

# **Myth of a mystic**

## **Chapter one**

Aditi, the girl of 25 years, sat on berth in the AC compartment of the train, ready to get down on the station, mind yearning to see Aaditya, the heart and soul, who stood impatiently on the platform. Two years passed without meeting each other, the two birds who met in the campus of a medical college, both studying for post graduation of Psychology, one very anxious to know and the other discovering it. Mind is an unanswered question to many of them. Here she has arrived to find the source of Indian mythology as a research fellow in the Kalibagh University of Kolkatta, the city where refinement has not made any change in the life style. Bells and calls by porters and coffee boys were heard. She took all her luggage, a small hand bag, a laptop, a stroley leather bag and some magazines. The train gradually came to a full stop. Coromandel Express has finally reached the Howarh Station, allowing them to perceive their love. Aaditya helped her to get down. Tiring was the journey form the city of Chennai, the south of India, to here, The West Bengal. She held his hands to step down to the platform. The half shoe added to her beauty. She as a representative of the modern generation stood watching all around.

Kolkata, the city where Swami Vivekananda's sound was heard as an uproar, the sweetness of Rabindranath Tagore's poetry was born, the creativity of Satyajit Ray gave a new face to cinematic concepts, it is here Aditi have reached to meditate on mantras, absorb the fragrance of arts and to substantiate her knowledge of the silver screen, the Cinema. The rickshaw went on like an old queen through the hearts of the city. A room was arranged for her, with all facilities, just opposite to the apartment of Aaditya.

Holding hands together, sharing his shoulder, she sat on the rickshaw enjoying the visuals seen around. It was her desire to go in a rickshaw avoiding the fashionable modern car. The man never stood against it, for he was also suffering of the romantic pang since two years. The breath of hers, which touched his face and body, tickled him all around. His hands went around her, saying and ruling as if the lady is his private property. Unmarried they were, but of course made for each other. The Bengali song from some of the road side fast food shops made a romantic background for their journey.

Finally it stopped in front of the gate where it was written in big letters in Bengali, Madhur Amrit Apartments. Aditya paid the rickshaw driver and took her trolley bag and got in. The watchman gave a teasing look at both, least cared they entered the lift to reach the fifth floor. Comparatively new it stood with a marvelous scenery around and fresh air pampering the residents. Colored in green with white windows, the building gave a warm welcome to the guests.

“O! Have you reached so early?! It is two hours since the train reached the station”, Janani, the mother of Aaditya complained.

“We came by rickshaw, just for fun”, Aditi made a lame excuse.

The Mother took her future daughter in-law, Aditi to a room which was arranged for her. Small balcony, attached to the bedroom, providing the sluggish sky appearances, attracted her, making her stand there for sometime. The white curtains, designed silky bed sheets, specially designed cot, tables and chair which can be folded in to a small wooden bag reflected a perfect interior design for a person with a transferable job. Keeping her laptop on the table, she sat down on the chair near the dresser, to open her trolley so as to take one of her dress out.

Standing under the shower and cooling herself, she found calmness in mind. Remembering to call her mother she came out of the bathroom in a palm-green skirt and a sandal yellow cotton top with some hand embroidery and mirror works on it. The mobile began to cry out a musical tone, "Amma Calling", the screen gave the message.

What a mother is this! She grabs even her daughter's thought far away from home:, Aditi thought .

"Amma, I have reached here. I was supposed to call you". The girl tried to excuse herself.

"Don't try to escape Aditi. I expected your call all these time. Never mind. How was the journey? Where are you now?" the mother began her questions in one breath.

"Journey was fine. I am in Aadi's house now. Just took a shower."

"Ok! Convey my regards to all there. Call you later bye", the phone cut off.

Smell of Lilly flowers in the garden down there rushed into the room along with the blazing sun, portraying the glimpse of light and colors. Having food together on a dining table Made of a circular glass piece held by a carven wooden stand, pranks and stories went on. Delicious the Dinner was made in the north-Indian taste, the lady being the wife of an army Doctor was familiar with these styles rather than that of South Indian dishes. Exchanging the recipes and some homely news the ladies cleaned the utensils.

Janani sat down chanting Ramayanam, on a woolen night gown with a royal look. Father of Aadi Dr.Hariharan, sat on the sofa chair, stretching his led to a small cushion. He is now a guest lecturer in General medicine in the Central Medical College of West Bengal. Healthy he looked at the age of sixty; the Vedic thread went across his body, prompting a glance of knowledge. Though different in Caste, the culture was the same for both, Aadi and Aditi, which attracted them.

“Tomorrow, the classes will commence in the Satyajith Ray Institute of Film and technology. Hope that this course of six month will do better for me”, Aditi broke the silence.

What about your research? When are you planning to begin it? One month has already gone. Don't waste more time “, Aadi intervened.

Will you be free tomorrow? If yes, I want to go and meet Dr. Sangeet Banerjee, my guide and begin the work for research in 'Psychology in Indian, tomorrow itself". She explained.

"Ya! He will be free for you always; nothing can stop it other than the dismissal letter. Ha Ha!" The father appreciated his son's love for her.

Chat went on with laughter, pranks and decision makings. Sleep, gradually caught hold of every one, the cold air of icicle January went to and fro sizzling and singing a lullaby.

Sun came out very late in the morning. The two birds got ready to move to the institute for joining the diploma course in film technology. Enthralled in mind, simply looking out she sat silently in the front seat, scrunched in a corner, elbow dropped on the handle and hands cupping the chin. The car, flattened and spacious four wheeler, the Mercedes Benz, new of its model, moved on. Bumping at curves and smoothening at lowering roads, the journey stopped after one hour in front of the college gate. Parking the car to a side, both moved to the college holding some certificates, admission card and other documents in a file.



The admission procedure got over in just one hour. In the 20 seats available most of them, came from nearby places like Bhojpur, aspirants of movies, came for this course in order to study in detail the process of film making. The syllabus included direction, cinematography, and almost all areas of Film making... Eager to meet the efficient teachers the students got into their classes. With the 20 intellectuals the class remained in heavy silence for a moment. The fatty boy with a pale face, Ashuthosh, was the smartest, sometimes over smart amongst others. Aadi walked out through the wet pavement, holding his calico umbrella, to find a seat in the visitor's room.

The professors, the eminent film-makers, stood together on the platform, sharing a common look of intelligence. All were equally famous around the globe and supposedly the most efficient. Classes went on showing movies. The canteen, nearby, served a delicious, traditional lunch to all.

Back the way home, excited the lady was seen, describing about the style, texture and quality of the clothes, especially of the movies shown and the friends she had in one day like a girl of ten years. Rising and dipping through the roads of Howrah, the car went on to Madhur Amrit Apartments. Her flat was arranged with all equipments needed urgently. Gently nodding her face, she entered her new home. Though remained and involved in the thoughts of a movie based on the life after death and re entry of a soul in front of its family members, she made tea for all. "Is it true? Will dead people come back to their loved ones? Sometimes that can also happen", she sobbed herself consoling her irritated mind.

Six months moved on with research and works studies in film institute. Her helper was Aadi, who owned a doctorate in the subject," influence of philosophy in Psychological treatments'. The man, well-versed in scriptures and knowledgeable doctor of psychic ailments provided her with hearty support. He, as the senior consultant of one of the major government hospitals there, utilized all his free time to help her in discovering and unveiling the science of mantras. The convocation day of the institute had two more months to go, by the time the students were asked to make a movie of their choice. Sitting back home she began to continue her studies on mantras and tantras described in Vedas, about the birth and death of man, life after death and the entry of souls into this world. She related it with the arrival of Sun in front of Kunthi, mother of Pandavas who tried one of the mantras and became pregnant from Him, leading to the birth of karma. She had an intense desire to see her forefathers and chanted one of the mantras as per the rules mentioned in Vedas. What use! No one came to meet her.

It was at that time she read about the phenomenon in which people talked with their dead relatives through some medium. Having an intense desire to see it, she expressed it to Aadi with a notion of what a real girl of 23 years should look like. She was too pretty and delicate, with medium complexioned skin. Each of her features was shaped in a sensible accuracy and girlish tenderness softened her eyes, which was black and resembled a dancer's eye. Her black and thick hair, stretched till shoulders, curly at the end, tied with a maroon band into a pony tail added to her beauty. The linen blue short top with beads around and a cargos extending down her knees gave her a naughty look. Aadi gazed on her face, which was immersed in talks. The sound of the piano played by the boy in the neighborhood strangled his concentration.

"I am talking to you; will you take me to see that art?" Aaditi spoke out in a range of disappointment.

"Don't bother. Get ready for a trip. We can move to Nepal in order to find some better options or traditional way of saying so." The man answered suddenly in order to change her sad face.

The marshy climate made its strange behavior all the night, fearfully awaking each and every resident in the apartment. Dreadful to sleep, all remained in a state of tremor and unsteadiness. Wind began to go up and down, sweeping the dust on the roads and paving the way for a heavy rain.

Hearing the disturbances outside Aditi woke up from her bed. Electricity has refused to re-enter after all this. She tried to close the window. Some one was holding it tight out there. She moved the curtain aside, to see what the matter is. Aah..... Her sound stumbled and got dissolute in the room itself. An old lady with fair complexioned skin, long hair, and a beautiful face sat beside her. No one heard her screaming in that dreary night. With dried lips, blurred eyes and a strange person near her, this was scene in her room. The lady came in through the closed door of the balcony.

“Who are you? Why do you come near me? I am a poor girl. Leave this room at the moment.” She asked the lady.

“Ha ha!! Don’t be scared. I am your friend and have come here as per your invitation.” It replied with a smile.

Suddenly she heard the sound of water as if on a sea side. To her surprise she saw water above her head and sky under the legs. She simply gazed at it, seeing the earth upside down. Soon after a minute, a vague of smoke was seen and the lady disappeared. She looked around anxiously, but nothing was seen.

“Am I moving to an illusion disorder?” She began to analyze and interpret what she had seen. Alas! She had little memory of what happened other than the face of the lady.

“Is that some one in the escomatic state or some ghost?, How will I know it”, She sat on the chair beside the study table and finally fell asleep there.

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The birds chirping from the trees woke her up from a drowsy state of sleep, after an awful night. Clumsy her eyes were and she went out to the balcony to see what happened last night. The ram shackled wind haphazardly has thrown away the small baskets and bicycle of small children. The seat of the watch-man lay out. He was still asleep. No sound was heard from any room. Oh! Sundays are always like this! she observed.

Any how she decided to shift her house back to Aadi.

“Din din”, the calling bell rang. Wiping the wet face with a towel she opened the door.

“Not yet ready? What happened, it’s 8 ‘o’ clock in the morning”. Aadi wondered at her.

“Come in Aadi, I want to tell you something serious”. She replied in a very soft voice.

The smartness and shining of her face disappeared altogether, while narrating the incident. Expressions spoke better than words. She was scared which was seen as scarcity of speech and palpitative face, moving out of control at times. While sitting so, she pointed out to something and fainted down.

Water sprinkled on her face, waking the girl from a fearful nightmare.

“Who are you? why, following me?, I will kill you. Leave me alone. I hate you. Go away!” She began to utter some words, with no relation.

Hairs stood up on her body, leaving a fiercing look on her face, eyes went here and there, as if searching for something. The clothes in the cupboard scattered here and there in no time. She was in a state of dilemma, seeing some unnatural being in her room. Aadi caught hold on her hands and led her out to his apartment. The quest for that still remained in her eyes. Watching all her actions, worried Janani stood inside the house.

“What’s wrong with you? I don’t understand anything”. The mother enquired the reason for her disturbances, while feeding her with water.

The girl laid as if mentally upset and seeking for some peace.

“I saw her sitting on the chair in my room. Scared at heart, expressing a rigorous look on the face, I walked to the corridor, to make her out of my room. Something which cannot make it come near me was an iron stand. I hit her with that, but for my surprise she new went out. I don’t want to stay there anyone”, the girl burst out into tears.

“Don’t bother about that. Today onwards you are going stay with us, in our house. I won’t leave you alone, consider me as your own mother,” Janani slowly soothened the girl, tying her hair with a band.

Aditi, relieved on the decision, united herself to Janani’s shoulder. She was asked not to do any studies for some days and take rest for the forth -coming three days. Janani didn’t leave the room for some days and on those nights she slept happily. Gradually she retrieved to the normal stage.



Days rolled away. Again she began to sleep alone in her room in Aadi's flat. Sleep came to her very fast, pulling her to a memorable dream. A garden of flowers and colors, small house in the middle of it. This was the first scene. The house was built with bamboo and mud and thatched roof resembling the architecture of olden days. Trees surrounded the house and a gorgeous entrance leading to a lake was seen. Some boatman in their small rafts went through it. One came near the shore leaving some passengers and moving further to the next stop. Carrying a basket full of oranges, a lady entered the house.

"Amma, good oranges for scale", she called up the mistress of that house.

Oh! No! the same lady, came out of the house. "Why staring at me? This is my house, the sweet home of my husband. Either get inside or come out with me! She commanded to Aadi, who stood outside the house.

Getting her hands, the lady walked as fast as she can to a masshy, dried burnt up village.

"This is Sreegramam, the place where I was born as the daughter of Cheyncheri Sreshtaraman Namboodiri and Sumitra Amma" the lady whispered in her ears.

Rain drops tickled on her hands, No birds were seen out. Dried farmlands, relieved on seeing the rains. Masshy and dusty roads roaked in water within minutes. The darkened sky painted a background for the greenery there. The sky and sea embraced and stood motionless for a moment.

Shoo... Shhh, some sound woke her up. "What did I see now?" She began to scribble down the incidents in the dream, one by one, in her writing pad.

Morning arrived with colours of light, chilling breeze and loving birds. Janani came inside Aditi's room to see what the girl was doing inside. She stood on the balcony out there watching the nature outside.

"Go, take a bath and get ready fast. We are going to the Kali Temple of Belur". Janani ordered.

The girl in her drowsy way, got into the bathroom and finished her bath in just fine minutes. Wearing a white saree with sardoshi work on border, she got ready to the temple. Janani on seeing her without any ornamentation took her to the room and provided her. Some jewels which made her look beautiful than ever.

Making prayers and offering, successfully they returned back home with peaceful mind. Aadi, who got into her room, saw her writings in the pad and while reading what she had written on the paper, he slowly came to an understanding that her mind is slowly surrendering to something unknown. She herself, know or unknown is moving to an imagination disorder in which she perceive illusive objects, people and places. Keeping it in mind, he asked her to get ready for a trip to Himalayas and Nepal, the land known for its tradition. This, he thought, would deviate her concentration on such illusive, anonymous matters and help to unmask her mind. Janani and Hariharan joined them all the way and Dr. Sangeet Banerjee, the man of forty-five years, renowned for his knowledge and experience, also was requested to accompany them. He, as the author of many books relating modern psychology and Indian scriptures, good at many books relating modern psychology and Indian scriptures, good at heart, advised them to move on a pilgrimage from Kailas to Kanyakumari in order to make her happy. She was not informed about this kind of treatment, but as a journey which would help her to make good result in research and of course to make a documentary out of it.

## **Chapter 2**

### **PRANAMS ! OH GODS!**

The traveled all the way from Kolkata and reached Haridwar, the most pure, the most charming shrine of Lord Hari. After the poojas, they began to trek through the Himalayam forests where the dwell of Yogis, the Hrishikesh. The disciplined trees and aroma of the place was cordial that no one could ever break the silence there. Shrilly valleys, smoothly following white milky water of mother Ganga, the rocky stout comes and the cap of snow above it, all together the place made a good scenery for visitors. Nothing more to say, one should experience it personally. It was the month of July, when the climate was cold and probably paving a way for the couples who came in seeks of their own God, Lord Sankara. "Jai Jai Sankara, Hara Hara Sankara" the sadhus who went in front, chanted all the way. They believed mantras has mesmerizing power to reduce the strain of travel, Finally the valley with small huts, Dhasmashala and ashrams gave a warm welcome with it greenery.

North and East of Hrishikesh, the green forest especially the mountains like Manikoodam and the slowly following, trying to run fast, the pure Ganges gave a good deal of happiness to the traveler. The place got its name Hrishikesh after the great Tapas done by a rishi called Bhairyan by overpowering his Hrisheekas, ie, sense Organs. They planned to stay in the nearby hotel. They were given two rooms to sleep that night. Moon and Ganges talked with each other at the last hours of night. They could see this from their room through a small but strong window, made of steel and glass.

At night the lady was seen again, she slowly began to talk with her. "You know! Wonder you will feel. I have come here with my husband for a pilgrimage. But at that time, no such facility was seen here. Only few Ashrams were found. It was tough to come for ordinary people. But we came and sat here. You know! My sister had two sons, of which one became a sanyasi and came here. I found him here, above the mountain, in a cave, meditating and least caring about the external world. This is my daughter Sivakami. We have come to meet you now". She introduced another beautiful young lady of about thirty years, with two sided dimples, black eyes, long, thick and straight black hair, in a saree. Her face reminded Aditi of her own mother. She jumped up from sleep. Some people with no dress and long beard and hair was dancing around fire, calling Jai Sivasankara!. "So these are the Nagasanyasi flock". She sobbed and again the lady was seen in between them. Seeking for someone's help she went to open the door. Alas! She fell on the bed as if hit by someone.

"Where are you running? Sit down", some harsh but loving sound asked her. I have told you that I am not here to harm you. Why, moving away from me? If not obeying me, I will take you along with me". The ghost warned her, not only this, but also, never to disclose about all these to anyone.

Scared she sat alone the whole night. Next day morning arrived, she in her fearfulness asked Aadi to remain in her room. He consoled and they decided to begin their journey after bath to see the nearby places of Hrishikesh. At first, they planned to go near Ganges, the water like melted ice cubes, was cool and for the first time they trembled, but for a second they could adjust themselves. Finishing the prayers at the shore, they got back to the room. The light of the sun slowly came out cracking the forest and ice-hills. The camera of the her took all the pictures to make a wonderful album.

Soon after the break the mountain to enjoy the charming sceneries of God, nearby Hrishikesh. Seven kilometers away from the valley, was an abundant forest which had strong elephants, peacocks dancing with their serene looks and hearty feathers of a bright lustrous greenish blue color with black eyes on it, Vilva trees paved a way to Neelakand. From their, three kilometers away lied the 'Lakshmanajhoola', which is also considered as Theerthasthana. Ordinary men who go for sight seeing can never enjoy this beauty and understand its importance. But for an aspirant, a sadhaka, a contemplator, this gives more than enough happiness. The man who simply lives for the sake of this body, the dress with nine holes, 'navadwaragraha' which will be destroyed, can never find any bliss here in this place. They have no God, no pilgrimage, no sins, and of course, no urge for realization. Discussing about the importance and history of these places, the three began their journey back.

## **UTTARKASHI**



The next important destination was the Uttarkashi temple. 'Varanavatham', the mountain which stood with its pride, had pure and blessed Devadaru trees at its peak and many other beautiful trees which have medicinal values downwards and Ganges flowing through the east and south of it. It was chanting the mantra, the one and only mantra, 'Om'. Uttarkashi temple stood within a ten kilometers in the middle of Varana and Asi rivers which joined the Ganges. The Lord there was seen, peaceful and silent without any disturbances from the modern man and his irritating developments. The atmosphere is not polluted and hence makes a man free from all diseases. The eastern part of the Hariparvatha and the southern part of the Valakhilyaparvatha stood as if surrounding and covering the abode of Lord Viswanatha. The caves, birds and animals which live there may be some of the Great Rishi's who live and do penance in disguise. Who knows! the trees which stand some curse. To get the complete fruit of this yagna, the person must conquer the Varanavatham, The north of Uttarkashi gives birth to river Asi, Beyond that a beautiful and large paddy field is found, where the folk of birds sing the hymns of Goddess Gauri and Lord Shiva, there a small village named 'Varahaat' is seen. The village as a shelter for farmers and the pilgrims remained in its sanctity. The people from Kerala are considered with respect and care, for they are from the land of Adisankara and of course God's own

country. The bright and blissful Yogis', whose presence makes the land pure, were seen sitting in meditation under the trees and cave fronts in spite of all seasonal changes.

"Hey Aditi", she heard a familiar sound and turned back to see who it is. . The same lady of her dreams stood beside her.

"Now I am also coming with you to Uttarkashi. I will help you you climb this mountain". At once the lady took her hands and started walking up.

"We came here before many years for a pilgrimage. I belong to a family, north of Kerala. But today nobody in my family, either my brothers or sister is alive. Do you want to hear my story? I will tell you, about my village, my family, marriage everything".

"But how come know me?" Aditi asked anxiously.

"I am a soul, not a body or human being. So I know everything, about you, your family, your love, each and every matter". The lady replied with a beautiful smile.

"After death why do you wander like this? Do all souls live like you? Have you gone to heaven? Have you seen God? What is the relation between me and you" Aditi poured out her doubts in one breath.

“All souls pass through certain stages after death. Some get relief while others don't. They walk out in a very terrible manner, horrifying their family members, enemies of life. While others come near the people they love, like me, some call us a spirit of Atma. The souls which need refinement in their quality are sent back to earth as animals, reptiles, birds, trees, and human beings. They act according to their zest and finally reach self-realization. Heaven and hell are not just concepts, but truths. When you find happiness in life, you are in heaven and whenever you complain about life, you are in hell. We are all the children of God Almighty. His presence makes our life worthy in this universe. Haven't you studied in Bhagavad Geeta? The beings of this world are the eternal portion of God. With mind as the sixth organ and the other five sense organs, abiding in Prakriti, they draw to themselves. So this mind becomes a great question for all. It is like a monkey, always restless and jumping from here to there, this to that. But God has given us intellect too, just to control it”. The lady answered.

Some how the mountain was climbed, with the help of the lady. Janani and Hariharan remained at Hrishikesh as they had already visited the whole of Himalayas. Aadi and Dr. Banerjee accompanied her. It was a journey to discover the myths of the great mystic, the Himalayas for both of them, while Aditi was involved in the talks of the old lady. She began to speak about a curse which her family got from a pious Brahmin.

“We all suffer in our lives due to some courses our ancestors get and some due to our character. Most of us don’t know about things happened to our fore fathers or probably many of them don’t disclose their incident in their life. But my family has got a curse from a Brahmin, who was insulted by my brothers. Once they decided to see the Mamankam festival and for their journey, three elephants were arranged. When they reached near the entrance of our house, a Brahmin was seen coming with his long white beard and hair, shining face and eyes with an incommentable light. ‘Bhiksham Dehi’, he asked them for food. Hoy beggar! Move away from our way, ordered one of my brothers, don’t stand in our way, said another. ‘If I am not going to move, what will you do?’ asked the Brahmin with a smiling face.

“Oh! Poor old chap! You want to know the consequence? We will put small fishes on your Vedic thread which you put on your body. So if afraid of this punishment, get lost, you wreck less old man” shouted the most arrogant brother.

“Insulting a man who asks for Bhiksha is not right. You have done that great sin. Here I curse you. You will climb the whole of the tree of life with your brilliance and concentration, but before getting the fruit on hands, everyone of you and your generations will fall down. I am a Brahmin, a man on the way of Brahma. My words will never fail “. Thus he cursed my brothers in a rage. Hearing the great chows my father came running.

“O Great soul! I don’t know whom you are or where you come from. But the sin which my sons have committed cannot be forgiven. Please consider them as your children and relieve them out of your curse. This is the request of a helpless father’s cried out my father holding the Brahmin’s feet.

“Fallen words can never be false, as you know. But a baby girl will be born to you. She and her generations will relieve out of this curse if they perform good deeds. Fate can never be re-written by anyone”. The Brahmin consoled my father. Thus I am the girl who was born to my parents after the prediction of such a Brahmin.” The lady explained and vanished. Aditi looked around to see where she was standing. A small town was seen. “This is Narendranagaram”, said Aadi holding her hands. Supporting herself on his hands the journey went on from the place to Tehari, climbing hills and resting in the caves. Here, In Tehari, the king of Himalayas, built his palace. The road forward resembled like a cobra or hydra lying with its tail binded as a coil.

Monkeys came down to meet the travelers and earn some fruits or nuts from them. They never hesitated to provide any food for the monkeys. The recalcitrant baby monkey ran away with the bag of Aditi. Running all around, finally feeling tired, it returned the bag. Probably he may have felt guilty for the ‘mistake’. Anyway it was happy on receiving some nuts from the on receiving some nuts from the travelers. It giggled and smiled at them and ran away. The children of each and every creature possess some kind of innocence like that of human beings.

The journey further was to Tehari, the city, on the other side of mother Ganga. Not with many decorations, having a peaceful life to lead, the people of that small city lived in all happiness. There, a temple of Adi Badarinath was found, which was worshipped by the Tehra kings as their communal God. The sadhu there, explained that during old days, Lord Badarinath replied for the calls that the kings, i.e. ancestors and use to converse with them. Is that so? There are changes for that also.

The Uttarkshi Temple is still 45 kms away, the month was pleasant. From Tehari, walking straight a plain ground was seen which gave an entry to small villages. The beauty visualized there shows the skill of the Great Painters, the creator of all Painters. Moving on further, Dharasu, the village was seen. It had two diversions, one leading to Jamnotri the other leading to Uttarkshi and from there to Gangothri. Not feeling anykind of tiredness, they moved on having some water from the pure Ganga to queen their thirst.

While turning to the road to Uttarkashi, the ashram of Uddalaka Maharshi, the father of Shwethakethu, who taught his son the great slogan 'Tatwaneasi' the Brahmin is you, through various experiments was seen. The Great Rishi of Chandogya Upanishad has coned here just because of these disciplined atmosphere. Resting for a while, the journey was carried on through the Kapilashram and the ashram of Jamadagni, the father of Parasurama holding the hands, and chanting 'Om Namah Shivaya'. The way had some paddy fields and farmlands of maize, Cora etc which presented a cool breeze.

Finally, the shrine of Viswanatha was seen, the lord of Universe surrounded by Devadaru and pouring blessings to the devotees. Near by that, a shrine for Parasurama was also seen. Staying there for two days, singing the hymns and attending the rituals, the three united their minds to Lord; the glowing mountain synchronized itself to the charming lowers for creating a rhythm of music the people noticed both, just because of their romantic expressions.



The third day morning began with heavy snowfall, the white snow made marvelous caps and crowns for green trees around. The poojas began their inspite of the climate. The snowfall went on wasting the whole morning and giving a feast to the children of God. By the afternoon, the valley remained as if nothing happened and the journey again continued. The mountains, with white tops and green skirts with passes and trenches as embroidery on them and a sacred river to cool and wear the dress, stood like a handsome groom.

They moved on to Jamnotri, the origin of River Yamuna, with a number of Ushnajala okundams and them way with a blue cloured river kalindaja on one side, originating from Kalinda hills.

Gangothri, the origin of the sacred Ganges river the obsession of Lord shiva, and the water which ached away the sins of the ancestors of Bhageeratha who pleased the Creator and Destroyer and bought the mother of love to this earth, they stood in the place with mind and body surrendered in astonishment. Gomukha, as the birth place of Ganga is called, stood as a thick heap of ice which was replica of art done in ice. The Cold water when touched the faces of them as droplets, made them excited. The professor described the story about the birth of Ganga. They made discussions with the Yogi's there about the myths of Himalayas.

“This place is covered with snow during winter season and it is beautiful to see, but hard to come, commented a native.

