

AWARD AND OTHER STORIES

(FACTUAL SHORT STORIES)

By
Prof. PRATAPKUMAR J. TOLIYA

© Publishers:

Vardhaman Bharathi International Foundation,
1580, Kumarswamy Layout , Bangalore-560078(ph-080-65953440)
“Anant” 12, Cambridge Road, Bangalore-8 ph-080-.26667882.
Prabhat Complex, K.G.Road, Bangalore-9, M-9611231580
Ms.Falguni Dhanani, Urvi Investments Inc.,(Canada).
Ms.Kinnari Modi ,304, Lake View Drive, PARLIN, NJ 08859

CONTENTS

Preface	3
1. Award	4
2. Himalayan Betrayal	15
3. Bribe Master	18
4. The Public School Master	28
5. Contempt of Court	33

preface

These short stories are not only written they are actually lived. They have not only slipped out of the pen, bur from the burning experiences of life. No one is unaware of the paradoxes of present day world existing all around us. Obviously, as a nature of literature they are reflected here through the bitter expressions of above experiences. Now it is left to the readers to have their reflections. If a single heart is moved through these stories, this humble self will find himself fortunate.

07/07/97

pratapkumar.J.Toliya

*"Anant" 12, Cambridge Road, Bangalore-8 Ph: 26667882
Prabhat Complex, K.G.Road, Bangalore-9 M: 09611231580
"Parul", 1580, D.S. College Road, K.S.Layout B'lore-78
E-mail: pratapkumartoliya@gmail.com*

AWARD
(A True Story of Self Experience)

“Prashant ! very good news, you are going to get an Award !”

“Award ? for what ?”

“No, not for any of your books, it is for something else only, imagine what it could be!”

Pen-worshiper Prashant, who had come to attend the Literary Conference Meet, got this early morning news from his friend Arun and surprisingly went on thinking over it. No doubt, several writers were going to receive Awards for their best books in today’s Meeting, but neither there was any possibility of getting Award again for his best and latest book which had already fetched Award of Government of India, not it was aimed at by introverted desire-less author like Prashant who was writing only for sake of his self-contentment. So he could not come to conclusion to find the clue to Arun’s question. He asked :

“Arun, will you please clarify for what it is. I cannot find out and come to any conclusion”

“See, this is a unique Award of the Government.” Said Arun while hiding the Newspaper in his hand by arousing more curiosity.

“Of the Government ? ----on what, for what reason ?”

“The matter is this that a Seat of Learning is being founded here”. Prashant got surprised listening this from Arun and asked –

“A seat of learning ? who is establishing the same ?”

“Our known political Leaders only !”, By saying so Arun placed the hidden News paper before him. Prashant started reading the headings.

Where do these Actors and Politicians not reach today ! But the Politicians and Seat of learning ? Then there will only be ‘politics’ in place of the process of learning and it will become a ‘Centre of Politics and not the ‘centre of learning’!” – Prashant pushed ahead his cycle of thinking while going through the News Paper.

“Let all these things remain aside, oh Friend! I have to talk about your benefit and hence let me tell you the same !”

Prashant felt that the whole thing should be known first. May be, he himself might be receiving some sort of Award concerning the seat of learning. He kept silence and said, "Yes, Yes do tell."

"Listen just as what is given in the columns of the News Paper is, the Government has acquired some land of some people over here, in which the land standing in the name of your late mother also has been acquired and in the Award declared by the Government for this, everyone is going to get good money. You being the heir of your late mother, you are entitled to get Award for the land acquired by the Government."

Prashant was listening to this all with different feelings and reactions.

He got lost into the pious memory of his late loving mother, the indirect giver of such an un-thought for Award, after these many years, in this way! Saluting the mother internally, remembering her innumerable obligations, sinking into the memories of his childhood past when mother had collected money by undergoing great big sufferings for buying this land, he went on visualizing the series of all these events.

These events enacted on this birth land itself before 45 years, went on moving just like mobile strip of a movie before his eyes:

That old house of the street of that town, two tamed tied cows in front of the house, his loving mother getting up from the bed in the dawn and serving the grass to the cows with great love and care, cleaning the premises, fetching pots and pots of plentiful water from the river, grinding the grain by singing morning hymns, feeding the guests and home comers and saving small amount of money not only from the amount of house expenses given by father but also from her manual serving work executed outside the house and all this greatly laboured money tied into small pieces of cloths and carefully stored at the huge storing box in the house----- Such an image of services, sacrifices and love. His mother was seen by him as if alive in this series of vast visualization of memory !

And then he visualized the event in which mother had handed over with over-whelming joy of handing over all these precious one day to the father -----

Yes, that ever-remembered event: as if it was going enacted and repeated actually today ! All the reminiscences of childhood were coming before him just like fast-rushing fall--- what a tremendous and exact seems to be the storage of collection of memories in this small human brain!! As if a super-computer-----!!!

The gaint doors of that memory-storage went on opening and the scenes of the time that was past went on becoming more and more clear----

Those disturbing days of "Quit India" Movement of 1942 ! The August Revolution was stabilizing with great enthusiasm. There was a great tide all over of nationalism and patriotism. Prashant's father, brothers and he himself the tiny one, were mingled in the

main stream along with all of the round about, of the city. Without knowing anything much, child prashant was enjoying a sort of rare joy while participating in the public meetings, processions, Morning Rounds, Strikes and joining in the slogan-shouting and to jump enthusiastically wherever there was a great fight for this revolution and independence. At times, he had to bear and taste the beatings of cane-charging police. He also was speaking aloud and repeating along with all-

“Quit India, Quit India India is ours”-----

“Do or die ---- We shall do or die----- one two, one two throw away the British Rule etc.,”

On one such national-tide days, one more scene came to the plane of his memory and got stabilized clearly over there:

His father, physically, mentally and financially entirely sunk into the patriotic national movement, came home that day from outside and started telling his mother:

“Now it is not possible for us to look after any business or job in this mood of fighting for the Freedom--- There is no other worry, no doubt, problem of finance and house expenses is certainly there, but not to worry, our fate will be like all others. There is no worry at all if for the sake of our country we have to go to jail or even to die----! But yes, we will have to do something for the future of our children and to spare something for their living before sacrificing our lives!”

Mother also, though a bit worried, agreed with the father in co-operation and father went on telling further:

“We should not let go that good land of Railway Station Plot. That transaction is standing as it is. We fall short only of a little amount of money, if we get that much, we can pay the price, purchase the land and get the Sale Document registered”.

“How much money falls short ?” Mother asked immediately.

“We have got nearly Three Hundred Rupees with us. The cost of the site is Rupees Five Hundred. In addition to it we may require some amount for stamp papers, Court Registration Fee-etc., so we require atleast another Two hundred and Fifty Rupees”

By telling so, father who never used to get worried, breathed a sigh of worries and became silent.

In the meanwhile, mother consoled him and told, “Wait, don’t Worry I have got some money of my small savings. Let us see how much we get from those small cloth purses”. And mother immediately turned to our big storage box and got out the small savings of their perspiration. She opened them immediately-----

Rupees-----Anas-----paise-----and pies

One by one all the small cloth purses were opened and the coins of savings were counted. Little prashant also joined in counting the smallest coins of pies. After totaling everything they could find out that the total of all the small cloth purses was some paisas and pies more than Two hundred and Fifty Rupees.

With overwhelming joy mother handed over 'all that wealth' to the father. Taking it and adding the same with carefully reserved Rupees Three Hundred he immediately started. He went unto the land-seller land lord who was popularly known as "Rajyarathnashree". As per the previously decided transaction, the land lord took out the already prepared Sale Deed Paper. The details were once again checked and money was given.

Soon, signatures and seals were set on the document, which was registered at the office of the Register situated just opposite to the residence of that land lord and the document was handed over to father along with plans and other papers.

After returning home father placed all these documentary papers in the hands of mother and told, "look ! the site plot has been purchased. It is in your name. These are all its documents. You have to keep and preserve them very carefully."

-----And just like a precious ornament, Mother kept all these papers in a covering cloth and placed them on the bottom of that big storing box. As if the whole small cloth purses of coins had gone away and this new "Paper purse" had come ! Little prashant had witnessed this whole event with the eyes full of curiosity at that time-----

-----From this world of memories of the past, grown up prashant returned back with a lot of feelings and emotions in few moments. Today his father-mother, no one is alive, but that 'Documentary Paper Plot' (the memory of his parents) is lying unconstructed in the very nearby Railway Station Plot, where he is camping right now. Co-incidentally at this time of the literary Conference he was getting very good Award of this precious land from the Government---- On listening this news, prashant experienced natural happiness and saluted his parents----- Prashant was going to get the price-reward of the land site which they had foresightedly reserved and kept for the children, at such a time when he was in very dire need of the sale amount.

