Chapter – 4

Translation of Folk Tales
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Translator’s Note

While translating Gujarati folktales into English, the following strategies have been employed to retain the flavour of original folktales.

1. Titles are not translated but transcribed and cited in bold italics.

2. Brief notes in the beginning or footnotes or notes on the rear jacket of an anthology given by Meghani are translated and cited in square brackets.

3. In the anthology of Kankavati, there are many stories which are not in the paragraph form but they are given in the centre of the page. The same format is maintained in the translation.

4. Dialectical quotes like poetry, proverb, duha, chhand and maxims are interspersed in stories. In some cases, Meghani has given simplified meaning of dialectical quotes.
   a. Dialectical quotes are transcribed.
   b. Dialectical quotes for which simplified meaning is not given, are translated
   c. Dialectical quoting for which simplified meaning is given, are not translated as their simplified meaning is translated and it is given in the brackets

5. Colloquial words, terminologies related to Gujarati culture and histories are transcribed and not translated to build an ambience of Kathiawar and Gujarat. Meanings and explanation of all these words and terminologies is provided in the glossary in an alphabetical order.
6. Some typical proverbs and terms or words are transcribed into English and approximate meaning, has been given particularly not to mar the real meaning.

7. A glossary in an alphabetical order is given at the end of the thesis. It also contains notes on colloquial terms and idioms used in the original tales. In preparing these notes, I have drawn on Gujarati Encyclopedia, dictionaries as well as reference books.

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Saurashtra ni Rashdhar

1. Aanu Naam Te Dhani

There were the days of New Year around Diwali. In a thrashing place of the village Vadod, the heaps of reaped harvests were lying ready. Daughters and daughter in laws of Jaga Patel while sowing seeds were dreaming of receiving new clothes and new ornaments. Cold breeze was blowing. Pearl like water drops were raining on the soil and hem of chundadi of women harvest reaper were fluttering.

In winter sun, bright, thick granules of millet were laid in a thrashing place. Jaga Patel stared at the pile of his own millet. This green millet grew so abundantly that Jaga Patel could not embrace its vastness in one glance. In the early morning, Jaga Patel’s sinful motive overpowered his mind.

He pondered, ‘oh ho ho ho; we exhaust ourselves by doing hard work. Our brothers toiled hard. This millet grew after our persistent hard work; and without any reason by doing nothing the royal court will take its land revenue.’

He stopped for a while and once again he glanced at the crop of millet. Once again his intrigue was exposed; he muttered: ‘Let me hoard one cart, full with millet at home so, at least that much may remain completely in my possession and it cannot be dragged away as land revenue.’

At midnight, Patel with his brother and fellowmen filled the cart with millet. As Brahmans eat voraciously without caring a fig for their digestion at the religious ceremony performed on someone’s death anniversary; similarly in greed Jaga Patel
overloaded the cart with millet and started towards home. His fellow man was driving cart, he was leading ahead of cart and his brother was walking behind. As the border of the village came near, axis of the cart came out of the wheel due to excessive weight and the wheel of the cart stopped rolling. Jago Patel got perplexed. All the three did collaborative efforts but they could not lift the cart. As it was thievery of master’s share so he could not call any one for help otherwise his fraud might get exposed; furthermore the thrashing place was very far so it was not feasible to unload the cart. Now, Jaga Patel was put in such a difficult situation that neither he could leave the problem nor could he solve the problem. Jaga Patel was worried that soon there will be morning and lest in the day light he might be disgraced. So in fear Jaga Patel started to look out for a passer by. In middle of that, coincidently due to god’s wish, the ruler whose harvest was stolen that Gaja bhai Gohil himself by carrying water pot in his hand, as per his daily routine of going in the forest in the morning passed from the place where Jaga Patel’s cart was stuck. As it was biting cold the ruler had covered his face with cloth, only his eyes glittered.

A needy man is sans reason same was the condition of Jaga Patel. As the ruler passed by the cart of Jaga Patel, by assuming him as a common wayfarer Patel took it for granted that as the man was a stranger; villagers could not smell a rat that he was secretly taking millet to his home. By thinking so he quickly yelled, ‘Hey, Young man, please help in repairing this cart.’

As it was pitch dark and the whole face of the traveler was covered so Jaga Patel could not identify the Ruler but the Ruler identified Jaga Patel. The Ruler understood the whole matter that, ‘as Jaga Patel did not want to give millet as share of land revenue he was
stealthily carrying millet by loading it in the cart.’ The Ruler thought that if his identity 
would be revealed then man like Jaga Patel would feel embarrassment so inorder to keep 
himself unidentified the Ruler kept his face down and helped in lifting the wheel of cart 
by giving support. Patel after fitting pivot in the wheel became happy and drove his cart in the direction of his house.

‘Ok, no problem, these poor people earn after enduring heat and cold during day and night. Nothing is wrong if they become ill intentioned on seeing the growth of good grain. After all they are our people,’ thinking so the Ruler went away.

Six months passed after this event. Generous Ruler did not remember this event. Once guests arrived in the royal court, peons went to the house of Jaga Patel to bring cot and mattress for guests. Patel argued, so peon talked unpleasantly with Jaga Patel. Patel became angry and in rage he said; ‘I do not want to stay in the village of such Ruler’

Peon bluntly replied, “Why are you lying here? Don’t you get other place to stay? Go away.”

Jaga Patel felt rage from top to bottom. Being disappointed Jaga Patel packed luggage in the cart at night. The Ruler was unaware of this event. Next day, when the Ruler was sitting at the gate by holding a meeting; at that time, Jaga Patel along with their children, furniture and cattle passed by the gate with loaded cart. People of the village tried to persuade but Patel became more and more adamant. When the Ruler came to knew he got down from the platform and persuaded Patel and asked the reason. Jaga Patel angrily said, “The Ruler, two three mattresses that our daughter in law bring as a gift during their arrival for the first time from parental house to inlaws’ house that also we give in the
royal court and we let ourselves shiver in cold; in spite of that your ordinary peon frighten us and scold us, we cannot do away with this.”

The Ruler with a great patience understood the whole matter. He felt very sorry. He punished his peon and told Patel that, “You are just like our golden tree. Please forgive us and turn back.”

Jaga Patel did not consider anybody’s request. So the Ruler went close to Jaga Patel and told in his ear, “Patel, if you want to go then you can go but find out another master who could give support to your cart. Ok.”

After saying so, the Ruler went away but here Patel felt very severe quack from head to feet. Patel could not speak anything, but he exclaimed, ‘This is called the real Master’. “The master whose share I had stolen that same master helped me in my thievery and did not scold me even in secret with a thought that I may get embarrassed. Where could I find such noble Master?” Thinking so Patel turned his carts back.

His descendants still stay in the same village. This event happened before seven and half decades.

[The same incident happened in the Bha Kumbhaji’s royal court in Gondal.]
2. Sinh nu Daan

On the throne of Muli in the seventh generation there was one Chachoji. Once the king of Halwaad Kesariaji, the king of Dhrol and Chachoji went together to take bath in river Gomti. While taking bath the Rulers of Dhrol and Dhangdhra kept many vows; but Chachoji took that type of vow that, ‘Whatever I have with me, I would give to my mendicants.’

All the three pilgrims came home. Gradually two great Rulers gave up their vows but resolution of Chachoji was very risky. He was ready to sacrifice his life.

The Ruler of Halwad provoked his Dasodi Charan. The Ruler gave promise to Charan that if he will break his religious vow then he would give him whatever he demands.

Charan said: “He is son of Parmar so if I would ask for his head then he would sacrifice his head also.”

The Ruler said: “Demand something that Parmar would be compelled to refuse.”


“Father it would not be possible for you.”

“Why not possible? There is grace of my master Mandavraj on me. The flag that is fluttering over this royal throne is his flag and not my flag. No one had ever done vanity of this royal throne; the master Mandavdo definitely would come to keep up reputation of this Royal throne.”
“My Nourisher, I do not want a single coin from your rich prosperous coffer, I do not want any honour or reward. I am not even hungry of your head.”

