The Story of Creation  
(Dimasa Kachari)  
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There were no creatures on earth then, only water all around, and for land there was only an island, and on this dwelt the creator Banglaraja and his wife the goddess Arikidima. Now Banglaraja felt a desire to create living beings. As a result Arikidima became pregnant. After some days she laid by the seashore seven eggs, one after another. While she was hatching them an egg cracked and out came the first god, Brai Sibrai, with his matted hair.  

One after another the eggs began to crack and from each came out a splendid god. After Brai Sibrai, or Siva, were born Waraja, Duraja, Naikoraja, Bongyong Braj-yung, and last of all, Mongrangraja or Hamiyadao, but one egg did not break. Arikidima waited for it to break but when it did not, she left it on the seashore and returned home.  

The children began to grow up. Brai Sibraj, the eldest, was of a serious cast of mind, and the youngest, Hamiyadao, turned out to be restless and difficult to manage. A time came when the six brothers started a quarrel as to who was superior and who was inferior in rank. They went to their mother for a settlement. She, however, asked Brai Sibrai to settle the dispute.  

Brai Sibrai called his five brothers to the seashore. When they came he said, “See here, brothers, we are six children of Banglaraja and Arikidima, but we were not born at the same moment, one came earlier, another a bit later, and so on. Let us not quarrel over who is superior and who is inferior, rather let us have a test, and see who is the most superior among us.” He then proposed that each throw a clod of earth to see whose went the farthest over the sea.  

So as each one took up a clod of earth, Brai Sibrai said, “Now throw one after another. He whose clod will reach near that banyan tree beyond the sea* will be acknowledged the
highest among us.” Hamiyadao, the youngest, was watching the developments. It was he who was at the bottom of this quarrel among them. Before Brai Sibrai could say, “One, two, three,” he let go his missile. It went only a few cubits and plopped into the water. His brothers burst out laughing and in embarrassment he bid himself behind some stones.

So as Brai Sibrai watched, the others also threw clods of earth, but though one might have beaten another, none of their throws crossed the sea. It was now the turn of Brai Sibrai to throw. In the twinkle of an eye he picked up a beetle, tied it to the clod, and threw it. The force of the throw carried the missile to half the distance and the wings of the beetle helped it to cross the other half and reach the banyan tree. This however did not convince Hamiyadao, who raised an objection, declaring, “No, no, this won’t do. The clod that he threw was too light and it also looked dark, who knows if it was not a stone instead of a clod of earth?”

He was supported by those who had been defeated in the test and they cried out, “Yes, we must have a new test, a fresh one.” Brai Sibari had to yield. This time he brought six javelins and asked them to throw them. He turned to his youngest brother and said, “You always create trouble. Let us see how far you can throw.”

With a great show of force, Hamiyadao threw the javelin, but as before, it went only a little way and fell into the water. Then the turns of the other brothers. One javelin might have travelled farther than another, but one reached only this much, or another only that much, none reached the banyan tree. Then it was the turn of Brai Sibrai. In the twinkle of an eye he picked up a thin karsala snake, twined it around his javelin and let it go. The force of the throw carried it half the distance and the flying karsala helped it to cross the other half and reach the banyan.

His brothers had, at last, to acknowledge the superiority of Brai Sibrai. In the meantime, the egg which had remained unbroken, began to give out stamage noises. One could hear a thumping, hitting, falling, roaring coming of the egg. The brothers, excepting Hamiyadao, ran to their mother to give her the news. Hamiyadao did not have patience and wanted to know what lay in the egg. So he hit it with a pebble and cracked the shell.
As soon as the egg cracked out came a number of strange beings. They were *jakshas* and *rakshasas*, that is, demons, in various frightening shapes. Directly then noticed the yong Hamiyadao they rushed at him, shouting that they would eat him up. “O mother,” he cried and fled.

Hamiyadao ran and ran and took refuge in his mother’s arms. The demons were close behind and charging his, when Arikidima checked them, saying angrily, “Stop there!” she asked, “What do you want?” They were all hungry, they had nothing since they were born, and they cried out in vexation:

“*We are hungry, we want to eat,
   Give us raw meat to eat,
   Or else the heart of a child to eat,
   Or ourselves we eat.*”

In fact, they began to weep and clamour for food. They were the children of Arikidima. As a mother she found it hard to resist their pleading. She wondered what could be done for them. They were after all the not gods like Brai sibari, so that they deserved puja or offerings. Therefore she created a number of ailments, like fever, headache, cramps in the belly, and said, “Listen, my children, you yourselves will have to find your food. Let me tell you how to get it. You start dwelling in places like the caves of a house, tall trees, ditches and streams and such inauspicious places. Whoever would give you offence his you will possess. They will offer you ducks and fowls. You are not to leave them till you get your food. Thus you will have to live.

The demons were persuaded to heave at her words and to their respective places of habitation. Since that day men came to be attacked by various kinds of ailments and they could find relief only after they offered food to the demons and spirits. If Hamiyadao had not broken the egg then perhaps human beings would have lived a life full of health and vigour.