In fact, this was the only life-saving small ancestral property left with him. All other properties-buildings, lands etc., had marched away with the grace of his eldest brother who had sold out at very nominal price their village agricultural land. Not only this, the family residential building which was just like a "Memorial" of his parents and of all relatives and which was renovated by prashant himself with his earnings of perspiration was also sold out by the same elderly relative at throw away price. Moreover, after taking away the amount of his part from the Sale proceeds, of their building the rest of the whole amount was deposited with an excuse to give that all to prashant, in such a

commercial firm of the near relatives that from where, the principal amount and the interest were both sunk and gone ! Still more to say in the chain of this ancestral property losses, one more prime ancestral property having three sides open in the same city, was also entirely 'donated' by the same elderly relative and that too after writing down of his own Relinquishing Deed and without any right with them to do so. This was done by him at the instigation of a sweet-spoken far off cunning family relative in the name of their family deity. Infact, they were supposed to spare only a very little land for this "Family Deity" for erecting a small tiny worship-place over there, while the above elder relative had either due to his bind-belief or his desire to earn fame (fame at the cost of others) was all and all donated away to their larger and well to do family----!! How matter of high surprise was this that no name was given of his parents or of prashant as a donor, any where either in the records or in the constructed deity room!!!

In the context of this pathetic story of his parental property, it was now further tragical extremity that this only remaining property of Railway Station plot was also snatched way in "Forcible Donation" by the Government for the proposed and said "Seat of Learning" enacted by its influential political leaders and that too without asking, without getting consent of the original land-owner that was prashant ! To tell in clear words, this only life providing remaining property of prashant was also snatched, grabbed, looted away for the so called "Seat of Learning" and it was declared in beautiful, bewitching words as acquired by the Government----- But in-spite of these all when the vague and unclear announcement was made to give a very good Award by the Government for this land, great hopes were aroused in prashant---- may be after being cheated and looted everywhere the love-bestowing soul of his parents might to be entirely rewarding prashant in this way through this "Award" !

And hence remembering and saluting his late gracious parents, by visualizing them in the higher space, by bringing tears in his eyes for their obligations and adding one more obligation in the chain of their un-payable indebtedness, prashant told to his Award-news-providing friend Arun;-

"It is a great grace of those God-like Parents"!

And his eyes were full of tears and voice was choked while speaking these all. He could not speak anything further.

Though younger in age, Arun moving his warm hand on his back, consoled him and told-

"It is quite correct prashant! who has been able in the world to repay the innumerable and expectations-less obligations of parents ?

And he suddenly looked at his wrist watch and said with a jerk-

"Oh it is 9.30 now ! The morning session of the conference might have commenced already---- we will go over there first and thereafter to the concerned Government Offices to do the needful in respect of this Award".

And both of them reached unto the pendol of the conference. The meeting had already commenced long back. Several Literateurs were being given awards for their books. After the completion of that session and after complimenting all the awards-receiving writer-friends, Arun and prashant reached unto the office of the concerned officer connected with his Governmental award of his land to receive it. Giving their identity, which was not needed much, they asked about the details of the Award by showing him today's News paper.

Both of them were welcomed and complimented by that Government Officer having smiling face, warm hands and constantly expectant shining eyes which always go on looking for getting some present-big present from the incoming visitors, especially such Award winning visitors. The officer took out his papers and read out from it completely all about this great big Award: "Honourable Government has acquired under its order No.---- dated----- all the land sites of the Railway Station plot for the sake of unparallel seat of Learning of our state being founded on the outskirts of this Amar Nagari." Prashant and Arun were eagerly listening to this with concentrated mind and holded breathing-

"Every land, plot, site owner whose land has been acquired will be compensated even for his smallest size of plot also by the Honorable Government and the amount of such a respectful Great God Award will be-Rupees Five Hundred!"

Prashant was surprised as if he was varying from a tremendous shock by listening to this amount of the Award but the officer, without bothering for him or looking at him, was going on reading further-

"According to Government Registers and Documents, your parents had purchased this plot in August 1942 for a Sale Consideration Amount of Rupees Five Hundred. You also get in the reward of this Award Rupees Five Hundred."

"Five Hundred ? Only Five Hundred ?" Gigantic Shock experiencing prashant asked him stopping in the middle. Arun also joined in his revolting voice-

"What big Great Award are you going to give in this amount ?"

And the officer said in his typical style as ever accepting his "Compulsory Presence" also with his hopeful indication-

"Yes Five Hundred. What, do you find this Award amount also to be less ? A number of Plot owners are not going to get even that much amount!"

"What do you say ?" Arun fired out and prashant becoming spell- bound in anger, was as if lost in silence, for a while.

Ignoring Arun and looking at prashant, the officer went on telling –

“Yes sir, | You are getting the complete land-amount invested by your parents. Honourable Government is giving this amount for a noble cause of social service. Jnanyagna has been commenced on the outskirts of our city in which people are gladly giving very very big donations of lakhs of rupees---- You also should donate something for the same---and still however you are being given this Award with respect. In an Honouring Ceremony, you will be respectfully Awarded the same”
 “But----- But-----”

Having grasped the non-acceptance of prashant in these words, the officer abruptly stopped him speaking and told plainly-

“Sir 1 Kindly approach the newly opened office of this “Seat of Learning” if you want to know more or questions anything about the same. We the Government Servants are only the executors of the orders----- and if you intend to get the Award sign this Letter of Consent for the same.”

And he took out and placed before prashant a cyclostyle printed paper, a Deed of Agreement- no, not the Agreement, but the “Joint Exploitation” of the plot of Government and the politicians of the so called “Seat of Learning !” prashant, who was not at all accustomed to bear any sort of exploitation or injustice, immediately fired back-

“Please talk of donations and charities later. When you are sitting here as the Representative of the Government please reply what “Logic”, what “Justice” and what “Legitimate Reward” is there in this cheating Award of your Government ? what, the amount of Rupees Five Hundred invested in 1942 will remain STATIC even after fifty five years in 1997 ? I think the same should be the rate of interest and custom in the Banks owned by the Government, said to be the Monopolist of Progress ! What, is this your much publicised Big Great Award ? Excuse me, I will accept only the complete amount full of justice if I have to accept the same at all. Otherwise farewell to this Award of yours to your Greatly just Government !”

Telling so satirically and throwing that “Black Paper” of the Award back to the officer, being shocked at the form of the Award-cheating upto this extent and experiencing helpless condition like the looted crow and cheated traveler, prashant got up from there. He and Arun thought it useless to discuss any more with this officer and break their heads and went to the office of the New Seat of Learning.

And there, the politician Honorary Secretary of the Seat of Learning, who was well versed in playing his diplomatic political games gave them more sophisticated, more dedicating reply than the Government Officer:

“Prashantji ! A man of latter and Son of Goddess of learning like you should give blessings and all co-operation to the planning of “Seat of learning” of ours.

Prashant, the accustomed writer having mastery of expressing his thoughts in 'Indirect sweet form of language', replied here only in plain and direct terms to this politician Secretary-

"First of all you have to ask for such a financial co-operation from the Rich-from the sons of Goddess Lakshmi and not from the Sons of Goddess Saraswati. Secondly, seat of learning-worship of learning by you, the entirely political people endowed with all arts of bewitching? Will you at -least stop this field of education being made untouchable by your pious touch? Will you please keep away from it?

"What so if we are politicians? Is the field of donation and literature only the monopoly of people like you? We have sacrificed in the Fight for the National Freedom and now also we are doing only this constructive nation building work of Mahatma Gandhiji. We want to put into practice the thoughts about education of Mahatma Gandhi only through this Seat of Learning"-----

"It is very good thing. But you have to give up your dirty, all polluting- politics of this or that party first of all."

Prashant went on expressing his outburst of the heart more logically one by one-

"It is not difficult now for the people to understand your strategy of making your motives served and to use the fair name of Mahatma Gandhi. You now and then repeat name of Mahatma Gandhi, but when he himself has told to keep the students away from politics, while God Fathers of Students like you have introduced dirty politics of cheating practices, selfishness and exploitation! You must at-least keep away from politics in the field of education !"

"Prashantji, you don't understand much in the matter of politics."

"True Sir, !" Prashant Spoke satirically in between.

"You please don't break your head in matter of politics. Will you please give me an example of what exploitation we are doing and where ?" The Secretary argued and prashant burst out further, "Not only exploitation, but Great exploitation, Great Cheating, Great Cunningness you have done at the very outset by snatching and grabbing away of this land-plot of ours which is our saviour of life !"

And listening to this naked truth of burning prashant, the secretary replied finding his excuse by coming to a low profile.

"Where do we have acquired this land for our own sake ? We have got it for the institution, for the Society, for the Jnan-Yagna of the Seat of Learning and that too through the Honorable Government, through Legal procedure and by Giving respectful Awards to the Land-Donors ! where does the exploitation lie in this ?