They stood in a height of 8000mts above the sea level. The sun, who stroked in morning, came out with all his pride and honour. Slowly hunger began to attack the goddess of peace. They carried some fruits, and shared it among themselves. Then they turned back down to valley. They came through the way where the saw an Ashram of Parashara and later on, Gangani, a high ice mountain. Fourteen kilometers away from this place is Harsal which is plain and from there, they reached the Rometour of the Archakas of Gangothy, called Makwa. It is believed that the divine Maharshis and celestial beings lived there and still remains there as a chiranjeevi. The village called Dharali and the ashram of Jahumaharshi gave them a shelter for a night. After passing all these when moved on, the above said Gumkham was seen. Protected by the surrounding ice hills and mountains the Ganga ran like an innocent and mischievious child. Before that there was a small forest area called Burjavanam, a group of Burja trees which grew taller hiding their ends from a traveler.

The cave with a door, that was the house for a night. "You are my mother, father, relatives, friend, knowledge and wealth. You are my everything" says the Upanishads. Thus praying all the three sat inside the cave covered with a wooden door made of two tree trunks with holes for air passage. The night went on with heavy wind. The next day morning a big foot print was seen outside. In curiosity, they asked one of the natives down the village about it. He explained about it as that of a 'Yatimanushya' the man-like creature who lives in the Himalayas, eating human beings. The native praised God for seeing them alive. Next day they remained without sleep just to see this man. Hours passed on. The wind began to change its direction while reaching midnight. Snow and raindrops slowly began to fall down. Aditi made her camera ready to catch him in her roll. The silent valley trembled for a while when a huge creature with a white long beard, covering till waist, snow-covered body, big nails and teeth like that of a chimpanzee entered. Oops! No one would forget his appearance. Sniffing here and there, he felt the smell of human flesh, Aadi, Aditi and the doctor began to chant a mantra to make a mask around them. He, the Yatimanushya at once caught the place of them hiding and came running to them. Unable to unmask, he withdrew back. Aditi was the lady standing in front of them. "Don't disturb,

they are my guests". She said. Aadi, see she is standing there, "Aditi pointed out to something which was invisible to him. Both gave least care for her words. The man withdraws and retrieved back to the forest covered in snow.

They unmasked themselves from the mantra and returned to the room. "Usually these types of people can be spotted as one of the ancient species of man on earth. The Hidumba and other gigantic characters can be composed to them. We all were born beings" the doctor commented.

"But why do they eat human beings? Asked Aditi.

“Have you heard of the man – eating demons in the scriptures? These people can be related to the species which satisfy their hunger by eating human beings and can be aborigines some times. According to Indian mythology they are believed to be the protectors of the Himalayas and people who protest against the rituals as per Rigveda. Half–man and half animal, they live without a spec of kindness and possess little intelligence. I have heard from my teacher that once a man escaped from him by throwing some magical powder at him. They live for years and years and never die till the snow melts here or the mountain of Himalays vanishes. He is the snow man as called by the modern anthropologists and ecologists. His evolution can be traced out long before the birth of his land. They were born from snow and hence resistant to the climate here. Then this place was surrounded by thick forest and snow. Our life cycle is different from them. They follow the lunatic calendar. They find their mornings when the moon arises and the no-moon day is special for them. On that day, they call up the souls of demons and come out as an army to kill human-beings. These are the general information heard”, the doctor removed his spectacles and kept the book aside.

“That’s quiet interesting! Some how I captured his photo in my camera”. Aditi claimed her skill for doing such things.

“Let us see whether you will get it. Those who took photos never got his picture as such, instead a heap of snow near seen. They are some mystical objects and can never be captures. I will cite an incident. One of my friends once came for a pilgrimage to Himalayas. Seeing a light inside one of the caves, he got in quest of its source, with his camera. He actually saw Sri Hanuman alive and took photos. The light suddenly disappeared. But after that incident he became blind, though the photos washed had the face of Sree Hanumanji. Soon after that he surrendered to death. So once you try to go behind them and unreveal the truth behind them, you should be able to face anything boldly without any fear, physically and mentally Ok! Now time is up. Let us go and sleep. Then, for tomorrow I have made arrangements for us to move to kedar and Badari dhams. Good night!” The doctor said in a tiring voice.

Venomous snakes went all around, blue coloured her body was seen like a poison affected person. The glow worms lighted the place and the hissing sound of the snakes were clearly heard at times. The light of the stone, Nagamakya gave the place a celestial look. The atmosphere was moist and the floors were slippery. A golden snake, sat on a higher platform and the gorgeous, charming ladysnakes, the Nagakanyakas were seen around. They chanted some mantras and brought her back to life. She enormously followed them to the realm of the king of snakes. "O Girl! You belong to my generation. The lady you see is my daughter! The snake began to speak.

"This is Nagaloka and you are my guest here now. Follow me to my place where you can stay as long as you like". The same lady of her dreams was seen as half-snake and half woman.



She followed her to the place, made of gold and diamonds. The seats were made of precious stones and silver, the floor was covered with marvelous carpets. The flowers in the garden have no resemblances with what she saw at earth. The flower Ananthashayanam in the shape of Lord Vishnu's bed in Vaikunda was the most noticed amongst them. The food served was delicious and incomparable than any other worldly dish. The perfumes which gave an aroma were never felt in this world.

"Now I will narrate to you about the village where I was born and the history of mine". The lady said.

"I am anxious to know more about you. I promise that I won't disclose it to anyone other than those who understand and feel for you". Aditi answered and encouraged her.

The lady changed her body in to that of human being and took her to a village of pride and honor, the dwell of wealth in one look, the Sreegramam.

### **CHAPTER 3**

Sreegramam, the village with its own pride to say, stood like a beautiful princess with the decoration of mountains on one side, a lake on the other with white swans and a small, but thick forest surrounding it. Rains never failed to come there. The citizens of that village never starved for food. Prosperity and wealth enriched each and every house. Every businessman had their own platform to stand, for their trade never failed. The Lord of wealth blessed the people and the Lord of knowledge stood for them. The name of this village has a story to tell. Once an old Brahmin went for penance. He was suffering from poverty and ignorance. So to find a solution for these two problems he decided to please Lakshmi Devi, the Goddess of wealth and Saraswathy Devi, the Goddess of knowledge. Years passed away. Finally a beautiful and gorgeous lady came and stood in front of him. She touched him with her magical stick which made him a young man. Then she called him by name, "kadrinath, my son what do you want? I am pleased with you. You may ask three booms. "Firstly he asked for knowledge, next for wealth and final wish was to be decided. "I prayed for only two things, now I've got three chances. What will I ask now? "He began to think. At last he decided to ask the Goddess to remain these former with all her prestige. When he was supposed to ask that, an idol was seen, instead of the lady.

“Your wish is fulfilled. Go ahead with this idol of mine. On the way you will see the golden snake, he is the son of Adishesha, you may keep me under his head. My husband will join me there and as I sit here protecting you with all my family, this village will be considered as the dwell of wealth and knowledge. As ‘sree’ made abode there, the name sreegramam.

Birds were happy to live there. No hatred and enmity prevailed as; they had no enemies to fight with. No conquerors or invaders came for war. The central market called ‘Mahayanam’ had all materials for the people to use and purchase. The commodities of the markets included food materials to big teak wood furniture. The only road which connected them to the outer world was kept neat and tidy with ashoka trees made a bed every day morning. The sweepers collected all the flowers and gathered it in between these trees. All lived there peacefully and no competitions on the basis of caste, creed or religion shook the people there. Everyone considered his neighbour as friends, not as Hindu, Muslim or Christian. What a great life! No enmity, no jealousy, only love prevailed everywhere.

The temple where Lord Vishnu and Goddess Lakshmi  
rested under the head of Adishesha, making him as their bed  
was near by the way forest. A big and shady banyan tree  
stood in front of the temple. Teak, sandal woods and rose  
woods surrounded the whole area. Tulsi plants, hibiscus,  
jasmine, arali and Pavizhmalli spread its aroma all around.  
The way was made out of stone and the walls had carved  
stones in which the history of the temple is depicted. Some  
celestial creatures and 'yalis', the demon faced holding a ball  
in its mouth were seen as sculptures on the temple walls.  
Nearby the main shrine, a small shrine was built for Lord  
'Vrindaranyam". It was believed that the relations of  
Adishesha lived there protecting the precious  
'Nagamanikyam'. The myths of this forest remains unrevealed  
none also.

The family of kadrinath, the cheyncher Illam, was given  
the rights of priest and the generations strictly followed the  
rules of Tantra. The Navaratri and Ekadasi were the festival  
time of the place. So the yearly festival of the temple was  
celebrated during this day. Special offerings are made by the  
traders and the families. Everything was accepted in the same  
manner.

Janakiram, the son of Kadarinath is the main priest now. He was a scholar in philosophy and mathematics. He was also a good teacher of Veda. His son, sreshtaram, the boy of 16 yrs was also grown – up in the same manner. They were vaishnavas Brahmins and hence followed the sambradaya of Vaishnavas in life. The son and father both got up early in the morning before sunrise. They took bath in the pond nearby their house and went for performing poojas in the temple. Vaidehi Ambal, the wife of JanakiRaman too followed the path of her husband. She was lady of kindness and spirituality. Everyday a golden snake, small in size came to her house. She gave milk as a food for it which was accepted without any hesitation. The snake was called Ananthans by her, whoever saw this appreciated her devotion, for they believed that it was not simply a snake, but Adisheha who came for milk.

Days passed away in the same maner. Sreshtaram is twenty years now. Good looking face, wheatish complexioned body, blissful sound and romantic eyes together contributed the handsome man. He was engaged in doing the evening poojas of the temple. The pleasure he felt on this was immense as he had an opportunity to seve Gods as his own. He did all rituals in pure devotion. The adult of twenty years dedicated himself to Godand concentrated on decorating the idol, especiall Goddess Lakshmi. Whoever came for prayers appreciated the skill of the Youngman as the idol resembled a Goddess sitting alive there. The Eternal brings out all his beauty when loved boy a devotee. Here the God presented him back with a pion girl, a god-fearing, decent, good looking lady as his lower.

The daughter of the village head, Sumitra, was a girl of 16 yrs. She was the embodiment of patience. Her character was so pleasing that the villagers loved her like their daughter. Sumitra used to make garlands out of the Jasmine flowers at her house. She took it with her while going to the temple. "If you pray to Lord Vishnu, He will bring a good husband for you" advised Sumitra's mother. The girl, with a long hair and beautiful and powerful eyes, fair complexioned imagined herself as the lover of Sri Krishna and dressed according to that. She made conversations with the deity of the temple in the afternoon when everyone left the premises of the temple.

One day Sreshtaram, who came inside the temple early in the evening as he had some important works to be finished, saw her sitting beside the shrine's door. "Why are you standing here now? The temple is not yet opened," asked Sreshtaram. The girl without answering anything ran away. The next day also the same repeated. But for a few days she was not seen to the temple. Sreshraram, whose mind was filled with her face and devotion tried, to find out the girl. He noticed each and every face which came to the temple. No use! Finally he felt the search to his God, Lord Vishnu. Though the girl remained at home, her mind was filled with the thoughts of the young man. His speech and smile, oh! The girl yearned to see him. As she was afraid of the society and response of the man, she remained at home. But for how many days one can stop from being awayfrom love? Finally she decided to go to the temple and return without getting into his eyes. She collected the jasmine flowers and made the garland out of it. The kanakambaram flowers gave a colourful look to it. She get ready in her best dress in the beautiful ornaments ever seen and went to the temple.



Destiny can never be changed. At first she kept the garland in front of the shire and went out before the man came out after 'Deeparadhana", the evening rituals of light in a temple. On the very special day of karthika, the father of the decided to visit the temple. Though she tried her level best to return home before Sreshtarams arrival, the father warned her not to do so.

"Alas! It's you who stole my heart, it's you who disturbed my sleep, and it's you who is the daughter of this man; put me in trouble for all these days". Thought Sreshtaram on seeing her face.

"Oh! Lord! My heart's delight! Here I surrender myself to you. Take this flower and bless with thy love". This was the expression on the girl's face.

Though they never disclosed their love, the minds and hearts united in notime.

JanakiRam, who fell ill after the attack of pneumonia withdrew himself from all worldly matters. He called up his son and said", I will have this earth soon. My duty of making you married is not finished. As I cannot leave you like that, you should marry before my death". The son in all his pleasure disclosed about his affair. Feeling ill physically, but happy in mind, Janachi Raman went to the house of the village head, Devadathan Nair with the proposal of marriage. When the man heard about the affair, he called his daughter to know the truth. The girl revealed everything to her father. Both families agreed as both had same culture, same status and similar surroundings to live.

I will provide the girl with all ornaments and will meet the expense of the marriage. I won't take even a single penny as dowry from you. You need to give only the girl. I believe that it is the best way of marriage, i.e. Brahmin marriage" said Janakiraman. "It is your wish, but I have only one daughter. So as a father it is my responsibility to take care of her welfare. Whatever I own is for her and the boy who marry her. As manusmriti says. "Pitho Rakshathi Kaumare; I have the right to do the needful" replied Devadathan. The time for marriage was fixed and astrologers were brought to see the future of couple. "A daughter will be born to this couple who is the member of the family of Adishesha. She will bring fame to you all, through her generations", predicted a senior astrologer.

"Listen All! The daughter of our village head Sri Devadathan Nair and Rarukutty Amma, Kumari Sumitra is going to marry the son of the main priest Sri Janakiraman and Vaidehi Ambal, Sree Sreshtaraman on the auspicious day of Pournami the month of Shravana. The marriage will be held at the bride's residence in the Shubamuhurthan after sunset and before the last half of night. All are invited to take part and bless the couples." Invitations were made as announcements by the workers and servants of village head, engaged for that.

How lucky the lady is to have such a sweet husband, the man who love rains, enjoy music and responsible in character.

So, the arrangements of marriage began at the bride's residence. Chefs were brought from various places of kerala. All who enjoyed the news came to see the girl. God smiths and designers sat together to discuss about the ornaments and costumes. All traditional ornaments like Mangala, Nagapadam, Auiyalkootam, Pavanmala, claver mala, girdle anklets and many other types were made for the lady to wear. The mangalyasutra and other chains, bangles, earrings etc was made by the groom and his people.

The Kalyana Mandapam was decorated by relevant artists with jasmine garlands, lotus garlands and many other flowers according to their imagination. After being arranged like this, it resembled the shrine of Lord Vishnu. Paintings filled the walls and the musicians were brought to sing the mangalasloka during the marriage. The mridangam, nadaswaram, veena, violin etc. blended together to give a wonderful feast of music. It is to this mandapam, the groom in his traditional dress of dhoti and veshti was given a welcome by small girl holding lamps and the bride's mother and aunt with lamp and Ashtamangalyam respectively. He was the room of attraction for everyone who arrived for the marriage. The next was the arrival of bride. Golden saree decorated her body and the ornaments added go her beauty. The smell of perfumes, flowers, rosewater and food together presented a festive atmosphere. The bride entered the mandapam joined by her friends with a shy face. Prostrating at the seat, both sat down for the rest of the rituals.

Om Ganapathaye Namaha! The fire was burnt in the Homakundam. The priests began to chant mantras and pour ghee, rice grains etc to the fire. In a marriage, the couple should please the celestials, forefathers, nature and the people around. To lead a happy life, these are necessary. One by one the whole Hawis was dedicated to fire. The lady was made to sit on her father's lap and groom tied the mangalya sutra around her neck. The father gave the daughter to the boy by stating that she is a girl of virtue, with the character matching to that of an aristocratic and prestigious family. She was never married to any one and she had no relations with any other boy. She is not misused by anyone and is good at health. The next turn was of the boy's father, who congratulated and appreciated his wisdom, clever mindedness, affection, kindness and responsible nature. The boy had never fallen for any other girl and does not possess any bad habits. He is not a womeniser or a drunkard. He is brought up according to a culture accepted by the society and is sure to protect the girl. If anyone has controversary on this, can speak out their opinion. Three times, a person would call for the opinion of the people around. As no one said against it, the hands of the boy and girl were joined together by bride's father. The groom pledges that the responsibility of the girl will be fulfilled by him as a good husband and he accepts

this girl with his entire mind. The next was to do pradakshina around the agnikunda holding their right hands together. Thus Sreshtaram got married with Sumitra, the lady love and they bid farewell to the bride's residence after having a grand feast.

Hey! Are you hearing me? The marriage ceremony is over. Now they are going to lead a life of their own. So what's next?

The family of Sreshtamam began to grow with all prosperity. It was at this time, JanakiRaman and Vaidehi Ambal passed away leaving everything with their son. As he was well-versed in Sanskrit and spiritual texts, students came in search of him from various parts. According to the wish of the villagers, a school was opened with he himself as the teacher and the manager. The students were very fond of their teacher for he considered all of them as his children.

Years passed on. The Brahmin is the father of six children now. Five boys and one girl. All the boys were mischevious and showed no interest in studies except the eldest son, Vasudevan. Slowly and steadily he began to teach them the epics and other texts. After studies they also became great scholars, which awoke the ego in them. The selfish and proud sons of this Brahmins thus began to rule and hurt others which made life miserable for them. The respect which the villagers had began to decline with these deeds of son. Having 50 elephants and twenty horse coaches to own, the sons started to travel to nearby villages neglecting all warnings of their father. They had seldom respect for elders and never listened to anyone. It was at this time they got the curse. Soon after that I was born. My mother left this earth, in accordance of my birth.

I was cute to see and lovable in nature. Never disturbing anyone, I remained peacefully in the house. Everyday Sreshtagrama saw a golden snake coming home to see the girl, not making any nuisances to anyone there it went on with its routine. One and a half years passed on. The baby girl began to speak very well. The first word uttered was 'Narayana'. Chanted mantra with my father, wondering him and others.



One day evening Sreshtarama felt himself irritated. The dog which came there began to cry aloud and bark in a different voice. It was seen frightened by seeing something awful. It is said that, the animals like dogs; cats etc have extra sensory perception of death. Ofcourse the dog is an important character in Mahabharatha and Ramayana. The man felt as if something wrong was going to happen. He called up sreekutty, the eldest sister of mine and asked her to look after her sister. He was given some theertha and all in a sudden, the man fainted down chanting Om Namo Narayanaya. Everyone rushed into the room and there, the man lay breathless. The father and mother, both passed away leaving me, here in this world of tremor and dishonesty.

I am now alone, with both parents lost. Probably God wants me always to care and love him alone. What a selfish God? What am I talking now? God has created selfishness, then how can he himself be selfish? Always we people are like this. Good for us and bad for God. Fruit for us and slap for God. Really brilliant! But I and my sister were different. We never blame God for our miseries, instead called him alone dedicating ourselves and loving each other.

I, being a raconteur, sit here in the sweet memories of life, and my ancestors. Sreegramam is no the dwell of wealth. When Sreshtaram' sons went for exogamy, the villagers followed. All encumbrances of these people were held by the mother, nature, the farmlands were dried. Birds flew away. Trees stood as if they had forgotten to bear fruits. Some fell down in winds. The whole lake dried up during summer. The sun completed with the villagers burning and drying all the farmlands. Slowly, one by one, the families began to migrate to other places. Selling all properties to feed their children, the people there faced a very miserable life. The heavy rains flooded the village and made a great disaster for all of them. The temple built by kadarinath, a great scholar, remained as a witness of all these incidents, without any rituals, and even without a lamp been lighted. Sreekutty was only sixteen when a Namboodiri, came to marry her from the nearby village. He was forty then and had six children in his first wife. During those days, these types of marriages were encouraged. No body said any objection for the proposal. All the fine brothers remained cruel and silent to this poor girl. Their wives as the women folk encouraged and supported this rigorous act. Polygamy is the right way to get rid of girls who are burden to such families. They will have a protector to look after. This was the justification given. But the interesting fact

is that, as these girl become widows, they won't get any fact is that, as these girls become widows, they won't get any share from the husband's family. Only the first wife was considered for that. Again, the girl and the children becomes a burden to the family. Mostly Namboodiri men practiced this type of marriages. Sreekutty was been made a victim for that.

I was only two years then. My sister remained at home looking after the baby girl, as she cannot enter or stay in the Namboodiri Illam. The husband used to visit her just for satisfying his sexual needs. The five brothers decided to share their property and leave the place. The eldest one was given the house and the responsibility of us, the 2 sisters. The others took their share and sold it to a Muslim who brought that plot for a decent rate. Now the family of mine shrink into a very small number, Vasudevan my eldest brother and his wife bhooshana along with three children ruled the two little sisters. The house was hell for both girls.

When I was four years old, my sister gave birth to two boys. Identical twins born on the auspicious day, the birthday of Adisankara in the month of Vaishakam were named Hari and surya by their father. The happy father began to provide everything for his children, toys, food, clothes and by course to their mother also. This was a blessing for both girls.

The boys were taught to chant Vedas, mathematics, science etc from a very young age. When they were three years old the father, Namboodiri died of heart-attack. Thus in twenty one years, the girl became the widow of a Namboodiri. She threw away all her coloured dresses and jewels. Mind shattered, physique withered, the lady restrived herself to silence and house hold work. She resembled Bhaktha-meera, the pious devotee of Lord Krishna, in her white saree and looks. Very much detached from the world, she pulled out her days. Aditi began too cry out in feel for her.

Why are you crying? Do you feel sorry for that poor girl? Fate is so cruel to us sometimes. I wonder how such children were born to a decent man like Sreshtaram, Yes, Ravana and Vibheshana were born to the same father, and similarly these children might have born to him. Now a day only these type of children are born to parents without any vision of life. These goallers, inactive, siblings of parents make generations without intelligence, concentration and respect. What a fate! Being a doctor or an engineer is the only goal of life, as a majority believes. No one has even a spec of humanity with in them. Then how can these creatures be considered as human beings. Do your best and leave the rest to God is better, now a days.

The brothers sold the property to a Muslim called Alihaji, who built a house there and began to stay in that home, with his small family. He was the descendent of an ancestry which migrated to India for trade from the land of deserts, Arabia. His father, Musthafa Haji was a good businessman. He used to come for trade to the villages of Kerala. In one such trip, he met a beautiful lady called khadeeja; she was an orphan who stayed with an old lady. She knew to make beautiful garlands which she sold in the market in the evenings and mornings. With the money earned from this, the girl mended the life of her guard and herself. It was in one such morning Musthafa Haji met her. He asked her whether she is ready to sell Arab Perfumes. She agreed to the idea and the next day onwards the Arab perfumes were sold out by the new agent. The business grew day by day. Slowly but firmly both hearts began to love each other. The marriage took place soon after and the couple decide to settle down in India. She was not ready to leave her old guard alone. Thus the family found shelter near the house of this old lady. They continued their business which grew in all prosperity. On one such business trips, he reached Sreegraman. The village gave him a warm welcome which surprised him. There he met Sreshtaram and they became friends. For every visit he brought precious gifts for his

Brahmins friend, who visit he brought previous gifts for his Brahmin friend, who in return gave him the knowledge of scriptures. It was at this time Ali Haji was born. They decided to shift their house to sreegramam, to sent Ali Haji to school run by sreshtaram. During this time, the enemies of musthafa Haji wants to kill him and they planned a plot against him. He was informed to come to Arabia to receive an award by the king there.

The poor man believing this began his journey to Arabia. Soon after he reached there, he was killed by the enemies without any kindness. Meanwhile Khadeeja waited for her Husband's return in the new house. Alas! He never returned. Many of the social members forced her for a re-marriage. She kicked them all out of her house. She went near Sreshtaram for help. Though he was in a great trouble, the man helped them in building up a business. When Ali Haji was fourteen his mother died and he was forced to stop his studies and look upon the business. He was a successful business man like his father. At the age of twenty, he married Mariyam the daughter of Muslim teacher, Firoz Musliyar. Two children were born to him and it was at his time he brought the land from sreshtaram's sons and builds a house there.

They were friendly with me and my sister. Mariyam Beevi consoled us and cared us like a mother. The two sons of sreekutty were the friends of mine. Who is eight years? I with my aspiring face and ambitions looks attracted everyone.

The sister - in- law, Bhooshana was really cruel and made us work for hours. Seeing the silent nature of sreekutty, the evil inside her began to work out a plot to harm her. She was greedy to get all the property, of both sisters. She said her husband, the man who always obeyed his wife that a ghost has caught sreekutty and this is the reason for her silence. Believing his wife's words vasudevan decided to do the black art to remove the ghost by beating and harming the girl.

Arrangements were made for the pooja. Shinkidi Iyer, the black magician, notorious in his deeds were brought as per the wish of Bhooshana. He made some designs on the floor with red, yellow and black powder. Then he said that this is the yantra for doing the ritual. A homakundam was made. In the evening after sunset, the ritual began. The dispenser of magic charms began to call the names of Gods and Goddesses. The lamps were all lit. The atmosphere was so fierceful and reminded of a place where ghosts alone lived. I began to chant mantras whatever taught by my sister. Sreekutty was forcefully made to sit in the special seat arranged. There started the witch-craft of Shirkidi Iyer. Broom began to go through all parts of Sreekutty's body along with the loud shouts of the mantravadi. The ghost was asked to go out, but as there was nothing on her body, no ghost went out. Hearing all this sound, Beevi came running along with her husband. She gave a nice slap on Bhooshanas face and took away the girl to the room to dress her wounds. Ali Haji shouted at Vasudevan, but the he never cared for it.



I saw a golden snake coming near me. I curiously followed it and reached the sarpakavu, near the temple beside the forest. Large trees surrounding a ruined temple, this is the scenery which I saw there. The bells of the temple, murmured to the wind. The winds at the same time lullaby to sleep the snakes. The trees spoke each other nodding their heads. They were seen as if remembering their previous births and apologizing themselves. The temple had the idol in its broken form and resembling a grave.

“Listen to me, dear daughter”; the snake began to speak surprising me, who was frightened to see the surroundings. “You are now in the Nagaloka, where I am the king. Your grandmother used to feed me with milk at her times and your mother too followed the same. But now I am not receiving anything from you. I am not bothered on that, because you are born to your parents with my Lord’s blessings. I am the Brahmin who cursed your brothers for the disrespect they had shown. You are born from the skin of mine and hence can’t be harmed by anyone. Keep this chain and bell with you. You may keep it in this box. Never disclose this do anyone. Your life is kept safely inside the bell, once you lose it; understand your death is near”. The snake handed over a chain with a small bell to me. “Oh! Mother of snakes! Bed of Lord Vishnu, why do I need a life? Have you seen my sister being beaten by that cruel man? I will also be killed in the same way. No one will protect me. So I wish you to take away my life”, cried out the girl in all her depression. “Dear girl don’t cry, your miseries will come to an end. A man belonging to a mother of scholaristic character from north of this village will come and marry you. Now close yours eyes and pray, I will lead you back home” the snake replied.

Thus I had relation with the snakes and their world. After I used to visit here rarely. My abode is in the feet of Lord she signed.

Beep Pip Beep Pip...The alarm cried aloud. Suddenly she woke up from a deep sleep. Oh! I was dreaming all the time? "Aditi thought. She got up from the bed consoling her mind and remembering the incidents in the dream. The time was already six o' clock in the morning. She took her bath and got ready for the next trip to the jewels of Himalayas, the Badrinath and kedarnath. In her black jeans and peacock blue juba with light green stripes on it, she made her small bag ready for the journey with some papers, pen, camera and her favorite red shawl.

