

The Belly-Ring



Thriller

By

Bhavna Khemlani

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“Fashionable ornaments are bought regularly to satisfy the beauty of women and the youth. I love jewelry and love to sell it to every female on this planet,” said *Vivian*. She was speaking to one of her customers.

Vivian was asked about why belly-rings have become so popular and a fashionable icon? Vivian answered, “Back in the past, during the ancient times, body piercing was fascinating even in the Egyptian culture. Egyptians treasured to beautify themselves highly, and even limited types of body piercings to the royal family. By the way, I had read in the bible about body piercing. In the Old Testament it was mentioned that body jewelry is considered a mark of beauty and wealth, especially for Bedouin and nomadic tribes. With observance, body jewelry has been given as a bridal gift or as part of a dowry. This shows that piercing is a sign of status and attractiveness in Biblical times. On the other hand, from a journal I read months ago, even the Romans were practical piercers. Which meant for them piercing was almost always served a purpose. The Roman centurions pierced their nipples not because they liked the way it looked, but to signify their strength. Anyways I can go on and on. So tell me which one would like to buy? I have many choices that may suit your personality too.”

Vivian sold many belly-rings and enjoyed selling them to all kinds of people. That evening, after work Vivian was wrapping up. She decided to go the beach for a while. Having lived by the beach for years in Sydney; she often missed the chance to spend some quality time with herself. When she reached the beach she took out a towel and had spread it over the sand. She sat on it for a while. Her dark grey eyes were scrolling and exploring her surroundings.

Vivian felt this soothing and at the same time a thrilled like feeling. She did not know why she was feeling that way? She tried to ignore those feelings. She noticed that it was beginning to get cloudy. She knew it would rain and did not want it to. After such a long time she grabbed an opportunity to just sit by the beach without having to do any chores



or have commitments. But no, nature would do what it wants to.



The jumping of excited children began to become quieter. Parents were rushing back. Sooner lesser people were on the beach. After some time she noticed she was the only person sitting by the beach. She thought of all sorts of things from body piercing, sports, love, hunting, and even getting a massage. Her thoughts were not making any sense to her.

Vivian slowly closed her eyes and lay down on the towel. She was beginning to get wet by the rain. The beautiful sun's rays and the breeze disappeared. The weather began to show some unwanted attitude, by raining heavily. Vivian could hear the thunder and getting louder and louder. She wanted to get up but could not. She tried several times but could not. She felt like her body was stuck on the sand. After a few minutes she could hear a sound of a young woman whispering into her ears saying, "Will you sell my belly-rings? It is special too."

Vivian started to scream and after trying so many times she could open her eyes. She looked around and saw no one expect the beach and the rain. Her body was still stuck on the sand. She could feel her body sinking into the sand. As her body was sinking she could feel that some metallic material was poking her legs. She could not figure out what it was. Then she was being poked harder. She started to shout out, 'Help' several times. She slowly stretched her left hand and could move her head. She saw some white seagulls which came from nowhere and flew by slowly over the sea. She was confused by the whole situation.

Suddenly she saw the lightning strike on water. She thought she would die that evening. She did not know what was happening. She was getting scared and within split seconds she was able to get up and save herself from sinking. The lightening had strike a couple of times. While she was trying to push herself out of the sand, she heard the same voice saying, whispering into her ears, "Will you sell my belly-rings? It is special too."

She thought, "Why on Earth would anyone want to sell her belly-rings in this manner? She found the whole matter so dum. She could feel someone touching her belly button. The touch spread a strange sensation that made her feel like puking. The sensation





made her feel so hot even though it was raining.

Vivian's eyes began to get teary and she started to cry pleading to be spared from this terrible prank or supernatural power of a spirit. She could not understand what was going on? This was rare to occur.

Seeing the lightning was common, but seeing White Sea gulls on the beach was unusual. Hearing a woman saying to sell her belly-rings was scary.

She managed to get up and she started to run towards the nearby restaurant. As she was running away, a strong wind blew making her fall flat on the sand. Her stomach began to ache. She could feel a tingly feeling on her belly-button. She was panicking and started to cry. She forced herself to create balance and got up. She walked briskly and reached the restaurant.