"My Dear Secretary ! please stop explaining these all to us. Please do not be too smart. There is no charm in going deep into it. I have to tell you this much only in short that it

is great exploitation, great injustice, great crime in snatching and grabbing away this land, life saviour land providing bread and butter of the poor persons for your so called Seat of Learning under the guise of Social Service, Society, Institution etc., such deeds of yours are Great Guilt against 'The Havenots', against the Humanity----- What similes should be given to your such "Great Serviceful" acts ! of jnana Yagna ? Words fall short of them---!" Frankly and deeply understanding prashant replied elaborately. And the hopeful Secretary still went on convincing him-

"Prashantji ! Please think over calmly and consider about Greatness of the noble President of our Seat of Learning, he even being in politics what a life full of sacrifices he possess ! Please look at his great qualities, please look at his noble influence---- Could the institutions working under him ever be Exploitative?

'Accepted Sir, I do believe that not only your present president but even the previous one were certainly Great Persons----- but what about the other players of your team of Eleven under them ? Please place your hand on your heart and tell me, are not you misusing the noble influence of these good great people ? Are you not indirectly giving a blow to this leadership only ?"

The Secretary who had become calm, now became hot and told in a raised voice-

"Prashantji ! think twice before you raise your fingers towards others. About whom you are telling ?" will you please clearly clarify plainly ?"

"Do you want me to forcibly express the facts ? If so, listen who is unaware of all the Deeds of your Vice-president, whose Great acts as the Chairman of State Finance Corporation are very much known-----! Who is unaware of your joint-Secretary who has forcibly got written the receipts of Rupees Seven Hundred each from all the lecturers while actually paying them Rupees Five Hundred each only ? Only one person like your far away remaining president, no doubt great in his own right, also is being made like a rubber stamp and you go on doing every thing in his name----- By doing so, are you not cheating him and the Society both ? Tell me, give me reply, sir !"

The Secretary had become entirely loose by now.

Yet however he gathered his mind and tried his last effort for getting the Award accepted *and signed by prashant some how or other. He requestfully said-*

"Accepted Prashantji ! what you say is worth-considering. Somewhere there may be weaker side of co-workers, but you will see in future that how great work of people's education is being done in future. Therefore, it is our humble request to you to accept the Award which we are going to give you through the Honorable Government in Public Ceremony. And hence you kindly co-operate with us by signing this Letter of Confirmation lying with us or with the Government Officer. The co-operation of Great

People of learning like you for this Seat of Learning will be like a blessing and it will inspire several others in the society”-----

But how can such a revolutionary man of learning will be trapped in the trick of this long and tricky request of the Secretary ? Speaking aloud in between this, he plainly told him the TRUTH:

“Acceptance of your Award in this way and Co-operation to the expert-politicians now wearing the mask of “Educationists” is nothing but acceptance of exploitation and injustice---! Not only this means the co-operation to all the cheating plans, to all the games, serving your own ulterior motives at the cost of vast society of suffering people, under the guise of education !”

“But, Prashantji-----!”

“Excuse me Dear Secretary ! Several innocent birds might have come in your trap, but this bird made of different clay, born and brought up in the free air of revolution, will not be trapped by you at all.”

By telling so prashant told him lastly by the warningful challenge, characteristic of the OPEN WARNING LETTERS of the outlaws of Saurashtra-

“Get ready for the fight not only of this humble self, but also for the huge people’s movement challenging and burying all of your cheating Awards !”

And prashant started from there along with his friend Arun who had kept silence through out till now----

No doubt prashant expressed the out burst of his un-restful volcano but inwardly, from otherside, he was sinking in the waters great worries-----

Prashnat---- factually possessing the property-wealth of neither a hut in the town, nor a piece of land in the field on one hand and love and respect in the society on the other still earning his livelihood on the dependence of the pen and respectfully passing his povertyful life, got absorbed soon in the worries to settle three of his five daughters standing on the threshold of youth-----! Totally sunk in the worries was prashant the man of latter !

Several plans were made on the dependence of only this one remaining property of land-site, prashant saw all his plans going into vain and all his dreams being scattered--- If he accepts the Award, he is not going to get anything more than the flimsy Honour of these cheating politicians and also what to get if going to oppose like this-----?

By going to fight against the Seat of Learning and Government both by opposing the Award, that too from far off place, will require time and energy, both of which he badly needed elsewhere !! The deep worry of this second thought put him to greater unrest.

Remaining silent with friend Arun all the say in this dilemma and helplessness situation and receiving Arun's Sympathy even through his silence, prashnat returned to the Guest room of the literary conference.

In the atmosphere all around was only the joyous talk of various awards. A lot of friends came to him also to compliment him for his unique and new type of Award, which lastly he had decided to fight legally.

"Prashantji ! congratulations--- We have heard that"—

"Yes, Award---- Very great, unparallel, unprecedented Award for me !" Prashant replied in a way that could not be known by the congratulating people before him and became silent.

With folded hands freezed in the cold winter and listening externally and internally to the noises, more freezing is already frozen heart with its news of the "Joy"of Awards-

Award-----! Award-----! Award-----!

THE HIMALAYAN BETRAYAL

By Por.Pratap Kumar J.Toliya

Silent writing room of paresh was flooded with Trunk calls and letters from across the Seven Seas. Appreciating his power of pen, speech and melodious voice he was once again invited abroad to speak and sing at a convention and several other places.

But reluctant he was. With his usual modesty and humility he straightaway refused to accept the invitation to go overseas this time where he had been several times before with a series of his hectic performances. Currently, his keen attachment with his Holy Mother and Master, his loving wife and his charming children-especially his talented eldest daughter priyavardini and youngest budding artist kavita----- had gripped him. Moreover, apart from his busy bread- earning pursuits, his constant creative activities and solitary, silent caves of Ratnakoot hills where he used to frequently go into seclusion to meditate and write were also standing as rocks in his way.

As such, in a reply to one of the inviting friends representing an overseas organization, he had very humbly replied quoting the plain frank words of Great German Scholar Dr.Schrubingg,

“Kindly excuse me this time. I cannot betray my writing table anymore”-----

And in fact, whether it may be his small writing table in his silent study room or his natural, stony writing plinth in the solitary Ratnakoot caves, they had become a part of his being to such an extent that he used to get lost, absorbed and stuck over there not only for some hours or days and nights, but for weeks and months together. It happened to be like an intoxicated state of Ecstasy of Writing ; His inner world----- his observations of life----- his reflections blended with own deep experiences his impressions, intuitions and inspirations all of these used to come out through his unusual foreseeing pen-----!

So there was genuine logic in his refusal of invitation due to all these reasons together.

But inspite of this, the constant flow of pressing trunk calls compelled him against this own conscience, to change his mind and at-last he gave consent to the overseas organizer, the not much known or acquainted person. He told him and other friends to send his Return Journey Air Ticket and to chalk out his entire programme for a short duration only. In turn, they happily promised him thankfully that they will do so enabling him to reach in time at the convention, the first program.

Within three days, the overseas organizer called back paresh saying that his entire program was planned spreading over a number of U.S cities, but since there were some difficulties in sending him the Air Ticket in time, all of them will be obliged if he could

buy one from India and they will pay him soon on his arrival in U.S.A at the very first program of convention along with his usual honoring.

Paresh reluctantly pleaded that he had no resource to buy the costly ticket, nor the need too. But a couple of calls from other recommending friends poured in unto him suggesting him to borrow the money for a very short term of a week or so and to please come down to oblige them at the convention where he is eagerly awaited.

Again, here too against his call of conscience, paresh borrowed some money, purchased the AirTicket soon his visa being ready since his last trip and flew down to Ameraic leaving all his engagements and attachments and in fact betraying his dear writing table...

As soon as he landed at New york's JFK Airport, he was warmly received and soon driven to a friend's place to get ready for the first convention program. The performance went off very nicely and successfully and paresh was showered with garlands of flowers and constant clapping from the audience, the highly appreciating audience indeed.

But it was a great surprise that as soon as the program was over, the promising organizer, the big gun of a big organization had disappeared from the scene--- More serious fun was this that no one else of his organizing colleagues who has pressingly called up in India took responsibility, the holy moral responsibility to pay at-least the Air Ticket expenses to Paresh. It was a greatly shocking, heart-breaking, betraying experience for paresh all entirely unexpected, unthought of something not happened in the past with broken heart, he tried to trace the whereabouts of the big gun, but all in vain. After a long long trail, he could at-least catch him on phone. The clever most organizers on the earth sweetly apologized and told him that his contributing colleagues had not co-operated with him and betrayed and deserted him and as such only he could not complete his formalities and obligations of honoring and paying him.

"What are you telling---? Such a gruesome betrayal of you all after bringing me here at my own cost and leaving my precious engagements in India ? Shocked paresh most angrily shouted on phone and continued further,

"At-least manage to pay me from the remaining performances and"-----

But before paresh completed his say, the betraying Big Boss cut down the phone and was never available thereafter at his far off city residence since he went underground at some unknown place.