## **CHAPTER IV**

### **HIMALAYAN GAGA**

Destiny can never be changed. But can be enjoyed by knowing the essence and value of life. The love, which they possessed was not a physical attraction, but very firm and strong. The soul was one though the body was two. The next goal was to visit kedaranath and Badarinath. Kedarnath, the shrine of Lord Shiva, lying fifteen thousand feet above sea level, and Badarinath, the shrine of Lord Vishnu which had a malayali Brahmin as the priest cannot be avoided by any pilgrim who visited Himalayas. There a young lama, a budhist monk, from the nearby budhavihara joined them as a guide. Everything happens according to His wish. The great soul Budha who spoke against idol worship is now worshipped by his own disciples keeping his idol. The contradictions and similarities compromise to give out a fine world. Many philosophers were seen here and there, all through the way. Some yogis and Bhogis acting like yogis were also found. Going forwarded, they found a old man with a blissful face in a meditating posture. They stopped in front of him. The people around said that he is from kerala and is a mouni. Aditi saw the lady again, she pointed the black mole on the right chin and his long hands and comeyed him as surya, her sister's son. Aditi sat there for sometime, waiting him to open his eyes. But can a silent man in a world of realization bother about this people? Nothing more to say,

he never opened his eyes. Finally prostrating him, she returned back to their way.

The lady followed them. On reaching one place, Aditi sat down in front of a cave to take some rest, the doctor and Aadi sat some way above. She was pushed back to the cave by an unknown force, screaming aloud she stood in, when a light of unexplainable brightness came in front of her. It transformed suddenly into a good looking man. "Why talking to my wife alone? I am also your friend". He said with a pleasant smile." When we came here, we saw an old saint, Oh! The old man with a long beard, white in colour and a peaceful smile. Just a glance was enough to feel the power of him. The tide of knowledge and love for the whole world were the two stones on his crown of character, as the light possessed by a glow worm as its essential factor. He smiled to us with care. "Finally you are here, in the lap of your parents. I as his soldier welcome you". He spoke out. We prostrated in front of him. "You are from Kerala, the land an Adisankara. I know who you are! May Loorod Shiva bless you! May mother Ganges bless you! Take these pots of Ganga theertha keep this at your home. Don't ever worry about the incidents that are going to happen in future. Remember that you are born here in the land of Upanishads in the lap of Vedas with a great deal of knowledge. Never misuse it. Be what you are and enlightenment will come on your way. Go ahead! The God there is waiting for the arrival of His children. Om! Om! Om! He

stopped and involved in meditation. We too joined him. Alas! For our surprise nobody was seen there, when we opened our eyes after sometime. Though the old man diminished, the two closed pots of Gangatheertha remained without any difference. We kept safely the pots and began our journey to kedaranath. So there are chances for you to get something's like what we received. Pray to Lord Krishna and move forward. Success is yours". He diminished. In a moment she saw Aadi and her teacher sunning to her. "Why did you go inside? These caves are filled with many anonymous things that will lead you to trouble. Let us go now". They led her out. Strange was the light, illusing her vision, outside the cave. Though immersed in thoughts, she followed them silently.

'Mama Maya Durathyaya' says Geetha, Yes! One who reaches this great king of mountains could never avoid the beauty of these valleys. The amazing architecture of the Great Architect is seen in each nook and corner of Himalayas. The notion of these trees and timings of wind fused each other to make the rhythm of music. Thus from the birth place of Ganga, the trek to kedranath began. Modern man who gets trained in trekking and mountaineering can never excel the shepherds and cow-boys who run up and down though these dangerous, sharp-stone filled ways which may give a paining experience to those who reach there for the first time. The 'Pavali Parvatha', a short cut or pass to kedaranath was seen. Now the song of the bird is heard. Is it nightingale? No chance. Probably they are a flock birds which live here and is seen here alone. The animals who belong to rare species. Were seen here and there, all along these pass. Crossing this pass will give an entry to a land of sanctity and penance, which makes a human feel a sense of contemplation and a thirst for meditation, the Triyuginarayanam. The name itself suggests that the place had a tradition and hereditary of having great Topaswis. Walking through the shore of mandakini, the mother of mothers gives a pleasure which can never be explained. The heavy cold clots the blood at the very same moment of arriving this height. A sense of hot water



was felt, further. This is Gourikund, created by sree sankaracharya for these disciples who shivered in the heavy snowfall. They stood without talking bath or satisfy the primary needs with such an ice water. See the greatness of that Guru. He created a hot water tank in the middle of ice. Can new technology or science do this in seconds? Impossible! Here the skill of God, the love of nature and adjustment of objects is found. Who makes hot water there without any kind of disturbance? No one can answer, even the great geophysicist, who live for finding the depth, width, cause and effect of God's creations. Oh friends! Try to seek the Almighty by this time!

Gourikund gave a warm welcome to the pilgrims, the lama made the masala tea out of this water. Some tea leaves he stored and other leaves which was plucked on the way was used for this. Really amazing was this for almost all the travelers. The tea got ready in tow-minutes. The boiling water seen in the tank gives clear evidence to why it is called as Sankara Digvijayam. The fast food was really delicious. Finally, after resting and walking the kedaram of Lord Shiva, Kedaranath was seen. 'Om Namah Shivaya', the mantra set a spiritual and devotional background. The lama guide began to collect money for the 'free' service. An old man who had no money was excused for his condition. What is there to say more? Today we find a lot of Gurus who gave realization for money through various ways. Their ancestry has begun from the characters of Purana.

But the Shiva here sat with all pride. The pooja had been finished and the Annadanam began. The chappati was like some hard stone, due to the climate. The dal was poured and after some time it soaked the hard chapphthi. Thus everyone had the food happily. After all this, the priest distributed a sweet halwa. Having food with Lord Shiva, it will be a dream of some pilgrims, surely.

After taking rest for sometime, the next trip began with sadhus. They went in front. The temple situated in the midst of Naravarayana Parvathas, the Badarikashram was the next destination to be reached. It is believed that the rishi's Nara and Narayana have attained Moksh form here. This journey gives not only a mental peace, but also a great deal of knowledge about life. The scholars and teachers, who made the basement of Panishads, Sree Vedavyasa and Sree Sankara wrote their famous works form Gaudapahashila, a rock seen few away above Badrinath. The Tapatakund and Brahmakapali paves was for the pilgrims for a hot water bath, why not sit under the ice-cubes for sometime? This hot body of ours should be soaked in water here to get a different experience. They sat down on ice to feel the bliss, for sometime at least.

Oh! Still the way is left here to go. Alakananda, the river which does prayers to Badrinath is lying down there to see the anxious pilgrims. The first was the Panchprayag which comprised of Devaprayag, Rudraprayag, Karnaprayag, Nandaprayag and Vishnuprayag. Devaprayag was the first seen after the shrine of Lord Rama. The next was the ashram of Kanwamaharshi, where Shakunthala lived and fell in love with Dushyantha. So this is the place where they both got married and walk through in their entire romantic mood. No doubt, why these Ashram looks so beautiful. Crossing Devaprayag is Sreenagaram. Going on further, the Prayags are seen one by one. The next is Jyothirmadom, a centre for students of Vedanta built by Adisankara. The main priest or Raval, the malayali Namboodiri of Badrinath used to stay here for six months. "What a God is this? Sitting alone for six months and receiving everything for another six months. Good! A very good idea to live. You are still the same Narayana who stole butter from the houses of poor Gopikas. The excuse for you remaining alone here for six months is due to winter season's circumstances no one can stay here. 'Mayamohana' bless us will they kindness Aditi prayed on the way.

The Neethi pass and Dronagiri are the next two important destinations on the way. Dronagiri is famous for its treasure of medicinal herbs, it has. The mruthasanjeevani was brought from this hill by SreeHanuman during the Rama-Ravana war. This is true. The cool breeze that came from the hills had the aroma of a number of herbs which gives and energy to walk. Oh! This is the great hill which you held in your hands. Oh Vayuputra! Great is your glory! The goal, the destination, the shrine of Badarinath was reached finally. The Namboodiri was happy to see people from his own land. The man had only one shawl on his shoulders and a dhoti to wear. He was happy with what he had. Lord Badarinath was also seen glad with the service of such great Brahmins. The poojas held there reminded of the styles and methods of Kerala temples. Adisankara, who set out the methods of pooja there, has imposed a culture of his own in the Himalayas. Really brilliant he is!

Did Adithi see the old man who gave Gangajal to that lady? No, how can she see him? The journey to those places remained in Aditi's heart as a cherished memory. The glory of that great mountain, which stands as a barrier and protector, which has a lot of myths still to be veiled and the land of Yogis, can never be described in a paper. It is there the ancestors of our country line with prayers and dedication.

Returning back to Hrishikesh, they joined with Aadi parents who remained down there. Exchanging the news, they planned their next journey to Nepal to meet the famous psychologist and scientist, Dr. Lokanathan, the head of the department of Psychology in Kathmandu University.

The flight tickets were booked from Delhi for all. Hariharan, as an ex-army doctor, memorized his old days when he worked for army. He began to speak on the stories inside the camps, the incident in which his colleague was killed by terrorists etc. Aditi was the most cared on what he was saying. She heard everything in a different mood. Her behavior sometimes resembled with that of a person affected by imagination disorder.

Dr. Lokanathan arrived with his wife to receive the visitors. The big and raised forehead and the spectacles gave him an intelligent look. He took them home and made all arrangements for their stay.

Kathmandu University had a large library having a number of rare books in psychology. Dr. Lokanathan as a good friend of Dr. Sangeet helped them to deal with those books. Some were written in Nepali language. On seeing the travelogue, Kailas Yatra, Aditi began to force them to move to Kailas just for a visit. At first she spoke softly, but later on her voice changed and errand she stood. Seeing her in such a condition was more than enough for Aadi. It was not Aditi who demanded the needs, but someone else was speaking through her. She saw to be in an imaginary world, being a puppet of the souls in her story. Her expressions were forceful at times. She spoke about the places of Kailas as if she has visited there before. Janani broke out into tears. But Dr. Sangeet consoled them and made arrangements for their journey to Kailas, the abode of Lord Shiva.

## **KAILASAM**

Nepal! The Hindu country comprising of Tantra, spees of Buddhism and the concord of these cultures Neyapal as it was called in ancient times has an immense relation with the heritage of India. Kadmandu, the city of Nepal, can be pointed out for its flora and fauna and the method of business seen there. From here begins the Yatra to the home of Ardhanareeswara, Lord Shiva with his family, blessing the whole world. This trek is now to prostrate and dedicate all intellectual, physical and mental activities to the Lord of Destruction.

The group consisting of the families and two sadhus began to moue slowly. Did silence haunt them or spell bound they were? , don't know. The roads were good till some place, but later on dust filled and rash roads were seen. The travel makes one wonder that how the villagers seen in the small villages in the middle lived in such a met and harsh climate.



One by one, the group moved through the narrow roads of mountain passes, stopping to take rest, drinking some curd and having some traditional food from the villages. If some space were mountains, the next will be plains, after that again mountains. Seeking for some pleasurable scenery may give a feast to one's eyes. The manasarovar is mentioned to be a lake where the ladies of Devaloka, the Apsaras used to come and bath. So that is the serest of their beauty. They had golden swans in them. The zest of the villagers there were quiet amazing. Those who live down this valley had no interest in spiritual matters. The reason is said in our scriptures, one among thousands will aspires for it, these ones among thousands from another thousands of which one really go for it, out of these doers only one achieve it. Manushyanam Sahasreshu Kashchid Yathri sidhaye.

Yatatam api sidhanam Kashchinmaam Vethi  
Thatwatha:

This one can be from any cast, creed and religion. He may or may not be a scholar. The desire for God is anyhow eternal and should arise from one's heart. Speaking anything about spirituality to those villagers is simply abortive. The abbey of Buddhism called hamas were seen on the way. They explained about the greatness of the sacred mountains. We conceptualize God as the goal achieved through enlightenment. This is the philosophy of Buddhism. One who attains realization, gets own with the God or soul which has no birth and death? The charka you see here is kalachakra. Let the glory of they soul live long! Said a young, handsome Hama. Here we practice and enchant within ourselves and never goes out to teach others. Those who need it can come and study staying here. He added. "That is really good!" through Aditi.

Whether this method is good or bad, the great teachers of Vedanta never ran here and there by giving a vast publicity for their school of Vedanta. Alas! The season for having scholars in ancient times may find its reason here. Shwethakethu, the son of Uddalaka Maharshi was sent to study in a Gurukula. He passed out and came back as scholar. "Why so proud my son?" asked the father. "What have you learnt to feel proud of yourself?"

“I am a scholar of science, arts and almost all subjects,  
replied the son.

“Do you know yourself? Asked the father. The son  
stood silent. The father began to teach him the source of his  
life.

“Oh son, as the rivers which flow east and west go in  
their directions alone and reach the sea from where they  
originated; so we are in our life. In one sense, they are sea  
itself. So as they forget their identity and say that I am this  
river by such a name, the beings and creatures of this world,  
whatever it may be, a lion, a leopard, a deer, butterfly,  
mosquito or an insect which lives in the soil, they all originate  
from the Great one, the Brahma”

Next he asked his son to bring the fruit from a banyan  
tree. The son was asked to cut it who obeyed it. “What do  
you see?” The father asked. “I find small seeds which are not  
visible properly.” The father asked him to cut that also.  
“What did you find inside that?” He began questioned his son.

“Nothing father” the son replied politely. “As you don’t see the life inside that from which the banyan tree that stands in front of you has come out, so it is what which you don’t see, gives gives the life to the banyan tree. Listen to what I say. The father added. ‘Tat Satyam, Tat Atma, Tatwamasi Shwethaketho That is the soul, truth and is you yourself” he added.

“Put this salt in some water and come to me tomorrow morning.” When the son was asked to bring the salt, he could not find anything in that water. He reported about this to his father.

“Now taste some water from the upper part of the vessel. What do you feel?” The father asked.

“It is salty”, replied the son. “Now repeat the same with the water in the middle and lower parts of the vessel. What do you feel? He asked again.

“It all gives the same taste, isn’t it. Now leaves the water there and come with me”. The father ordered.

“You don’t see the salt dissolved in water, the life in the seeds of a banyan tree, but it exists in the most atomic form in this whole universe. That is the truth. That is the soul. Oh! Shwethakethu that is you. Thatwamari!” Thus he was led to realization.

This is how the teachers of ancient days taught the students. The method of today's teachers is absolutely wrong or adopted from the western culture. But a method like this can make a huge defense. By hearing any lesson would make no difference, but experience can never be a bad teacher. An experienced teacher would never run for anything. He knows to make his own platform by sitting idle and doing his work.

Now they have reached a village called Darchan from where the peak of Kailas was seen. One of the most famous Buddhist monasteries made a shelter for the pilgrims. Some were seen making tents outside. Small houses of villagers stood like light houses in the plains. An awful night passed away with heavy snowfall and rain. The month of winter is always like this. White, sparkling dewdrops were seen everywhere, next morning. The road made by the villagers, the clean path without dust and ice made of stones can be called as road there, was not seen anymore. The proud Sankara is asking those guys. "Who are you to make roads in my kingdom without my permission? Thus slipping the legs and holding the hands everyone moved on. The next day began like this. The first spot was "Rakshasathal", the lake which had a connection with Ravana, who dammed with Kailas in his hands. "The best place to do penname", connected some one. Covering small villages and suffering in hot sun, the Manasarovar lake was seen further. The Devasaras stood like a model posing for a painter to recreate her in the paper. Comparatively this water was not than that of Ganges. Ganges is flowing, but this remains still. Small fisher and giant fishes eating those small ones was seen.

The feel of romance will be so intense and immense in such an atmosphere which supported it. Some couples never seen sitting beside the lake pampering and enjoying their honeymoon. Bhogis are always the same inspite of the places. This is true about the villagers there. They catch the fishes from the lake and make food. Aditi took some water in hands. "Oh God! Let my family be blessed by thy water. Oh Mruthyunjaya! You are the only access in my life. Whatever I am today is because of you. Bless me! The husband of Sree Parvathy". Thus praying she pour some water onto her head. Doctor and Aadi sat on the shone watching these rituals and prayers. When she got back to them, the people who sat here and these repeated what she had done. Seeing this, Aditi thought basically, not often but at times, man has an instinct of monkeys. If this instinct can be related to Sreettanuma that would have been good. The lamas in the nearby monastery provided lunch for them. These are four Budhaniharas made of stone and wood and covered with snow on four sides of Kailas. Two of those, were seen on the way. There are two more to finish. This monastery had a number of Lamas, some deeply thinking and involved in meditation, some were seen chanting hymns just to make a living. Lunch was served with special attention and care. They were interested to know more about Buddhism. The lamini's of this monastery had little

knowledge about Vedas. They simply know to do 'Namaskara Pradakshinam'. The Lamini had an idea of achieving a certain number of Pradakshinam which she has calculated as her target.

Thus Manasarovar gave a sweet and calm welcome to them. Kailas the sacred hill which abounded devotion stood at a height far beyond the eyes. Moving on, gradually the scenery of the hill with the moon decorating its peak was seen. No painter can draw such a beautiful picture.



The blissful atmosphere with a cool wind gave a good dinner. Some were seen moving around while others stood still on seeing the beauty of the place. No one ever broke the silence. Probably they don't want to disturb nature. The night was thus spent under the tent, in the lap of Viswanatha, the Lord of Universe. The wind came out in its full form of dame by midnight. The pilgrims sat without sleep throughout night. The sun came very late, the next day morning, after the marshy wind swept away the ice glaciers lying here and there. The travelogue to Kailas is completed now. They decided to do Pradakshina. On Namah Shiwaya was the strength and devotion was the breath. Without Shakti, Shiva's entities and power have no value, says Shankaracharya. The owners of this great duality is the reason for the existence of the world. The Advaita School of philosophy has its strong basis here. The best place for understanding the concept of Vedanta is kailasa, where the versatility of living is seen and beauty of stillness is felt. The place is disturbed during winds, but never for a long time. Everything settles down to its own form even after a fast blow of wind. Only a Yogi can realize this, never a bhogi. The heart may enthrall for many times, but once you get it in hands it will be an obedient child. Advaita speaks or relies on this fact, where the oneness of thoughts, ego and ideology occurs in a special and relevant point of realization.

The other side of Kailas had spectacular scenery to be seen far away. The sound of flowing rivers and the song of some black-coloured birds gave the background score for them. Mantra and the song of nature joined hands for a better creation. Enjoying deliberately the music, they began their journey back to Nepal, passing mountains, villages and lakes. In the lause-cruiser, provided by the Government of Nepal.

Landing back on the Nepal soil, they found their shelter in house of Dr. Lokanathan. The woods burnt inside the fire place giving light and warmth to the room. All changed their dress and sat around the dining table. Hot, vegetable soup was the first served dish for the dinner. Mrs. Datta Lokanathan, the wife of the host was happy to have some guests at home. She was a Nepali lady, born and brought up there it.

“Ours was a love marriage. I met her during my college days, the relation grew into an affair and we got married inspite of all protests from the family. Now we are here, with all our family members pampering us”. The doctor said.

“Are you not planning to marry?” his wife asked looking at Aditi’s face.

She sat as if she never heard anything there. All her mind was surrendered to the lady of her dream.

Aditi! What are you thinking? Not even listening to us. What do you imagine now? Aadi asked with a bit of anger.

She startled suddenly and looked up.

“Sorry, I didn’t hear you. What do you ask Aunty? She asked like an innocent girl.

“We were talking about tomorrow’s plans. Let us visit the Pashupathinath temple in the morning after breakfast. Dr. Lokanathan changed the subject cleverly.

The wife began to serve roti and a vegetable curry amongst them. Every one was silent for sometime, when Aditi broke the silence.

“I want to see the traditional black magic prevailing here and visit the Budhaviharas so as to see the Lamas. If you are not willing to come I will walk alone into the forest. Otherwise do some arrangement for that Aditi said.

“Oh! This is what you want. Doesn’t matter. I will arrange a jeep for you to move to the forest and see the rituals, live, by those black magicians. Don’t worry about that Lokanathan said with a smile.

Aadi was supposed to interfere, but the doctor stopped him by patting on his thigh. He could not simply understand the reason for he saying so. Gradually, after some time, he consoled himself that it may be a treatment for her. Everyone finished dinner and slowly crept into their rooms. Aditi was given the room near the courtyard from where she could see the garden and the sky outside. While moving the curtain of the windows, the moon was seen up shining and spreading the light with his romantic eyes. She stood there for a moment, unconscious of the external world, enjoying the beauty of a full moon night. The trees slowly waded their heads making designs on the face of moon. Some sounds of crying birds were heard.

Hoosh... A warm breath touched her neck. She turned around all in a sudden, touching the nose of Aadi, who stood behind.

"Oh! That's you. I was worried". She commended in a normal pace.

"What did you think then? Sometimes you may be dreaming about some Gandharva cpming down to marry you. But what to do? The Gandharvas are busy on looking girls who are more beautiful. Only this stupid Gandharva will come to you". He smiled and teased her.

“Hi hi!!! She mimicked her face at him. “Wait and see. One day I will go to moon and marry him and settle down there. Then no girl will look at you too. I am a fool to walk behind you. Poor me! Who knows how many girls like me are looked upon by you with care? She purposely said to make him angry.

He gazed on her face for a while. “You bloom like a flower in the evening. Really beautiful you look, so my dear baby, now go and sleep”. He put his hands on her shoulders and led Aditi to bed.

“Do you feel annoyed of me?” She said, uniting her head to his shoulders.

“Never don’t think of past anymore. Gone is gone. Past is past. The one who lives according to the present situation, understanding the lessons from the past experiences and planning about future can be called wise. Concentrate on your studies alone. Everything else will come on your way.” He pampered her for a while.

“I am tired now. Don’t leave this room till I sleep”. She said in a tiring voice.

Making her sleep, the man moved on to his room. The moment she began to avoid the thought, of the lady, the mind of hers got irritated. She began to float on the dream where the lady again came to meet her.

The temple of Pashupathinath was found in devotion and decoration for the festival of Shivaratri. The sweet shops and the sandals hung inside them gave a illuminated background which paved a pleasurable experience to the tourists. Gladly, musing themselves on Lord Shiva and enriching on the thoughts of the stories of Siva, they finished their prayers, the lady and her husband was the only people seen in the scene. The sleep blessed only the tourists but not sadhakas who did the prayers. In the corner of temple, with the rhythm of instruments and the light of the moon, the couple sat all the night seeking the blessings of Pashupathinatha.

“I have been here on a Sivaratri day. We spent the whole night in the Pashupathinath Temple chanting the mantra of Lord Shiva. No electricity was there. Only randals gave light”. The lady said to Aditi.

The howling wolves were heard around. A man with a cunning face and a powder in hand began to run behind her. She wore a red saree, hanging ear rings, seen on the face of witches. Aditi ran the whole way and she saw a big shallow down there and she being herself on the tip of the mountain. In all her terror and panic, she jumped down.

Aah..Help! Help!" She tried out. Opening her eyes she found herself, down on the carpet in the room of Dr. Lokanathans house, where she kept the previous night. Looking around and smiling at her foolishness, she slowly got up from the carpet.

Ouch" She felt a pain on her hip. Sitting on the bed for sometime, she relieved herself from the effect of the dream and went to take bath. While moving through the praharas of Pashupathinath temple, she explained as if someone who has visited the place before. Aadi and others wondered at her knowledge. Dr. Lokanathan arranged a truck for their trip to meet the black magician Shakthidas, and to see the traditional way of doing the rituals.

Everyone got into the truck which began to move in a high speed through the roads leading to the forest. The Nepalese driver, Jyan Ki Tyagu had a special skill in driving the truck in such a manner through those roads, for it was familiar for him by the trips he had made with Dr. Lokanathan. Stopping and resting on some junctions, they entered the forest, dense and thick with trees of an unimaginable height. The tribals living inside the forest came out hearing the sound of a vehicle. The way again went forward and gradually the tribal huts disappeared from their sight. The truck stopped in the middle of the forest, the driver pointed out to a way made of pebble stones leading to the hut. He walked in front and the tree, Dr. Sangeet, Addi and Aditi followed. The hut was seen surrounded with trees and the bats hung on the trunks. The leaves spread on the courtyard making the place dirty. The smell of fried chicken and blood came out to welcome them. They stood outside looking all around. Aditi took photos of the place and walked to see what is on the backside of the house. A heap of bones was found gathered on one side. Some red coloured dresses were hung on the rope to dry.

“Welcome to house of the servant of Kali, Shakthidas”, a male voice was heard behind. She roared in fear and his laughter made Aadi run to the place.



Hy going here and there?" He scolded Aditi like a mother saying to her mischievous child.

The reddened eyes, flattered nose, long hair extending to the hip, black body, red dress, the kumkum and vibhooti spread all over his body, the red stone studs on his ears, altogether his appearance made her afraid.

"Why standing out? Come inside, you can sit here. I will be ready in two minutes", the man said with a disturbing look on Aditi. She held her hands strongly and firmly on Aadi's arms, who in turn asked her not to worry. She pretended some courage and stood alone.

The man got ready for the ritual. The first process was to arrange a yantra for conducting pooja. He called up his assistants who drew a yantra with black, red, yellow and white powders. Flowers which are usually not used in temples and considered not fit for a garden were brought in a plate. The Yantra was then surrounded with lamps, small in size and even in numbers. The homakundam was arranged with pieces of wood inside it. A copper vessel, huge in size, was brought to the room by his helpers. It had a red coloured matter resembling the colour of blood. Red flowers began to flow through air to the yantra along with mantras praising Goddess Kali. Aditi captured photos in her camera without disturbing the rituals. Slowly his voice began to rise and he started pouring liquor, blood like water, and some other things on the idol of Kali with swords.

The raw flesh of animals was offered along with some large fishes. A girl of teens came inside the room half-dressed, who sat on the seat arranged beside the idol. He removed all her dresses and began to pour honey, milk, kumkum water, rose water etc through her body. She was then cleaned by his hands and he started to do pooja for her. She was slowly taken into another room and the man dancing on a rage closed the door of room. Satisfying the 'Shiva' inside him with the lady, he came out decently as if nothing happened. Aditi threw her camera on the floor and ran to the idol. Taking a sword in hand, she ran towards the man so to harm him in that very moment. He ran out in fear to escape, but she caught hold of his hair and dragged him inside. He began to cry out loudly for help. Though Aadi and doctor tried to push her back, she was out of hands.

"Will you spoil a girl anymore?" She asked aloud holding the sword against his neck. If you continue this I will kill you and dedicate your flesh to my Lord. I am Kali, be aware!!!" She warned him.

“You have two children and a poor wife waiting for you down these forest. Go back. Leave this place now. Never return. Do some other work and live. The man ran out through the way in terror. Aditi fainted down after all this. She began to sweat and opened the eyes on sprinkling some water.

“What happed to me? What did I do? Where is that man?” She murmured in a way pale voice.

“Nothing is wrong. Come, Let us go”, they returned back to the truck. The driver described about the history of the magician while returning back home. To their surprise whatever she told about him was true. Though she was not aware of what she had done, the girl remained silent in the truck.

On reaching back the residence, she was asked to take some rest. Janani sat besides her patting on her forehead. She was seen afraid and pale with such an incident. She embraced Janani and cried out like a small child. The mother in turn pampered her future daughter-in-law.

“Don’t worry, my girl. It is all just your dream. Leave such matters, silly issues and imaginary thoughts from your mind. Here, chant this mantra and all the ghosts will leave you”, she said.