“You can demand whatever you want.”

Charan sat down on his knees and sung *duha*:

\[Esh\ \text{aape}\ \text{adhipati, de gaj ke datar}\]

\[Savaj\ \text{de mu savbhal parkara Parmar!}\]

[Some king gift horses, some king give elephants; but you are more generous than another king so you give me a living lion.]

‘Living lion…’ shrieked all members sitting in a meeting and their voice shrilled.

“Yes, yes, living lion” challenged in a lingering tune.

\[Jami\ \text{daan ke de jabbar, lilvalu lilar}\]

\[Savaj\ \text{de mu savbhal, parkara parmar}\]

[Some powerful kings give lands in charity, some kings cut their own heads, but oh Parmar, I demand only Lion from you.]

The whole council overpowered by the feeling of fear, roared and rebuked loudly, ‘Gadhva, by making such demand, do you consider your greatness in diminishing reputation of Parmar?’

Charan continued his eulogistic songs:

\[Krodpasa\ \text{de kavyand, lakpasa lakhvar}\]
Savaj de mu sav bhal, parka Parmar!

[You can give one crore coins to other poets and lend rich property to other poets but from ‘Lion like Parmar’ I will accept only lion]

“Horrible Gadhvo”, collective voice raised in the meeting. Gadhvi sang the fourth duha:

Dodha rang tune dav, sodha, buddhi saar

Modhe ujle de mane, parkara Parmar!

[Oh good, reasoned Sodha Parmar, please gift me a lion with a smiling face. So I will take opium in offices of other kings by making your numerous appreciations.]

No line of tension was apprehended on the face of Chachoji. He with a smiling face said:

“Poet tomorrow in the morning we would gift you a lion.”

At midnight Chachoji went to the temple of Mandavraj and appealed:

“Oh Sun god, how could I gift a living lion? God please do something that your flag of fame may not be blamed.”

From the dome of a temple, hollow sound came: “Oh, Rajput! In such a case why did you come here? In my mountain host of lions are roaring, you are Rajput, catch one lion.’

Second day by taking all the members of royal court, Chachoji went at the mountain of Chotila. He told the Charan, “Come on Poet I would give you lion.”

Charans of Parmar started to sing eulogistic songs:

Panchali Chir puriya, vitthal te vanpar,
Sharam rakhيا chachatani, Jagdishan Gajtar!

Vitthal, you protected chastity of Paanchali

Similarly by giving lion maintain reputation of Chachoji.

Soon with loud roar one lion approached. Chachoji ran and caught him by his ears. Lion humbly stood like a goat. Parmar loudly said, “Oh Poet, you please accept alms of a Lion.”

Charan retreated and tried to run away then Chachoji made a call: “Gadhva, nine lakh places will be blamed; you being instigated by someone had come to disrepute me, and now why are you running away?”

Savaj Bhalī Samho, Bhadakya kemhi bhag,

Panthu pachha paag, bharva nag hate bhad jane!

[On seeing lion, why do you run away in fear? Oh Charan, retreat does not suit to brave man.]

While demanding alms Gadhvi forgot the fact that it would be very difficult for him to receive the gift rather than to give it. There was no other option except receiving a gift. If he does not do so then his whole lineage would be blemished. What to do now? Charan shrewdly said from the distance:

Chanche Sinh samapiyo, Kesar jaliyo kan,

(Have) ramto meliye Rana, potiyo parmara dhani!
[Oh, father Chancha, you have offered lion at my feet by holding it by ears. I accept the gift. Your charity has reached me. Now Rana you can set the lion free]

By pampering the body of lion, the King said: “The king of jungle, you can go now. You have maintained my fame today.” The lion went away. According to people that lion was no one but Mandavraj himself.
There was one shepherd woman in the village Khambha. In her life, she faced a very grim moment. Her shepherd husband died and famine hit her country. Children moaned in want of food. Afflicted woman had only one hope that to seek help and support from her brother. By folding her hands she pleadingly told her neighbors, “Bapu, for two days feed my bonny and innocent children with drops of gruel; meanwhile I come back after visiting my brother’s house.”

Her real blood related brother lived in the village Mitiyana. She went to Mitiyana from Khambha with a great hope. She beheld her brother standing at the threshold of the door but brother was spoiled by the age of immorality and sins.

“From where, this lender has come?” after mumbling so, Aayar went inside home and ran away from the rear stile. Sister saw from the distance that her brother ran away on seeing her; she was hesitated to go further but obsessed by miseries with a great difficulty she went to the lobby of her paternal house. Her sister in law did not even use the word of ‘welcome’ for her. She stood holding an eave of a roof and asked her sister in law, ‘Bhabhi, where is my brother?’

“Yesterday your brother went out of station.”

Sister felt so bad that she wished to bury herself into the earth if it splits up and gives her a way. She sighed and returned. Sister in law said, ‘At least stay, for lunch.’

“Bhabhi, if smilingly you had given me arsenic then also I would have swallowed.” After saying so, she silently went away; but her eyes were full with tears. While walking
she shed big tears. Outside the gate there was a locality of untouchables. There was a huge neem tree near under which on neat and clear floor daubed with cow dung, one stout untouchable named Jogdo was sitting. He was smoking a pipe. Jogdo knew the woman since her childhood. On seeing a sister he became happy and stood in her way and asked; ‘dear, why are you crying?’

“Brother, Jogda I am surrounded by many insurmountable problems, I am too unhappy to cry. My own brother, whom my own mother has given birth is hiding his face from me, this fact makes me cry.”

“Oh, mad, why are you crying over this trivial matter? I am also your brother; get up and come with me.”

In this way, Jogdo accepted that woman as his sister and took him inside. He filled the cart with grains by a measuring container. He gave her cash amount and told his son, “Dear son, go and drop your aunt at Khambhe and unload all these grains at sister’s house.”

By yoking cart, the boy went along with the aunt. Widow Aayrani, by mulling over the true and false of life walked on. Her grudge against world slowly waned from her heart.

After the departure of sister; wife of Jogda came and told: “Bhagat, I feel that the distance between me and you will increase.”

“Why?”
“See, Bhagat, if the boy is really related to you by blood then he would give both cart and bullock to his aunt and if there would be a flaw in my character then he would bring both cart and bullock back.”

“Oh, foolish, stop such meaningless discussion. What does this helpless boy understand? He does whatever elders have told him. Did we ever tell him anything or teach him anything?”

“Bhagat, if any need of telling or teaching him arises then what is the use of carrying his weight for nine months.”

Second day the boy came home alone by tossing rope. On seeing him, mother asked, “Dear son, where is cart and bullock?”

“I handed over to aunt.”

“Why?”

“Father, you gave her gifts as a brother and I as his nephew why cannot give gift to my aunt?”

Mother replied: “Well done son. Now you have proved yourself as a son of Bhagat!”

* 

Jogda who once gave gift by hands with the same hand he played with the sword. During that time, there was a rule of Abhel wala. The army of enemies invaded Mityana and Jogdo went to fight in the battlefield. On the preceding day of his death, his wife did many entreaties.
Saras saji raat, walkhe walam jayu,

Rahone aaju raat, (amari) jod vachhodo ma, Jogda!

[Oh Jogda, why are you making my condition like a bird Chakravaki who spends the whole night by making an uproar and pines to meet her male partner, who stays at another shore. Please stay during this night and why are you violating our pair?]

Jogdo firmly resolved to die first before everyone; so no one could stop him. By making brawl he was the first one to sprinkle his blood at gate of his mother land. In Khambha, Jogda’s religiously accepted sister was daubing frames of roof with cow dung by standing on a ladder; at that time, somebody gave her news:

“Your religiously accepted brother has died in brawl.”

On hearing the woman jumped down from the ladder, and by covering her head started to sing elegies. Soon elegies renting hearts of men and animal flowed out in her melodious voice.

Vankar ane vanar, nate pan nedo nahi,

(pan) gan ne rov gajmar, tari jaat na pubu Jogda.