Paresh was heavily betrayed. He felt and realied that his Himalayan Betrayal of these overseas Organisers was in fact due to his own betraying of his writing table and betraying of his beloved family members and daughters who needed his care and love. In fact he had acted against his own conscience, not once but twice, first while accepting the

invitation and second while buying the Foreign Ticket by his own borrowals--- A very befitting punishment he was getting for these all-----

In the beginning he could not think and decide to what to do, He approached some of his real friends, but except for one or two who could arrange his performances and pay something, no one else came to his rescue. He halted at one of his new and kind friends small place troubling him helplessly, just to find out some paying performances so that atleast the expenses which he had incurred on the travel could be covered and he could return back soon to India. In between priyavardini had called him also twice asking his well being, but he did not disclose anyone in India what was his sorry state of affair----

He went on trying and trying in a hope to get something, but in vain. Fortune was against him, time was contrary to him--- These foreign friends had betrayed him to such an extent that it was difficult to come out of these deep waters.

One fine early morning he was sitting in his silent meditation at New York and a Trunk Call came for him. He got up to receive it with a hope of getting some program engagement But the time and destiny were running gravely against him. Instead of a program engagement, he got such an unusual and tremendously shocking message that he could not trust the incoming words of the Overseas Trunk Call, which said,

Mr.Prasesh ! I am Dr.Roy, your neighbour from India, "I am extremely sorry to inform you that there is a very serious happening in your family and you are to return here by first available flight".

'What----- What happened ? He asked Worriedly,
"A very sad news--- Your daughter expired in a road crossing accident The shocking news broke out.

"Which daughter ?" He asked

"Eldest Priyavardini" and with these greatly moving words the phone was cut. Doubly broken paresh soon rang himself back to India, but his broken sobbing wife and other daughters could not talk to him. The neighbours confirmed the saddest news. He conveyed to them that he is catching the first available flight to return back. Though greatly and multiplied shocked, his master's unseen inspiration gave him strength to return to India, to see the last sight of his beloved departed but yet smiling daughter Priyavardini, as if she was telling "Bapu, you should not have betrayed your writing table and your conscience." Sobbing broken paresh confirmed and realized his Himalayan Blunder more bigger than the Himalayan Betrayal of the overseas organizer.

The Bribe Master

By priyavardini

By hook or crook, he got the unusual ticket, unusual reservation for the voyage and he, the master mover, reached unto the gates of God, the Supreme Power.

Far from the earth and seas, far from the air and ether, far from the vacuum and existence, was this realm of god, "Land of No man's Return". No scientist with their splendid sputniks and rare rockets could ever reach there.

No rishi or saint or yogi could easily reach there, inspite of their various "SIDDHIS". Difficult, no doubt, it was to reach there. But somehow he did reach there, the "Master Mover" that he was !

He reached and knocked the doors. Confident he was, that the doors shall be thrown open unto him because he had acquired its secret key by paying a great price. He had also learnt by heart the famous quotation of the Bible as a grace and blessing of some priest who was responsible for giving him this rare ticket with advance reservation for the voyage unto the Kingdom of God---- "KNOCK AND THE DOORS SHALL BE THROWN OPEN UNTO YOU" So he knocked and knocked and knocked keeping utmost patience but the doors were not opened. He became nervous, he became suspicious of the correctness of that sentence, that Key-Quotation. He got frustrated and started cursing, abusing and calling names to that priest, to whom he had paid the highest price he had ever paid in his life long practice of his divine mission. He went on abusing, chiding and shouting at him till he was exhausted and became unconscious.

On the earth there were 12 hours of day and 12 hours of night. At the North Poles there were six months Days and six months Nights.

On the Moon and the Mars there were unusual lights and darks but here there was no darkness and no night. Still he, a chain-drunkard, lay in the dark night of unconsciousness, the coma for long. But luckily, after some time the gate keepers of the realm of god saw him and tried to awaken him. He was awakened but he had still not gained consciousness in hope. He requested them to allow him to go in. but he was not permitted. On the contrary he was about to be severally beaten and thrown away, but even in his semi-consciousness he applied his usual trick which he played in pleasing and convincing the great persons on the earth. He went nearer to their ears with requestful folded hands and told them, "I have got some such rare secrets with me which will be immensely useful for you if you care to listen to me". The gate keepers became curious and anxious when they heard the word "rare secrets"

Finding that his trap is becoming active and successful , he immediately came quite close to the ears of both of the gate keepers and whispered some top secret to each of them separately. No body could listen to the same. But this secret murmur worked wonder.

And like a miracle, the divine gates were after all thrown open for him. Overjoyed he rushed and ran inside half conscious and half naked. The sceneries and the sights within the boundaries of the divine gate were totally new for him. He came to another gate within, which was open but the sentinels standing there did not allow him to go in. On the contrary they tied him. Before they jail him, he requested them that he may be allowed to see the private secretary of God, The Almighty once. But he was not allowed to do so and was produced before the magistrate, the supreme justice of the court of the divine. The sentinels thought that the Magistrate will sentence him to an eternal punishment for his illegal entry and trespass with an ulterior motive in the kingdom of God.

But even in his half conscious state he was not at all worried as he was confident of his tricks and tactics of hypnotizing even the top justices which he had successfully applied every where on the earth where he was proved TOTALLY INNOCENT even in the gravest charges against him. Here was the test of his art. The judge asked him: "What is your name ?" "My name is Master Mover", your lord!"

"Master Mover ? What does this name mean ?"

"Your Honour ! its meaning is associated with several wonderful incidents on the earth. They are very interesting. If you permit me, I shall like to narrate some" -----

He tried to play this usual trick of side-tracking and diverting the attention of the judge from the main question. But the conscious judge of this land of Super Consciousness could not come in his trap. He straightaway asked in his commanding voice, "Answer only what I ask. Tell me what is the meaning of "Master Mover" ?" The Master Mover began to shiver and replied immediately finding this type of unusual Super Command from an Super Courts Magistrate, whom he had never come across-

"Your Lord ! It only means that I am having the difficult task of moving the so called Great People where every body fails and dares----" "Oh ! Is it so ? What is the purpose of your coming over here ?" Finding the Magistrate interested in his reply, he thought that now it will be easy for him to play upon him his usual tricks of hypnotizing and mesmerizing through wit and humor and showing his 'Secret Mysteries'. He got ready, he stood erect, he brought his unscrupulous though unassuming smile on his face, he replied-

"Your lord ! my purpose is a unique one. It is aimed at---" The conscious judge uninfluenced by his tricks interrupted and asked, "I once again warn you don't go on elaborating things in description. Be brief and tell me in short---

"I apologise Sir, for my mistake. My purpose in coming here is to see God, the Supreme power face to face"-----

"But why, What is the reason ?"

“Reason ? I have never had any reason any time. I was simply in the habit of seeing all the great persons on the earth.

I once thought, when I have been able to see and convince and influence and move these Master-men, why should I not take once, the chance to see God, the master of the Masters of the World ?”

“And you want to move him also ?”

“No, No sir, it is not the capacity of a humble being like me.”

‘Are you a humble being ? The one who can move even the great persons reigning the world is a humble being ? I think if you can you will try not only to “move”, but also to ‘remove” even the God, the Almighty himself !.”

He found that he has not been successful in mesmerizing this Magistrate as usual. He had to listen (for the first time) to the severe verdict of the Magistrate. The super Magistrate gave the ruling:

“This court finds you guilty of your offence and orders severe punishment that your intellect, which you have misused so far, may be immediately taken away and you be pushed into totally dark custody of utter unconsciousness till eternity- Before you are sentenced to the execution of this order, the court however gives you, one chance to express your last wish, if any” Going totally into despair, he found some ray of hope for saving himself. He recollected his usual paying habit and immediately replied:

“Your lord ! My last wish is: “ If I am not fortunate to see God the Supreme, I may kindly be allowed to see his Private Secretary.”

“You should know that the Supreme God does not have any private Secretary”.

“Oh ! sorry Sir, I did not know that, but I mean, your lordship may be pleased to permit me to see once the assistant to God the Supreme, if any.”

“Alright, you will be allowed to see ‘Karma Devata”; God of the Deeds. No one has so far been permitted to see God the Supreme face to face unless, he has seen and pleased the Karma Devata, and got a Clearance Certificate from him. Sentinals ! take him to the Court of the God of Deeds.” He, being defeated and convicted for the first time in his marvelous Master Moving life, was put under the bails and chains and half-conscious, growing half unconscious but not getting frightened yet, he proceeded under arrests towards the Court of the God of Deeds. Unusual was this Court.

II

He relentlessly stood before the Throne of “Karma Devata”, the GOD OF DEEDS.