“Amma! Nothing can stop my thoughts. I am totally sworn out. Sleep never comes to me. I am no more an ordinary girl. What might Dr. Lokanathan think about me? I am not willing to face thus anymore. Let us leave this place tomorrow itself”. She can’t control herself and lady never stopped her from crying. Minutes went on, robbing herself she slowly calm down her mind.

“Go, wash your face”. Janani said.

Finding a relief after crying, she washed her face and returned to the drawing room. Mrs. Lokanathan gave her a gulabjamun and asked not to worry about anything. She smiled and found a seat on the sofa chair.

“My wife is good in playing Veena. We have got a special type of veena, named mantraveena here. Datta, why not playing it for our special guests today?” Dr. Lokanathan asked his wife.

The obedient wife began to play veena, new with its modifications and different in its appearance. It had only two strings to play. Alas! The sound which came out resembled the sound of 'Om-kara' in various notes. When played faster, it procured a sound like chanting mantras. In astonishment the two lovers, Aadi and Aditi sat down on the carpet, nigh her side. Aditi's mind rewinded back to her childhood days when she was a student of music and dance in the Kalamadiram. The rhythm of the mridangam and the music of her anklets in accordance with the song of her teacher, this was the picture on her mind. Finishing the concert, the mistress of that house, sat relaxing down on the carpet.

"Now Aditi will sing for us". Aadi said, encouraging her to sing.

"No! No! I am not going to sing", she spoke out in an errand voice.

The doctors asked him not to force her, with their actions. She pushed back Aadi and moved to one corner of the house, creating a scene. This neas more than enough, what he could bear. He ran behind her. 'Tap', the slap fell on her face hurting her right chin. She stood these for a while and retrieved back to normality.

“I have told you not to immerse into such things. Again and again going behind some imaginary objects. What is wrong with you? Aadi shouted at her, closing the door of the room.

“I am not purposefully going behind anything. Some force is dragging me to all these hurdles. Unaware of my identity and the people around, I follow that. Forgive me”. She burst out into tears.

“Hey, don’t try! I was sad on seeing your condition. Sorry!”, Aadi consoled her, holding near to him.

“Now take some rest. Don’t bother about anything”. He asked her to sleep and sat beside on the chair. She laid down on the bed helpless, silently pouring out tears and remembering about the day and the deeds which she had done. The sight of the ritual entered into her thoughts. Her mind moved behind Nepal and the black magic done there. Slowly she began to relate those with the Panchamakara poojas according to the Tantra Shastra.

## **CHAPTER V**

### **COMPASSION OF GODS**

Nepal had an equal magic prevailing in all Buddhist monasteries. The black magic prevailing in all sub-urbs and rural areas of Nepal had its root in parapsychology of India, the Shaktheya Poojas and Tantric rituals. Panchamakara poojas, ie worshipping with five 'ma' karas, Madhyam (liquor), matsyam(fish), maamsam(flesh), mudra (symbols) and maidhunam (sex), was the basement for many of the rituals done by black magicians there. Their style was really obscene and anyone of a good culture would obstinately move away from that place. They conduct rituals to please Goddess with liquor, meat, fish, women and mudras. They drink liquor as Prasad and eat the raw flesh of hen and have its blood to do abhishekam for the Goddess. Sexually abusing girls and doing all these nonsense is not said in any of the scriptures, but simply by making wrong beliefs among the people, they live on. Abusing ladies and killing poor animals for offering it to God and spoiling a good body in the name of God will never be encouraged by the Rishis who say that let the whole world remain in peace and welfare. Poor fellows! The Rishi's who wrote about this belonged to a genetic trait which let the world to near and disharmony. The Qurus of Aswakula Shukracharya, led them in the wrong way and finally to their destruction. The intellectuals of today should redefine these makaras as maithri, mudra, mantram,



mananam and maounam. Here maithri and mudra makes conversation through mantras which gives a peace of mind to do mananam and finally leads to mounam, the Eternal silence. Mistake can never be a mistake when it comes in the case of beliefs. But whenever a question is raised, the sound of that person is stopped forever. Mantras are always the media of conversation between the Sadhaka and his deity. Once these mantras are mistaken, the whole of the life will be adversely affected, especially when it comes in the life of scholars. Ignorant people will be forgiven, for they are ignorant.

Kumbhakarna, the brother of Ravana, planned to ask for Indrapadam, but asked Nidrapadam which led to a long sleep. This misuse of mantras and created forms of Vibhooti as Prasad from these rituals makes black magician's task easy. They create mess and mislead young, beautiful girls and spoil them. They disturb the rituals and ceremonies of Lamas, the sacred monks. They are seen afraid and chanting mantras on Amavasi days, for all these happen during those days. The interior forests are always been chosen for this. Nothing can help except the blessings of God. Equal poles repel is a general fact, here in the case of these rituals, when both sides stand with equal power, the effect is null. The satwaguna is the quality possessed by good and Tamoguna by the evil. As the Upanishads say, let the light of God lead us away from the darkness of evil spirits. If this remains attached to the heart, why running behind this and that? They will have peace, devotion and happiness in life.

"But how can it be done? Will God come for the help of me?" She thought standing in the middle of a forest.

"Why not my girl? Don't worry! If you hear my story you will feel sorry for doubting God." The old lady said.

“Don’t come near me. You have led me to all problems. I am not in a stage to hear you. My mind and heart is now in a mood to remain in silence. Go away, you wreckness old chap.” She uttered in a rage of anger.

“My dear daughter. Anger always leads to trouble. Look before you leap. Don’t be angry. I am not going to leave you soon. I am bonded to you and will remain with you always. Don’t try to send me in exile. Yours mind is my house. I cannot separate from you. If you try to avoid me, it will never be successful. So better hear what I say.” She said with a smile.

“Ok! What is the rest? I heard you till you reached Negaloka. Then what happened to you? Your sister was extremely patient to bear all that troubles which her brother made. What was you condition then? What happened to you afterwards?” She asked anxiously.

“Life is a drama. Rises and falls are part of it. When curtain rises, we the players begins to act according to Great dissector, God. Many of us never realize this truth, whatever we sow, will be reaped by us in our lifetime. To make life a tragedy is easy, but to enjoy it is difficult. The eternal soul which remains in this temple, our body makes enough facilities for us by giving proper sense organs and intellect to work it properly. But we are not aware of this God and search for Him outside us. Finally understands the source and attains realization.

I heard Beeni scolding my sister-in-law. The bell and the chain still remained with me which I kept in my waist and went inside the house. "You rascal, cheat, cunning, idiot, how cruel you are to harm this poor girl. You also have two daughters. They will suffer for this. This Beeni was in a rage of anger. Unconscious the lady said, showering blood, having non co-operative limbs tired and with a pale face. Anyone who saw her would sympathise her. Vasudevan pushed Beevi out of the house and locked Sreekutty's room. The ghost-affected, worn out girl was thus made idle by her cruel brothers. She was provided with a little food to survive in the following days. Her body slowly began to retire from its daily works like digestion; excretion etc. I tried my level best to bring her back to life. But death was waiting beside as a powerful guest. She was completely paralyzed. Few days later death came to relieve her from this great hell. At the age of twenty-two the girl bid farewell to this earth leaving her two children with me, the eight year old sister. The two boys of four years stood on both sides of mine. Though younger in age, they had maturity to be co-operative with me. Soon after the death of Sreekutty, the 3 criminals me, Hari and Surya were put in a small room with no light, no air and no space. If we were asked to clean utensils, wash work.

“Blood is thicker than water” which fool told this?

Dear friend, in these days water is thicker than blood. Here blood-relation paved the way for death to sister. Love is always thicker than anything else when it comes to a relation. Love, unconditional, can bring out better results. As I love you, as you love me and as your mother loves you.

All the three grew up. I am ten years and the boys are six years. Vasudevan my brother sent his boy to school and brought a master to teach his daughters. But never cared for the two boys and me. Intelligence and memory can never be brought from a shop for money. It is acquired by birth. As we had enough intelligence we heard the lessons the master taught and grasp it soon. The brother and his wife had no knowledge of this.

I have to broom the courtyard at the age of ten. I never got proper rest. Bhooshana the great, always spent her time sitting simply and treating her friends. She thought she is beautiful and dressed in costumes which made her more ugly. Although I suffered all this the confidence and belief on God never lost in me.

No money can influence that wish. The next is the most interesting past in my life. A Youngman of 21 years has come to marry me. Do you want to hear his history? It is also quiet interesting. History is always thrilling to hear. I think it is because they speak to us more about values, than about individuals. They consoles and conveys messages to us. When we read our epics, we feel better. Why, what is the reason for that? We are happy to know that our ancestors have also committed the same mistakes that we have done and are doing now. Good Ideology!

The neem trees are blowing a pacifying and lovable air into the atmosphere. The house of my husband also stood in such a place surrounded by neem trees, flowers and climbers of jasmine. Was his mother a charming lady? Yes, I believe so, for his face was too handsome. The Gandharva who took me to a world of prosperity. Who was his ancestors? He narrated his story on once evening, when the sweet drops of rain embraced the soil and the trees, when the melodious music of nature bonded my heart with its tone. Then I heard the story of my husband's amestory from him.

## **CHAPTER VI**

### **THE LIFE OF LOVE**

The GOVERNMENT OFFICER, Kolath Aravindan Nair got a transfer to Cannanore, the township where a temple culture of Hindus and the trade culture of French adjoined. He was a clerk and in-charge of the office in the court. He was a post graduate with honours in Economics. The office was near the temple of Devi Annapoorneswari. The man took a house for rent and began to go for work. Everyday morning he went to Temple for prayers. There he saw a girl making garlands and her mother cleaning the temple. He enquired about them to the priest who described her history. Her name was Urmila and belonged to the warrior family. A Namboodiri in the nearby Illam married her mother as his second wife. After her birth, four year later the Namboodiri died. Thus the mother began to work in the temple, cleaning the lamp, collecting flowers, making garlands. They mended their life with nivedyam they got from the temple and saved the salary. The girl, innocent in her looks and good at heart attracted the man. He was also handsome to see with his blue eyes, red cheeks and brown-coloured hair with a fair body. Through the girl saw him noticing her, she never cared, for she was always involved in her work.



One day Aravindan Nair decided to disclose the desire of marrying her to her mother. Before that he need to ask permission to his sisters who were living at Calicut. They never agreed because if the man gets married and have children, they will have to share the property for him also. The greedy sisters protested on the basis of caste. He presented this in front of Urmilas mother. She expressed her helplessness. We have only this job to mend our life. Once we get married to a person of another caste, other than ours, this job will be lost. So please leave my girl. The man replied, "Mother, I am a boy who was brought up without both my parents. I have a good job and salary now. If this job is lost, nothing will happen. I will take care of you also as my own mother. Please don't say any objection. The pressures and requests from him finally found results. Urmila got married with him. He was supposed to buy a house there. But as he got transfer to Ramanagaram, a village in Kanhangad, he brought a house there and took both of them to the new house.

The house which they had near the temple resembled a Parnashram or a small beautiful cottage made in the midst of a beautiful garden. The flowers like Tulsi, Nandyavattom, Parijatham roses, lotus, hibiscus, Arali, rajamalli, pauizhamalli altogether made a colourful feast for eyes. The jasmine flowers fell down from the climbing plant. The neem trees were giving a medical treatment to whoever came to the house. These trees stood on both sides of the way. Though they left the place, a man was arranged to look after the house.

Two boys were born to the couples. The mother of Urmila passed away seeing both her grand children. He the man never returned to his house in Calicut as he knew very well that they won't accept his warrior wife. The eldest son was named Govindan and the youngest Gopalan. The family moved on happily. The father brought money, mother utilized it properly and children enjoyed living. The house had a number of pigeons which came to eat the grains. The plot filled with cashew nut trees, mango trees gave sweet and ripe fruits during spring. Everyone who came in to the house looked enviously at their living. The children were sent to school and at this time, the father fell ill and passed away. Though they had enough facilities to live, the demise of the dearest father was a shock. Govindan completed his matriculation and went for a job in a government office as a clerk. Gopalan passed out his tenth standard. At this time the mother found a good girl for Govindan named Savitri who was the daughter of a school teacher. The mother left this world after a few days of this marriage. Now the brothers shared the house and money amongst themselves. Days and months passed. The fifteen years old boy began to experience the bitterness from his sister-in-law. He asked his brother to share the property and money. The house at Cannore and some money was given to him. Thus with the money he

received he planned to start a business and slowly with great effort the desire was fulfilled. The man became one of the successful business men in just six years. The centre of his business was Malabar. It has a great story to tell. The success was not made in a day. At first he came to his father's house seeking some help from his father's sisters and their family. They allowed him to keep his small suitcase having two sets of dress and an umbrella. He went to the main market to find a place for his trade. When returned, the suitcase was seen out, drenched in rain and the dresses were completely broken in water and mud. The poor boy cried and asked, "Why do you know this out? What will I wear now? If you don't want me to keep this suitcase here, you could have told me earlier. But this is too cruel. Oh! God forgive them." He left the place. The cruel sisters, afraid whether he will ask for any share as they had taken his father's share for their children, threw it out. The mind of man acts like a monkey sometimes. That is why in Geeta Arjuna asks to Lord, Chanchalam hi mana Krishna", about the unsteadiness of thoughts in one's mind.

He found his shelter under the banyan tree of the nearby temple of Lordess Kali. The kind priest allowed him to put a small shop of agarbathi's, camphor, oil, and flowers etc. which are often used in the temple. Whenever vame there brought something from his shop just to help him or with the affection they had towards him. Slowly the business flourished. He decided to expand his trade. After finishing his work in the small shop, he went to the market and met shop owners. The brilliance in mathematics and his character attracted everyone. He saved the money and gradually became a man with honesty pride and wealth. Then he turned his concentration to rice business and made his mark as a rice merchant. He put a shop in the big bazaar of the city and servants were appointed to help him. It was then he meets Alihaji, the timber merchant. He forced him to get into wood business which was quiet interesting. Every weekends hood was made into rafts and Gopalan took it to Cannore to sell it to the French traders. During this time he visited his mother's house which he got in partition and stayed there for one or two days. The next he brought horse coaches and bullock carts of his own to do business. Ali Haji who was the neighbour of mine once told him about me and my mistries. He had an immense desire to marry me. He expressed his desire to his old friend who asked him to come to his house

one day with all ornaments and dresses for the girl. He warned him not to take anything from that house as they have got a curse from a Brahmin. He agreed. The astrologer who was approached found that the day before Deepavali was the best for marriage. He went to the temple of Devi Annapoorneswari where his father found his mother and prayed for all prosperity and happiness. He purchased ornaments and dresses from Kanchipuram, during one of his trips to Thanjavur for trade.

So, now everything is ready, a groom, ornaments, dresses and whatever needed. I am feeling happy. This happiness makes me spell bound.

## **CHAPTER VII**

### **BLEND OF LOVE**

The handsome Youngman stepped into the courtyard of Vasudevan's house. The girl, I was cleaning the place and my sisters sons were engaged in helping me. He came in and stood in front of me, I was afraid on seeing him. The pathetic, but soft voice, simply asked me, "Are you the princess, whom I have heard all the way thought". The twelve year old girl in me could not withstand his looks. I withdrew my eyes and ran inside saying no reply.

Seeing me running inside the cruel eldest brother, Vasudevan came out. "Who are you? What did you say to my sister?" He asked with a fiercing look.

"I am Gopalan, a rice merchant from Cannanore, MY friend told me about your sister. I have come here with a proposal to marry her." Politely replied the man.

"Oh! Welcome, come inside, I saw a stranger coming home and the girl running back, I thought that something had happened. Sorry I have mistaken you". The brother tried to escape himself from the situation.

He treated him really well, never asked him about his background, or life. The man really want to get rid of the burden of me.

"See there is only one demand which I make. You should take the two boys along with her. If you agree on that, I will give my sister. "The loving brother made a demand. The unexpected movement created a wonder in the mind of him, but he silently agreed as he had fallen for me. He asked them to conduct the marriage on the night of the same day and went to AliHaji's house.

Beevi came home with a box. It had a beautiful and costly, traditional Kasavumundu inside it. She changed all my dress. I dressed like a princess for the first time in my life. My face shined like the ladies of heaven. All arrangements were made by Beevi. She lit a lamp. The groom arrived with AliHaji in his costumes. Beevi, like a mother explained to me about the history of the man and character of him. I was happy to know that my husband is a friend of AliHaji. "You need not take anything from here. Don't take this maledicted materials with you. Safeguard of mine was in a mood to dance. I have seen only broken marriages at my home and only money deals which happened with in that. "Here a great man has come to marry me without any demands and money deal." Thought me. Hari and Surya were also given a set of new dress which made them happy.



Both bride and groom stood on either side of the lighted lamp. The beauty of mine was mind blowing that no one could stop their eyes from looking me. The great and broad-minded man gave me a set of dress according to the tradition. He also tied the mangalyasutra around my neck. Then the next was to pledge ourselves that both will be loyal to each other and is ready to accept and live together. He took the right hands of mine and did three pradakshinas around the lamp. The Haji arranged a grand feast with all dishes at his house. After having the dinner, we began our journey of love, followed by the two boys, Hari and Surya.

Finally we got married. If it is happening today the man will be punished for child-marriage or abuse. But there the life went on without any allegations.

We got into a gorgeous and decorated horse coach with the two children Hari and Surya. The boys were happy to leave the place. The husband and wife sat together in the same seat. We resembled the Prince and Princess of history. Haji and his wife felt a satisfaction on seeing both of us. Bhooshana, the deacon could not tolerate all this, so she remained inside the house. Vasudevan and three children came out to see us leaving. We began our journey to Cannanore. The gods showered blessings on us. Moon poured his light on our way. The 21<sup>st</sup> yaman and last session of night passed on. The red light began to fall on the earth. The birds began to play its music. The sunlight was coming to wake the people. The river Thejaswini was flowing with its cool breeze. Some were seen bathing. Some did "Sandhya Vandanam", the time came when night and day met each other to exchange their duties. Slowly sun came out in his full form. The lake side was seen with small huts. Hari and Surya were anxious to know what is there inside the huts. As soon as the coach reached the side of these huts, they pulled out their little heads to see what it was. They could see many many big people with good muscles practicing some material arts. "It is called as Kalaripayattu". If you practice that you will also be strong children had a wonder on their face. The may again went on.

After sometime the coach stopped in front of a beautiful house.

The climbers were hanging down with the flowers as if to welcome them in the entrance of the house. All trees have bore fruits. The flowers made a colourful carpet. The house was made of mud and bamboo. The roof was thatched with a coconut leaves. Grounds were plastered with cowdung. Granite stones made a beautiful way. The way from the house extended to the small canal near by. The lark was singing a hearty melody.

Both of us got down from the coach. The boys had already got into the compound. Though small in age I had a mind and physique of an elder person. The case-taker of the house came out with a lighted lamp. She was an old lady who was appointed by my husband to look after his young wife. I took the lamp and went inside the house.

What a peaceful atmosphere! The architecture of the house was much eco-friendly. One could see the glimpse of a professional architect in that small house. It was not simply a house, but a shelter of love and affection, a practice of truth and a garden of heaven. No one would ever forget its amazing beauty. The trees were surrounded with small platforms to sit and enjoy the music of nature. They stood shady and giving a warm welcome to everyone.

The house had three bedrooms with small kilivathil, giving a vision to the nature. A kitchen with all modern facilities of those days, dining room with beautiful wooden seats to sit and windows, giving light inside. Bathroom was made outside near the pond. An outhouse was built for Paru Amma to stay. It had a varanda and a bed room to sleep. The front of the house had two wooden planks with careeings on either side of the door. They were fixed on clay pillars. The greenery added to the beauty of the house making it gorgeous to look at.

“Now, come here. I want to tell you something serious” he said. I obeyed all in a sudden. “You are now the mistress of this house. You are supposed to supervise each and every activities of this house. Never do any household work. I am your husband, father, teacher, friend and everything. Share anything you feel about me and the happenings here without any hesitation. I know you are brilliant. Now at this age of twelve, you need education. I will arrange a teacher for you. We can send the two children to school. You have not reached maturity physically not you have entered into adolescence. We will have all our intercours only after you become eighteen years. Keep this is mind. Never disclose this to anyone. Understood. The man stopped.

This is really what is meant by marriage relation. He, the great man, at his age of twenty one is not a man who lives as an emotional creature, but a brilliant and knowledgeable person. Will a man of today behave like him at that age? Doubtful the answer is, these type of people are born rarely. I am lucky to have such a husband.

I changed my dress and kept the ornaments safely in a box. She was supposed to get inside the kitchen, but the old lady restricted her from doing so. The old lady's name was Paru Amma whose children were settled in Calicut. As she found enough free time, she divided to do the job for him. She was forty-five years, but seems like a sixty year old lady. The lady made delicious food for meal. Pineapples and mangoes added sweetness to the food. She was an expert and of course the motherhood in her was always alive.

Night came with a small rain. It was Deepavali. The day, when truth overpowered the dishonest, the good won the evil. The newly wed couples we and my husband and the two children lit all the lamps around the house, the platforms of trees and entrance of house. Altogether the surroundings were completely enlightened and illuminated.

It was then the time to sleep. The children were given a separate room. Paru Amma was allowed a small outhouse made of wood and palm leaves. We entered into our bed room, sat down on the bed. The cot was made of teak. It had a lot of carvings and decorative works on it. The side had two doors like wooden panels which can be botted after sitting inside. It resembled a stiff cradle, with four legs to stand. The upper part had a decorative panel in which the Rugmini swayamvaram story was depicted. The panel was held by four long sticks of wood which can be removed if not needed. Thus the royal bed, decorated with flowers and perfumes, in the room with only a single lamp, created a sense of romance.

I shook my head down and sat beside my man. He slowly grabbed my hands. Oh! I could never forget it. The other embraced me. Surrendering myself to the husband, I united to his body. But he simply embraced and slept. The next day morning, when the birds began to sing the song of love, woke up, took bath and got into the kitchen. Paru Amma smiled at me. I felt shy to look on her face. By this time the milkman came to milt the cows. He stood with respect in front of me as I am his mistness now.

The tea, breakfast and everything else was ready by the time; he woke up and completed his prayers after bath. He was quiet happy to see the food and his wife standing ready to serve it. Everyone sat down on the wooden plank, long and with enough width for a person to sit inside the dining room and Paru Amma served the food in plantain leaves.

The breakfast was over. Now he divided to take both of the boys to school. He instructed them to change their dress. After that a few palm leaves and an ezhuthani was provided. They were happy to see both. Now he as an elder brother took them to school in the horse coach and admitted them in the Pallikoodam of Srinivasavadhyar a scholar and teacher, good at heart.

The pallikoodam was opened to all people. He led them inside. The teacher came and greets him. The boys prostrated the vadhyar. The syllabus was quiet interesting. Everyday of a week was divided for various subjects. Not only the science and arts were taught, but also the art to lead a good life. The class always began with scriptures or epics.

“The knowledge about the life and secret of its origin is not new. It was passed to generations from a very ancient time. In Bhagavad Geeta, Lord Krishna reminds Arjuna of the history of the advice which He is going to provide to Arjuna.

It says, "Imam Vivaswathe Yogam  
Prokthvanahamavyayam

Vivaswam manave praha manurikshwakave Braveet

Eevam parampara praptham imam rajarshayo vidu:

Sa kaleneha Mahetha: Yogo Nastha: Pasantapa"

The knowledge was first provided to vivaswan, the sun by me, he conveyed it to Manu and Manu to his son Ikashwaku. Thus the great treasure which was transferred from generation to generation which was owned by sacred and pious Rajarishi's was lost as the time went on. Now we are here to study that knowledge and to understand the goal of life." The Vadhyar began the class.



I was happy to see all this. Both of them were well versed and intelligent. One year passed. The day of Gurupoornima arrived. Both the boys went early in the morning to school for arranging the stage of celebrations. The day is celebrated on behalf of the birthday of Vedavyasa the great Guru and author of Mahabharata, one of the biggest epics. He represents the Guruparampara of Indian culture. On this day he has commenced his great work Brahmasutras. It falls on full moon day of Ashadmasa, the month of July. The day is significant not just because it is the day to respect teachers, but also the day to understand the need of Guru (teacher). Who is a Guru? He is the person who raises the student from ignorance to light of knowledge.

Oh! Teacher, the darkness of ignorance has plunged me; you have come to open my eyes to the light and illumination of knowledge. I prostrate you as you are my Guru. As the moon had waxing and waning, our mind also has the same. On the day of Guru Poornima, the full moon is seen in splendour. The Guru never needs money or any gift in prior. He always passes out knowledge and finally makes his student fit for recreating it in his life. Only after that he accepts something from the student and that too according to his status.

Alas! Today we see all Vedic teachers and spiritual gurus, accepting money in prior for whatever they teach. When priority is for money, nothing else works out. They never ask for money directly, but does all the arrangement to collect money. They build places out of it and call it as Ashrames. Is there any sincerity and dedication in this? No, never they are not Gurus, but cruked people who exploit the ignorance of ordinary man and who make living out of it. Really the wolf with the mask of an innocent lamb. But here the teacher as a leaned man with scholaristic attitude never went for money alone. He taught his students how to make money in the right way and how to lead a prosperous life.

He invited both of us to attend the function. The pallikoodam was decorated in colours. Students were seen chanting the hymns praising Guru and Gods. They attended the main function and came back. Paru Amma was on leave. As here youngest on has been a father, she went to see the grant child. So got inside the kitchen to make Dosas, the breakfast. He, the loving husband divided to help wife. When he got in, I was busy making doasas. "Blood! Is that blood patches on her dress? He gazed again. "Yes it is! Oh! She is now gifted with the right to be an adult and a mother late on! Thinking so he ran to me and took me in his arms, turned around, dancing. "What happened?" I asked in between.

"Come I'll show you". He took my hands and lead me to the bathroom. After removing all my dress, I was shown the blood running out. I was completely in a state of panic. He went into the house and brought some thick piece of cloth with a thread. When tying around the waist, he said, "Don't do any work for the coming four days. Take rest and have proper medication.

"Why should I take rest? What's wrong in doing household I am not ill or attacked by any disease, then why should I sit aside? "The girl in me now wants to know the reason for his order.

“These are many reasons for that, “he began his explanation. “Some are blind beliefs while others are true. This is the first menstruation and hence called menarche. The girl’s body part undergoes a cyclic series of change during the cycle. It is approximately 28 days. During this time the linings of uterus are made thickly vascular and glandular to receive everything happens according to His wish. You are nobody to change it. Remain in happiness. Keep this in mind and be happy.” The lady vanished in all a sudden.

Relieved by a beautiful dream, she woke up early in the morning, took her bath and dressed like a princess. Aadi simply stared at her. “Let us go to the temples here”. Aditi put a new demand.

He discussed it with both the doctors and took a decision. "I will book tickets for you. Go along and have a good time. I think she will be better after this journey. She needs some privacy now, to express her feelings to you. When there is the presence of the third party like Dr. Banerjee, she may hesitate to speak out. When cuffed by your family and yourself, she will soon forget about everything else. She is the climber and you should be the support for her to spread and be herself. When all her feelings come down, you should hypnotize her and try to understand the life she has gone through. Never run fast or provoke her. Leave her according to the wish of the anonymous object. Let your parents leave to her house and inform her mother about this. We can arrange for some good astrologers and find out whether anything is missing at their home. Any kind of rituals may be left out due to some obstacles for all these years, at her home. Probably their forefathers who are not satisfied with the type of yagnas and poojas they do will be following her in need of that. Any many you carry on your journey. Go and visit the places of her choice". Dr. Lokanathan advised. Parents of Aadi readily agreed and finally they decided to leave to her house and make arrangements for the rest.