Vivian was in a state of shock. She could not understand why she had to go through such an incident. She walked away from the restaurant and reached home. She went for a hot bath. She made herself hot chocolate and slept early that night. She was scared, lonely and missed her parents who lived in New Zealand.

She twisted and was finding the right position to get her sleep. Few minutes later she dosed off. She slept soundly and later she could hear someone calling out, "*Trista*" couple of times. She overlooked it and did not want to face anything abnormal now. Then she heard someone whisper "Trista needs to be heard." Vivian woke up suddenly and began to feel sweaty on her palms.

Vivian looked around her bedroom, but could not see anything. She got up and switched on the television. Her sleep disappeared. She was getting annoyed and began switching channels. She stopped at National Geographic. There was a documentary on sea gulls. The sea gulls got her attention. She started to watch about them. The documentary was about saving the old sea gulls habitat. The crazy thing was she never heard or seen sea gulls in Australia. She had no clue. The information about them was particularly focused in North America and some parts of Asia.



"What was the connection when she saw them at the beach in Sydney?" she thought.



Vivian got to know more about sea gulls. She saw how they could float stationary in midair by catching wind currents with the right timing and accuracy while placing their bodies at just the right position. She had enough of sea gull so she took the remote to change the channel. Before she could change the channel, she saw a young woman walking down the beach. The documentary on sea gulls disappeared.

Whatever channel she turned to, it showed the same thing. “Now that was freaky. Why me?” she thought. She pressed the switch off button, but the television power did not get off. She could see the back side of the woman and saw how the young woman was walking down the beach. She seemed like a bag packer from the way she was dressed and with her enormous bag that she carried.

The woman stopped walking and had placed her bag on the sand. She removed a black colored towel and spread it. She sat on it for a few minutes. Vivian could not see her face but only her body movements. The woman opened her bag and took out a packet. She opened the packet and had spread all kinds of belly-rings on the towel. Then she started to sprinkle some red colored powder on them. Then she removed a doll which very much looked like she was going to do some black magic. Vivian was confused.

At this point of time her sleep vanished. Vivian eagerly watched every move of this woman. The woman continued by taking out some rose petals from her bag and placing it on every belly-ring. It seemed like about fifteen of them. The woman began to enchant something.

She began to say some words which Vivian could not hear clearly. All she could hear was, “Heal my physical pain. Bright light shine through me so I can fight my pain.” She said the phrases a few times. Then she stood up, removed her gray colored chiffon dress. She had taken one of the belly-rings and put it on. She removed her old one.

The woman lay down and started to say the phrases again. This time it was louder. She noticed it was getting cloudy and was going to rain. During the process someone had shouted out her name, “Trista.” At that point of time, a lightning bolt struck her belly-ring and the blood splashed everywhere. Vivian stood up and froze. She



walked



towards the television to switch it off. Instead the young woman's face appeared on television. She said, "Hello, I am Trista."

Vivian screamed out loud saying, "I don't care. Leave me alone."
The strange thing was the woman's face was identical to Vivian's.

When Vivian saw herself on the screen, out of stress and panic she fainted. The next morning she could not wake up. She was late to work. She was lying on the carpeted floor of her TV room. She decided to close the shop having no mood or interest in selling belly-rings.

She wanted to research about a woman called Trista and whether there was any case about her. She called up her friend who worked in the news broadcasting agency. They met up and began discussing about the situation Vivian went through. Vivian's friend, *Lorrae*, made some phone calls. Eventually they managed to fix an appointment with a journalist who was responsible for writing about beaches, nature and incidents at the beach in Australia.

In the evening, Vivian and *Lorrae* met up with journalist, *Cabel*. He was working as a journalist for nine years. In the nine years of his profession he never heard anyone dying from a lightning hitting someone's belly button ring. He was surprised and found it peculiar. *Cabel* went through his records. He contacted other journalists.

Hours passed but no sign of valuable information. Vivian got even more stressful. Few minutes later, *Cabel* received a call about that; fifteen years ago they had found a woman's body and blood around her on the beach. She was hit by the lightning because she had many belly-rings placed around her. That woman was about twenty-four years old. After investigation, they found out her name was Trista.

All of them were shocked and wondered that what Vivian went through was the truth. "Vivian she is the same age as you. What did Trista want from Vivian? Obviously, no one is so silly to selling her belly-rings like that. What could it be?" asked *Lorrae*.