After posing this so called “Master Mover” Trespassers with some formal questions, this God of Deeds, who already knew everything about him, just pretended to be ignorant and

went on asking him minutely to test him and try him, “Well, you are coming from the Earth Planet, no ?”

“Yes, your Honour.”

“How could you manage to reach here? Had you consulted and influenced the clerks and officers on duty of your Earthly Offices and Courts before coming ?”

On listening this, the Master Mover Bribe Master became very enthusiastic to reply to this question and promptly equipped,

‘Clerks ? They are the cent percent obedient servants of mine and not of the officers or offices they serve,’

‘Is it so ? Fine. Did you also influence various and other Dignitaries and Ministers and the Higher-ups, the V.I.Ps and V.V.I.Ps of the earth ?

“Of course, your honour !”

He went on boasting----

“I not only influenced them rather hypnotized and mesmerized them all to such an extent that they ever remain under my serpentine spell, because they cannot live without my support”-----

“Astonishing”!

“I pocket all sorts of people at the helm of affair in all walks of life, such as the DMs, GMs, CMs, PMs, MPs, Politicians, Burocrats, etc., in the Administrative and political fields; the Magistrates, Judges, Juries, Lawyers, Tribunal Heads, Commission Chairpersons, etc., in the Judicial field; Teachers, professors, Examiners, Vice Chancellors, in the Educational Field; priests, pundits, Mullas, Maulvis, Religious Masters, ‘Swami’ branded saints and so-called God Men in the Religious field , Businessmen and Industrialists in Business World, Doctors, Hakims, Vaidyas, Scientists in Medical and Scientific field, Foreign Dignitaries in International Field and last but not the least the producers, Directors, Actors and Actresses in Cultural Cinema field-----

“But how, how could you accomplish all of these areas ?

‘How ? I know well how to do it, which is my Top Secret, My Lord ! I can only humbly state here in short that, since they are all crazy power mongers in one way or the other in one field or another, my task becomes easy. I myself don’t have to do much. I do not do anything more. Only their power craze and Money Manipulation craving paves way for me in fulfilling my mission ?:’

“This is unbelievable, impossible, greatly impossible”

“No, my lord, no, I must humbly beg to submit that it is greatly possible. It has already become a fact. I can tell on oath that if not all, most of the earthly subjects have become so much power-craving, so much material-minded that they could very easily and flexibly be corrupted---- In no time I hypnotize and my task become simply smooth”

“So you have mastered this corrupting tactics----!

“Sir, “POWER CORRUPTS AND ABSOLUTE POWER, CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY” this policy key I have by-hearted”----

“From where did a person like you got these Great Golden Words ?”

These are the words of that great modern Indian Visionary and Revolutionary, a Dreamer of total revolution and uncorrupt Earth of India

“Whosoever words these may be, we are not bothered your Honour ! Our politicians have taught us to mould them to suit to our purpose .”

“You and your mentor politicians . I think you can compete with each other” God of Deeds remarked sarcastically,

“Yes my lord ! they are our mentor masters and we are theirs- !”

“You are all bloody masters ! It is very disturbing that your earth has gone to such an extent of degraded competition amongst people like you! It is really astonishing I can’t believe that all the Heads of Higher Offices are loosing their “HEADS”, their Balance’, their Equilibrium and their sense of duty

“Yes, your Honour. I am very sorry to report and disclose this to you but it is a fact, cent percent fact”.

“Can’t believe”, the karma Devata disagreed and said

“If so, may I humbly plead unto your lordship to send messengers to inquire on earth and to make a survey, or set a high level “Cosmic Commissioner” in truly Indian Fashion to give you an un-delayed early report.”

‘Alright, I will look into your proposal, But tell me how about the world dignitaries, The lord asked, Master Movers continued-----

“All of them from East to West, from Japan and India to Europe, America and Australia are my taboos, my bonded slaves. They do not rule their respective countries, but I rule!”

“ No, No this is a gross lie. You should be punished for making such an alligatory statement”-----

“Forgive me my lord ! but the facts remain facts, since I do not allow any philosopher, prophet or steadfast person to become the “Head” of the nation, I discard plato for such a foolish “dictation” and “Definition”. I can move and I am moving everyone below the sun and the earth !”

Karmadevata cut in angrily “Stop---- Stop this non-sense. I entirely disagree with all of your bluffings. They are not allowed to be taken note in my court--- “Firstly, you are not worth even of uttering the worthy Great names of Plato, Other Philosophers and Visionaries of India and Other earthly countries !

“Secondly, how dare you carry on your above-bluffed unworthy activities in the orderly world, where there is discipline, democracy, parliamentary set ups, etc., in most of the developing and developed nations of the world ?”-----

The God of Deeds angrily asked him and the unmoved Master Mover cleverly and cunningly replied with his usual boldness.

‘Democracies or Mockeries ? Parlimentary Set-ups or princely shake-ups of the privileged ones ? My expositions and depositions may kindly be pardoned your lordship ! But all the democrats and Dignitaries have to be in my pockets. All the ruling politicians from peons and Mps to PMs need my help, protection, and patronage through out ! Without my Money and Muscle power, they can never win their elections, they can never rule and run their ministries, they cannot move an inch, they cannot even survive a single day !! Their very existence, depends upon me your honour !!

The bribe master’s arrogant reply received another blow from the presiding God,

“Unacceptable, grossly unacceptable. Do you think that anything happening on the earth below my reign goes unnoticed by me ?” the Karmadevata continued,

“I certainly know that there are many who cannot be approached and influenced by you, who will never accept or follow your dictates, your tempting offers and your fear traps, I am confidently confirmed that they cannot be receptive to your bloody BLACK FORCE – The shelter for only a few and corrupt dignitaries.”

“But your honour ! ours is not the kingdom of your Divine land, it is of the “earth”, where either all have to bow unto me and accept my dictates and orders or face the consequences. If anyone disobeys the same and undermines or revolts, I have the guts and powers, rather a License, to do him away in no time and send him to your “KINGDOM OF DEATH,” He boasted again.

The God of Deeds very angrily posed at once :

“License ? From whom and what kind of a license? License to Kill ?”

“Yes, Your Lordship ! call it so if you interpret it that way, but it was given to me, rather conferred upon me like a Degree at a GHOSTLY UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION by your Death God.”

Replied the boasting Master Mover- Bribe Master and continued. THOU SHALL NOT KILL ! is meant to hide only in the Religious Books of the earth and not in the living practice.”

What do you bluff, you beastly bloody liar? it is a gross lie. Do you mean that our Death-god will ever give such a grave license to you, the bloodiest beast on earth? You are degrading him, devaluating him. You cannot corrupt influence or hypnotize him, through your petty ways, means and tricks. He is above all of such silly things, since he, the God of Death, is my own product, my medium, my proud creation ! Death’s Spans Spread in my Limits- The Limits of Deeds, All Deeds Good or Bad Whatsoever !’

“But-----But-----“

“You shut up now. Stop your nonsense lies and stupid arguments. KNOW EACH AND EVERY INCH OF YOU AND YOUR DRASTIC AND DANGEROUS DEED----“

On listening these bombardment like words, the till- now unshattered Bribe Master started shivering and trembling un-usually. This was perhaps for first time in his life, of all the earthly courts, the so called places of Justice, where though being greatly guilty, he was never “Proved” or “sentenced” to be guilty, either because of his tricky hooks and crooks with the help of his coat changing employed lawyers or because of the “grace” of his “very very impartial, just and uncorrupt judges” who could never find and establish any fault or crime in his “illustrious career” and could never find his innocence’ to be the subject of any punishment !

But here, in the kingdom of Deeds and Death and God”, it was entirely a different matter altogether.

The God of Deeds-Karma Devata who so far listened to him by “Pretending to be mostly unknown of his deeds”, now became very strict, rather terribly furious ! He sat straight and tight on his huge throne and ordered his assistant to pronounce charge sheet against this “MASTER CRIMINAL OF THE EARTH AND INFILTRATING ENTRANT OF HIS KINGDOM” without proper and valid documents.

His Assistant began to charge him----

‘This trespasser who calls himself as “The Master Mover” has unscrupulously and unqualifiedly trespassed here into our kingdom from the Earth, where he has committed greatly heinous crimes against his countrymen and mankind and yet he wants to go to see the highest most authority of this Godly Kingdom, “God the Supreme, the Lord of ETERNAL TRUTH, BLISS AND JOY(SAT-CHIT-ANANDA), THE DIVINE”.

“Firstly: He has forgotten the simple requirements, the plain qualification, that THOSE WHO ARE PURE IN HEART CAN ONLY CROSS THE GATE UNTO HIM !

“Secondly: to reach even unto that Gate of Divine Land of God the Supreme, he has forgotten that he has to cross and qualify from the jurisdiction of this KINGDOM OF DEEDS AND DEATH for which he has no credentials except his **BLACKEST MOST RECORD ON THE EARTH**. “For all this, he deserves most severe punishment----- your honor !”