Aadi asked her about the opinion of returning back home. She insisted to visit the prominent pilgrim centres like waishnaDevi temple at Kashmir, Amarnath caues and many other places. Keeping in mind, the doctor's words he agreed to do so. They visited the shrine of Lord Budha, Trilokinatham and moved further to Kashmir a speron, ie male reproductive material. It waits for this time and when pregnancy never happens, the lining ruptures breaking the sac inside you uterus. This causes bleeding and menstruation. Then the limbs and body will be weak and it won't be in a position to do any hard work. All emotions will be high and hormones discharged will be more than the usual. Anger, fear etc will be high. The thirst for sex ie also high for some ladies, but this is not the right time for intercourse. If happened so, the lady's body parts and internal organs will have to face consequences in future. So to avoid all this, our ancestors has set a system to sit ladies aside in a separate room. They are given proper food, medicines and care. If they get into touch with the pooja materials with impure thoughts, that will result in destruction. Hence they are not allowed to do so. So remain here and be calm". Husband went out to buy some fruits and medicines for her.

Here a husband is a mother, an advisor and a teacher and doctor. The clouds in their white dress and sky in its blue paint is seen in between the green heads of trees. The lake behind this house is flowing down with some rhythm.

## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **QUEST OF LOVE**

The land of Nepal has a number of temples of Indian architectural style blended with that of Buddhist style. The culture and idol worship are even the same. Trilokinatham is one such temple where Lord Budha is worshipped as one such temple where Lord Budha is worshipped as one of the incarnations of Lord Vishnu. The theories and concepts of all rituals are the same in their basement whether they belong to Buddhism or Hinduism. Trilokinatham is such a joyful experience. The whole of Trilokinatham says that, "I am the man of power in whole of the world, the Trilokas". These are not places for mere entertainment, but shrines of purity and sacred thinking. They crossed all the main temples and made themselves blessed.

## **THE WAISHNODEVI TEMPLE, AMARNATH AND JWALAMUKHI**

Kashmir, the paradise on earth, the hell of present days, is famous for its natural resources and colourful environment. Green, red and sweet apples hung on their trees all the way in the farms. The houseboats and the boatmen stood ready for taking tourists. A small girl carrying a flower basket went on with a Kashmiri song. The ladies, though beautiful and at teens, smiled with innocence. This is where the great WaishnoDevi temple is situated. A small town, few kilometers away from Srinagar, had the ownership of the Goddess WaishnoDevi who sits there for the protection of her children in earth.



The bus began to move slowly from Srinagar to the Kingdom of Avanti, called Avantipura. The greenery, occupied by some houses made of wood which were not common as the way went on. Avaniapura is a small town with people doing business of blankets, woolen clothes etc which are woven by their ladies at home. All ladies maintained the same type of dressing inspite of caste and creed. Everyone got into a new bus which went to Ananthanag. Amarnath hills gave a shattered view from here. The travel began from Ananthanar, the big town with a lot of big and small business men, hotels and inns for stay and some officers. Ananthanag has two diversions, one leads to Amarnath, the other to Waishnodevi temple. Now the goal is to see mother waishnodevi who sits there to shower blessings on the needy. Most embarrassing during this trip was the look of the lady, dressed like a pimp. The style of dressing was so cheap that no one could forget them ever in their life. But they considered it as a royal style. The hanging ear rings, red-coloured lipstick, light green saree with a big bindi and a hair style reminding the honey bee's rest, was a comedy for some buys who traveled in the same bus. She looked enviously at the covers.

The pirpanjal range was the next feast to eyes. The range had its own flora and fauna. The bushy trees on either side and the road in the middle, it was through this way a small bus carried a few number of pilgrims.

Small villages and farmlands of maize were also seen in between. The other route is from Jammu. It covers the city of Udhampus and can reach the temple by car or bus. Nothing more to say, the shrine is an exemplary creation. An idol inside a cave which is on top of a mountain.

The Ramban and the Doda townships were the main stops to take rest. The business and cleaners got down to have breakfast in Ramban. Finally Doda was reached. The buses will halt here in the township. Everyone got down from the bus. Having some water and snacks, the mountaineering began. "The best medicine to forget all the tiredness is mantra. So let us all say together Jai Mata di" said a said a sadhu and moved in front as if he is the leader.

Alas! The mother of protection, the mother of all children, we pray for them blessings. The cave front is filled with pure smell of Agarbathi's, flowers and Gandhakarpooras. The light of lamps shone than ever before. The cave was filled with garlands, prasads and other offerings. In the middle, the Goddess of exhaustion, Durga, sat with her swords, charkas bow and arrow and other weapons. Destroyed the bad, while protected the good, she sat inside the cave in her ultimate potential and solidarity. The people who went to see the original, breathing and smiling goddess, crossing this idol never returned. But the couple was satisfied with this Darshan which is eternal, immemorable and gives contentment. Sitting beside the cave, some sadhus chanted the Lalitha Sahasranama aloud. Whoever knew those mantras joined them.

The sun began to move to west. Having come Prasad and filling the mind with eternal happiness, they began the journey back to Ananthanag. The cloudy sky and the clumsy climate could not make any difference in their joy. Ananthanag was completely filled with sandal lights and lamps lit in houses and taverns. It was the month of Shravana. The busy month in Ananthanag, filled the nook and corner with travelers seeking the darshan of Shiva in Amarnath. No restrictions were made during those days. The people who suffered from diseases stopped their journey either at Pahalgam or Chandanvadi. Sun has to wait many more hours to enter here. Hardly no sound was heard from any side after midnight, except that of the noisy wind. Slowly, hersistating, silence entered the city. The heavy wind made it's presence and started to dance which woke all the pilgrims in midnight.

Morning arrived with a smiling face. The wind has made some tents upside down like a mischievous boy. They got ready to see the Shiva in Amarnath cave, on the auspicious day of poornima in the month of Shravana. They began their journey in a bus moving like leech to Pahalgam. The way was much danger. Ones to go. Pahalgam is the usual place for the pilgrims to stay. Anyhow, while passing so, an old pahadi who sat nearby began to speak on Buddhism, Hindhuism and Islamic beliefs. He was borning everyone with his lecture. Finally he claimed himself as the God beyond all. Amarnath has invited him to stay along with Him for blessing the devotees. But he began to bless the devotees from the bus itself. He found excuse that giving blessings is not such an easy task. So finishing it earlier, will reduce his effort. No one even cared him. Finally it is the time to receive Dakshin a. Nobody gave any money. Not only that after some time, some of the travelers tried to kick him out. Some spoke against while a few supported, the intelligent kept quiet. Somehow the crisis got over when the old man said sorry and sat down in his seat. The dream of the Yogi concluded. By this time the bus was passing by the side of Verinagam, the birth place of River Jheelam. The water came down, from the rock with sharp edges and flattened top, like a group of children dining without any unity. Some droplets

and parts of water went straight, some scattered and the drops touched those who stood nearby. "Let us have out honeymoon here. Doesn't matter. There is time to think all that said Aadi wiping the drops of water on Aditi's forehead. The lady who was immersed in prayers got angry on this and warned the man not to say so, for they are now unmarried and is going for the darshan of Lord Shiva.

"No God in our philosophy is against romance and love", the lover excused himself. Shaking and quaking, crying and making its way the bus finally reached Pahalgam. The time around 5 o' clock in the evening, but the place seem to be like night. The clock tent was made. Both of them sat together on the cot. The cot is made up of three needs of wood tied together and is placed with four legs for a stand. The night of Pahalgam was beautiful with moonlight, stars and clear sky. The cool wind came without any disturbances as if praying to the Lord Parameswara.

Sun came earlier than other days as the day was very special for all celestial beings. The birds were heard for away and the wind remained in silence. It is surprising to see that even nature obeys thy order. The rest of the place should be covered by walking. The people began to move as groups. The couple also started their journey.

Chandanvadi is a village between Pahalgam and Amarnath. Now the city is seen as a small toy in the boy's hand. The villagers put small teashops and earned money out of that. The complete commercialization of this pure pilgrimage centre is not far. Sipping a cup of tea gave an enormous energy. The food offered with that has a sour taste with that of some chilli. It was made of apples, chilli, tamarind, flour etc. Unknown of the recipes of this, the pilgrims had it. Further walking was too tough. As the height from sea level increased many found it difficult to respire in a proper way. They sat on the way. But others succeeded. The next teashop was found in Sheshnag, name reminding that of Ananth, the hydra holding Mahavishnu. Here the tea had a taste of soda. Nothing could hold the cool breeze. The path was filled with stones and at times slippery rocks. The time was around twelve in the noon. The sun shone in his full fledge. The heat slowly began to rise. By this time the group had reached Panchtharangini. The meeting place of five fountains which were just below Amarnath cave. The Shiva in ice was seen in its pure and plaid form. The offering carried was dedicated to the Great wonder. They amazingly looked at it from a side without taking their eyes. Nothing more to say, only one prayer remains. "Without their blessings what is the use of all these worldly objects. So shower the blessings

and kindness on us". Prayed the lady and prostrated in front of the cave. The time was moving on. All who made their way up began to come down. The couple decided to remain there. Everyone discouraged especially the villagers, who went along for showing the way. But who cares? Once mind is set to God, nothing can come in the middle. The moon with all its serene looks began to pour his light on the cave which made the icelets sparkle. The couple sat beside the cave and gladly enjoyed the night by chanting "Om Namah Shivaya". They captured of the cave as well as the moon close shot. The night slowly went on. Aditi sat closing her eye finding a pillow on Aadi's shoulder. He in turn protected her with his hands covering her.

Morning came in flying colours. The journey back to Pahalgam began before sun's arrival; the pilgrims who were with them were seen down waiting for them anxiously. Many big stones were seen on the way. The couple wondered of this. But when enquired, they were replied that a great disaster took place due to heavy snowfall. The big stone came down from the heights killing two pilgrims and injuring others. As they sat on the top, they escaped. Oh! Lord drama can never be distract. Both prayed to the Lord in gratitude.



Thus escaping from great disasters and praying for welfare and prosperity for whole world, they hired the train from Jannu to Hoshiarpur, a temple town in Punjab, where the nine tongues of Kali was seen. The jwalamukhi, the destination ever praised on the eastern side of Himalayas. The temple was not much known to pilgrims who come from South India.

Varanasi or Kashi or prayag or Banaras as it is called the place has a tradition of Pitruyagna. Hindus believe this place to be the best to do rituals or ceremonies after a person's death. Thus Aditi and Aadi reached Varanasi for doing Tarpana for their ancestor. They had done rituals only on the days on which their grand parents died. As a belief, they used to give some part of the food, which they made at home, to the crows and birds everyday without fail. They came here to do it in the right way, under the instruction of a scholar.

They sat in front of a blessed Brahmin, who excused himself from others, simply performing things for money. Drenched themselves in the pure water of Ganges they sat dedicated on the shore. A ring made of Darba grass, called Pavithram was given for both. The Brahmin began to chant mantras, they were provided with water, sesame, akshatha- a combination of wheat grains and turmeric powder was given along with some boiled wheat.

“Now think of the ancestors of yours and keep three ‘anjali’ with water, sesame and akshatham. Dedicate this flowers also.” The priest said. The lady was seen sitting in front of Aditi. She smiled and asked for more offerings. Wondering on this, she began to offer whatever she had. Aadi asked her not to do so, for people who got for penance only commit such rituals. She obediently withdrew herself.

Both obeyed and finally the whole offerings kept on the leaf was taken to the river. They floated away the leaf and took three sinks in the pure, flaring water. The refinement protected here, is appreciable. The Brahmin began to speak; the anarchy and the ignominy of today’s world could be changed with these kind of activities. The tradition which we have gives enough respect to the amestory. The next part of this is Sharada, done during the days on which our forefathers died. The activity done with sradha ie concentration is called Shratham. The offerings like cooked rice, sesame, sandal paste.

Punjab as a dwell of Sikhism was famous for the Golden temple in Amritsar. Jwalamukhi depicts the elegance of architecture of Sikh. The temple surrounded by shady trees and silence gives the heavenly entreat to one who reaches there. The nine jwalas which burnt there turns all sins into ashes. The couple offered pranams and moved on to the Golden temple of Amritsar. The Sikhs believe that the worship of GuruGrantha Sahib is the worship of Gurus. The Sikhism originated from Hindhuism or it is the constraint of the truths of Hindhuism, but having removed all free of false practices that the men of selfish intents used. A man who had a very scholaristic look was seen outside the temple with a sparkling eye. Aditi wanted to know why the Sikhs never trim hair, why they wore turbans, steel bracelet etc. She sat down in front of this man and began to talk with him.

“This is to mark our distinct identity, which includes five things, untrimmed hair, comb, kaupeen, steel bracelet and sword. We are brave and patriotic to our nation.” He closed his eyes and blessed the couple.

Thus finding answers for their doubts and enjoying the essence of love of God, the journey went on.

**PRAYAG**

A man is supposed to perform five yagnas in his life period, the Brahmayagna, Devayagana, Pitruyagna, Bhootayagna and Manushyayagna. Many of these are undergone with or without the knowledge of the individual. Amongst this Pitruyagna is done to please the ancestors of a person, who had died long before and live in the Pitru-loka, according to the Hindu mythology. This pitruyagna includes rituals, offering food to them, taking bath in the Thirthas and praying for the prosperity of one's family to the forefathers on special days like Amavasi.

Flowers and mater are given with prayers and mantra in the proper place and time which gives better results. The Amavasi day is special for these deeds because, on that day the sun and the moon come in straight line with earth, which makes moon invisible at earth. So the sun comes at the middle in pitru-loka during this day making it as afternoon for them. According to Vedas, this is the best time to do tarpanam, as it will be considered as the meal for them. All these rituals are meant to derive prosperity for the forth coming generations." With or without knowledge, the couple did these rituals on the day of Amavasi.

Fulfilling their duty in all sanctity and serenity they prayed to Lord Viswanath praising his glory.

Gangatharanga ramaneeyajakalaapam

Gourinirantharavibhooshita vamabhagam

Narayanapriyamanangamadapahaaram

Varanasipurapathim bhaja Viswanathan

Oh Viswanatha! Great you are holding the pure Ganges inside your hair, long and stimulated, Glory to thy wife Gauri who decorates your Vamabhaga always without leaving. You are the person who is loved by Lord Narayana and who destroys the ego within us, so I prostrate and praise you Oh! Lord of Varanasi, Lord of Universe.

The beauty of Lord Shiva is imperial and implicitly he remains as a dancer, a romantic husband, a loving father, a yogi. He speaks out to the world that suffers with eccentricity, agony and troubles that, "be what you are, please will arrive on its way to you". Jai GauriSankara! Jai Viswanath!

The fusion of versatility in culture and secularism in toleration has made India, different in its schemas and styles. The love and kindness, prevailed amongst us gave place for many religious and cultures to stay here and make their constitution. Democracy and secularism are two feathers in the crown of this land. The rules here were brave and patriotic. The teachers of this country were treasures of knowledge. Thus the heritage and legacy of our land, India has a respectable place in the heart of people all over the world.

Both Gaya, the place where the great saint Budha conceived enlightenment was the next objective of the couples. After reaching such a great position, Lord Budha said, "I went out in search of God which could be found in my son who slept beside me innocently." Sometimes many are like this. They search for happiness here and there, finally gets tired. The dummy Gods of today usually exploit this ignorance and utilize their feelings for God. Hinduism never speaks on the beliefs of semetic Gods as ultimate goal. It has a tradition of acceptance, but not of utilization. Many of these 'incarnations' of today's world, make palaces out of exploiting these happiness of people. They extrude money and prosperity from them and finally throw them as idiots. These people don't get bothered on what they do as they are not aware of God. Bodh Gaya gave remembrances of all these matters to me. The man who spoke against idol worship, who worked for non-violence is presented with his own idols and deeds of violence by the descendants. Shameful! One should feel on this.

The temple of Both Gaya has its style of Mahayana Architecture. The plinth on which a square pyramidal tower rests with more than fifty metres height is the main attraction. Five small pyramids which is the replica of the central tower give it a resemblance of a Hindu temple.

The image of the preaching Budha enshrined is really impressive while hiring the steps leading to the image, the couples enjoyed as if a small child running through a big road freely. Thus reaching the image, they filled themselves with enlightenment. Exited, but free mind and healthy body were the two blessings God gave them.

Finally after visiting the important pilgrim centres and the abode of Lord Vishnu in North India like Vrindavan, the dwell of Lord Krishna with his Gopis, Ayodhya – the kingdom of Lord Rama, Mathura, the kingdom of Vasudeva, the father of Krishna who lived there after the death of Kamsa, the demon they began their journey to South India which had its fame for architecture. By this time they earned the virtues of pilgrimage from the wisdom and truth they maintained. They brought dresses to wear from the places they went. Both had a sense of impartiality and fragrance of elegance. Vagabond they remained, unexpecting the returning time or the place of arrival.

**TIRUPATHI**

The temple situated on top of the Thirumala, the seven hills situated near the Andhra Pradesh – Tamil Nadu border. The couple decided to find their way to this great abode of Lord Venkateswara and Goddess Padmavathi. The seven hills here are believed to be the body of Adishesha, the sacred hydra which makes himself as the bed for Lord Vishnu.

The mountains have its own beauty. Unexplainable, the flora and fauna of these hills having a small route to the temple. The mount is of a magnificent height amazing any one's eyes. Adishesha's seven hoods thus stand as seven sacred hills. The temple gives a total feel of Srivaikunda to any traveler.

Slowly, but not wasting much time, the couples started to walk. The little herbs got hold of them as if they requested the couples to take rest. The non-development of the area gives it a peaceful background. The obedient trees and birds finding places on trees exchanged their household news and jokes each other.



Upholding themselves, pouring drops of water in bunches, trees stood on the way. Here in Tirupathi, the Lord himself is in debt. Whoever suffers out of poverty, cries out for His help who in turn transforms him to a millionaire. As a vote of thanks, they offer sacks of money and jewels to Him. The debts Lord owns is thus returned to Kubera with this money. What an interesting story! The Great Borrower. The Great Lender plays all sort of drama to create awareness for people about the value of life.

The callous rocks paved a better way. Leeches and ants went on their way.

“Oops, something on my leg!” Aditi cried out. Aadi looked down to see what happened. The leech had got caught on her ankles, enjoying delicious and sweet blood. He slowly put it out and expelled the rest of the blood from that part. He took some leaves of a plant and squeezed it on top of the wound.

‘Aah’ The lady screamed in pain when the medicinal drop fell on her leg.

Aadi was tired by the journey. He took a room in way side inn and found a shelter that night.

“I am very tired, let us go by bus or rope car tomorrow. Just can’t follow you anymore with this worn out legs.” Aadi said.

“What happened? Let me see? Should I put some medicine there? Aditi sat near his leg and began to cheek his fingers. She applied some medicine and smoothened him.

“I wish you a very good night with sweet dreams. Take rest and be happy”. Aadi complemented.

“Oh! Good night! You sleepy gay. Anyone I am going to sleep now”. Aditi replied.

The lights were put off. Both rooms remained darkened. Though Aditi lay on the bed, sleep never came to her as a blessing. The wind began to blow fast and a white fume was seen. The lady appeared from vaccum. Her dress was like ordinary people. She sat beside Aditi’s bed. She jumped up to escape. But the lady firmly caught hold of her hands and made her sit on the bed itself. She gradually obeyed the instructions of the lady, who spoke out softly.

“Longback we, I and my husband came here. These inn was not there. No development has arrived here. Only thick forests were seen. When night came, we planned to walk beyond as we had nothing with us to make a tent. But one kind sadhu provided me his tent to sleep. Come with me now. Let us go to the abode of Lord Venkateswara and seek his blessings together”.

Aditi in her half-consciousness began to follow her to the way younger. She climbed all the seven hills in a night and made prayers standing near the shrine. Thus they finished and returned back to the room.

The night was still and time never moved forward. On returning she found her body on the bed and suddenly asked.

“How did I come out? Why my body remains here. So was it me, the soul, which traveled all the way?” the girl was anxious.

“Now get into your body. I will explain about it”, the lady answered.

“Have you heard about the souls traveling around leaving their body behind, here at earth? If yes, that is true. Now you have gone through that stage. Don’t ever bother. The people at your home are trying to capture me and make me sit beside. See what they are doing”. The lady created a screen on which she saw her mother, Aadi’s parents and some relations, with astrologers beside the family temple. Everyone was seen tensed on hearing the astrologer. Huh! This fools are trying to make me come on their way. Never, that can never happen. If I am leaving, you will accompany me. Keep it in mind and never disclose this to anyone. You must go and visit Kanchipuram, Thiruvannamalai, Chidambaram, Madurai, Rameswaram, Thanjavur, Srirangam in Tamil Nadu. Never forget Kanyakumari. I will follow you. Let us escape from those astrologers”. The lady saying so disappeared from the room.

Threatened by the dream and wanting of help, she ran to the door, where she found it opened. She ran to Aadi’s room and woke him up from sleep.

“What happened? Why so much terror?” Aadi asked anxiously, while leading her to the room.

“We should visit all the temples of Tamil Nadu. Otherwise she will kill me. I am afraid. I don’t want to, sleep alone anymore. Don’t leave me idle. Someone is following me. Ask them not to....” She stopped as it uttered something wrong.

“What is it? Complete the sentence year. Don’t be afraid. No one is going to harm you here”. Aadi encouraged.

But she never answered. Instead she lay down on the bed. Aadi went and locked her room. She fell asleep in few minutes. He was relieved on this.

Next day, morning the girl obeyed him and reached the temple by bus. Moving inside and offering prayers, she came out of the temple in a pleasant mood. Nothing disturbed her. The idol of Lord Venkateswara was pleasing with Lakshmi Devi on the right side and Padmavathi Devi sitting on the left. In all his adorn of ornaments, Lord Srinivasa sat in pride blessing the devotees.

Thursday, as usual was very important to Lord Srinivasa and as they reached there on the very same day. They got sweets and special prasads. Seeking blessings from all shrines and joining their minds to God alone, the pilgrims of love moved on to Chennai.

## **KANCHIPURAM**

The silk route of India has its origin from Tamil Nadu. Kanchipuram, the silk city is famous for its specially woven sarees. Aadi who spent the evening in the shops of kanchipuram brought a gorgeous white saree for her. It had very good silk border with stones and beads. The rainbow clours in the border gave it a royal look. They purchased some good dresses for parents too.

Kanchi is said to be one of the greatest and sacred cities in India. As Kalidasa says, 'Nagareshu Kanchi' the city is famous for the establishment of all religions. One could find the Saiva, Vaishnava, Jaina and Budhist cultures synchronizing and tuning themselves to make secular tone. Adisankara, the famous philosopher and teacher of Adwaita selected this place to make one of his madoms, undoubtedly because of this refinement it maintains.

The generosity of the Goddess Kamakshi Devi to bring fortune and fulfill desires of the devotees is famous. The shrines in the city has wonders to speak out. The style of architecture, the aroma of art and divinity of spiritualism join together to make a marvelous creation of great architects and artists.

The Ekambaranathas Temple has its huge Gopuram made of stone and filled with sculptures. This temple had a shady mango tree with four branches giving mangoes of four tastes. Sweet, sour, astringency and bitter. It is believed that the mango has a divine power to produce pregnancy if taken with devotion. The four branches are believed to be the four Vedas. The desire for seeing the beautiful Goddess made them walk straight to the temple.

Sat sangative Nissangatwam

Nissangantwe Nirmohatwam

Nirmahatwe Nishchalarativam

Nischalatative Jeevanmukthi

It is through the satsang, association of good hearted people with enlightens, we move our hearts to detachment ie Nissangatwam. From this detachments all our desires goes to retirement which makes us free from the worldly matters. Here we find the satire of the silent truth, the God, who leads, talks, supports and dissects our daily activities giving peace to us. This peace which remains forever may be called as self-realization. This is the philosophy of Sree Sankara. Adwaita relies on this.

Now the question is who is a good hearted, enlightened person? Can he be called as a Bhaktha? Yes, surely he can be called as Bhaktha, only and only if he is a pleasant, happy, satisfied and one who consider the duality of the world as the drama of God and surrenders himself to the Eternal.



So the next destination was Thirunelveli, known as Dakshina Kailasam. There lived a great saint Sri Ramana Maharshi. He lived as a simple man, bodily detached and mentally contented. The Yogi or the Avadutha as he could be called remained at the caves at a very young age and attained realization. He never ran for preaching spiritual texts, spreading love and making big Ashrams. The humble man maintained himself as the son of Arunachala Shiva. Fostered by continual effort the current of awareness grows stronger and more constant until it leads to self-realization. This state is blissful and the constancy of that is awareness. It is rare to achieve this consummation in one's life. Hence to have the darshan of one such divine body was much pleasing to anyone. Though silent in nature, the Great soul used to answer the relevant questions of the people whom he felt aspiring of God. Arunachalam, the mountain shining as the abode of Lord Shiva, stood as consternation to the couples. Rugged the scene, as the hill is bounded by cactus and thorn fences, sun-parching fields and small hills which eroded into giant shapes, huge shady trees along the dust filled roads of the small town had some tank or well seen near the vivid green of paddy fields. Though the dryness was observed all the way, the hill dominated the countryside. The snow or white cloud crowns the hills in the mornings. The echo which

it flings back reminds or pester someone who enter the hills the remembrance of self between the Prakrithi, the Sakthi and Purusha, the Shiva, a collective effort to discover the science of spirituality, in the travelogue through this hills.

Each and every point and pillar has its own significance in the temple. The teacher who taught in silence, Sri Dakshina murthy sat as the baron of the universe. Concord the Valley stood, hopefully the travelers walked.

On reaching the abode of Arunachala Shiva, they decided to stay there for two days in order to study more about Shaiva Sidhanta from the Yogi who lived in the ashram of Ramana Maharshi. He was a detached man, and of course a wanderer. His name was Sidhapada. No one knew about his history and the life. But the knowledge he possessed was incomparable.

He spoke to them about the Shiva purna and of course about Ramana Maharshi. She sat perceiving all this in mind.

The lady was seen inside the room, sitting on a chair, listening to what he was saying. But nobody, except Aditi could see her.

But she cared little for the lady. On returning back the room, soon they fell asleep. She began to dream about what the Yogi mentioned about the ancient Gurukulas.

The lady made her regular attendance. "Oh! So you would not listen to me?" She asked with a lit of anger.

"No! No! I will hear you. Come on tell me". Aditi saw herself answering in a bit of fear.

"Here goes the rest of my story!" said the lady.

## **CHAPTER IX**

### **PILGRIMS OF LOVE**

The raft was flowing freely through the lake. Boys were in a mood to dance. They were awarded with best student prize. Really everyone appreciated them. "This is a precious moment in my life," Hari comments out on the award to Surya.

"Oh, I think life is a mixture of happiness and sadness. I don't care for things like this much," replied Surya with little interest.

"When you enjoy your happiness and express your sad moments with tears, then only you will be considered as a social being". Hari reminded his twin brother.

"Who cares the society? I don't listen for it", said Surya, the nine year old boy with no consideration.