[Oh brother, Jogda, you were an untouchable doing work of weaving clothes and I am Aayrani of Vanaar lineage. There is no relation between me and you so far as our caste is concerned. Why should I take your low caste into consideration? Oh, brave warrior and a killer of elephants; I am crying over your dignity.]
Aayrani wailed and shed red tears of blood. On hearing her lamentation people who were dinning got up leaving their meal incomplete. All felt as if Jogda was their real brother. Aayrani imagined about brawl of Jogda.

*Rampi no rakhanhar, kalba le vetran kiya*

*Vijali tano vichhar, te ki janiyo Jogda!*  

[Oh, brother Jogda, you are considered as an expert in splitting leathers of cattle. Instead of that you displayed your skill in ripping enemies with a sword. How come you automatically cultivated deeper understanding of wielding a sword?]

Intensity of expression of grief increased, new imaginations emerged and as if God aroused in her heart:

*Aage chheli uthto, peli uthiyo paant,*

*Bhupa ma padi bhrant, jaman abhdaviyu, jogda!*

[Hey, brother Jogda, you are an outcaste. In feast you get the last chance. But in the feast of battle field you got the first chance. You have died first. You have unpurified meals of other great emperors; it means that you have diminished their fame.]

*Aagal katak Orto, kolu aag kare,*

*Abhel kav ore (have) Jangi bhagiyo, Jogda!*

[Oh, Ruler Abhel wala, till now in your army squeezing machine instead of sugarcane you were squashing enemies but now in that squeezing machine, how could you crush sugarcane? Because Jogdo who was just like an axis of squeezing machine has died. How come your squeezing machine would rotate now?]
Shankar ne jadiyu nahi, mathu khala mai,

Tal Tal aapsar taay, je jadh manchiye, Jogda!

[The Lord Shiva yearned to string in his garland, the skull of a brave man like you. His head did not come in his hand in the battlefield because to marry him many Celestial damsels came on the earth and as they were large in numbers unfortunately they had to share small pieces of his body.]

Mungha maal mal;ye, sungha satvi e nahi,

Khundha kon khame, jaat vaniya na Jogda!

[Dear brother Jogda, generally wise does not take cheap thing if they can afford to purchase costly things; because only strong things can bear our weight. How could tender and short lived things bear our pressure? Same thing happened with you and me. My real brother was easily available but he was not noble that’s why he could not help me when I was in crisis. On the other hand you were from different caste- ‘an outcaste’, in spite of that as you were strong you saved me at crucial time. ]

Aayrani, continued to shed tears and kept singing a dirge by commemorating her brother. Her eyelids got swollen and her world became deserted.

Notes

1. There are two different opinions; some say that an outcaste who remained with Champraj wala and died while fighting against the army of the King of Jetpur was Jogdo. (See the story, Champrajwala) Another opinion is that the companion of Champrajwala was not an untouchable, he was a scavenger. Jogdo was all alone
among Abhel of Mityana who was seven in numbers and died while battling against armies of foe.
4. Suhini – Mehar

Love stories of other regions.

[Author’s Note:-Love stories that are given in Sorathi folk literature, same type of tales are still available in oral folk literature of other regions. All these stories seem as golden chain uniting one region with another region. To find out the difference and similarities between the tales of this region and other regions here two tales have been given.

‘Suhini – Mehar’ is one of the stories of Sindh. Duha cited in the story consist of three lines. So far as composition is considered both resemble with each other. Instead of our first line there are two lines. The problem of evoking feeling in two lines is solved in this way and even sentence construction does not get spoiled. Suhini- Mehar is the real story of folk life. The powerful philosopher and poet of Sindh named Abed Latif visualized spirituality in mortal events. Suhini stands for mortal human being and Mehar stands for God and husband of Suhini is Sayar which symbolizes this world- by creating such meaning the Poet, expresses soul’s longing for god and in Sindhi literature it is considered as the best type of work. It is very good that in folk tales such spiritual and metaphoric tone is observed.]
At the bank of the river Sindhu, buffaloes were grazing among tall waist length grass and the young shepherd was playing flute by sitting under the canopy of trees. His real name was Sahad.

There was no idea from where he had come and who his parents were. People of the village called him by the name ‘Mehar’. Me- Har means shepherd of buffaloes. The young daughter of Tolo potter named Suhini was taunting him many a time by calling him an orphan. Mehar even liked the curt remarks of the girl.

Tossing one neatly cleaned shining pot in her hand, Suhini came one afternoon at the Coast of Sindhu River. She loudly called Mehar who was enjoying melodies of flute as: “Mehar! Meharda!”

At least for two minutes, Mehar did not pay heed. He was so much engrossed in playing a flute that he became inattentive. Suhini held his legs which were dangling down the branch of a tree; he became conscious as soon as his legs were pulled. Suhini said: “Are you coming down? Or do I make you fall by pulling you down?”

Mehar felt shy. He jumped down. As if some fool wanted to play a role of a Shephered, similarly in a dignified and threatening way he said, “During this day light, why have you come to trouble me?”

“At home, guests have come, so quickly milk your buffaloes and give two three streaks of milk.”

“But buffaloes have gone very far, now you go and bring them back.”
“I would remain hungry throughout the night if I the daughter of Patel have to go ever to bring back buffaloes. Whether my father has employed you to worship you by making you sit on the pallet. You go and bring buffaloes back; otherwise you would not get dinner.”

Mehar looked everywhere, but buffaloes had disappeared in the long grown grass.

Suhini said, “Emit typical sound of calling animals then soon all will come out.”

Mehare scratched his head and remained standing there: “I do not know how to emit sound to call buffaloes.”

“It is very shameful Meharda! If you did not know how to emit sound for calling cattle then why did you become care taker of buffaloes? You should die with shame!”

By saying so, Suhini by putting fingers in her ears emitted loud, melodious sound, it was so loud that its echo reached to the another border of a field; within a fraction of minute buffaloes came out running and bellowing.

“Now, you start milking.”

Mehar stood abashed.

Suhini said, “Shame, shame, as a shepherd if you do not know how to milk the buffaloes then your whole life has gone waste.”

Suhini milked her loving buffaloes, just by shedding one streak of milk her pot brimmed over and foam of buffaloes’ milk raised. By putting pot on head, Suhini walked away in gay and carefree mood. While walking she kept on saying, “Foolish Mehardo, silly
Mehardo who neither knows how to milk buffaloes nor learnt the skill of emitting sound for calling cattle.”

The loud call of that bold and a tall virgin of Sindhi potter, swish of her laughter and thud of her walk showcasing her power had surprised the foreigner named Mehar who was left immobile. Every time Suhini, seemed sweet to Mehar and whenever she reviled him he experienced pleasurable and rejuvenating feeling.

Many a times Suhini felt pity on Mehar, because he was committing many mistakes in carrying out his responsibilities as a shepherd. Suhini’s soft corner for Mehar vexed her father potter Tolo. Hateful and insulting remarks of the master often depressed Mehar and he frequently felt helplessness and on seeing it Suhini secretly made many efforts to decrease his grief and elevate his mood.

Father noticed everything and took it for granted that her daughter was very compassionate by nature, so she took very much care of Mehar. How could an owner of 400 asses and 1500 buffaloes ever imagine that his only one beloved daughter was in love with that unskilled shepherd?

One day Mehar was sitting on the bank of river Sindhu. Tolo potter hauled over the coals on him, as his five asses were lost. Flickers of repentance were seen on the face of Mehar. At that time he heard sound of steps of Suhini’s arrival. On arriving, Suhini soon spoke: “See how you were rebuked? Still you are senseless.”
On being admonished, tears rolled down the cheek of Mehar. Suhini understood that
there must be some matter, otherwise this shepherd would never cry. She held him by
wrist and asked, “Mehar, why did you cry? Could Mehar be ever weak?”

“If you are not Mehar then, are you an emperor?”

“I am not an emperor, but I have received all pampering that is generally received by an
emperor; I am son of a wealthy man.”