And even before these punishments were pronounced, the Master Mover great cheat and scoundrel began to collapse mentally, since he was greatly guilty in reality. However, he collected all his strength and interveningly went on pleading him “not guilty”.

“Your Honor ! Your Leadership---!! Give me one chance to survive, I have committed no crime I am innocent, my lord ! I am innocent ---!!”

And the God of Deeds burst out,

‘Innocent ? You Greatest Bastard of the Earth, still you dare to plead yourself innocent ?

“I see that you are the Representative of Thousands of Master Mover”Bribe Masters” ‘Cheats” “Scoundrells” And “Terrorists”, who inspite of being grossly and greatly responsible for All sorts of Crimes, Ills and Blemishes of the Earth, go on shamelessly go on, pleading themselves not guilty !”

“Shame, shame, shame-----!” The Assistant and all those present at that time in Karma Devata’s court echoed and shouted. The presiding God continued,

“You presume that we do not know much about your hidden deeds but your entire history from remote ‘past’ to moment to moment ‘present’ is recorded on our unique deed computers which themselves will not only speak, but will even show on their unanimous screens. See for yourself-----“

The God of Deeds told and indicated his orders to his assistant to switch on the Gigantic Deed Computers which he did and the Terrific computers began to show his photographs and events and commenced to speak;-

1. “This flimsy named ‘Master Mover’ is the Greatest Culprit of his country and mankind-----
2. ‘He has gone underground hiding in several other countries after committing innumerable unpardonable crimes
3. It is greatly disappointing that in this process, not only the enemies of his country, but even the ministerial rulers of his land who pose and pretend to be great PATRIOTS are shielding and saving him-----
4. He has remained a Great provider of money and muscle power to these Big shots and Traitors in guise of Partiotic Rulers of his nation, for their elections and functionings

5. He has been successfully bribing and corrupting all those who came in his touch from bottom to top from the downtrodden to the doyens of kingdom !
6. He has been a Big terrorist/leader and has killed as many as 32,332 innocent persons
7. He has kept under his spell even the police officers of his country either by frightening or by bribing them.
8. He has been maintaining many Mafia Gangs committing all kind of crimes-----
9. He has been providing 'rented killers' for all posh Big guns who hired them and has been kidnapping and selling away poor innocent girls-----
10. He has been terrorizing the whole innocent masses in name of his "JEHAD" his "RELIGION", when in actuality he is crores of miles away from Religion in True Senses
11. Lastly, he has been a 'Big Bomb Blaster' who has blown the downed several multi storied buildings and burnt and crushed thousands of innocent poor citizens of Bombay in March 1993 and Madras and elsewhere thereafter and there-before throughout his country----

At this juncture, an actual big noise of Bomb blast from one of the gigantic super computers downed the shivering bribe master half in the witness box, but left him still to remain somewhat 'conscious' to listen to the final and important sentence from the mouth of the God of Deeds, who proclaimed from his throne,

'Taking into consideration various aspects of all of these charges of highly grave and unparallel crimes against his own countrymen and humanity, I am compelled to pronounce the strictest punishment for this perverted, cleverest and cunning most Master Criminal of the earth-----

"He tried his level best to influence, hypnotize, pollute and bribe even this kingdom of god with his usual tactics, but as it is well known, no one can even succeed in such corrupt malpractices here, unlike the earth---

"Before my pronouncement for him, firstly I pronounce punishment and order to issue immediate most summons of 'Death Warrants' for all of his Bribe Receivers, Gangsters, Promoters, Protestors, Mentors, Co-operators, Shelters, Wealthy Payers, Shielding politicians Including even the CMs and Pms of his and other countries directly or indirectly responsible for and instrumental in upbringing, promising protecting of such a master-criminal, to face severest punishments of great Dark Deaths for each and everyone of them'

And ultimately came the turn of the breaking and collapsing master criminal, 'As per my eternal law of Action-Reactions and one reaps as he sows this criminal par excellence of the earth will eternally loose all his misused consciousness and will go to the bottom of the servant and last dark, hell, here he will be in rotation, constantly cut, crushed and chain killed for 32332 times, facing deaths and births deaths and births by undergoing suffering of undescribable pains and will lay there for millions of years of infinite time till eternity

There may be little reasonable delay in this godly kingdom, but no darkness, no injustice, no never ending delay no malpractices like the earthly courts, where most of the real influential and affluent culprits are set free and the poor innocents are being unduly punished-----||"

With the completion of this sentence, the presiding god of deeds went back to his meditation chambers and the stock taking assistants and court-sentinels found that even before they all managed to send the sentenced master mover bribe master to his pronounced destination of Seventh Hell, he had himself on listening to the exact words, the middle portion of the sentence, reached there with supersonic speed----- There was no one to lament upon or mourn for him at his last breathingplace of the witness box, except that huge and empty court room constantly echoing; "There may be a little reasonable delay in this Godly Kingdom, but there is no darkness, no injustice, no never ending delay no malpractice like the earthly courts where most of the real influential and affluent culprits are set free and the poor innocents are being unduly punished !"

The Public School Master

‘Bapu; Why don’t you get me admitted into your school ? I have heard, it is very nice

Finding her long felt and cherished dream unfulfilled since long, little munni was asking her father, the public school master, the other day immediately after returning from her school for which he had the usual, stereo-type, evasive reply;

“I will take you some day”

But finding that this ‘Some day’ had never come for almost a year, her patience was exhausting, her faith in her teacher-father was finding and her mind sensing some sort of “betrayal” in this dilly-dallying particularly when the treatment by her rude, underpaid, careless, poor-class-teacher was progressing towards the peak of physical punishments. Beating by this class teacher and betrayal by her father-teacher—these were the two prominent reasons which had led to her feelings of fear and insecurity. Her conscious and observant father could notice this, when his little, lovely munni was, beyond his expectations, almost breaking and revolting while giving this ultimatum to him collecting all her strength;

“You go on giving the false promises and my miss goes on punishing me daily see !”-

And she showed her hot, iron-red hand as proof of the today’s punishment. The father was moved. Filling his eyes with tears he took her into his lap, consoled her, kissed her and after pausing a while, he replied in a repenting and apologizing manner ‘I am really sorry my ‘Bitiya’. You are right that I have given you false promises. Now I will definitely talk to our school president tomorrow for your admission and then will take you to the school with me the day after tomorrow, and yes, there is a small performance also that day by our school children, which you will see, o.k.?”

Finding the straight forward munni convinced and consoled, he called his wife, showed munni’s aching hand, told her to go to her school the next day to take stock of her class-mistress and find out the causes of this punishment, he then inquired of Munni:-

“Beta What happened today in the class ? Were you talking with your friend while your miss was teaching ?

“No Bapu, I was completely silent and not talking at all with any body”

“Then what happened, were you not attentive ?”

"I was looking at the Birds outside the window and listening to their songs, Bapu: they were singing so nicely, so nicely"----- Munni went on saying, he who as a teacher have never beaten any child, found himself getting absorbed into the world of the birds and the sky, and all of a sudden like a flash, he saw there, on the screen of his imagination a similar picture, a quite similar episode;

'You are not attentive what are you looking at, Rabi ?

The so called discipline-minded class teacher of sophisticated Calcutta school was scolding this innocent, imaginative, inquisitive child who was "in-attentive" in the age-old terms of this school master, who hardly knew that the child's sense of wonder could not and should not be suppressed and that the faults of the child's "in-attention (it at all it was in attention) lay in his own self.

"I am looking at these beautiful Birds---I see!! Aren't they fine ? I am attentive in watching(observing) them, sir !'

"Jhoom----Jhoom" of the strong stick was the prize and punishment by the teacher to this six year old boy for expressing this Truth not only the Truth, but a significant indication of the process of learning, education.

And the boy, Rabi, in whom the future genius and educationist was hidden, got up, threw away his books and standing before the master declared,

'I am fed up with your lessons and attentions-----

Good bye; I will never come to your school, any such school again, where looking at the birds is in-attention is a crime I shall myself found a school where no teacher will prevent the child from looking at the Birds and Nature :"

And a unique seed was sown here which flourished in the form of tree of santiniketan in course of time

This dream's reality and this reality's dream ! child Rabi and little Munni : Rabi's Calcutta School a century ago, Munni's present school today the symbol of the fate of the millions of children the masses and his own fine unique public school, imparting excellent, unparalleled instructions, but only for the classes the privileged classes. All came as a series of sequence of events on the screen of his deeper world which was moving at the speed of a move. In course of this he even did not know when little munni slipped from his lap in the joy of bidding farewell to her present "beating school" and joining her father's fine public school.

He further visualized how nice it would be to get his little munni admitted in his own school where so nice was the atmosphere, so appropriate was the approach and so kind-compassionate and loving were the visionary and missionary teachers including himself -----

“But----- But one question, one doubt, one worry nagged him. Any how he decided to find the way out and request his school president for Munni’s entry because the session had just commenced and the admissions were on.