Hari remained in silence. Silence is the greatest medicine for many diseases like jealousy. Once you never react to something which is less useful, then it will be stopped automatically. It doesn't mean that one should shut his mouth against anything that comes as an obstacle on his way. This fact is that one should react to situations only when needed and by consulting with his intellect. An intellectual decision can never be wrong, through it may take time to be proved.

Small drops of rain began to fall down, praising the victory of the boys. The raft-man began to move fast in order to avoid the heavy rain. One side of lake was heavy forest, some tree trunks came down to be in an affair with the lake. It was seen as if hugging the water in its hands. The other side was a footpath leading to houses, shops and temple. As soon as they reached in front of the gate, both ran into the house. My husband was sitting in an easy chair there. Hari showered the prize he received from school. Surya carelessly stood there, outside the house holding his prize.

"Very good, I know both of you are brilliant. Be children of God, and then you can win whatever you wish". He appreciated the boys. "Now don't go and disturb your chitta. She is not well, let her take rest. I will give you food. Go, take bath and come" The man added.

The boys thanked their great provides and went for bath leaving their prize at home. On return they were provided with one glass of hot milk and fried Unniappams. Water fills in my mouth. Rice flour, ghee, coconut powder, and bananas All taken in equal proportions with water and fried in oil in the frying pan. This is what is called as Unniappam, sometimes Neyyappam. It depends on the area. So both of them had the crispy, tasty and sweet appam and finished the whole plate in two seconds.

“What are you planning to do now?” asked my husband to the boys.

“We are planning to play something”. Hari replied in all a hurry. No, I am going to sit somewhere”, Surya with drew himself.

“Yes, ofcourse”, the enthusiastic boys replied and joined him.

The preparations began to make medicine for me. The sweet mixed Ladu, as I call it. He took one glass of rice, green gram, Bengal gram, horse gram, sesame, cumin seeds and some other cereals and pulses. A bunch of Pookula of coconut tree was also taken out from its green cover. What a beauty to see that. Everything was tried in an Uruli, a cook ware used in early days and now days seen in temples, made of copper or bronze coloured in gold. The next was to pour some water and add the coconut jaggery into that for melting. By this time the whole fried cereals were put in an old grinder made of stone. A cylindrical shaped object was fixed to earth, called Ural and the wooden stick which was heavy and had a hold down the earth and moved like a seesaw was kept above this called Ulakka. The man began to move this wooden stick with his leg. Seeing its movement the boys began to do it by themselves, alternatively, one by one. Then, after some time everything was grinded down into powder. The next is to add some dried ginger powder which is good for digestion. Finally the mixture was put into a plantain leaf in which ghee was spread. The boys and we began to make small balls out of it. Then these balls were left to cool. After sometime the whole was taken for pooja and when the sandhyadeepam was lit poojas were done for that and offered it as Prasad to both the boys. Hari ate two, while surya stopped with one. Both of

them were asked to sit down for studies.

He took 2 balls in a separate plate and came to me. Bored I sat inside the room alone down in a mat. "Do you feel bored", he asked.

"Yes, ofcourse, without doing nothing I feel extremely bored", I replied.

"Now have this, you should eat for this gives you strength". He transferred the balls of sweet to her.

Anxiously I had little by little enjoying its taste. "How come you know to make this? I believe it is a medicine". I asked my husband.

"Yes it is a medicinal food, given to girls during their first menstruations to give strength and proper growth for their body. Necessity is the mother of invention. Here, I am your mother now, so I should know what you know what you need and how your mind works". The husband smiled and left the room.

Again I sat alone in the room on the mat.

Three days passed; He helped me to change my dress, take bath and gave food properly in time. He didn't inform paruumamma, as he was not ready to miss the privacy between us. On the fourth day, after the boys left for school, he led me to bath. My husband began to spread turmeric paste all over my body. As turmeric has the effect to kill all germs, it is usually used. Gingelly oil, which was mixed with this gave the effect of shining and colour to the body. Next he poured some medium hot water which was filled with neem leaves then the green gram powder was used to remove the oil and again water was poured on the body. The next was the hair. He poured some water to hibiscus leaves and made some Thaali, a good and effective shampoo. Massaging it every where on hair, the water went on through by long and beautiful hair.

He dried all the water with a towel and gave me a new dress to wear. I was presented with a golden ear rings, a set of bangles and precious necklace. I was then dressed beautifully by he himself. I looked happy and younger than before. On the very same evening, ParuAmma arrived. Seeing all the settings, she wondered. I explained everything to my care taker.

"You could have called me". ParuAmma said with a slight spec of anger to him.



“Why should I disturb you, when I know to take care of her myself? He smiled and made his remarks. She was glad to hear that news and made sweets and distributed it to nearby houses. Thus, I entered into adolescence.

The next scene which Aditi saw that of a school.

Ding, Ding, Ding, The bell rang harmoniously giving the sign to students to get into their class room. Vadhyar came in. He took attendance. The children from all caste and creed sat together. The brilliant students were not cared much. The school followed partially traditional Gurukula system and partially self-developed system. The syllabus included Vedaganitham, Arthashastram, Nyayashastram, Brahmasutram, Vedas, puranas, Neethisaram, Ayurved, Literature especially Sanskrit, Vadya-vadana shastra, Natya shastra etc. It had almost all the systems and techniques to be studied.

“Let us study some shantimantras”, Vadhyar began his class. He chanted and everyone repeated. It went on till everyone studied it by heart. He began his lecture on Upanishads after this, stating the value of life.

“As the Upanishads say, know yourself and attain happiness. The knowledge about oneself, despite of all business gives eternal happiness” The class began.

“How can we define our life?” Doubted one student. “Life is great blessing given to the creatures by God, especially the birth as human beings. The almighty helps in the reproduction of each and every person. There are some causes and effect behind one birth. The root cause of our birth is the food ate by our fathers. From there we pass to our mother’s womb to join with her ovum as father’s sperm through their intercourse. Again we spend the great ten months with care inside the mother’s womb. Many of us do take some pledges to be fulfilled after reaching this world. But as soon as we are pulled out to the external world, we forget everything. Then getting into the Maya. Which always lead us to all the books of this world. Slowly we begin to play a drama according to the instruction of the Great Sutradhara, the God. Some come to realize this, but others never. They suffer all the lots”.

“So, Do you mean that one need not gain or save anything in life?”

“It does not mean that one need not gain or save anything in life. All earnings should be meant to lead a good life. There are four stages in one man’s life cycle. They are Bramhacharya, Garhasthya, Vanaprastha, and sanyasa. I will explain this to you.

Brahmacharya is a stage where a basement of life is made. Here a person follow the path and disciplines endorsed by a teacher who is relevant and acceptable. There he is taught every aspect of life and made efficient through experiments. He may go through the natural, physical, mental and spiritual development or growth of all scales of knowledge. Thus he is prepared to be the support and survivor of the family.

The next one is Garhasthya where he gets into marriage and regeneration. In this stage he utilizes the knowledge acquired to earn, provide and save according to his needs. Those who succeed in this with prosperity and devotion is considered as an Ashrami or Rishi. He is supposed to be called as Rajarishi. In this stage he fulfills his desires, and dreams in all areas of life. Moreover he is committed to his family, society and nation.

The third one is Vanaprastha. By this time a man will complete half of his life. This begins when the strength of the body begins to lose and all responsibilities are over. He then gives away all his savings to his children, the next generation and begins to spend his life thinking God and praising Him. He relieves himself from all external relations and gets into contemplation. His mind is free from all external relations and gets into contemplation. His mind will have love and compassion for all.

The final stage Sanyasa means completely sacrificing everything in a good manner. As the third stage finishes he may earn a great deal of experiences. In this situation his mind is detached and senses will be controlled by him. He yearns for God and finally attains eternal happiness.

This is the way of life in which an ordinary man has to go through! answered the Guru.

“Oh! Teacher! You have said that each and every person is bonded to follow a discipline of living. I have heard that there are four principles which are essential for a man to obey and practice in his life. So is life comprised of just disciplines and principles?” One boy asked anxiously.

“The answer is simple. You need to go through 4 phases. They are Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. Dharma means an organization in which the individual, nature, society and world exists. “Dhaaranad Dharmam” says the Upanishad. Something which holds you and which you hold to head a good life is what called as Dharmam. Hence once you get the proper knowledge, you will be able to acquire wealth prosperity. This is called Artha. It includes all areas of economic development. When you are stable, economically and socially, your mind strives to fulfill ‘kama’. Kama means desire. Desire can be physical, mental and spiritual. The physical desire gets satisfied with the progeny of children. But mental and spiritual desires will be satisfied when we know ourselves, the Self. “Danam or giving some food or clothes to poor and needy as charity may give some mental satisfaction. The last and final phase, the Moksha, the self attainment can only for those who succeed in the first three. Sanyasa and Moksha as the last phases of life is for only those who do their responsibilities properly, Not for who escape from problems and external life. Now we can conclude this session. Come on, pray for the prosperity of whole world”. The teacher stopped the discourse.

Surya, the boy of ten years always had doubts to ask to his teacher. But as he was shy and introvertish in his character, he hesitated. This time he got out of the class along with Vadhyar and asked, "Guruji, Why do we pray for the whole? Is it enough that we pray for ourselves?"

The teacher smiled and replied, patting on his face.

"My dear boy, if you are staying in the midst of a thieves colony, can you remain peaceful? No, similarly when the world around you lies in trouble, war and tensed life, we will not be able to remain in happiness. Hence we say 'Loka: samastha sukhino bhavanthu', Let the whole world rely on peace and happiness. Moreover we consider the whole mass of the world as our own people or God's creation. Indian philosophy was always generous. We have great tolerance even for our enemies. Hope your doubt is cleared". He sighed.

"Yes, Guruji, I am satisfied", the lady was excited to know all this.

The lady led her out of the school to a plain.

The school ground became silent. The sun was going back to his kingdom. The boys sat on both side of lamp learning their lessons. My husbands sat in an armchair chanting some mantras. The fourteen years old me along with ParuAmma was busy making dinner inside the kitchen, the lady's sound was heard.

"What did you study today?" He asked. "We were taught about origin and importance of life. The teacher finally asked us to pray for the welfare and prosperity of the whole world. With that the morning session was over. In the afternoon session, music was taught for the students who have interest and others were led to dance, painting etc according to their talents. We were taught a kirtanam". Hari, the smart boy replied.

"So now you are going to sing what you have studied". He smiled and said.

"Shobillu Saptaswara,..." the marvelous music began to flow enormously. The keerthana mentioned about how music or a song is sung by our body. The swaras originate from the nabhi (navel) of one's body. From there, after enough transformations, it is passed to our heart (Hridaya). The heart has the duty of an editor and sending it to our 'kanda', the throat. Finally the 'rasana', Here the poet says, May the saptaswaras shine forever which comes out like this.

The song was no peaceful and sweet to hear that the ladies in the kitchen stopped their work and came to hear it.

“Spell bound I am now, let both of you sing and live for a long time”, Blessed the husband of mine.

The dinner was served in silver plates. Hot gravel, beetroot.Chutney, pappad, mango pickles everything made by them had a special taste. Though we belonged to a community in which all people used no-vegetarian food, we never tried that for our mind was so innocent to harm even a small ant. That is what ment by real Hindu is. The great satwikas of history never killed anything to satisfy their hunger. When one has non-vegetarian food, actually they eat not only the animal, but the worms and excretions which remain in its body. So one who always speak for Hinduism, should understand that Hindu means one who speak against violence,ie harming any one by word, deed or mind. Only these are considerd as Hindus. So why should these people have an entry to temples? Harming the creatures which God has created and praying to Him for the welfare of whole world is utter nonsense. Understand everything with an intelligent mind, not an emotional mind, that is what we need now, I believe.



The ranthals slowly went off, one by one as the people slept. The moon peeped into the house in a fantasy to know what is happening inside “Hey, Lord of Romance, why do you peep into my room now? I am alone here and I feel shy on your looks”. I murmured standing beside the window.

“Oosh...” A spec of hot air passed through my break neck. I suddenly turned back. There stood my very own husband smiling.

“No, I was exchanging my new with him. He is my old friend, when I had no one” answered.

“So what did he say about me?” the man acted as if anxious to know more.

“Don’t be silly, I know you are teasing me”. I united myself to his body. The hands embraced each other.

“If you have never married me, I can’t even think of that. Oh! God, thy drama is great!” I exclaimed.

“Hey! I married not only you, but your young little nephews also, for I want to have a big family with a cute little wife and two small children. Haha” He laughed.

“But why did you choose me, you could have got better girls than me and of course from a family higher than mine”. Asked me in innocence.

“Why did Siva marry Parvathi, Vishnu married Lakshmi, similarly I married I you for you have everything, beauty, intelligence, culture and love. Salt and milk never joins, but sugar and milk gives sweetness. Here you are the sweetness of my life. You know how to manage things better, deal situations and solve problems. I know very well that a girl from some other family won't suit me like you. So I married you. Now let us go and sleep”. He took me in arms and place me on the bed. Curtains gave a mask to the windows.

We have gone to sleep. No intercourse happened till I was sixteen Beevi, the old neighbor of mine who came for the delay of my pregnancy. It conveyed my husband's decision. “Pregnancy soon after puberty may cause problems to our body. He says that we can have a child only when I am eighteen.

Now when the modern science proves that pregnancy during a very young age may lead to severe health issues to the female, the ancestors who had enough knowledge took precautions to prevent such matters. Let us prostrate their knowledge.

One day morning, when the boys left for school, a Brahmin scholar came along with my husband to meet me I, who sat on the chair after all my work stood up anxiously. He made the guest on a chair and led me inside. "He has come to teach you. Take a golden plate, vettila pakku and arecanuts. And come soon. Don't forget to keep a coin". Me the obedient wife did the same. I handed over the same to my teacher and prosteated. He asked me to sit down on the mat. He also sat on the special seat arranged for him. The teacher introduced himself and asked me some questions of his choice. This was done so as to understand the knowledge of the student.

Amazing, was my presentation of answer to him, The Janana acquired without Anubhava is not accepted. Here I have gone through a lot of experiences which was enough to understand the meaning of Vedas.

"What do you mean by self according to spiritual texts?" asked the teacher to me.

“To understand the spiritual self is necessary and a goal of life. Now Guruji you want me to explain it. It is that out of which the sense ‘I’ arises and thus the feeling of God disappears into the physical. With the word disappear, I meant that the primeval thought in the mind of every man is the physical awareness ‘I’. This comes as the first and foremost which created a second thought “you”. This duality leads to more emotions, feelings and understandings of relatives of external world.

Once when you go backwards ‘I’ slowly vanishes and reaches the source. This source which one realizes through constant meditation, self-analysis, detachment and sadhana is what one calls as self. The knowledge for doing such sadhana is acquired from a well-versed teacher, Guru as the Indian philosophy says”. Stopped I myself.

To our astonishment the teacher folded his hands and said “Who am I to teach such a pious lady. Oh! God! This person has known better than me the way for realization, I suppose. Let us have discussions I don’t want to teach you anymore”. The fourteen year old wife and twenty three year old husband were happy to hear this. There began the great saga of knowledge.

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It was late 18<sup>th</sup> century. The country India was ruled by British. The resources here, was completely eradicated and exported by the invaders. The call for freedom was heard from every nook and corner. Many were killed brutally while others were jailed. Whoever struggled against the government was suppressed using arms. The regions of today's kerala were also getting inspired by the freedom movements of north India.

Sun began to do his work. Birds and trees co-operatively did their duties. It was at this time that the teacher came into my house with news about the freedom struggles in their locality. I myself, though engaged in household work, gave an ear to what the teacher conveyed with my husband.

“Freedom is an essential factor. If these people rule, all our customs, culture and resources will be ruined soon. No doubt” said the teacher in a sad voice.

“What you have said is absolutely correct. Our resources are much valuable and hence they came here only in search of that. But as they cannot make our climate there, it will be of no use for them”. Husband supported.

“Many people from these areas are joining the freedom movements. I heard they are conducting small discussions and meetings inside the kalaris here. But mainly our own citizens should be accused. Many of them sell the nation for their private benefits”. He stopped.

“Freedom is a basic need of man, now a days, We are not suppose to sell our goods to anyone else other than the invaders. Really this rule is going to spoil our economic and social structure. Feudalism and anarchy rules the poor. They don't even get the consideration as human beings. Let God protect us! He concluded the discussion.

“What about your business? I heard you are only person who earns money there. All others are not making mush benefit,” The teachers complemented.

“Ya! He smiled”. If you are truthful and honest on whatever you do nothing can stop your success. This is my principle” He added.

The teacher made some general questions and left the home. I came out and took the glasses to clean. Slowly I heard a chorus coming near the house. “Bharat mata ki Jai”, the slogan was heard aloud from a distance. I left the work and cameout to see what is happening outside.

A group of people with some flags, raising inspiring slogans were seen. Many of them were only in teens. Nothing could stop them from doing that. The great emotion which enthralled within them was the quest for freedom. This made I thought about the need for freedom. The knowledge I possessed was a great discussion amongst the people of that area. Slowly they decided to make me the leader of the women,s wing which led the freedom fight. They visited me to clear doubts, seek blessings and for personal benefits. Day by day, the intensity for freedom spread among the natives my husband was anxious about this development. He wanted to support this movement without disturbing the family. The eccentricity of the boys was alarming. They raised weapons also against the rulers. This made him to make a strict decision to shift to place where he did all his business. Not only that, the house in which they lived will be donated to the purpose of holding meetings and discussions.

He found a new house there, owned by a Namboodiri who had neither family nor relatives to take care. He stayed in that house all alone which stood in a very critical condition. The Namboodiri was very old and was suffering from heavy debts. It was at this time; Gopalan Nair was led to that house by a middleman. Gadhadharan Namboodiri, as his name was, was pleased to see the handsome young man and readily agreed to give the house. The old man, though a scholar in Vedas, earned nothing which led him to troubles.

“I am a Pandit in vedas, not in life. I don't know the practical side of it, no one taught it to me also. There is no use of being a candle without light”. He commented on his condition.

He reminded my husband about the need to know the use of Vedanta in day-today life. At last the deal was fixed for a rate which was acceptable to both. As the namboodiri had no one to look with he requested my husband to allow him to stay there for the rest of his life. This was more than enough for the husband to feel pity for the old man. He promised a good house for Namboodiri and arranged a man to look after him.



The very next day he brought the Illam, which cracked and trembled here and there. At first he did some poojas to remove all evils of the land. Then he built an outhouse called Madom for the Namboodiri to stay and do poojas for his Sudarshana Chakra.

The house was to be rebuilt. Firstly the walls were plastered. Cement was plastered on the cost were used to make red oxide. Then woods of high cost were used to make doors and windows. Finally the roof was done with terracotta tiles. The Illam had a big property around. One side was a paddy field having small paths between them. The front and the back had big trees like banyan, teak, rosewood etc. The other side was plantain fields. The road made of granite stones gave a beautiful scenery.

He decided to make the pond there into a big tank of water with lots of dressing rooms around it. Another pond was built for the Noamboodiri to use and the third one for the use of daily poojas. The most surprising thing was the arrangement of the dressing rooms. They were made in such way that water could be fetched up from the pond like a well.

Next he brought carpenters to make furniture. Every thing was finished in wood. The naduthalam of the house was surrounded by windows and a door of glass with wooden frame. This was seen in Anglow – Indian houses only, during those days. The architect inside him worked out of blend English style with the veryown Indian style. After this, the house stood with all its pride and honour. The next was the arrangement for Griha pravesam. The friends of the family were invited. The Brahmins for conducting rituals were also made ready for the day.

The afternoon was bright. Hari and Surya were packing their books. Both of them are twelve years now. They kept the bags in the verandah and sat there. I was also busy packing our dresses and other thing. Paru Amma had already vacated the house and left for her son's house.

The owner of the house, my husband was receiving a good farewell from his friends there. The friends of the two children were also present. Their teacher was sad to leave the two brilliant chaps. Every thing was placed in the horse coach. I went out to the trees and birds to say my last goodbye. The trees hoded= their branches and showered leaves, as they don't have tears and lover was moving away from them. All God's creations have its own language to express emotions. The cow and its calf were happy as they were going to a new place. The cuckoo, the lark, the sparrows and the pretty mainas sat on the trees and the platforms singing a sad grouping. I searched for my baby squired which was found near the house at last. He sat quietly for the mischiefs can never be repeated to his mother. I took him in hands and kissed in his body. He simply tagged his thick tail to express the gratitude.

Every ceremony was over. The owner handed the house to the native leaders and expressed his consent and support towards the struggle. Then everyone got into the coach and started their journey. The only furniture we took from there was the cot on which we slept.

## **CHAPTER X**

### **MALABARI MELODIES**

Malabar is famous for a culture which has a great influence of the Muslim culture. The melodious Ghazal rights and the halwas of course make it a city of arts and sweets.

The areas of Malabar were thickly populated with businessmen especially migrants from Arabian countries. They were called Baramis. The Jains, Gujarati's, Marathas, Tamilions etc came and lived here for trade. The seaports, markets and townships were always dense with these business giants.

It was to this Malabar, he interested with his family. The house was beautifully decorated with colourful garlands, mango leaves etc. Rice powder was to use to put 'Kolam' (a design put on the floor so as to welcome the Goddess of wealth, using rice powder seen in front of Brahmin houses). Amazed I stood on seeing the house. We all took bath and got ready for the rituals. The Padipura was opened for the guests. It resembled a small outhouse with a big wooden plant set as semicircles on both sides. It was early in the morning before sunrise, the first ritual began. All Vilakku was lit by me to generate light. Small lighted lamps were seen on every hook and corners of the house which made it a big function. The main priest began to do Ganapathi Homam to remove all obstacles on the way for the blessings of Lord Ganapathi. The Hindus believe that Lord Ganesha was to be worshipped first as he destroys all obstacles. Ganapathi Homam is conducted in such a manner that a small homakundam is made with terracotta bricks. Inside that, the sandal wood is arranged as if to burn. The bricks are plastered with cowdung so as to avoid wood from coming out while burning. The homa starts by burning the wood and sprinkling water around. The priest dedicates ghee, flowers, rice mixed with turmeric powder akshatha and sesame with prayers. The Prasad made of avil, jaggery and chopped coconut is also

dedicated to Lord Ganesh. Thus the ceremony gets over.

The next is the poojas to please Goddess Durga in her three forms, Lakshmi, Saraswathi and Parvathi. The final function includes the poojas for all thirty-three thousand crores Gods, celestial bodies, forefathers and nature.

When all this rituals were finished, I got into the kitchen with a log of fire from homakunda and burnt the wood kept inside the gas shelf. A kettle of milk was boiled as it represents food and purifies everything. This milk was circulating among everyone as a Prasad. The new couples thus began our melodious life in the sweet home.

Eighteen big rooms. Each room furnished like a palace. The kitchen was much big that more than fifty people could stand inside at a time. Infront of the house was a beautiful charupadi made of wood in 7 m radii and 5m width. The circular structure gave it an antique look. The next attraction was the Goshala. The white cow with its black moles and its pretty young calf was provided with good food. Separate utensils made of silver were used to feed them. The Goshala was cleaned and kept tidy always. A milkman and a helper was arranged to take care of the cows.

Pigeons was not put in a cage. But was provided with a small wooden nest with ten holes and a tiled roof around it. The nest was made on top of the coconut tree which was half-broken due to wind few years back. The wooden part was polished and the shape of leaves and flowers were carved on that. On the top of this wood, the nest was placed. The birds and squirrel was given water, fruits, rice grains, nuts, raisins etc by keeping coconut shells around the trees. Happy living for birds and squirrel!!!

Horse coacher and horse were also maintained. Servants were engaged to do all house-hold work like cleaning, brooming, washing, gardening etc. Vegetables needed were cultivated in the farmland. Paddy fields were always filled with songs and workers. The economic planner, my husband and me, his beautiful princess, led a very prosperous life.

Days went on with happiness. The boys Hari and Surya were happy in the new school. The English convents were built to educate children by the missionaries. They were admitted to such a school. They were taught English also now. The whites and Indians were not allowed to sit together. They had a different experience of education. The new style was much impressive to both, though there were some discrimination.

We too enjoyed the style of living in the new place. The days and nights were like celebrations to them.

I am 18 years old and he was twenty-seven. Both of us were in a mood of sleep after a tiring day. I changed my dress and did my prayers. I switched off the lamp. When suppose to sleep, the heads of my husband embraced me. The first time, he made me a wife in all the sense. I could not even stop or say anything. The hands were so tightly held. Legs crossed each other. The moon felt no shyness seeing it. He peeped into see the whole sequence and creating a sentimental and romantic background. The bodies exchanged their heart in great intensity. The lips were sticked together. Aah!!! I cried out of pain, but lasted only a few seconds. I was experiencing the travel through some other world. The thought of earth came back to us only when the wet legs irritated. Thus the two bodies knew each other and the two minds reconciled together.

“Any pain for you dear?” asked the man anxiously. I united to his body without any reply. Silence talked better than words. He embraced me and the whole night passed away.



Morning came like a beautiful bride. I took her bath and went inside the bedroom and woke the husband. He was asleep after, a memorable night. The eyes stroked each other smiled and went out of the room. Days rolled on in the same manner.

One day I became tensed. He enquired the reason; I slowly said in a very pathetic voice, "My periods are not yet ready. I think I am going to be a mother". The man cannot stop himself. He danced in joy. Thus we got ready to be the parents. He arranged doctors to take care of me. A home nurse was bought for assistance. Now the Crarbhadanam in over. The next is Pumsavana, ie procreating an energetic child by providing good food, care, medicines and mental strength to the mother. Usually this is done from second or third month after conception.

Beevi was informed about the pregnancy. She came in a horse coach filled with sweets, dry fruits, fruits, medicines etc to see her adopted daughter. As she had only sons, no daughters, she took the responsibility of my delivery and began to stay with us. She gave explanations of her delivery and pacified the young lady. This is what is called as 'simantonayanami' by our science. The mother is given information about delivery and ways to have an easy delivery. She is also given the details of child development. This is to be done by mother or persons tantamount to mother.

I really appreciate Beevi for that. She explained everything which happened to her without hiding any of the part. Once I entered into puberty, she called me beside and explained about marriage, sex and the rest of the life. I am thankful to her. She never hesitated to speak anything. Children must get the freedom to share everything with their parents, from sex to jokes. Once scolded out, they will search their way to find out things, which may lead them to danger. This was her principle, who else will explain the night of a couple like this to a girl of teens? She was told everything by her caretaker. Probably that is a good system, exchanging and transferring everything to the generations for them to lead a good life. The children of today will miss all these valuable opportunities. Today all grand parents are burdens at home. They are put out in old age homes. The people who scarified and adjusted themselves in their young age should against adjust with these monkeys of today. They are not ready to make any compromise for their parents. These idiots never remember that they will also become old like their parents. Sometimes their children will throw them out to the streets. But they deserve it, I think.

I have got an opportunity to enjoy ice creams, join everything of my Ammumma How lucky I am to have such a sweet, chocolate – cover Ammumma? She was lover of a favorite and famous brand of chocolate, the beach side, the temples and the travel to places. Today, someone whom I miss the most is my Ammumma, my sweet Ammu's Aditi thought herself.

The 280 days after conception passed on. The month of Vaishaka arrived. Beautiful trees and nature waited for the baby to come out. He anxiously, stood beside me with prayers. The day was auspicious. The mid-life and Beevi stood on either side pacifying and helping me.