“My father’s name is Mirza Ali Beg. At my house prosperity wallows. When my father
was of 75 years, in his old age I was born due to blessings of one devotee.

Suhini, I am not an illiterate shepherd but after studying many books under the guidance
of the learned, I came to visit Mughal emperors of India. During that journey my destiny
brought me here. One evening we stayed in Musafarkhana.

At your father’s house, I saw you coming there to bring clay’s crockery. On seeing you I
fell in love with you at first sight. My lovable companion tried to prohibit me but I did
not agree with him. My diamonds were stolen, whatever cash amount I had that was spent. My comrade fell down and died in Bukhar, my swift camel was also stolen. Being ruined in your love I became Mehar of Sindh. I am taking your father’s asses to pasture.”

By concealing her surprise, Suhini chided him, “Do you have regret regarding that matter, Mehar? If you want to go to wallow in wealth and enjoy fondling at your father’s house, then you can happily go; I would unlock doors of your cage.”

“No, where should I go? Birds of forest would not accept this caged bird. Now I want to make my tomb here at the bank of Sindhu.”

“Then, why did you bring tears in eyes?”

The news reached to potter Tola that every day in the afternoon Suhini and Mehar meet at the bank of the river Sindhu, under the shade of a dense banyan tree.

Gradually the information reached that by changing their time of meeting in the afternoon they started to meet in the darkness of late night; and continued their talk of love so slowly that even sleeping birds could not hear it.

Next day in the morning, Tolo snatched the stick for driving out ass and buffaloes from the hand of Mehar and said, “If you ever put your leg within the territory of Sadapur, then I would kill you and would make Suhini bathe with your blood. You ungrateful, gate out.”

On the opposite side of the bank of the river Sindhu, Mehar built one hut. The whole day he kept singing songs of Irani, Arbi and Sindhi poets. This lover without taking single
morsel of food or water used to play flute and during night he used to prepare one fish by frying it. At midnight by carrying the cooked fish on his head and by tying cloth around the waist, he used to plunge into unfathomable water of Sindhu. The force of the water was so heavy that even elephant may get drowned in such a force; without keeping fear of darkness, animals or any human beings he used to leap and swim in the water like a crocodile. He used to reach at another shore by crossing a half kilometer in water.

At the bank of another shore, Suhini used to pull him out by holding his palm. Everyday after sitting under the same banyan tree both used to make the feast of fish. By spending three hours together for love, once again Mehar used to reach at his hut by crossing the wide flow of water.

Thus they spent many nights together. Mehar did not miss a single night. Even stormy wind of Sindhu River could not stop Mehar from going to another bank of river.

One night, the fish that Mehar brought was extremely sweet. Suhini appreciated the sweetness of the fish while taking each bite of it. “Oh, Mehar fish is very sweet. It would be very good if you bring this type of fish every day.

Mehar smiled and said, “Ok, I would bring it every day. But after few days if the one who brings fish would remain no more then what will you do?”

They talked but signs of pain were obvious on the face of Mehar. It seemed that with a great effort he was suppressing some pain.

Suhini asked, “Dear, is anything wrong with you?”
“Nothing is wrong, you continue your talk.”

Soon Suhini who was sitting in the lap of Mehar, felt something wet. Surprisingly she asked, “From where this water has come?”

Suddenly her eyes fell on the thigh of Mehar; blood was flowing out of it.

“Suhini, this is the blood of a sweet fish.”

Now Suhini understood the mystery of the whole matter. As Mehar did not find any fish he by cut flesh from his thigh and brought it by frying it and made it spicy.

“Mehar, I give you god’s swear from tomorrow onwards, my turn will start. You will not come.”

“Then, will you come?”

“Yes, I will come.”

“You are a woman; will you cross the river Sindhu? Are you mad Suhini?”

“That will be decided at night tomorrow. I give you god’s swear you will not come.”

*

*Bare kull batrya tad, tad tad hetbhatuu,*

*Aadhiy raatjo uthi, (se) Suhini kar sattu,*

*Chhade khir khatu, lunde lori vichhme.*

[In the river Sindhu, between two banks, there were twelve whirlpools of water,
there were thirty two big hills and at the bottom of every hill, their lived a many
scorpions. To cross such a horrible river, by getting up at midnight Suhini used to run
out of home in the dark night. Discarding sweet milk and cozy bed Suhini was whirling
amidst waves of water.]

“Woman, who are you?”

“I am a traveler.”

“Who are you Suhini?”

“Yes, are you Aleyo?”

“Yes, where are you travelling at midnight?”

“I am going to another coast of river Sindhu.”

“Oh, Suhini, you are child, what strength you have to travel at the other bank of the river
Sindhu?”

“Brother Aleya, God would give me the strength. I have taken one clay pot to swim.”

“For whom, are taking so much trouble?”

“I am doing for my love.”

“Oh my God, Suhini, people are criticizing you and you do not care for it.”

“Oh, Adha, listen-
Adha sun tu altya, Ala sune acchar,

Hirdi ghar ghar gila thiye, pade pandh pachhar,

Aav likhiyo ti lodiya, khalk mideti khvar.

[“Dear brother Aliya, only God could see and understand my thoughts. So let the criticism regarding me nay continue that is going in my neighbourhood, in my area or in every home. I am suffering from whatever is written in my fate. People are hurting me by criticizing me without any reason.”]

“Oh, Suhini” Alleyo said:

Sari na thiye Suhini, tu niji nimani,

Vendhe vahvat visre, hi jor juvani,

Se pachhadi de Pani, tara kaviye tarme.

[“You have not turned out to be good in your lineage. You are childish, senseless and weak. In this strong flow of water you might lose your young life. By throwing yourself in water one day you may invite a big trouble. You may drown into water. So please, avoid it. Why are you taking so much trouble? Who have shown you ways towards death?”]

After hearing all these advice, Suhini laughed roaringly and became ready to jump into water.

Dhari dharo hath kare, chel badhi chhoto,

Maan midyu’s miyar se, parle par poto,
*Po gotte, manj gotto, are m vize ajanme.*

[“By taking a clay pot she wedged into water. She tied tightly one cloth on head and waist. As she was preparing at the bank of the river to jump into water, mentally she had already reached at the bank of the river to meet her beloved. As her loved one does not remain unaware that she was coming, she made fast diving to cross the river and reached ashore”]

She was wearing armour of Love. Now she was fearless. In comparison of her love all dangerous insects and creatures seemed dwarfish. One by one night started to pass.

* It was chill cold. Nobody could come out of the house. All snuggled themselves in warm quilt. There was quietness during night. During that time Suhini went out of home by carrying pot on her head. On seeing her, wise man like Aleyo tried to stop Suhini, “Oh, Suhini why are you going to die in this shivering cold?

Suhini replied him:

*Hikadiyu na dhire unhare, aav sare siyare,*

*Tan vijnati taar me, orhaje aare,*

*Mahobbat ti mare, (naat) ker dhir hin kunme.*

[“Dear brother, other women avoid going into this water even in scorching heat; and I am swimming willingly in water in this chill winter. I take the risk of death, because my Love corrodes me. Otherwise who would dare to jump into this whirlpool?”]
“O, Suhini, you do not dive into water, because in hollow part of stones, poisonous snake resides and they would bite you.”

_Bara kuun Batriya, tad, tad tad heth naag_

_Mahanu mulajo Kari, tit mahobbat Jo maang_

_Kedo muhjo saang, (judo) panita pachhi vara_

[“In my ways, 12 whirlpools of water pools and 32 rocks are there. In hollow part, there are poisonous snake. I know everything but the way, on which other hesitates to walk, that is the way of love. If I retreat by getting frightened then there is no significance my love.”]

On saying so, Suhini tied clothes and she dived into cool water of Sindhu and went very far. The shore of the river Sindhu was so far, that the sound of her swimming became inaudible to the advisor and he went home again.

Winter passed, summer passed but these lovers did not skip a single day of going from one shore to another shore in order to meet each others during nocturnal hours.