When he went to his classroom the next morning leaving munni at home and faced his fine flower-like student-children with his usual love and affection, he was seeing only the “two eyes” of his little, innocent and frightened Munni in the “fifty eyes” of his tiny student-friends. Every flowering and blooming face resembled that of Munni, just like that of “Mini Koki” in the story of Kabuliwala. Howsoever he tried to refrain from resemblance and remembrance and attachment other than the present and he was able to do always, he could not bring him self to do so that day. He was so overcome by love and mercy for his own daughter, whom he had neglected for long and guilty of failing in his first duty towards her that he could not raise above the situation that today and detach himself.

The sweet sounds of the singing birds forcibly carried his attention outside the window and he was absorbed into the spirit of munni and Rabi.

He himself went on observing them outside

“Look-----Look--- look at out sir “The consciously observant children were gossiping among themselves and one innocent child remarked humorously :

“Attention-----“

And all burst into laughter. He also who had been trying to impart observation in attention daily joined them in laughing at his own self and frankly equipped

“You are right my friends. Today I am in your place and you are in mine.”

“But as always I help you in looking at the Birds and flowers and nature, will you like to help me today in looking at them ?”

“Yes sir, Yes sir

But , you will tell us a story afterwards-----

And sing a song

‘o.k. Agree. So first we shall look at the sky and the trees and the flowers and the birds and listen to their songs -----‘He went on suggesting”, listen;

silently listen---- if their subtle notes, their melodious voices---- their delicate tunes!”

And the observation began, All were silently lost in looking and listening and had gradually become quiet-physically, verbally and even mentally. Moments and minutes of this Meditative joy passed by

All were absorbed

After a good spell of time when he noticed that most of them were returning to their layers of thinking and speaking, he started a little suggestive humming and one child reminded him

“Sir, a Song !

The other said

‘Sir, a story !

Yes you shall hear both the story first and the song later on

And he began. The children were extraordinarily attentive. Perhaps, the attention had emerged after the conscious observation

"A hundred years ago, there was a little boy like you. His name was Rabi. He loved looking at the birds from his class-room window just like you, but do you know, what happened, the teacher beat him for this which he should not have".

"But sir, No teacher beats us here in our school ! No one is afraid here. A child said "Yes, you are right, but it is not so elsewhere."

"Even Today?" the child asked

"Yes my dear friend, you are lucky that you are not being beaten but there are a number of other children, who are living in the same world of fear which prevailed for small rabi, a hundred years ago" And the fifty eyes went on sparkling and twinkling like a star all at a time. In their twinkling, he saw the twinkling of his little munni and continued the story;

"I will further tell you a living story. There is a girl. Her name is is munni. She is being beaten very often by her class teacher" and a girl got up with tears in her eyes saying:

"Then why don't you bring her here sir /"

"I wish, I could I shall try. But even if I could, what of the thousands, lakhs of Munnis in this world

this getting the children thinking he stopped the story-telling and switched over to singing

"Let us sing a song. It is about the flowers, look at them and listen and he began:

'Flowers and Flowers

Fragrance Flowers

Graceful Flowers

Nameless and Markless Flowers

Children and Children

Flower like Children

Graceful Children

Nameless and Brandless children

There is no mark on flowers like mine and thine. There is no brand on children like mine and thine

Flowers and Flowers

Children and Children

And when the school-bell rang, he realized that the children's eyes full of tears of compassion and joy and they were humming and echoing the song.

And the period and the day ended with the children pleading and the teacher agreeing to the singing of this song again in the performance next day. The master, overwhelmed with the idea of getting his daughter admitted to the school, approached and requested the principal, secretary and the president of the school, who sympathetically promised to inform him the next day after the school performance was over. The master, hopeful of his daughter's admission, returned home.

The next day for which munni was eagerly longing, she went with her father to his public school. The children's performance caught her senses and she thought that she was in this 'new world of children' where there was no beating, no hating, no neglecting by the teachers. And in the middle of the programme, there was that

captivating song with soul-stirring tunes of 'Flowers and Flowers' children and Children"

The humming of which had filled the whole atmosphere and Munni was more and more absorbed in this new dream land of others materializing before her eyes. And at the end of the function, came the small speech of the unusual, outspoken chief guest of the day

"It is astonishing and joyous to witness this performance of these innocent children paying tributes to their teachers on this unique 'Teachers Day' Function. The teachers do deserve this, as they are imparting this unique education here to the children. But how many children of this unfortunate country are able to get such an education? At least those of the teachers themselves who are being felicitated on this Teacher's day here were fortunate to get it :

And after all the formalities and completion of the function, the felicitated teacher, the public school master along with his beloved munni, approached the management authorities with great hope, he was told 'your daughter will definitely be admitted – only her fees will have to be deducted from your salary. You may bring her from tomorrow'".

Munni listening to the first part of this sentence and the father second, the public school master – there were different expressions on her faces – joy for one and pain for another. The innocent, ignorant muni's joy had no practical and worldly knowledge that her kind and dream fulfilling father was deeply worried that one third of his meager salary amount was to be snatched away in the form of munni's fees – which was a heavy expense for a common man of the public – the public school master-----

And in a state of indecision, he returned home, reminding himself and resounding the words of the today's teacher's day function's chief guest which gave a novel definition of a public school and a public school master unacceptable to linguists: The public school is for the privileged classes and not for the masses The public school is one where the general public cannot get admission'

"And the public School Master is one who serves for the up bringing and welfare of the children of the Affluent privilege people, not of the public, the vast suffering masses – not of his own children and that too at the cost of the latter---!

(Revolutionary Short Story)

Contempt Of Court.....! (?)

A Press Reporter of a News Paper Network found out under RTI about Hotel Bills of a High Court Chief Justice and reported in his News Paper as under :

“CJ’S UNPAID HOTEL BILL FOR Rs.32,065/.....

THE BREAK-UP :

Room Rent : Rs. 20,000 plus taxes

Food : Rs. 5,065 (The Menu included Madras Soup(4), Mangalore Fish Curry, Chiken tikka masala, dal makhani, Navaratna Curry, Paneer bhukia, paratha butter nan, roti, jeera pulao (all 2 each) and raitha, garden platter, 4 mangoes with ice cream and 2 mineral water bottles)...”

After this heavy sumptuous extravagant food-consuming information, the Press Reporter found out and gathered another interesting information after deep, strenuous, authentic scrutiny about another heavily drinking High Court Judge and reported:

“SUNDAYS THEY DRINK & MONDAYS THEY DELIVER BLUFFED” UNAWARENESSFUL JUDGEMENTS :

In which, in one case, the Lordship deserted a poor farmer....in another case this Hon’ble Judge without weighing the hard realities of the sufferer, an innocent, legitimate, rightful client was devoid of his Rights Due... and that too after exhausting in all respects due to the cancer-like rotten become system of Indian Judiciary... and third and fourth and fifth all cases being very speedily disposed off, somewhere without listening properly to other sides’ points of views and somewhere with unseen mysterious weights hounding on the head of that supreme Chair Holder—sitting right below the hanging smiling Photo of Truth- Seeker Mahatma Gandhi with the motto inscribed “SATYAMEVA JAYATE” On reading these all News, an Neutral Analyser and Factual Observer, had various reflections, questions, posers.

“Such a sumptuous, exorbitantly priced, heavy and even Non-Veg. Food Without bothering for Gandhi’s Poor People’s India in one case and Heavy Drinking in another one ? That too by the Hon’ble Judges, the Custodians of TEMPLE OF JUSTICE ?... No control or code of Conduct for them, while saving and protecting them under the excuse of their Private Life ? What outcome will be there from their sane-insane intellects while delivering their supposedly expected most Balanced Judgement ? What their Judgement Orders will reflect ? Wont’t it be “AS YOU EAT, SO YOU DECIDE & DELIVER”...? Will the Heavy, Sumptuous, Violent Non-Veg Food not affect their required right, balanced thinking and deciding ? Will it not be against the integrated TRUTH, the Absolute and Many-sided Truth, which they are supposed to derive and find out ?... Will they be able to be worthy of Love &

Blessings of Truth –Seeker Gandhiji’s Photo and ‘SATYAMEVA JAYATE’ Motto ? “SOUND MIND WITH SOUND SIMPLE INNOCENT FOOD” doesn’t have any impact and influence on their Judgement-making ? Are not the High Positioned ones like Emperors Akbar & Ashoka and others having their Edge over the Heavy Eaters, they being LESS EATERS and INNOCENT-DIET-CONSUMERS ? Contrary to this, these Highly placed Sacred Throne Sitting Judges will not have their thinking and judgement going in another-opposite way ? Don’t they have serious responsibility Socially and Nationally of delivering fair & free Judgement ?