Aloud the boy cried. The umbilical was cut. The maid handed the baby to Beevi, who showed him to me. The mother kissed him forgetting all her pains. Husband got the next turn. The baby was then cleaned. He was fed with breast milk and as soon as he got what he desired, he slept without any complaints.

Astrologers who sat outside did the jalakarma and wrote his horoscope. "The boy, born as the son of so and so in the star of Kakeeryam, in the month of Vaishakam, in Shobhananamanitya Yogam will live in prosperity and happiness. The boy will attract people with his knowledge and speech. He may find his bride and suffer because of her, but later on will revive out of it. He will find his job in the area of literature and politics. As a good man he will always shine like the rising sun". Thus they predicted his future. The boy was named Vishruthan but I called him kannan. One year passed.

Hari and Surya were happy to see their younger cousin brother. Hari found a job as police constable in the character he was given promotion soon as an officer. At the age of seventeen he made his post as an officer. The other one Surya, detached from everything, all worldly matters was missing on one fine morning. Everyone enquired here and there. Hari searched using his power and potential. But of no use. Someone who returned from Uttarkashi, said that the boy was seen there, sitting quiet, inside a cave. By this time everyone has left his case. My husband said not to bother as he has gone for renunciation and once he finds himself not suitable for that, he will return. Otherwise he will attain realization.

Years rolled on. Hari is now twenty two years old. My husband found a pious lady called Yasodha, the daughter of a post master in government, to marry. Hari met the girl and with his consent, arrangements were made for marriage. By this time, we had two children, one boy and one girl. The girl was called Ahalya, who was cute and pretty to look at. The marriage of Hari was held in full splendor. My husband, as a father, brought a big house near his timber business centre and gave it to Hari as a present. He shifted to that house two weeks after marriage. Thus the two boys separated from us.

Five more children took birth to us in an interval of one year each. Two girls and three boys. Thus seven children and we parents shone in house like the stars on the sky. The girls were named Bhadra and Sivakani. The boys were called as Dwijan, Manmathan and Gadhadharan.

The last boy, Gadhadharan was born soon after the death of the Namboodiri. As soon as the baby came out, the colour changed into blue making an awful situation. The mid wife tried her level best to bring the child back to life. Slowly, the colour changed and came back into normality.

My husband, was anyhow afraid at this. Mid-wife recalled such an incident and said " The Namboothiri wants to see the baby born, ie why it happened".

Astrologers came and said the same. According to them, "The soul of the Namboodiri is unwilling to leave the place after death. He was very much like a family member here. So he has come to see the new born. Hence he should be given a place here, as 'Brahmarakhas". He was doing pooja for a sudarshana charka, made of gold which is, lying in his room without any rituals. He is coming here again and again by the thought of this charka. It should also be given relevant rituals either by building a temple or donating it to some Vishnu temples".

He decided to build the temple. He approached the famous priest of Devamangalam Mana to do the rest. The Carpenter Danu was called to decide the place to build the temple. He with his instruments found the place on the south eastern side of the house. The Brahmins who arrived from the man did the Bhoomi pooja at the 'sthana' to build the temple.

Architects, experienced and relevant, were brought from Tiruvithamkur. Artists for drawing and carving in the walls were also brought from Thanjavur, Labourers were called up for proper labour charges. All materials were purchased in bulk amount so as to avoid any kind of obstacles in between.

Thus the work of the temple began. On every step special rituals were conducted according to the architecture books and scriptures. A separate well was built for this purpose. The temple was built in the traditional style of Kerala.



Finally the work was finished. The roof was covered with gold. Walls had mural paintings depicting the history of the temple. The red colour set a bright background. Mixture of the natural colours in a black outline was of great attraction. Charcoal, pomegranate fruits, the powder of seashells etc were used to make the colours. The next was the door with carvings of various stories of Lord Vishnu. The entrance had two stone sculptures which can be called Dwarapalakas. The steps was made of copper. At last the main priest of Devamangalam mana called, Sanathanan Namboodiri was brought in all respect. He stayed in the Madom where the Namboodiri had stayed. In the midnight, the rituals began to bring Namboodiri's soul to the stone placed on a platform. Before sunrise this was over. The wind was stronger than before. The birds began to cry aloud. The cows also joined them. After a great chaos of five minutes, the nature returned to a normal stage. The soul of the Namboodiri was incorporated inside the stone. Rituals were done for the Brahmarakshas to remain thre happily without creating any problem to the family. Next was the inception of the Chakra in the temple.

The Dhuraja was raised in the stambha made of sopper. It was of 100 mts height. The Dhwaja had the symbol of Garuda, the vehicle of Lord Vishnu. The raising of Dhwaja was over. Now the charka was placed according to the position instructed by the texts. The Aavahana of power was evolved then and finally the ceremony was finished by the rituals and chantings.

The priest advised my husband to keep a lamp everyday there in the mornings and evenings and to do pooja on the day the temple was fixed with the charka which comes once in a year.

Thus my millionaire husband lived here with popularity respect and love from the people. It was at this time he was awarded as the best businessman of Malabar by the Government.

He decided to make seven houses for his seven children. Every house was built in different architectural styles. One was built in the mughal architectural style, the original Malabar style was seen on the second. The third was made in the solanki style. The other four was a fusion of Pallava, Dravida, Mahayana and Indo-Arsenic styles. Anyhow by forty years the man owned eight houses, 20 horse coaches, 20 cones, 50 acres of paddy fields, equal amounts of plantain fields and vegetable farms a big business shop of rice in the Big Bazar of the city as his property. A sweet wife and seven good children made the house into a havea.

The eldest son Vishruthan was studying for matriculation. The girls Ahalya, Bhadra and Siuvakani was studying in the upper primary and high school classes. The three boys, Dwijan, Manmathan and Gadhadaran was in the lower primary classes. All were brilliant and good to look at. The three girls were like the flowers standing in a gardent with its aroma and colours, which attracts everyone. The fair complexion of Sivakami and her body structure was that of a dancer. The eyes of Ahalya and the smile of Bhadra was the most beautiful ones. All the three had long hair. Amongst the three Sivakani was the most beautiful with her round face, charming and blissful eyes, smile with an innocence on her face etc. She was a good dancer and when she stood light fell on the floor. She had two dimples on both sides. Anyhow she was taught dance, Mohiniyattom by her beloved father. Ahalya was an expert in Rudraveena and Bhadra was a pioneer in violin. They made harmonious tunes and their synchronization could never be forgotten. Bhadra always sing Geeta Govindam, the poetry of love written by Jayadeva, in the Amruthavarshini Raga. It was like a rain coming to console the mass suffering with drought, a mother signing a lullaby for a child. Her voice was to settle and sweet that no one got up and went out when she sung. No ears could avoid the song.

They all had a courage to experiment and do performance in an age when ladies never came out of the houses. The revolutionary father and supportive mother stood aside for everything. All the three stopped their schooling after passing out their class ten. Though excellent in studies, they had an immense desire to study arts. Teach according to the Taste, that was the principle and philosophy of their father. He arranged teachers to come home and teach them.

Anyhow the three girls together made the house a temple of arts-kalakshetra. Every morning they used to get up early in the morning and begins their sadhaka after bath and prayers. We the parents enjoyed seeing the three blooming flowers and the four plants, the brothers who supported them.

On those days, many famous poets, singers, dancers, scholars etc used to visited our house. All were given proper respect and care. Vishruthan Nair who was inspired by the association of this people, decided to begin his career as a journalist, courses of journalism were not common on those days. He met some of the famous journalists and the heads of local tabloids who advised him to remain as an assistant. Can the spark of knowledge be hidden under a cloud? No. So he decided to begin a newspaper by himself. He discussed his idea with the father, who analysed all the sides of that and finally gave consent. He made a small investment and began the tabloid. Some boys who were considered as untouchable on those days were engaged to sell the paper. To avoid a dislike with his father, the very good man, the very kind social being, everyone read the paper. Vishruthan Nair, shortly called V.N began to spread his fame through his writings and articles as an editor of the paper. His articles were noticed by relevant freedom fighters as well as the English rulers. He write about the science of mantras, art of contemplation, the wisdom of kingdoms and on all areas of life. Once he was invited to deliver a speech for the conference held in Delhi. The Youngman of twenty-three years with his handsome face, sparking eyes and magnificent sound got recognitions from each and every delegate. He questioned the invaders with his

knowledge and inspired the youth of his time.

'Why do these invaders claim that they discovered the chemical reactions and developed medical methods? They should understand that India is not a place for them to play rock and roll, but a land of philosophers whose knowledge is acquired by birth, not artificial. The science spoken by our shastral can never be unearthed by headless, cultureless conquerors. The great management theories, the geographical, social and economic plannings which they possess have its basement here, in this soil which dwell in knowledge and shine in knowledge. Dear friends! Understand the greatness of our culture! What a huge heritage do we possess? Oh! Brilliant lions! Awake! Let us remake the country. Let us hold our hands to free our hand. The mother of ours is now kidnapped and slowed by these scoundrels. We don't want this people to rule us. Let us make their wakers, our strength and the threats they rise, our opportunities. Never be saddened by the loss you face. First you may not be successful, but finally the success is yours. Many of us belong to same caste, while others remain to castes different from us. Most of us are not born Hindus. What is meant by a Hindhu? "Himsam Rokshayathe ithi Hindhu" says the definition of that word. The word means one who stops violence is a hindhu. Non-violence and peace are the two swords which we should hold ourselves. Truth and love



should be the two hands to hold them. The growth of a nation lies in its sense of identity. Every nation has its own management ethics based on its own unique cultural ethos. Let us partake ourselves as a team where no kind every and lenity is seen. Thus we can achieve better results. We can focus on our actions, not on the fruits received from it. Let us not sit back courting inaction and never entertain the idle imagination with the results. As the Geetha says, we have the right only on the action we perform, not on the fruit, never try to be the cause of the fruit and get attached with what one have performed. Practice this well, and then, you will feel happy and satisfied forever. More or less past has taught us a great deal of lessons to act Today and plan for tomorrow. So begin to work today with out any delay. Time is a precious gift given to us by the God. Almighty which will never wait for anyone? Oh! Dear sisters of my country, the strength and potential you possess are great. You may not be the victims of any riots, but a future may come for you without your brothers, husbands and fathers alive. Let that not happen. I request you to support your men with all your brothers, husbands and fathers alive. Let that not happen. I request you to support your men with all your heart. Dear mothers, give birth to children who are bold like Lakshmana and intelligent like SriRama. Make your mark here while you live.

You are born as an ordinary human, but never die so. Great death as a hero! Never be cowards. We are people who shine and entertain in knowledge. Let us be the bold soldiers to protect our country". V.N concluded his words. The silent hall suddenly became noisy with slogans and applauses. The inspired youth joined him. The British police who can never tolerate this arrested him and sent to jail. There he began namajapayagnas and upavasa. This finally became another nuisance to the authorities who let him out.

He went in exile. We as parents, who were least bothered about this, encouraged him silently. We also knew very well, the need for freedom. After some months, he returned home to reconcile with his parents. His appear was banned by the Government. The bold father supported him and he restarted the printing of the paper. The scholars, poets, teachers, young students, pioneers of law, artists and many others of northern kerala found it as a platform to express their views. And share their ideologies with the ordinary citizens. The staff-selection to this paper was based on the criterion of knowledge and ability to perform. Some how the circulation of the paper, reached the ears of the British rules who never did anything in fear of the mass who supported V.N.What an impact of truth. The man thus made his mark as an eminent journalist and freedom fighter.

One day, the father called up all his children and asked them to sit down. He said, "I have called all of you here to discuss about something. I wish to know about your future plans. Let us begin from kannan now".

"Dear father, as a son I would look after my parents, as a social being, I will work for society and as a journalist, I will work for society and as a journalist, I will propagate the ideas of living. According to me a journalist is always committed to the needs of the society, the issues of controversy and the principles of wisdom. His media should always speak for the people who are missionary and portrait their good deeds. It should be a medium between the people and the rulers. It should support a development and turn against injustice. No kind of biasing is allowed or should not be encouraged. The upper hand should always be for values, not for anything else". V.N. spoke out his view of life.

One by one, the children expressed themselves. The father who heard everything sat silent for a while. "Most of you are now going to enter into your life, where you will get married and have children. There you should be careful on what ever you do. While choosing your partner, don't simply fall for someone who is beautiful to look at. Choose girls like your mother, who is intelligent and wise. Only such partners will bring to you. Once you choose that can never be changed and it will be your generations, that her. So be aware on the next step you leap. Be like your parents. Respecting each other, caring each other, never complaining or murmuring any matters, you should all lead a good life". The father advised his children.

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN – REGENEMERATIG LOVE**

The mornings always were very pleasant and bright during the month of March. But rainy days put the farms in water. The road built with mud in the midst of these farms were all soaked and not even seen at times. These demolished roads were much enjoyed by small children. They used to jump and run through that mud with smell towels in the waist. After all this entertainment they straightly went to take bath in the temple pond. The temple of Goddess Parvathi stood with all its sanctity in the middle of the forest.

Some girls were seen as a group. The leader, Mohavalli was wheatish in colour with her brown eyes and long hair. She was called so by her parents because of her amazing beauty. She had a plate of offerings in her hand. They walked through the forest way, making sound and cracking jokes. It was at this time, the hand some young man, famous for brilliance and power was coming from the opposite side. That was V.N. His physique was quiet noticeable Mohavalli, who had a great appreciation for him, headed towards him and began to talk and praise him. The beauty she had made the man fall for her. He got into her trap like any other boy. The girls who understood this began to exploit this and earned money from him. Though he never behaved out of his character, he had immense love and adoration for the lady. Thus going to the temple merely became a reason to meet her. The desire was expressed to the lady who never opposed it. She began to utilize him economically. The girl, though belonged to the same caste, never showed any culture like V.N'a aiaters. She not only spoke with him, but also with boys who are economically in a stable side and flirtish with them. She had only a big family name to hold on, economic conditions were really bad. So for need of money, she caught hold of V.N who spent lavishly for her.

Some how the news reached the ears of his father. He called up his son. I sat beside him.

“Kanna I heard that you are in love with a girl called, Mohavalli”, He straight away entered into the matter.

“Yes, it is true, I love her, her beauty has made me spell bound, and she is a very lovable character”. The son admitted the fact.

“Is she really good? If she was good, she would have never utilized you like this, Think before you leap into some matters”. The father reminded.

“But you married my mother, when she was only twelve. Did you think yourself? The son began to question.

“My dear son, your mother never came to me and played any drama to make an entry into my life. Instead I proposed her. Here the matter is different. She came to you fell for her”. The father also gave a proper justification.

“Any how I will marry her and her alone. If you are not going to admit or agree, I will go for register marriage”. The son was adamant. On his decision. “Yours was a love marriage, so you have no right to question me”. He added.

“All that glitters is not gold, number my son. But if you are firm on your decision, I will leave the rest to God. Let your wish be satisfied. You will remember my words later on”. The helpless father surrendered.

“My decision is firm and will never change”. He left the room before hearing anything more.

“Love is blind. Nothing can stop my fate. The malediction still follows me. Oh! God, take care of my son”. Prayed I myself to God Almighty.

Thus the marriage between Vishruthan Nair and Mohavalli took place in all pomp and glory. People from various fields took part in this marriage. Many proposals came for these girls also seeing their beauty. But we were seeking for better options.

On the special evening after the marriage, a concert was arranged of the three girls. Ahalya got ready for the programme with her Rudhraveena, while Bhadra was ready with the violin. Sivakami was dressed and doing prayers before a dance concert. A big group of invited guests were gathered to see the performances.

Mind blowing it was. The string and bells, made hand to hand and nobody could say who the most excellent one was. All the three performed with a sportive spirit and with a large amount of dedication to their arts. The mass sat breathless on hearing the music and seeing the dance. No one commented anything wrong for the girl's performances has hypnotized them. Soon after the marriage of V.N, proposals began to flow to the house, for the three girls. Ahalya, the eldest and the expert of Veena had a good proposal from a college professor named, Dhananjayan Nair. He belonged to a family of Thrishivaperur, and but was working in a college in calicut. The man stood for her on a firm leg. As the girl was already 23 years, the parents agreed. The ornaments were made according to the girl's interest. She had also been given a house with the blessings of both families. The daughter thus entered into the second phase of life. We felt some relief only because of the reason that the husband belonged to the family of Sankaran Nair, a close friend of my husband.



The nephew of my husband, Ananthakrishnan Nair, heard Bhadra singing at her home and came with a proposal to marry her. The father at once remembered the day when the grand mother of Anathakrishnan Nair, Threw out his suitcase origins. He decided not to give his daughter to a family which has rejected him and gave insult to his father for no reason. He was also afraid that, many of the children at that home was mentally upset or has some kind of mental ailment. Which is heaedetrical? He won't want his grand childred to suffer from that. So he objected it. The man began to make problems and he sent back all other proposals saying that he is going to marry the girl. The father, at last finding no way to get rid of him fixed the marriage of Bhadra with the police officer and his nephew, Ananthakrishnan Nair. This was the third and the grandest marriage held. The girl of just 21 years was married to a man of 35 years.

Sivakami, the silent girl remained at home as she was only nineteen years. She was the most pretty girl with a good character. A broker arrived a very fine morning with a proposal for her. The man was working as scientist and senior chemist in one of the departments of government. SankaraNarayana Menon, as his name is, belonged to a family of chittur called Olavankot whose mother was dead. His father was a pioneer of Sanskrit and has gone for contemplation after the death of his wife. Her father was happy to hear this proposal as bothe were brilliant and talented. I asked him not to delay it thinking of the girl's age. The muhurtham was fixed and arrangements were made at the house for the marriage. The groom's party was providing with a new house to stay for the marriage.

All in a sequence, the three girls got married and left the house. I adviced all the three too be patient, co-operative and live a according to their husband's wish. Seeking the blessings of their parents and satisfied with their husband's all the three left home.

Dwijan, the fifth son began to visit his sister Ahalya as he was in love with Vasundhara, the sister in-law of Ahalya. At first nobody knew this affair. Later on the lady herself disclosed it to her brother Dhananjayan Nair. He protested the relation at first.

“She may be my sister. But a shabby and greedy fellow like her can never be seen. She wants to marry you just for money. She is so hard at heart that she would never mind killing you for money”. He warned “It’s all just the character of teens that can be transformed after marriage. Don’t worry about that”. Dwijan tried to pacify his brother –in-law.

Who can stop the curse of a pious Brahmin? It will follow the generations. Here no words mad him aback. He had already fallen for the lady.

Dwijan and Vasundara started their life. The lady began to force the husband to build a new house at Thrishivaperur so that she could stay beside her mother. The loving husband built a new house with the money he earned from his job as a lawyer.

The children grew into families. The parents pecked out the children from them to their own way of life, like a hen pecking out its matured chickens to the outer world. They lived according to their needs and culture. The last two boys Manmathan and Gadhadharn pursued their career as Engineer and officer respectively in the Government officer.

Manmathan who found Homoeopathy to be interesting, studied it which was not much popular on those days. He joined a diploma college and finished it in excellence.

Soon after that he got appointment as Government Doctor in Manjeri. The man, stubborn and tough in nature, fell for no girl. As it was difficult to reach Manjeri everybody, he rented a house there and began to live alone. There a man called konjatta Govindan Nair with his family opposite to the doctor's residence. The ladies of that house were very famous in attracting people. Their sympathetic face and artificial expressions may make the people think that they are good. But this will extend till the goal is reached. Nobody can recognize this character soon.

They came to meet Dr. Manmathan Nair with family. Konjatta Gavindan Nair, introduced himself and his wife kausalya. The daughter susheela and sons Appu and Kuttan stood beside them. The doctor was anyhow happy to have a Landlord as his friend.

The very next day onwards, the mother sent the daughter who was only 20 years to the doctor's house with tea, breakfast, lunch and supper. Though he resisted this at first, the mother forcefully made him eat. She made believe that there is no trouble for them to provide food for him. The artful girl finds nothing impossible even to make a rigid man flexible. Here the girl made it done and the strict doctor thus fell for her.

He conveyed his desire to the parents. We in a great rage, shouted at him. "How dare you marry such a girl, the ill-cultured, tricky girl like her? I and my husband wants you too resign that job and come and stay with us here".

My husband consoled me and asked the son, his opinion. He was firm on his decision and don't want to make any brawl with his parents. The father asked him not to take any dowry. The doctor finally united with his love susheela, at the age of twenty five.

He then left for his job, back to Manjeri, talking his wife, the smiling discourteous witch.

The last, but not the least, Gadhadharan was an aspirant of military. He joined army at the age of twenty and began to fight for the country. The mother who was scared of this, but the father never stood in his son's way. He decided not to marry, for he was going to take part in the war.

Thus we left all children to their own lives and remained alone at home with happiness and prosperity. The business was going on its way. He, at the age of sixty three sat in the shop surprising his business. V.N always went to jail for his activities and came back as a leader. The wife, through greedy, never complained about this. It was at this time a communal riot broke out in the area of Malabar between the Hindu and Muslim communities. The Muslims were killed out by Hindus where ever seen. The sons of AliHaji with their family came and stayed with us.

One day, went too one of the houses built by my husband for his daughter. As all the daughters stayed with their husband's family it was the responsibility of mine to keep the houses clean. I made the servants broom and clean with water and allowed them to go. The horse coach came and the coach man brought the lunch to me. He went out to buy some things. The servants also returned after the work. I sat alone in the front of the house.

Suddenly, the sound of someone standing breathless and asking for water was heard at the entrance. I went out to see the person. A muslim with a knife on his belt was standing there in a very pathetic condition. Announcements were made that no one should give shelter to any Muslim at their houses. In spite of all this, I asked him to come in without any fear and poured water for him. He drank almost 10 jugs of water in one swing. I gave him my lunch and behaved affectionately. The man wondered at this. "You are only at the age of my son. Don't give your life for them to kill, because I am a mother". I said. He had the lunch and stood with tears and said, "No one from my community will harm you or anyone in your family. This is a promise". It was a gesture of a human being to his protector, not of a Muslim to a Hindu. This should be a lesson for the people and brains who make communal riots and kill people in the name of God.

The very next day, a group of Muslims began to create chaos in the market. Those who protested were put to death. Every business man was just beginning his trade early in the morning. My husband lighted a lamp and was praying to Goddess Lakshmi. It was at this time the people attacked his shop. They took away his purse and began to throw the sack of rice out to the road. Suddenly he said, "Don't throw the food out. You may take it freely, I won't protest. I will not file complaint in the police. Why should you waste it? Take those sacks and give it to those who starve in their houses". Seeing the man's attitude, they stopped and began to keep the sacks, back to the shop. They took the money and left.

He returned home and narrated the entire story to me. I was always optimistic and so asked him not to be sad of the incident. "If that money is deserved for us, it will be returned, if not let the people take it away" consoled. The night passed away. He left to his shop as usual. When he went there, some boys were found standing there.

"We don't want your money. Here, take your purse. Sorry for all the disturbances. We made for you. We thought all Hindus are our enemies. Please forgive us for our mistake". They fell at his feet.



“My dear children, I am your father. Regret is greatest medicine to heal the mistake you have committed. So be peaceful and live everyone. Understand that you are killing the brothers and sisters of yours. Don't go forward with these riots. The invaders here are trying to divide and rule us. Let us not shatter ourselves which will make them easy to take away whatever we have. We need a peaceful life here not a blood-shed mornings and violent atrocious nights”. He advised them taking his purse.

Hearing about us, people from many riot affected areas came to see us. It was at this time the British implemented Gurkhas to kill the Muslims. As the man who came earlier to me, the mass of Muslims came to our house seeking shelter and protection from various areas of Malabar like Ernad. We affectionately provided with food, clothes and shelter for them in our out house.

This is the Mopla revolt and Malabar rebellion which you studied. "Was he a man or some God born as a man? I wonder at this incident. The lady said it with a great terror on her face". Aditi wondered today when these generations quarrel for communal rule, a monkey who sits in the middle takes away the case of love from these headless cats. They don't find these truth. The middlemen can never be believed. He will always try to make benefit from both sides. I wish, this irregularity and terror be stopped and all people live here in peace and harmony. Will it happen? I don't know, but the only thing I can do is to pray to the beloved God to make peace and love here. Aditi's next view was in garden where the black coloured butterfly is sitting on the white bunch of flowers standing out there. Why these yellow butterflies simply sit on that yellow flower alone? They are playing match 'n' match, I think. How beautiful this nature is with its rhythm of music and colour of creation. [She thought Hey fools! Don't quarrel each other, see this nature where everything shares and loves each other. The flower gives honey to honey bees and butterflies. They inspite carry the pollens to other places to make the children of these plants. The birds sit on the trees and trees give them the trunks as seat. The birds as gratitude take the seeds too nearby places for the friends of these trees to see their children. See how co-

operative they live! Who cares for all this? They are all giants of money and competition. Where is time for them to love???) She thought the second generation of us was thus living with pride and prosperity, wealth and health, love and like amongst each other. Now we decided to move on for a pilgrimage to places like Rameswaram, Thiruvannamalai, Hrishikesh, Kailas and the rest of the Himalayas.

We packed a few set of dresses, took the money required and got ready for the yatra. The details regarding the documents were kept safely in a seiret place. The children were all called up. The youngest son was given the duty of the business there. The parents asked them to live in love and care. The children who were attached to their parents asked them not to go alone. But affectionately they rejected it and promised the children that they will come back soon after they finish the pilgrimage.

Husband said, "Now my duties are over. I as a father took care of you children as well as my in-laws. Now it is your responsibility to utilize, develop and protect whatever I have given to you. I believe I have educated you according to your taste and talents. To use it in your life is dependent on you. As the Manusmriti says, a girl who is protected, by father in childhood, by husband in the youth and by son in the old age does not deserve freedom. Be a good father, good son, good husband and good brother. Take care of your family as I did. Be obedient to your husband like your mother obeyed me. Love and Truth can make your life better keep in mind all these words and bid a happy farewell for us".

Thus we began our pilgrimage from Haridwar, passing all important shrines and places of Himalayas our journey moved on through Kailas, Badarinath, Kedarnath, Gangothri, Jamnotri, Pashupathinath, Uttarkashi, Prayag, Jwalamukhi, waishno Devi Temple, Amarnath, Tirupathi, and all temples of TamilNadu. When we reached Thiruvanamalai, I met Ramana Maharshi.

## **CHAPTER XII**

### **EXPERIMENTS OF LIFE**

A bliss of love, an embodiment of knowledge and patience, Sri Ramana Maharshi, was seen sitting in the steps of the Ashram feeding his pet animals. The eyes which spoke more than words, with a face glowing like sun, contributes a lot to his slender body. The simplicity which he maintained in each spec of behavior gave him a respectable individuality. Self- realization which cannot be brought from any market. Which need concentration and self-control, was attained by this man quiet easily. The prescient he maintained alone was about the future of the world. Neither bothered by himself and his Eternal thoughts.

Taking and playing with his pets like peacock, crows, dogs etc., the old saint sat there patiently. It is to this man, the couple offered some fruits and prostrated for blessings. He slowly looked up to see the couples, but again got immersed in his work. The peacock seeing two beautiful and chilling faces began its dance in full- fledged. The seekers and the Guru together enjoyed it. Dancing and nodding, tapping and hopping, the peacock slowly went into its shelter.