Monsoon began and Sindhu overflowed with water; waves were tossing very high. It became very easy for Suhini to plunge into water during horrendous storm the sight of which may terrify onlooker. As she came by carrying pot; soon man standing beside her spoke:

_Suni sathe taar me, (to) Siyaro ne see,_

_Lagi lehar leharte, se juddha kare jee,_
"Oh, Suhini, why are you plunging into water in this biting cold? Waves that are clashing against each other are strong enough to deunite your soul and body and furthermore the rock above your head is about to fall, so you please stop."]

“Oh Addha, how could I stop even for few moments? If time of meeting my beloved may pass then my soul mate would writhe in pain.”

On saying so, Suhini jumped into huge waves of water. Like a fish she moved swiftly into water. Everytime she spent six hours happily with her beloved and returned on preceding night.

Father of Suhini being worried about his prestige got Suhini married with an ugly man belonging to high lineage of potter community. At the time of marriage Suhini in the presence of all expressed her disagreement regarding marriage. In spite of that, her father got her forcefully married with that boy. Suhini did not go to her in-laws’ house, so her father kept the boy at his own house.

On the first night, Suhini warned her husband that, “You are my brother. Never come near my bed.” Suhini gave up all relations with relatives. She did not feel good in the company of worldly people. She decreased her communication with world. Her time passed in offering prayers five (according to Islamic schedule) times a day, in reading Kuran, and she spent time in keeping fasts during Ramjan. She dedicated all her nights to her beloved who was residing at the shore of Sindhu.
All these things were not tolerated by a married potter. He taunted Suhini in an offending way. She ponders when she becomes alone:

\[
\begin{align*}
Nain \ a \ namaju \ pade, \ gandh \ na \ gandhiyu \ dhoy \\
Sanje \ miz \ sumthi, \ (se)pasa \ fere \ poy, \\
Uthi \ adhiy \ ratjo, \ (ee)kuniy \ karan \ roy \\
Kadva \ ven \ kasala, \ ee \ makhe \ ne \ to \ choy \\
Edi \ kandh \ sandhay, \ (tade) \ var \ chhadeti \ vaan \ tara.
\end{align*}
\]

[“My husband does not even offer his namaj. He does not even clean odor of his body. He sleeps early in the evening and in the morning keeps changing sides in bed, at midnight a man who weeps for food, how such type of man could disdain me? Why I am related to such a man? By leaving such a man I would prefer to get flowed away in water.”]

In this way day by day tormentation by husband and people’s act of defaming her increased. Even parents felt that it would be proper if Suhini may die. In reality the death of Suhini came close.

Night was dark, but alike the month of vaisakh, the month of union and meeting was going on. As sail of ship get inflated with wind similarly sky colored odhani of Suhini inflated with wind, as if God endowed two wings to Suhini to fly at the another shore of Sindhu. The river Sindhu was raising high as if excited to play with Suhini and stars of the sky were looking intently at Suhini.
Standing at the bank of river Suhini looked in every direction. Today there was no storm. Such a night never came earlier. Today Nature was in Suhini’s favour. It seemed that Suhini who was rejected by world was respected by deities.

By tying cloth Suhini nose- dived into water. On saying, Khamma! Khamma! Waves of Sindhu caught her feather light. By supporting her face on a painted pot Suhini started to swim; today water and breeze seemed so delightful that she felt to swim continuously into it. She felt to frighten Mehar by making late. She wished that Mehar might join her in swimming so that by holding each others’ hand they merge into the sea forever. She felt to go into the region which is beyond cynicism and maladies of world. She thought that whatever may happen she would not come out of water, she planned of calling Mehar by remaining in the river; she felt if she would come out she would be tempted to live on the mortal land.

Suhini was lost in such types of thoughts; then suddenly the pot slipped from her hand. Why the clay of this pot is getting scattered by being damped? Who made an enchantment in my strong earthen pot?

_Hajarn me hikdo, mu thoke khayam te te tha,
Kachjo kumbhar mu, ki n kyo te kalam
Dhani lag dham, tu maula maan mediye._

After checking for several times, I had selected this pot out of thousand pots. Even the potter did not give me any hint that pot was raw, and then how come pot turned out crude. Oh, god now you please unite me with my soul mate.
As soon as she thought, immediately the pot melted into water. The clay did not remain in hands of a struggling Suhini. She knew swimming very well but due to her plan of deluding Mehar right from the beginning Suhini was floating so slowly that the opposite shore remained very far. She got exhausted and she wondered what magic had worked in the pot.

\textit{Hajarnme hikdo, mu chitamay chay,}

\textit{Wah me wali davad chey, pithu thyo se pay,}

\textit{Supak kyo mu say, kaja te kaccho kyo?}

[From thousand ready earthen pots, I had selected one strong pot. On it I got it made minute carvings. How the pot could broke into flood? The pot which I called strong was made frail by my fortune. ]

What happened? Many months passed and why only today my pot has melted down? The pot was changed. The parents of Suhini in order to fulfill their ill-will of getting their daughter drowned had exchanged the pot and placed another raw pot of same carvings. Inoccent and ignorant Suhini was so blinded by love that without understanding shrewdness of worldly people, as usual picked up the pot from the same place without checking it and jumped into water.

Helpless Suhini struggled to cover mileages in water but there remained no strength in her arms. It was so dark, that neither Suhini could see anything across the opposite shore, nor anyone from the opposite shore could trace Suhini. Cattle were grazing at another shore. Sound of their harness bell was audible to her and another sound that was audible to her was melodious sound of flute of Mehar.
Kithe ghant vajan? Kithe piriyu par?

Veer vajayto vansli, sahad saji raat,

Kalmeji tavar, lori sambhe langhiyu.

[Oh, where the bells ring? The shore of my beloved has remained very far. My valiant Sahad, shepherd [Mehar] while waiting for me seems playing flute throughout the night. On the basis of the sound of flute I tracked my path and crossed many waves but now there was no longer remained vigor in my hands and legs.]

The sound of the flute seemed very sweet to Suhini, Suhini did not like to create any type of obstruction in the melody; but at last her body became ready to go down into water graveyard. Suhini was dragged by waves; while being dragged she made heart rending cry; ‘Mehar, Mehar.’

On hearing Suhini’s yellings, the sounds of flute stopped. He dived into water from the opposite shore by saying; “I would reach, I am coming.”

Drowning and panting Suhini shouted first for help then she repented. She recollected suddenly that while serving sweet meat to Suhini, Mehar’s thigh was bruised. Its wound was not healed yet. She thought, surely Mehar could not swim and if he would do so then he would loose his life for my sake.

Gharo bhago t goreo, shaal ma bhaje dhari,

Mulato meaarjo, bhiji thyo aay bhari,

Tango taar tari, maan disa muh myar jo.
[Ok, if the pot has broken then let it go but oh god, now do not break my moments of encountering my beloved. Mehar is at the opposite side; his turban might be weighing high by getting wet. Now, whether water is deep or shallow whatever it is please god you help me that at least I could see the face of Mehar.]

It was not destined for her to see his face. It was created in her destiny to sleep alone on the water bed. Fatigued and weak woman started to feel vertigo in the middle of waves of Sindhu.

_Aakhi me ajrayal ditho, (tay) man tane to myar kya_

[She saw with her own eyes, the god of Death. In spite of that her heart rushed towards Mehar.]

_Dhiri dharo hath kare, boya ee baw,
Vechariye wadiyu kiyu, vicch dhariya dhaw,
Varaj saad, pav, taki taki aahiya._

[First she moved through water by holding the pot, later on when it broke, she swam with the help of her two hands; while drowning into sea (vast river), the poor woman shouted Mehar you please go back because I have been surrounded by wild animals.]

“Do not come, Mehar, you do not come.” Such types of last loud cries were heard. But, now for whose sake Mehar may return back? He dived into water for several times, he searched her in many valleys, hunted many rocks but he could not trace Suhini.
His wounded thigh worsened and blood flowed out from cracks. Again and again till the last moments his empty body kept shouting, ‘Suhini, Suhini’, finally he went down at the bottom of river in an eternal search of Suhini.