Particularly when People, the Masses are starving and Suffering and the poorest Farmers are committing suicides for want of Food and its resources ?... When they are suiciding under various grave depressions due to sheer Neglect by the FOREIGN POLICIES-INTOXICATED GOVERNMENTS AND THE BABUS AND THE SO CALLED LEADERS AND ALSO THE MASSES-EXPLOITING GOD –MEN, the Judges have greater responsibilities or not ? Are they not living upon the income of these blood-sucked Farmers and Poorers and the common Ex-chequers ? How these and other Babu WHITE ELEPHANTS GO ON GRAZING FREELY IN THE JUNGLES & FORESTS OF FIVE STAR HOTELS MUSHROOMED EVERY WHERE FOR ULTRA-MODERN-MAHARAJAS ? Don’t they have any responsibility, any accountability towards the Largely Suffering Masses & Have Nots and several crisis-facing Indian Ex-chequers ?....

A chain, Non-stop and never-ending chain of posers and questions captured the Right Justice-brooding and Truth-seeking: Justice-finding Mind of this analyzing Fact-finding Neutral Observer. He was the Column Editor, Conscious Companion of the Press Reporter. He was striving hard to cleanse and revolutionise the cancered Judiciary through his factual writings ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC UPLIFTMENT....

But the Babus and The White Elephants branded these both as YELLOW JOURNALISTS maligning the Judiciary and putting hurdles in their working & administration and flimsy charges were framed against them for finding and telling of the TRUTH ! Ironically and paradoxically, both of them were charged and booked under CONTEMPT OF COURTS Act....! Since they were criticizing the Judges, the representatives of “GOD & TRUTH”, in Open Public, in Open Press !!! How they, the precious BLESSED WHITE ELEPHANTS OF GOD, WHICH ARE FOUND IN HEAVEN ONLY, could be criticised and fingered at ? Hardly such Rare Special, Godly Animals incarnate and descend on this bloody earth...! How can they be painted as BLACK from their original BRIGHT WHITE SKIN ? Under the Law of the Land, they cannot be painted like this, they cannot and should not be questioned, criticized and charged like this!!!

..... And the Contempt of Court proceedings commenced against them for Expressing the Naked Truth ignoring the Freedom of Press, Freedom of Expression they basically had.

While in name of Freedom of Expression some so called Artist Painters (like M.F.Hussain), who have escaped, absconded and left the country, could even be invited back by the Govt. and the crucial cases pending against them could be dropped, where lies real Contempt of Court ?

There is no derth of such examples.

Long-delayed Judicial Reconstruction is the need of the day. It needs revolution. With Crores of cases pending in this JUSTICE DELAYED IS JUSTICE DENIED called Judiciary.... This static, unrevolutionised, Britishers-left system goes on and on ever since India's Independence..... These Black Gowns and WHITE Elephants' Roles remains to be researched, reviewed and revolutionized now; There are many Holy, Integrated, Honest and Patriotic Judges in the Judiciary. They should be greatly honoured and elevated ...and... and those WHITE ELEPHANTS should now be shown the door and their original destination they deserve....

But SHUT UP AND STOP you writer...! Else One More contempt of Court will be filed against you for continuously provoking the delicate minds of the innocent, unknowing Readers...!.... And... You too, O ! Dear Readers ! You too will have to stop reading these True Stories and to stop thinking on them, otherwise you also will be forced to face that dragging sword of THE CONTEMPT OF COURT...!

-----O-----

“CONTEMPT OF COURT – 2”

The Saint on The March in one of his walking Tours of Orissa had just broken his morning Silence. His Jewels & Flowers-like words were coming out of his deep cave of that Mouna-Samadhi. This was his daily practice while travelling from one village to another on foot in his Padayatras. His co-travellers were lucky and blessed to listen to the Golden words of this Walking –Mobile University.

The wide-spreaded Vishwanath Pahad of Orissa, the calm dense forest trees and the cool blowing breeze : they all were also listening to this Rare Saint on the March aptly and attentively. The Saint first went on telling and describing about a true, dedicated Holy Vaidya—an Indian Ayurvedic Practitioner Physician. He quoted with his own interpretation that how such a Vaidya should be, as he is respected like God, next to God : “VAIDYO NARAYANO HARI” He should be humble, serviceful, inventive, studious, non-caring for Money, full of compassion and love in heart for the patient and particularly Sweet-tongued,etc. etc...

Then he turned to NYAYADHISHAS, The Judges, The Godly Representatives of Right Justice & Integrated whole Truth. They too should be, in addition to above virtues or merits of the Vaidyas, deeply inventive and Innovative, totally impartial, fully honest and Integrated, Selfless, Egoless, Searchers of ALL SIDED INTEGRATED TRUTH, Provider of Right Justice with their Keen Intellect, living a Simple Life style, having Yogic Food Habits without any sorts of intoxications, God-fearing and above all.....What he Should be ? The Walking Saint posed and asked his fellow-co-travellers.

When the stunned roundabouts could not understand this sudden question, the Saint burst into huge laughter.

Amidst his own ongoing laughter, he prescribed that a heart-winning Judge should be full of Wits and Humours and Smiles and Laughters-innocent Laughters-too, so that he can make the heavy and fiery atmosphere of Arguments light and smooth and solacing. All the listeners were wonderstruck with such a prescription to be a True Judge.

A Young Student of Law, who was walking with the Saint, was very much moved and inspired by the Jewel-like words of him. He resolved in his mind that after becoming a Lawyer and practicing honestly, fighting the Right Cases only of the Sufferers and down-troddens, he will become such a JUDGE one day.

After Strenuous Practice and Hard work as a Dedicated Lawyer who had firmly resolved to be an Illustrious Judge as per the prescription and expectation of the Saint on the March, he was wholeheartedly invited to join the Judiciary, He became a Judge and constantly kept that ideal before him. With his dedicated-integrated Hard Work and Constant Self-Awareness, he went on imparting right judgements to rightly deserving litigants. The Rightly searching Truth tendency of this Unique Judge went on solacing the sufferers and serving the Nation through Right, Integrated, Non Corrupt, Scandals-free Judiciary.

Contrary, quite contrary to this Creditable Judge, there was one of his own Law-classmates, who had gradually become a Judge in a Lower Court. Not having the noble Aims and Attitudes and Actions like the First Judge, he went on indulging in some sorts of favours and friendships with comforts-providing and own-community Lawyers. This gave birth to a vicious circle of injustices being provided to Justice-seeking suffering Litigants. When one such Sufferer, pointed only at his favours & friendship based friend Advocate who was boasting everywhere of his being an Ex-Court Judge and practicing now after his retirement, was made to heavily suffer. Contrarily filed against him were frivolous cases of CONTEMPT OF COURT, since No Judge could be pointed out even a Smallest finger against him, as per the Law...!

The Chainlike vicious circle of CONTEMPT OF COURT cases went on against the said sufferer litigant. Luckily, the First Illustrious Judge, before whom one of his Contempt Case came, with the help of this Sufferer's dedicated revolutionary Advocate, went into the depths of the real facts and freed him. He was free from contempt of Court Case Proceedings. All proceedings against him were justifiably dropped. Such a Judge proved the saying-----

“IN THE COURT OF GOD, THERE MAY BE DELAY, BUT NOT DARKNESS”.

And here, ultimately, both the persons-the Ex-Judge Advocate and his Friend Judge-suffered heavily in the COURT OF GOD & RIGHT JUSTICE. The Advocate suddenly died of Shock and the Favouring Judge found his name in

the list of Suspended Judges of that Court. Some other Advocate Saw him now practicing as a Lawyer in the same Court where he was presiding as a proud Judge and harassing innocent litigants to favour his community friend advocates !.

Even now, when both of them are not in picture and the First Illustrious Judge, the previous classmate, is shining overwhelmingly, rightly proving the motto of SATYAMEV JAYATE, the blind disciple Advocates of the Dead Ex-Dist Judge, yet carry on the GHOST of their rev. Ex. Judge GURU... They forget that their fragile, false, frivolous CONTEMPT OF COURT" cases will not survive and win now, Ultimately, "IN THE COURT OF GOD THERE MAY BE DELAY AND NOT THE DARKNESS !".

Attachments:

Ref : Press Reports / News

- 1) Justice Venkatraman's Articles
- 2) Advocate Prashant Bhushan's Articles (Charges against some corrupt S.C. Judges)
- 3) Advocate N.Vasudevan important letter to the President of India & C.J. of India
- 4) T.V. Exposure on 23-2-2017: Exposing A.P.C.M.I - Supreme Allegedly against Corrupt Judges of Supreme Court asking to fix certain criteria for the award of pension by C.O.P. (Corrupt Judge)
- 5) Author P.B. Tolay's Self Titled Story of all corrupt & HGA lower judiciary, including Judges of highest court, guilty, corrupt for 20 years (see further details, 1995 to 2017) 22 years till 23-2-2017