Vivian's eyes were teary and she did not want to die from a lightning bolt. She felt there was a huge mistake or a message was sent to her but she could not comprehend.





She went back home. The next day, she went to the beach. She had taken a black towel with her thinking she would get her answers. Vivian placed the towel on the sand. She sat there for couple of hours but nothing happened. She was tired of sitting and went off to sleep. The minutes after she could hear someone whispering, “Vivian, please take all these belly-rings and sell them. Only you could do this and set me free.”

Vivian opened her eyes and looked around. No one was there. This time she saw the White Sea gulls again. She knew it something was going to happen. It started to get cold and she could see bloody footsteps on the sand walking towards her. Vivian quickly got up and started to run away from it. The footsteps got closer and faster.

Vivian turned around to the front. There was a woman covered with blood but her body was shining under the clouds. When she opened her eyes, Vivian could see her brown eyes were bright and teary. The woman took out a packet and stretched out her hand. There was blood everywhere. A strange smell made Vivian unable to breathe.

Vivian asked a series of questions, “Oh so you are Trista? Why me? What the hell is this? Who are you? Why do dead people get the interest to sell belly-rings? What were you enchanting or casting a spell about?” After a pause she said, “I love beaches after this whole crap, I don’t like it. Who knows when a lightning will strike? ”

With her husky and sad voice Trista answered, “Hmm. Have you ever felt pain all over your body? Have you felt that your body would explode anytime? I don’t think so. My life was twisted and my outlook changed towards it after I was diagnosed with lung cancer. I also loved jewelry and was an artist. I had some friends who knew how to deal with pain and get what they want through black magic. One day, I went to the beach and tried if it worked to get rid of the pain I went through. I could not even breathe. I knew I was going to do die. However, I did not want to. I was in love too. He left me after he knew I had lung cancer. When the lightning stroke I was broken into pieces. I shouted out for help. I was dead. I saw my body and blood everywhere. There was a hollow hole through my navel. It was horrible. Then I turned around and saw all the belly-rings I had





designed. I just wanted to sell them. Part of the black magic was; if I sell them, the pain I went through would subside. I am waiting to return back.”

Vivian was stunned. She said, “Well you were going to die anyways. And I have never heard about such a dum thing. It was a despair and I know the gloomy days you had gone through was certainly not fair. What if I sell them, then what? Would you leave me alone? Would other people be possessed?”

Trista threw the packet to Vivian and warned her saying, “You have no choice. Sell it. Possessed, yes they would. Fifteen people would have five years of their life deducted from their actual life expectancy. No one will know. When it is time, for five years of their life he or she would undergo trauma. Then you know, death will do its duty. If you don’t sell, you shall die now.”

“You are crazy and you can’t do that. Who gave you right to jeopardize people’s life,” said Vivian angrily.

Trista was agitated and she pushed Vivian. Vivian flew two meters away. The White Sea gulls were around her. They were waiting to trade her soul so Trista could have a rebirth.

Trista said, “Your soul would help me have a rebirth and for the next ten generations your family would suffer. It is your pick. Time is ticking and if you don’t say yes it is your loss.”

“Please don’t do this. This is wrong. You are a nice person, I think. Taking living or even trading souls is not justice,” said Vivian.

Vivian could feel a heat wave blow on her skin. She was afraid to be burned to death. She had a choice to die or allow her family to suffer for the next ten generations. As a result, she said, “Yes.”

The sea gulls disappeared. The packet was slammed back at her.





Trista said, “I am watching. You sell each of them. I set you free and I receive normality to my life. I promise I would not do black magic again. If you don’t sell and decide to donate it; you shall regret it all your life. We shall meet again; only once when we are to set free again.”

Vivian was helpless and agreed to it. She got up and began to cry. She did not want to do anything to hurt anyone. When she turned around, Trista and the sea gulls had disappeared. She walked back home. She took out each belly-ring and polished it.

Vivian felt this uneasiness and guilt. She decided to sell and after she sold she would close down on selling belly-rings. She would never sell them again. She disliked anyone named Trista. She was waiting for that day she would be set free from the spell.

Vivian tried her best to stay positive and learned her lesson; when it gets cloudy one should leave the area. No one knows what might happen?

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