In the morning, Mother Sindhu dropped out drowned bodies of both together at the shore. Family members gathered there and built tomb by burying them and gave tribute to them by offering flowers.

Even today the tomb exists at the extremity of the village Sadapur.

[Folk Research Scholar, late Jivram Ajramar Gor’ collections of duhas in folktales Of Kutch published in (‘Gujarati’: Diwali edition, 1911) has been used as the Source for the theme and for the three lined Sindhi duhas used in this tale. In the present duhas I found many errors which are corrected by the Sindhi principal of Shamaldas College, shree, Sahaniji. He corrected by selecting very carefully from the book of Muslim Saint Aabd Latif. Principal Sahani opined that the actual Sindhi text remains crude in these verses.]

(Meghani)

[Even today in Charni Gujarati the word ‘Meyu’ is used for buffaloes.]
5. Maluva

[The professor of Bengali literature of Kolkatta University Shree Dineshchandra Sen, with the help of accumulator named Chandra kumar De collected old folk tales of earlier Bengal, verified the actual places where all events had happened, and the time when all events had happened. By Kolkatta University all love stories were published in the voluminous book named, ‘Memensing- Gitika’. One poem from that collection has been cited in its precise form. The actual story is very lengthy and it is in poetic form. Only necessary stanzas have been quoted here. These ballads have been created by folk poets in folk language. The language is ancient and rustic. The creators’ names are found only in some tales.]

At the bank of the river Sutya there lived one old widow of a farmer; she had only one son named Chandvinod. By tilling the chunk of land, both mother and son earned their livelihood. The month of Asho is going on. Water is logged into farm. It is time of sowing. In the darkness of early morning, mother wakes up Chandvinod:

_Uth uth Binod, Aare dake tomar mao,_

_Chaand much pakhlaysia, mather panne jao._

[Get up Chandvinod! Your mother is calling you. O Chand first you wash your face and then go to farm.]

_Megh dake guru guru, dakiya tule pani,_

_Sakal kaira khete, jao amar jadumani._

[Thundering rain slowly stirs up water of the river, so my Gem, you hurry up and go.]
Aasman Chhailo kala meghe, devay dake raya

Aaro koto kal thakbe jadu gharer maje suiya.

[The sky is covered by canopy of black clouds. Rain is frequently making sound. Oh, my god, now how long will you sleep in a room?]

Chandvinod went to sow seeds but due to heavy rain field sunk into water and plantation of mustard seed failed. Chand fell ill. Mother medicated him by selling two bullocks. By god’s grace son was saved.

There remained no grain for the worship of goddess Laxmi; so mother told the son, ‘Dear son, you go to the field to reap harvest.’

Paanch gachhi batar, dugal hate te layia,

Mather maje jai binod, baromasi gaeeya.

[Chand went to the farm by holding plant called ‘vat’ in his hand and singing songs from twelve seasonal songs.]

On going there he saw that there was no grain. Excessive rain of the month of Asho has poiled plantation.

By selling the chunk of land to Banya, Chand Vinod purchased one cage of eagle. He went for hunting by carrying the bird eagle. He went further and further.

Kuday dake dhan dhan, ashadh mash ashe

Jamine padilo chhaya, megh aasmane bhashe.
[The bird eagle started to chirp in profound sound: the month of Asadh has arrived. The earth was veiled. Clouds began to float in the sky but they did not find any prey.]

Vinod while walking reached at the plain of the extremity of the village Aaraliya. On the border of the village there was one dark pond and there was one small track for reaching at pond. On watching lovely pond’s water and on beholding the flower tree; he sat down to take rest under its shade by putting the cage of eagle bird aside. He slumbered.

\textit{Ghumayte ghumayte Binod, aylo sandhya bela,}

\textit{Ghater pare nindra jao ke tumi ekla,}

\textit{Saat bhaiyer ben maluva jal bharite aashe,}

\textit{Sandhyabela nagar suiya, ekla jaler ghate.}

[Evening occurred but he remained asleep. At the evening, Maluva the sister of seven brothers came to fetch water. At the bank of the river she saw a sleeping man. Who are you man, sleeping alone on the bank of the river?]

\textit{Kander kalsi bhumit thayela Maluva sundari,}

\textit{Lamilo jaler ghate ati taratari.}

[Mauva started to climb down quickly the steps of the river, by putting down the Pot that she held in arm-pit.]

\textit{Ek baar lame kaniya, aaro baar chhai;}

\textit{Sundar purush ek, adhure ghumai.}
[Sometimes she climbed down; in between she stopped to look back and exclaimed oh what a handsome man is sleeping here!]

_Sandhya milaya jay Ravi paschim pate,_

_Tabu na bhangilo nindra, ekla jaler ghati.

[The sun set in the west. The evening was engulfed by darkness, in spite of that the man who was sleeping on the bank of the river did not wake up.]

Oh, no what will he do if would wake up at night? Where this foreigner will go? Is he an orphan? Who would allow him to stay at night? I am a virgin coming from a good family back ground; how can I ask him?

_Utho utho nagar! Kanya dake mone mone,

_Ki jani maner, daak sheo naagar sone._

[The girl murmured within and spoke within, ‘Wake up! Oh foreigner you wake up!’ who knows, whether this man is hearing my inner voice or not.]

I feel that I should wake him up and show him way towards my father’s home; otherwise how could he detect the way during night?

_Utho utho bheen bheen purush, koto nindra jao,

_Jaar vaksher dhan tumi, taar kacche jao._

[O foreigner you please wake up. How long will you want to sleep? You go to one to whom you are an apple of eye.]
Oh, no how he could hear my inner feelings in this way? Had there been any sister in law with me then I could have awoke him but whom should I tell?

Yes, yes, she remembered that she had one friend who could wake up a sleeping foreigner.

*Suno re pitler kalshi kya bujai tore*

*Daak diya jagao tumi, bheen purushe re.*

[Listen my pot of copper; according to my advice you wake up this foreigner.]

On saying so, she dipped a pot into water.

*Jal bharner sabde kuda ghan ghat chhade,*

*Jagiya na Chand vinod, kon kam kore.*

[The sound of filling water was heard. So the caged bird squeaked loudly; on hearing the screech of a bird Chand Vinod awoke. What he did on waking up?]

*Dekhilo sundar kanya, jal laya jay,*

*Megherbaran kanyar, gayete lutay.*

[He saw one girl having glowing complexion and the shadow of clouds was lingering on her body.]

*Ek baar chav lo kanya much firaya,*

*Aaro ek baar dekhi aami aapna bhuliya.*

[Oh, girl you turn back once look at this side, I want to see you once by losing all senses.]
[O eagle of forest, you fly to my mother and tell her that your Chand vinod has been killed by forest’s tiger.]

The girl came back home by holding a pot. Her face became reddish. Wives of five brothers in law asked “oh sister in law why did you stay alone at the edge of pond till late evening? Why the clothes on your body have become untidy. Why bun of your looks is dishevelled?”

[Aadha kalsi bhara dekhi, aadha kalshi khali,

Aaiyz je dekhi photo phul, Kail dekhiyachhi kali.

[“Oh sister in law, how come your pot is half full and half empty? Yesterday you looked like a petal and today how come you bloomed like a flower?]"

“What happened at the bank of pond? Please tell. In the morning when you will come with us to fetch water; there we would talk secretly.”

“No, bhabhi, you all may go, I will not come. At night I had fever. My waist and tummy severely aches.”

Five sisters in laws went to fetch water and whispered among each other.

Maluva went to her bed room.

Who is this Maluva? She was a daughter of a sailor. Her father’s name was Hiradhar. At home large cylindrical vessels were full with grain. He had 10 milching cows and on
farm he had four bullocks. He had only one problem; was that his darling daughter did not get a suitable match.

When Maluva was lying on the bed she got lost in thoughts: From where this man might have come? Where he would have stayed at night? Where he would have kept his bird eagle?