“Now you can be detached from all worldly matters and remain in solitary life, discarding the botherations and concentrating on realization alone”. Maharshi advised.

"Anonymous you speak at times, Oh God, the preserver of the world, let you be my janitor". I prayed and returned to the valley with a blissful mind and cheerful heart.

The further journey was to the realm of Nataraja, Chidambaram. The temple beside the coastal area, with lot of scholars and teachers, was filled with music and dance. The great festival day of the temple was celebrated in all splendor. It was Sivaratri.

"One Sivaratri was celebrated at the shrine of Pashupathinath. This time, we are here at Chidambaram, the place itself refers the cosmic feel of the Eternal. Blessed we are! "I said to my husband.

See the circle of life. From a land of snow to a dusty and marshy atmosphere takes only there years time for the Great Director.

Sivakami, the better half of Lord Nataraja, the beauty queen ever seen, dressed in red saree and ornaments adding to her beauty, gave a precious memory to the couples. The Natyasabha, being filled with dances singers, instrumentalists, vocalists and listeners, was a rare experience. The moon stood pouring his light on the face of Sivakami Devi. She at the same time, sat there as if desiring to see Lord Shiva and the dancers around Him. Did a glance of every spark on her face? No chance, how can a Goddess herself be envious! Seeing all these, I had an intense desire to sing. The loving husband made a way for that.

Silent the hall remained, many sat with anxiety, while others being ready to criticize and the great with devotion. The music was amazing that the people who stood here and there, rushed into the Natyasabha. Priests appreciated while the eminent singers wondered. The Amritavarshini raga was sung in all expression of romance. Believed it as a communication between the singer and nature who enjoys it.

“Oh! Siva, My heart yearns for you;  
My dreams are filled with thy thoughts  
My soul thirst just for you.  
Lover of Parvathy, come near me, bless me  
Nandi and Ganas accompany your dance  
Alas! Poor me, have nothing to dedicate.

Whatever I possess is a gift of yours  
Oh Sur= why no cars to hear me?  
I pray, not for wealth, not for health  
Not for fame, Not for any samsarikas  
But to be hour's alone.  
My heart and mind enthralls with thy thoughts.  
Never kick me down, let me dance with you  
Let thy glory live long!  
Let thy hymns be sung along!  
Let thy blessings empower me!  
Let thy dance be owned by my song!  
Oh shiva my heart yearns for you!!!!

Jai Sivasankara! Jai Nataraja! Jai chidambaranatha! She loves. To the surprise of everyone there, rains began to dance on the grounds as a reward to my song. Making nature happy, it went on for sometime. The whole mass gathered there, except Lord Nataraja and Sivakami was enhanced by this. Amruthavarshini is a raga in music by which the great singer is an Akbar's court, Tansen made rains in the most hot summer season. Nothing is impossible if a strong mind with devotion and dedication is possessed by a person. I gained appreciation by everyone for having these two qualities to decorate her talent.



The main priest, impressed by this, led to his house. The traditional Brahmin house with six members, the Priest saranatha Deekshithar, his wife sitambal, two children, Siva and Rudra, and his old parents, Ganesha Deekshithar and SruthiAmbal. Maintained in all sanctity gave a hearty welcome to them. The guests were given special seats. The evening prayers got over. Everyone sat together for dinner. The Tamil dinner was served. A special food caught the attraction of mine. It was delicious and gave an attractive aroma. I asked for its recipe. The Pattamma as the sons of Saranath used to call Sruthi Ambal, explained the method.

“Take equal quantity of uraddal, rice, black gram, green gram bengal gram and the pulses of your choice and grind it into a thick paste. Now add salt, chili powder, curry leaves, onion and turmeric powder, Make dosas out of it. Pour some oil or ghee before you serve. Never forget to add your love also.” She concluded with a smile.

Next day morning, arrangements were made for our further journey by the priest. He also gladly informed the couple that he will wait for them again after marriage to hear the song of the lady. He and his family gave a good farewell to the two birds that flew together to their next destination.

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The land of business, the home of arts, the shrines of unexplainable architecture, this is the picture of Thanjavur, where a small township is situated with art-loving localities. Here, my husband, stood with his nostalgia. The days on which he arrived here to purchase goods for sale came into his memory". The lady concluded.

On opening her eyes, she found no one beside, other than Aadi who was sleeping in the next bed. She took her watch and found the time to be six o' clock in the morning. She got ready to move to Thanjavur as she already visited Chidambaram in her dream. Aadi followed her with a big bag and they got into the taxi for their further journey to Thanjavur, via Chidambaram, offering their prayers there. The Natyasabha and chitsabha remained in heavy silence in the evenings. The place is now famous for the university which had its own pride to say. Annamalai University buildings were seen in the midst of the town. Holding a property of a great number of acres, it was seen covering the small temple town. Chidambaram is no more an unapproachable place, instead a friendly town. Students from various parts of the country pursue their studies for different courses. They felt as if they reached back the campus life once more.

Aditi was happy that she walked inside the campus and made queries about the courses. Aadi never restricted her movements so that she will be fine at heart and her mind will retrieve back to normal stage. One day later, they began their journey too Thanjavur, the city of arts and culture.

The first was the Brihadeeswara Darshana. As the name suggests, the magnificent temple stood with all its greatness symbolising the rule of chola empire. The temple is built so high that the Vimana never casts any shadow at any time of the year. The metals used and granites fixed had no sign of ageing. The designer should be praised enough. Sculptures of 108 poses or Karmas could be seen inside the walls of GarbhaGriha, Even the ceilings and corridors were made beautiful with the murals, which remains still bright and colourful. Shiva made his presence as Nataraja and Tripurantaka in the paintings. Probably the painters of those days might have asked Lord Shiva too pose for them. The looks and style of those paintings reminded of this. Innocent face and handsome eyes made any person gaze at it for atleast sometime. Sculptures and paintings present a vivid rage of knowledge about the history, happenings and life style of ancient days.

More than adding beauty to walls, these paintings give information about the emperors and kingdoms existed. The man behind this creation might also have thought about passing out the stories of his life to the forthcoming generations. Glory to those great Prescient, Romantic the structure of the temple is, for it has the background of colours and aroma of flowers. Walking through the magnificent mandapas, they offered prayers shrines and sub shrines. The royalty, the temple depicted can never be explained.

They returned back to the suit room. She was seen extremely happy which made Aadi little bit worried. She began to speak about some pilgrimage and other things which had no relation between each other.

Though she remained happy outside her mind was crying to see the lady. She never appeared till evening. Both of them went out to the town to have some shopping and just for the sake of time-passing. After having their prayers at the temple front, and having a traditional dinner, they crawled back to their beds, inviting sleep to bless them.

The lady soon arrived and led her out of the room. She found herself in the middle of the market. Busy in their business, the people remained there. Some of the faces had resemblances of someone she knew. The greater the shop, the thicker the mustache, of the shopkeeper some people were seen gathered in front of a shop. She paved her way in between them and reached in front. Her vision blurred suddenly. The boy in the middle of big mass. What is going on? She listened carefully and enquired the boy about the incident.

The boy was only twelve years and has come to do some business with two annas. He began to beg, "I have only two annas with me. Please lend me two sacks of rice? I beg your kindness, please I am only fourteen years, consider me as your son, please". The small boy was waiting for the mercy of the merchant holding his legs.

"Get out of this place". Ordered the merciless, bald-headed man and kicked down the boy with his leg. "If you stay here anymore you will be handed over to the police. Ha! Ha! Hear all this boy of no use is going to do periya vanijyam! A great merchant! "He roared at the boy's helplessness.

Eyes filled with tears, the boy was suppose to go down. Everyone started at him like an animal being beaten by his master. The nature expressed its feeling for him as rains. What use! No sympathetic face was seen there. A land = caught him on that day. It is because of the owner of these hands, he became millionaire later. The boy vanished; instead an old man was seen standing there, with hands held with another man. "Yes! This is Vinay Ram, the good young merchant, friend and teacher of mine" he remarked. Embracing and exchanging their love they began to walk to Vinay Ram's house. The lady and Aditi gazed at all these. Though they didn't understand the happenings, they followed them obediently.

The house was like a big palace carved in one rock and finished with granite. Filled with happiness, the family gave a warm welcome to the couples.

"Oh! I forgot to introduce to you, my life," Husband said in a hurry. "This is Vinay Ram, the man who invested for my business first, hope you remember about him".

"Ok! So here is the cause of all happiness in my life. What a nice person he is!" Expressed the lady about her husband's friend, to Aditi.

A great feast was served. Everyone was happy to see one another. They exchanged their glad moments and jokes. The pranks and advices mad all the people happy.

“What about your children and in-laws?” Vinay Ram enquired.

“Ya, they are going fine, I believe. We have left the house three years before. No idea of what has happened after that. The last one is alone at home. He don’t want to marry, he says”. The husband replied.

“God will bless your children. No God can turn you out”. The friend praised him. She found herself to be in the balcony of her room in the guest house. Wondering on how she reached there, Aditi went to sleep. She was quiet amazed to see such places there, in the city.

Getting up early in the morning, she went to see the temple of Thanjavur, along with Aadi. She was adamant on her decision to remain there till evening. Nothing could shake her. Leaving the day for her, Aadi remained in silence.

Evening came with the reddishness of setting sun and blue light of the sky with a slight scene of moon. It was at this time, the couple moved on to Srirangam in a car, arranged. The cool breeze, spoke some words to them, while the flock of birds interrupted with their song. Congregating all this and congratulating the artists of amazing talent who created the sculptures of Thanjavur, they bid a sweet farewell to the place.

## **SRIRANGAM**

Kaveri, the river which holds and pampers, proudly and affectionately the Sriranganathan is the first vision which one gets at srirangam. A blend of culture like Marathas, Nayaks and the rulers of Vijayanagaram, was seen in the paintings there. Here, the Vaishnavas consider as Divyadesam. Radha, the lover of Krishna had an intense desire to marry Krishna. As it was impossible in that birth, she took birth as Andal and got married with Sri Ranganatha, who remained as Andal and got married with Sri Ranganatha, who remained as Ananthashayi.



The two lovers got inside the temple praising the Lord and singing the hymns. More they went in, more the sound of devotees were heard. The pure odour of agarbathi's and aroma of the Prasad offered was perceived. An old mother was heard singing some Tamil verses. Aditi got no idea of which song it was, but as it was sweet to hear she stood beside the lady.

“Amma, could you teacher me the song you sung now? Aditi requested.

“This is written by Andaal, praising Lord Ranganatha and conveying her mind and message to Him. Take this now with you. I will teach you later of else you can sing it yourself”. Singing, she went around for completing the Pradakshina.

Fulfilling all romantic prayers and enjoying the pageantry of Ranganatha with his wife, lying on the Adishesh they proceeded their way to Madurai, the home of Meenakshi Devi.

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## **MADURAI**

The excellence in architecture, the dwell of sundareswara, and his consort Meenakshi Devi, the Madurai Meenakshi temple, the galaxy of Hindu mythology stood in all its pride and honour, the large gateway gave a warm welcome. Here, the God sundareshwara and Goddess Meenakshi Amman Kovil, as it was called by the localities had long, but amazing praharas which had sculptures and of course a long gallery of mural paintings. It depicted the Thirukkural written by Sri Valluvar. The next feast was the columnades of pillars with designs from the treasure of Hindu philosophy, some divine and others semidivine. Some others were with plastic covering. The work of the great architect of those days makes one spell bound. Thiruvalluvar diagnoses the intricacies of human nature with such penetrating sun sight, perfect mastery and consummate skill absorbing the most subtle concepts of modern psychology through Thirukural. The legend gives a complete prescription to all Dharma Artha kama seekers in this world. The work once read or heard gives a feel that it was written for the people of today. "See the talent of ancient laureates! Can a poet today be equal to such great visionaries!" Aditi said herself.

Evening came, providing signals to all day creatures to return back home and the night lovers to peep out their heads. Janani had informed Aadi to move to Rameswaram and do Pitruyagna there. As per the mother's wish, the son took a special interest and moved on to Rameswaram, the place where Lord Rama and His army of Monkey built the Ramasethu, to Sri Lanka. It has its own honour to hold, of Lord Rama did rituals to please Lord Shiva sitting there.

They succeeded to Rameswaram by car for paying the homage to their fore fathers. The sea was seen as a naughty girl wearing her dress to and fro. The small rocks of Ramasethu were seen here and there. It is a wonder to see it still now, the bridge which was built when no modern technology was known or used, without great technicians, but with a group of monkeys who devoted to Him their lives and the sea which held it up without pulling back. It is to here the lovers arrived to have their bath in the sea.

Dhanushkoti, the city beside the beach which had a close association with the characters of Ramayana. After having a sea-bath, they moved on to the temple for the darshan of Rameswara, the Lord Rama.

“The temple Rameswaram, is a school of architecture in accordance with the stories heard. The thousand-pillars mandapam is the typical example for this. The skillful architect makes better creation; Yes, God as a teacher of architects, create better animals like man, ‘Janthoonam Nrajanmadurlabham’, says Adisankara So never be proud of oneself, We are all the refined version of animals. But now a day’s man himself acts as an animal leaving all his intellect behind. Behave like a man. I believe this is the message which this place gives” Aadi was hearing a lecture from Aditi.

The sea bath was over and darshan of Lord Shiva was completed with devotion and with a mind of oneness. The temple consists of two shrines enclosed with three concentric walls and four gopurams. The thousand pillar mandapam had big-blocks of granite, richly carved and well proportioned.

Fantastic! Exclaimed the minds of each pilgrim. Seeing all the enclaves of the tour and having food from the nearby hotel, run by a local Brahmin, they returned back to their room; Aadi made arrangements for the pitrutarpanam, the next day morning

The Brahmin chanted the mantras and instructed them to do the rituals as per the scriptures. After repeating the mantras and dedicating the cooked rice, sesame, flowers water and akshatham, they pleased the fore fathers. To get the complete sweetness of the fruit of this ritual, they were asked to take bath in the sea by floating away the plantain leaves into that, holding the offerings. Aadi and Aditi slowly, moved to the sea and took a sink in the water. When Aadi raised his head, he saw Aditi walking to the middle of water. He called her back, but she went fast as if someone was waiting for her. The people who stood around saw the chaos and some swim fast and brought the girl back. The most surprising was that her dress was not wet, only a small part was seen drenched, that too under her knees. The swift-moving sea came roaring to the shore as if to take her back. Cautious was its movement. Aadi, though tired with all these, remained pleasant and courageous at heart.

Holding her in arm, he walked slowly to the room. The whole mass stared at them. He, the helpless, the tedious, the sworn out man reached back the room. On the bed, she lay unconscious and least bothered of what happened around. Hours rolled on. The girl retrieved back to this world. She was seen unhappy and not satisfied with the place. She demanded to leave the place at once, back too Palani.

Aadi who was tried of all this, gave her a sedation to sleep. She was thus pulled out to deep sleep. The waves of the sea as if in a conch was heard. The leaves of banyan trees was seen around, wind went like a dancer, raising the dusty soil all the way. A path made of mud was seen. Walking through that way, she reached a house. The garden was marvelous and the aroma of the flowers gave a warm welcome. A garden like that will never be seen anywhere else. An old man was seen sitting on a royal seat, accompanied by the lady of her dreams. A group of soldiers wearing marks on their face and holding swords in their hands surrounded them. Each and every tree stood still for a moment. The birds flew here and there creating a state of panic. A black dog was seen howling and barking as if it was threatened by something. The fumes of clouds spread in the sky hiding the setting sun. The harebell plants nodded their blue-bell like flowers and the nishagandhi propelled an aroma. The day was Pournami and so the full moon was seen above, in the sky. Stars accompanied the light of the romantic God. Some one was heard chanting the hymns of Goddess Annapoorneswari.

A White horse chariot surrounded by handsome and celestial bodies were seen flying in the sky. The stars moved to two sides paving way for the chariot. The charioteer was a Gandharva with a bright face. The Goddess Parathi was seen. Sitting inside and the ladies who stood around her sang the songs praising her and swinging the fans in their hand so as to cool her. The chariot came down and stopped in front of the man sitting in the chair where the couple sat. They got up all in a sudden and ran down the pushing the lady back. It vanished in air, leaving the body of the man. Four men came, taking the body to fire and procuring his bones and ashes the lady was seen walking through the beach of Rameswaram. Her tears rolled down and the very moment it touched earth, small flowers arose from that. She began to float the bones and ashes to the sea without disturbing anyone and the place became silent and not even a single man was seen there. A glimpse of light, tearing the clouds into two halves, came out pouring its says on her.

“Don’t be sad. I have just gone for a trip like those of my business trips. This time I won’t return. Be calm and cool. If none of our children takes care of you, you can go and stay in the house which I have built near the temple. Always be happy and dress well, never remain without ornaments and in white saree. I don’t want to see you in that “The light spoke to the lady in a make voice.

She was seen happy and returned back home, cheering up her life with the grand children and children.

Aditi woke up from the sleep after a long time. She found herself drowsy and irritated. Aadi sat beside, pampering and consoling her. He felt sorry for giving her an injection, but he was helpless on that situation.

“Now, can we return home? Aadi asked her permission to leave back to her house where the parents waited for them.

“No! I want to see the sunrise and sunset of Kanyakumari. Please, I won’t trouble you anyone. I have heard that the Devi there is so beautiful to see. I want to enjoy the spiritual breeze of the Vivekananda rock and the purity of that seashore”. She requested.

“Ok! I won’t stand on your way”. Aadi answered in a helpless way.



Kanyakumari, the temple in the coastal border of Kerala, had a culture of Kerala an influence of Tamil Nadu. They took a room in the guest house nearby from where the rock statue of Swami Vivekananda was seen. The blessings of Devi Kanya Parameswari was the only desire in her heart. The temple was crowded as some festival was going on. They made their prayers outside and returned to the room.

The sunrise was attractive than any other place. Aditi stood ready with her camera to capture those wonderful paintings of God. She was seen excited while hiring the boat and moving on to the Vivekananda rock. Aadi was worried amidst of the gladness on seeing her Pleasants and normal. He pointed to the rock, and the boat went on.

She got to the upper part of the rock and sat down leaning on one of the pillars. She got into a half-sleep due to the tiredness of the journey and the cool breeze singing a lullaby, with the rhythm of the waves which shattered themselves on the rocks with bubbles and competing each other.

The lady was seen again, she filled her eyes with tears and led Aditi to house. There she found a young man lying dead.

“Who is this? She asked to the old lady.

“This is my son named Dwijan. He is not dead, but killed by his own wife for money. I will narrate whole incident”. The lady said. “One day I called him up and asked to keep in his safe custody, all the documents regarding my property, as he was the most responsible son. He maintained it as a secret. But somehow that wicked wife came to know about it. She, seeking the help of our milkmaid, brought a poisonous fruit powder, and added it in the milk for him. My daughter, Bhadra, who saw it shouted not to drink it. Alas! By that time he had finished the whole glass. The tension and the knowledge of his wife’s cruelty together made him silent and in the evening death caught him by hands. I and my children cried out in our sadness, but the witch, she went inside the room and began to pack the documents in a small bag. Accidentally my youngest son saw this. He, in his rage, forgot about her pregnancy, slapped on her face, dragged her to me and described the whole incident. I asked her to leave my house on the very same moment. I remembered her brother’s words at the time of their marriage and regretted myself. But what use! My son was lost. I thought she only will possess this type of cruelty but her gene has transferred to generations also. After all this mishaps, I lost my daughter, Sivakami. Young she was, tortured in a different way by her husband’s family. Her husband, though a scientist had little

consideration for her health. She died out of dehydration and cerebral hemorrhage. When all these began to shake me and sworn out my mind, my son, the doctor, filed a case against me for the property. I knew very well, it was not Manmathan's cleverness, but that of his wife susheela. I never forget against them, instead prayed for the clemency of this Goddess Parvathy". By this time, the sound of the lady shivered and withered in a peculiar way.

"Now come with me to the temple. Let us pray together". She led Aditi to the tip of the rock. A huge wave came up to the height of Aditi's head roaring sound was heard, the sea water seen to be furious. People around ran to the site to see what happened. Aditi, hearing the sound around returned too the reality. That if she move one more step forward, the sea will take her down. The moment she realized this, her vision went up and down and felt as if the world around her was quaking and turning. All in a sudden the girl fainted to the rock. Aadi ran from the other end and took her to the room. She was asleep. He decided to take her back home by car. He injected a high dose of sedative and made her sleep. A taxi was arranged for their further journey.

The qualis car slowly began to move through the national highway covering Thiruvananthapuram, Cochin, Trichur and finally it reached Calicut by night. Aditi found herself inside the car in a city quiet known to her.

“Where am I now?” She asked in a very tiring voice.

“You are here in your own city, Calicut”. Aadi answered.

“So soon! I thought we will be staying in kanyakumari for atleast two days”. She signed and gave a yawn. Aadi remained in silence.

Time is going on. You don't want to complete your course in the film institute”. Aadi asked

“Oh! I forgot about that. How many days are left?” She asked in a worry.

“Only twenty-five days. Don't worry. Let us do something he consoled.

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The gate slowly opened and the car went inside the car porch. While paying for the taxi, he checked whether all luggage was kept out. Aditi is sitting on the wooden plank, looking pale and tired. Her mother stood beside, anxiously and seemed worried about her condition.

“Nothing to be bothered. She just dreamt of some one and became friendly with that lady, don’t bother it. Always ghosts are friends of we people. Is it Aditi?” he asked in a jovial manner, hiding his expressions.

“Now go and take a bath properly. I want to see you fresh. Chalo yaar”. He advised Aditi.

She got up in all laziness and approached her room, sharing something with her mother about the rituals held there, few days back.

The house remained in silence for sometime. But slowly she began to retrieve herself from the illusive atmosphere. Evening arrived they decided to go to the temple near the house which was owned by the family.

“This is where all ancestors where consecrated”, said Aditi’s mother pointing a stone.

Both of them stood together to offer prayers. Aadi left the place back to home. Aditi sat down, real the stone, moving her hands on it. She kept her ears on it as if to hear the sound of the souls inside. Grabbing her face, her grand mother who passed away four years back was seen. She gazed at her.

“See all your ancestor’s said the old lady.

One by one, she saw all her ancestors, finally the lady of her dreams stood with her husband.

Scared on the vision, giving a big cry, she fainted down there. Aadi and others came running. He took her to the front of the house, later on to her room. He hypnotized her and asked her about the experiences she had. The whole incidents, she narrated, made the mother, kalyani, cry for a moment.

“You are Aditi! You are Aditi! You are Aditi!” Aadi repeated this to her conscience.

“We are you? He asked slowly.

“I am Aditi” she answered.

“What are you doing now?”

“I am in a sleep, a happy sleep”

“Where are you?”

“Here at my home”

“Aah!” Aadi sighed in happiness. She was relieved from the hypnotized state. Her face was seen normal and she was seen free of something which followed her.

“Whatever she had said is not a story. It is the truth. She was narrated the story of her ancestry, the family of mine, even this house was built by my great grand father Gopalan Nair. He married my great grand mother, Theyikutty at the age of twelve. I have heard their story from my mother. My grand mother passed away at a young age and my grand uncle was killed by his wife. When all the members of our house began to suffer from problems, we decided to conduct a ‘swarnaprashna’ here with astrologers and priests. It was at that time, you came with the news of her infactulation. As you know, the astrologers told that the soul of that Muthassi is following one of the children here. Probably that may be Aditi. We brought her back and consecrated to a stone. Thank God! My daughter is alive!” kalyani supported the evidences and incidents which happened in her daughter’s life.

“Oh! It was that Muthasi who followed me. Never mind! I am going to make a movie out of this story, as my project. Now twenty four days are left. Hey, don’t waste time Aadi, come with me to write a script for this. You will act as Gopalan Nair and I will do the role of Theyikutty. Let us rock our life”.She was in ahurry.

Seeing back, the energetic lover, Aadi jumped twice and followed her. She by the time found her seat near the favorite window with pen and paper, ready to jot down her experiences.

Rains blessed the evening presenting a romantic mood to her. She peeped through the windows to see the dancing rains which washed all the dust on the leaves of the plants and nourishing them. Aadi joined his head with hers enjoying himself, the beauty of his innocent and delicate lover. After a few minutes she sat down on the chair and began to write the story for her movie, in the background of rains, having a treasure of experience about her ancestry directly from the great grand mother, Theyikutty, Her pen jotted down,



“Rain drops tickle on my hand, birds are not seen out. The nature has made itself ready to hear my story. These window panes are making me out of the sight of rain. They know very well that these water drops from the paradise will lead me out of this world. The darkened sky paints a background for the greenery here. I am here to say about me, Aditi. Why I am talking about mw is not known, but the lullaby of this nature makes me speak out. Again the sizzling wind has opened my window. The droplets of water have again come to meet me, down, down here this chair. Oh! It wants to speak with my papers also! Never mind! You are the good friend, teachers and lover of mine. Lover! Hey fool! What do you call rains? Your Lover....Hi! hi! I will call you my lover, the embrace and sweetness if thy love can never be earned by anyone else. It is just for me and me alone. You may have a lot of friends and lovers like me. But what to do? When I sit here, beside the window, looking at you and sharing my pleasure and pain, I feel relieved. Only for this reason, you are my one and only friends. Why do you dance like this?

This rhythm of yours is making me afraid calm down, I want to sing a song with you, the song of love. Let us go for a trip, alone, sharing and caring, struggling and stumbling, to make ourselves happy. Alas! This is what you want, you mischievous guy! This paper is looking at me with an anxious eye. It may be feeling as a disturbance between both of us. Yes, anything that comes between us is a nuisance. I love you, for nothing for making no advantages out of you, for nothing, for making no advantages out of you, but.....I don't know the reason for that.

The table lamp and the hanging lanterns have gone for some other work, or electricity has gone its way? Don't ask me such stupid question. I am aware of anything else except you. This restless pen wants me to write my story. Why should I scold it? Everyone should perform its duty well, isn't it? Work is worship I think that is your principle. You do your work beautifully. You, my sweet lover comes down dancing and singing, but here no one have time to enjoy and appreciate you. Don't cry for that I am here to friend; will you wait to hear my story? As I heard your story about your ancestry and life, you are bonded to hear me. Listen to me please....!

O friend! I know you are on the onset of your next dance. I am not going to disturb you anymore, my paper and pen has synchronized with me. When I sit here, in the house which has windows and doors, in white and tree trunks coming down, I remember my great grandmother's village and the spec of bitterness which it presented to her. My heart is endorsed for her because she is the source of my life in this marvelous earth. 'Tik', the drop from the girls kissed my hands. Alas! You have agreed with me finally for hearing my story. Spell bound, I am at your affection and attraction, and you shower upon me. Let us go back to the previous centuries, as my ancestry begins there, when this land of philosophers and brilliant brains were ruled by invaders and every one cried out for freedom. The era when neither telecommunication system nor technology ruled the life of man, No one came to meet you at your home and when lamps lit gave light to man. Its here I stand in the village at the north-eastern part of Kerala, the Sreegramam.....

The pen moved on, along with time. In twenty-four hours a script was made ready. She shot a movie in just twenty days time with photographs and rolls filling the days of life of Theyikutty and Gopalan Nair and their generations.

Twenty first days arrived. Arrangements were made for their return to kolkata to submit the project documentary. Thus she returned back to the city of dreams, the town of music and arts, the state of communism, with a reel of love, revealing the myth of a mystic.

