This isn't your grandfather's Gupta glory or Mauryan might; no, this is a lavatorial lampoon, a scatological send-up of Emperor Ashoka's apocryphal arc from bloodbath to bodhi

tree. Where Ashoka's Kalinga carnage catalyzed a cosmic conversion to compassion and dhamma, BoseAka's Bolinga blitz births a bungled bid for bathrooms.

Picture it: a subcontinent simmering in the stew of spice and superstition, where empires expanded not just by elephantine edicts but by the inexorable itch of imperial hygiene. BoseAka, afflicted with an allergy more acute than an ascetic's abstinence, invades the verdant republic of Bolinga's olfactory outlaw, where open-air ablutions were as commonplace as coconut curries. His dream? A dominion doused in decency, capital shifted to the temple-towered Bolingaswar. But fate, that fickle flusher, flings filth back in his face: cultural clashes clash with cholera-esque comeuppance, turning triumph to turd-tossed turmoil.

Drawing from dusty edicts and dubious legends—like the Ashokavadana's alleged Ajivika atrocities, dismissed as dharmic drivel—this novella flushes fact through fiction's filter. It's a cheeky chronicle of how one king's commode crusade crumbles under collective defiance. Strap in, sans seatbelt—history's about to hit the fan.

Chapter 1: The Marshy Heir

In the grey, clammy, fog-shrouded deltas of ancient Bengal, the air hung thick with the briny tang of delta mud and the sweet, vegetal rot of the mangroves. It was here, where the silt-brown Ganges whispered its sluggish secrets to the deep, oily-green mangrove roots, that young BoseAka was born. The bards, seeking dramatic flair, would later claim a blood moon presided: a diseased, crimson eye staining the impenetrable fog, casting a hellish, reddish glow upon the birthing hut. The only sounds were the dull slap of the

river against the banks and the distant, sharp cries of unseen birds cutting through the oppressive, damp silence.

He was the son of Bindu, a petty rajah ruling with the loud, sudden ferocity of a monsoon gale. BoseAka's childhood was a riot of sensation. He grew up breathing an atmosphere thick with the overpowering, silver-scaled stench of fish markets, a briny, metallic odor that clung to his saffron-dyed cotton robes. This pungent scent was constantly at war with the cloying, sugary-sweet smell of cardamom and rosewater from the bubbling vats of rosogollas.

Every sound was a competition: the high-pitched, shrieking clamor of boatmen haggling, their voices cracking over the bright, white sweets; the wet thud of wooden crates of fish on the docks; the sizzle of mustard oil in frying pans; and the angry, booming echo of his father's temper rattling the dark, teak-wood beams of the palace.

But young BoseAka had a peculiar, private affliction: an unholy allergy to the sight of open-air ablutions. It was more than distaste; it was a physical assault. One glimpse of a villager squatting in the bright, unforgiving morning light by the riverbank, their white dhoti stark against the dark, glistening mud, and his entire being revolted. The pungent, earthy odor would hit him first, a warm, acrid wave that made his noble nostrils flare. His eyes would water, blurring the vibrant greens of the paddy fields into a streaming, wet watercolor like the Hooghly in flood season.

Then, the hot, agonizing itch would begin. Angry, red hives would erupt across his skin, raised welts that itched with a fury worse than a politician's conscience.

"By the sacred pissoir!" he'd wail, a high, thin sound of true despair as he scratched furiously at his arms, his nails leaving white tracks on the crimson swellings.

His tutors, wise old pandits with white beards smelling of sandalwood and old parchment, would mutter their concern. Versed in the Arthashastra's arts of war and waste management, they prescribed dark green, aromatic herbal poultices. The cooling, mint-and-turmeric scent of the paste offered only fleeting relief. They would drone ancient mantras to the goddess of latrines, the low, vibrating sounds filling the study, but nothing soothed the fiery, scarlet torment on his skin.

As he matured, his torment calcified into ambition. He became a strapping youth, his mustache so grand it could, as the palace wags whispered, sweep floors. He spent hours staring into his only comfort: a polished bronze chamber pot, its warm, metallic surface reflecting his own face, distorted and shadowed under the eyes. The faint, coppery scent was, to him, the smell of civilization.

"One day," he vowed, his voice a low, intense whisper that barely disturbed the dust motes dancing in the golden bars of lamplight, "I shall conquer lands where hygiene reigns supreme. No more squatting shadows, black against the dawn-lit fields, haunting my dreams!".

His father, Bindu, dismissed such fancies. The rajah, smelling of heavy musk-perfume and sweat, preferred conquests of the carnal sort, his palace ringing with the constant, bright tinkle of anklets and the loud, bawdy laughter of his harem of 99 dancing girls (or was it brothers? Legends, muddled by sweet wine and opium smoke, confused the count). BoseAka, ever the opportunist, navigated these incense-choked, silk-draped corridors, his hand

always on the dagger hidden in his dhoti, its cold steel a secret promise against the warm, perfumed chaos.

When Bindu perished from a surfeit of spicy jhal muri—his final, gasping breath a cloud of chili, tamarind, and puffed rice—BoseAka ascended the throne. His coronation was a quiet affair, held under a pale, indifferent sky, the stone halls thick with the sound of hushed, fearful whispers. "Ninety-nine rivals down," the courtiers murmured, their dark eyes glancing at each other over golden cups of wine, the faint, metallic tang of suspected blood (or perhaps just indigestion) hanging in the air. BoseAka, however, insisted it was merely "ninety-nine indigestion episodes".

Crowned as the Netaji of the Nadir, a heavy, cold circle of gold pressing on his brow, he gazed eastward from his white marble balcony. He looked past his own muddy delta, toward the defiant republic of Bolinga. He could almost smell it on the wind: the distant, clean tang of salt from its ports, mixed with the rumored free-ranging stench of peacocks and people relieving themselves with abandon in the bright, mocking sun.

"That ends now," BoseAka growled, the sound rumbling in his chest. He rallied his army of bhadralok berserkers, their saffron and crimson banners "fluttering like startled pigeons" in the hot, dusty wind, the sharp snap of the silk echoing the jingle of harnesses and the thud of marching feet. The march began, a great, clattering, odorous column of sandals, spears, and ambition, all while the young emperor dreamed of a gleaming, white, porcelain-clean empire, a future that smelled only of lime and roses.