*Aami jaddi hoytaam kuda, thaktaam taar saane;*

*Taar sange thakiya aami, dhurtaam banne banne.*

[Oh my god, had I been an eagle I would have got chance to stay with him and to wander in jungle with him.]

*Aasmane thakiya devua, dakchho tumi kare,*

*Ena ashadher paani, bai chhe saat dhare.*

[Rain, whom are you calling? It was a torrent rainfall of Ashad.]

*Ga bhashe nadi bhashe, suknai na dhare paani,*

*Emun rate kothay gelo, kichhuy nai jaani.*

[The village was surrounded by water and the river was overflowed with water. There was water water everywhere. Where this man would have gone during this night?]  

The morning passed, afternoon passed. The girl went on the way leading towards pond. On the bank Chand was sleeping. The cage was lying near the pond. On seeing the same water fetcher the bird sitting in the cage started to chirp. Chand got up and opened his eyes.
On that day, both introduced each other. Maluva said:

_Aadhuya pushkneer pade, kalo nager basha;
Ek baar danshile jay be, paraner aasha._

[O foreigner, near this dark pond there are burrows of black serpents; their one bite is powerful to take one’s life.]

So please come with me at my home. This is the same way. On the east side my home brightly shining like a mirror will come.

*

Chand’s number of visits at Hiradar’s house gradually increased. Their familiarity increased. One day Chand sent proposal for marriage. Father of the daughter said, everything is ok but how could I send a daughter to that house where one time meal is a problematic.

Chand Vinod went to a foreign country by leaving his mother unhappy. He earned for one year by doing hunting. After going home he purchased farms, ox, he got his house built.

Hiradhar now got his daughter married with Chand. Maluva went to in-laws’ house by taking dowry. Mother-in-law welcomed the goddess Laxmi of her house.

Neighbour women blessed a newly married woman by filling a pot of Ganga water.

All made the moment auspicious by gifting her gold and silver. Chand’s married life started to pass happily.
In the village there lived one magistrate of Muslims; that Muslim kaji was a scoundrel.

*Bidoy Durant kaji, shemta aapar,*

*Chhore aashra diya diya, saudere dey kaar.*

[He was such a wicked Muslim judge that he was providing shelter to thief, he was imprisoning gentle men, and molesting women.]

Once, while riding on a horse he passed by the pond. He saw Chand’s wife fetching water. On seeing her beauty he became mad.

*Bhuyete baiya taar pare lamba chul,*

*Sundar badan jemun Mahuaar ful.*

[He saw Maluva; whose long hair was touching the earth, her face was as delicate and charming as a flower of Mahuva.]

*Aanaguna kayra kaji, hoylo bawra;*

*Rakhite na pare man kore pankhi uda.*

[Maddened in love, Muslim judge visited the pond everyday. He could not control his sensuous cravings. Mentally he experienced wow moments.]

*Deshte bhamra nai ki kori upay,*

*Golaper madhu tai gobariya khai.*

[There are no wasps in the country that is why worms suck sweet gist of roses.]
On taking for granted that to tempt sailor’s wife was not a big task; he called procuress of the village. He sent them to Maluva to give her temptations of wealth:

\[
\text{Taray gathiya taar, diyam galar mala,}
\]

\[
\text{Dekhiye tahar roop, hoyachhi pagla.}
\]

[Harlot, you go and tell her that I would make her wear necklace by threading stars of the sky. I have become crazy after beholding your beauty.]

On seeing Maluva alone on the bank of the pond; procures started to persuade her with Muslim judge’s enticement. First time Maluva got scared and ran away. But the second time, when whore came to lure her, Maluva furiously retorted:

\[
\text{Swami Morghare nai, ki bolibaam tore;}
\]

\[
\text{Thakile maritam janta, tor pak na seere.}
\]

[As my husband is not here, what can I tell you? Otherwise I would have smacked your white head with broom.]

\[
\text{Kajire kahiyo katha, nahi chai aami,}
\]

\[
\text{Rajar dosher sey, aamar sovami.}
\]

[Tell your Muslim judge, that I do not accept his demand. To me, my life partner is equivalent to king.]

\[
\text{Aamar sovami she je parvter chuda;}
\]

\[
\text{Aamar Sovami jemun; run doder ghoda.}
\]
[My master is a lofty mountain to me. To me he is a sturdy horse running in the battlefield.]

\[Aamar	ext{ }sovami	ext{ }jemun,	ext{ }aasmaner	ext{ }chhan;\]

\[Na	ext{ }hoy	ext{ }dushman	ext{ }kaji	ext{ }navkher	ext{ }saman.\]

[My master is just like a moon for me. Rowdy Muslim judge is trivial even in comparison of his toe nail.]

Strumpet told everything to Muslim judge, Muslim judge got incensed by hearing Maluva’s remarks. To take revenge, he wrote orders to Chand Vinod, that he had not paid his marriage tax. If he would not pay the tax within eight days then his house and property would be confiscated.

Due to sudden order, Chand could not make an arrangement of 500 rupees, the due date of paying tax passed. His farm was fortified. Chand thought:

\[Aami	ext{ }rahilaam	ext{ }gachher	ext{ }talay	ext{ }tate	ext{ }shati	ext{ }nai;\]

\[Praner	ext{ }doser	ext{ }Maluva	ext{ }re,	ext{ }rakhi	ext{ }kono	ext{ }thay.\]

[I would stay under the shade of tree; I do not have any problem. But where should I keep my dearest Maluva?]

“Dear, Maluva you go to your parent’s home. You could not face this adversity. You are a doting daughter of your father. You are a sister of five brothers.”

Maluva said:

\[Bone	ext{ }thako,	ext{ }chhane	ext{ }thako,	ext{ }gachher	ext{ }talay;\]
Tumi bine Maluvar, naahi ko uppay.

[There is no problem, if I have to stay under the tree; for Maluva there is no other shelter except you.]

Saat diner upash jadi, tomar much chaiya;

Bodo such paibam tomar channamiti khaiya.

[I have no problem if I have to keep fast for seven days. I would be delighted if I would get chance to drink water of your washed feet.]

Maluva managed to meet house hold expenses during the month of Aashadh by selling her nose ring. In the month of Shravan she sold her anklets, in the month of bhadarva she sold armlets, in the month of Asho she sold her silk saree: thus in this way by selling her clothes and ornaments; she satiated everybody’s hunger.

At last when nothing remained Chand Vinod went to foreign country without informing anybody.

At Maluva’s parents’ house everybody came to know that Maluva was unhappy.

All the five brothers tried a lot to take away their sister. By pounding grains Maluva passed her days with great difficulty.

One year passed, in the month of kartik Chand came home after earning good fortune. By paying tax of marriage, he got his house and property released and once again husband and wife met each other.

Meva mishree shakal mitha, mitha Ganga jal;
**Sugar and fruits are always sweet but Ganga water is sweeter; in comparison to all coconut water is more sweeter; similarly after sorrow happiness seems more sweet, the more sweetness lies when one get lost money back but sweeter than all is meeting after separation.**

Muslim judge once again fabricated intrigue. He sent a message that spy of our chief of the Royal state informed him that in your house there is one fairy like woman. If within seven days you will not present her in the council of the chief of the Royal State then you will be killed.

Seven days were over. Chandvinod was arrested and what Maluva did?

**Crying Maluva wrote a short letter to her five brothers.**

She put that letter in the beak of the eagle bird. Trained eagle bird understood quickly all the signs and directly flew away to the village of five brothers.
Five brothers by holding long sticks reached directly on the ground where their brother in law was supposed to be killed. By smashing heads of gate keeper they saved life of their brother-in-law. All the six went home but they did not find Maluva.

*Khali Pijra payda raye chhe, uyra ge chhe tota;*

*Nibe chhe nishar dip, koyra andharta.*

[The cage was empty, the parrot has flown out. The lamp of night was extinguished by spreading more darkness.]

*Buker panjer bhange, binoder kandne*

*Jaar aantray dukh, say bhalo jane.*

[Vinod broke down by making heart rending lamentation. Only one who is undergoing from misery could properly understand his condition.]

*payra raychhe jaler kalshi, aachhe sab tay;*

*Gharer sobha mallu aamar,keval ghare naai.*

[The pot of water is lying. Other furniture is there, but the real ornamentation of my home is Mallu she herself is not present.]

After wailing a lot Vinod went near the cage. He asked the eagle who was sitting in the cage:

*Baner koda maner koda, janam kaler bhai*

*Tomar janya jadi aami, malure uddish pai*
[Oh, bird of the jungle, one who understands my mind, my childhood friend, could I get information regarding whereabouts of Maluva?]

Along with his mother and bird Chand Vinod went to foreign country by leaving his house,

_Hawlate bhoshiya kande Maluva sundari;_

_Palank chhadiya boshe jamin uppri._

[In the castle of Jhangir, Maluva was crying. By giving up bed, she was sitting on the floor.]

By dressing himself in an amorous style, that chief persuades beautiful woman Maluva replied tactfully:

“Oh, diwan sahib, my vow of twelve month is going on. Nine months are over, now you just keep patience for three months. Later on I would marry you happily if you allow me to observe my vow. As per my vow I would not eat food cooked by anyone, I would not drink water touched by anyone; I would not sleep on cot; I would not see the face of any man; please allow me to observe all these rules otherwise I would commit suicide.”

Three months passed.

_Mukhete sunghti paan, ati dhire dhire,_

_Sunali rumal hate dewaan pa shilo aandere._

[By keeping aromatic betel leaf in mouth and brocaded hanky in hand: with such pomp the chief slowly slowly entered into room.]
“Oh, Dilaram, please come on the bed!”

“Oh Diwan sahib, you first unbound my poor husband. What crime he poor has committed?”

Diwan sent message to the chief of sub-district as suggested.

“Now, master, I wish to go for hunting by taking an eagle bird. I am skilled in hunting. I can catch 100 eagle birds together. Let us go for boat riding.”

Diwan got the boat decorated. What Maluva did?

She put another letter in the beak of an eagle bird; thus she informed her five brothers behind closed doors.

Five brothers and the sixth one was Chand Vinod all went by taking small boat. They confronted Diwan very far in the river. By killing all men of Diwan and by setting Maluva free, they took her in their small boat.

The relatives of Chand Vinod started slandering:

\[ Keho bole Maluva je, hoylo asti; \]

\[ Musalmaner ann khaya gelo taar jatti. \]

[Somebody said that Maluva has no longer remained serene. Some said that she is turned out as an outcaste by eating food of Muslims. By staying in the house of Diwan for three months one could not maintain chastity.]
Vinod’s maternal uncle belonged to a very higher family lineage. He told Vinod, either you are exterminated from caste; or you repent and expel your wife from house. Vinod made repentance in the presence of Brahmin priest.

*Parachiti koriya vinod, tyaje gharer nari,*

*Aadhare lukaya, kande Maluva sundari.*

[After making penitence, Vinod renounced his wife. Maluva bewailed alone by hiding herself in a dark place]

*Kotha jai, kare kai maner bedan,*

*Swamite chhadilo jadi ki chhade jiban.*

[Where shall I go? Whom should I express grief that lurks in my mind? My soul mate has renounced me but, can my life would disown me?]

Five brothers approached their sister: sister, and said: “Sister, let us go to our home. There we will try that you will not have want of anything.

*Bape bujay, bhaiye, na buje sundari,*

*Bahir kamuli hoya aami thakibo sovamir badi.*

[Father pacified and persuaded her, brothers tried to make her understand but a belle did not agree. She said: I would prefer to remain servant of my master.]

Oh, master,

*Aan jal na, nite na paribo aami*  
*Bhalo dekhiya biya koro sundari kamini.*
[I cannot bring food and water for you. So you please get married by selecting a good
woman.]

All the relatives got Chand Vinod married.

Maluva made dung cake, cleaned house hold chores, nursed old mother- in -law, and
treated her co-wife as her younger sister.

One day Chand vinod by taking eagle bird went for hunting. He went into terrific jungle.
He hid himself at one place and sat there. There black serpent bit him. In a fraction of
minute, the poison reached to the palate.

_Uyra jao re pashu pakhi kayo maer aage;
Aami binod mara gelam ey jangler maje._

[O, bird of the jungle, you fly away and tell my mother that Chand Vinod has died in the
jungle.]

In the evening, way farers informed mother. All the relatives started to cry on the dead
body of Chand. But Maluva mustered courage and said, “Brothers do not cry. First let get
his body examined and test whether there is life in his pulse.”

At the shore, there was a river. By taking head of a dead husband Mallu sat in the boat.
All the five brothers started rowing a boat with an oar. As per the distance it would take
seven days in reaching at the house of a Dr. Garudi but Maluva reached within one day.

Dr. Garudi checked nose and mouth of a dead body and slapped on his head soon the
poison receded and reached the waist; from waist it went down to knee and from knee it
went further down and reached the toe. The serpent came from subterranean region and sucked poison from his toe.

Chand Vinod opened his eyes.

By making husband alive, Mallu came home. In the village, salutation raised for her. People loudly complained, “Can one keep such a devoted woman out of caste?” Accept her within caste. Dung cake and broom does not suit her.”

The maternal uncle of Vinod was the chief of the caste: he replied; “One who brings daughter in law Mallu in house will be exterminated from caste.”

Misfortunate Mallu during lone moments thought: as long as I live, my husband will be blemished. My husband will remain forever unhappy, then why I do not cut of my life span?

Taking a resolution of to die, Mallu came at the bank of river. In the afternoon Mallu put her leg in the ferry. As soon as she put the step-

    Zalke Zalke uthe bhanga naw se paani;

    Koto dure patalpuri aami nahi jaani.

[In that broken ferry, water of the river gushed in by making zalak, zalak sound. Mallu said, “O water of the river, I do not know the distance of subterranean region from here.]

    Uthuk uthuk aar o jal, nawer batta baiya.

[O, wind you blow more, may more and more water gush into this ferry]
The ferry was more and more hauled. It was getting filled with water. Soon sister of Chand Vinod came running and cried for help:

“O sister- in- law, you leave the broken ferry. Come to home, come to home.”

Mallu replies from the ferry:

_Na jaybo ghare aar, shuno he nandini,
Tomra saber mukh dekhiya fati chhe parani._

[O sister-in-law, I will not come to home, my heart cries on seeing your faces.]

_Uthuk uthuk uthuk paani, dubuk bhanga naw;
Jammer mat maluvare, ekbar dekhiya jav._

[Let the waves of water raise; let it rise more and more. Let the ferry may drown and for the last time you all relative come to see your Mallu]

The ferry reels more and more and ferry is getting filled with water. By folding her hands Mallu bows to everyone. Mallu’s mother–in-law came running with dishevelled hair.

“My daughter- in -law, goddess Laxmi of my house; please come back. Please return.”

Mallu says:

_Uthak uthak uthak paani, dubak bhanga naw;
Biday deo ma janni, dhari tomar pav._

[O mother, now permit me to go. I bow at your feet. O water of the river rise and rise and let the broken boat sink]
Bhanga nave uthlo paani, kari kal kal

Pade kande havdi, nav adhek hoylo tal.

[The broken ferry got filled with water by making kal kal sound. Standing at the bank of the river Mother-in-law cried. Half ferry sunk into water.]

Five brothers came running. Each member of caste rushed and brothers loudly called, “Oh, sister, why you want to die? Please come to father’s house. We will take you there in a boat made of gold.”

Drowning into water sister says, “Brothers, now I cannot go to father’s house. Now, allow me to go.”

Uthak uthak uthak jal, dubuk bhanga naw!

Maluva re raksiya tomra aapan ghare jav.

[O water of the river you raise higher, higher and higher. Let the boat may submerge into water. O dears, all of you now go by bidding adieu to Mallu.]

“Please, call once my Chand. Let me see his face for the last time. Any one from you please go and bring Chand here!”

Chand came panting: he saw Maluva drowning into middle of water. By standing on the bank of the river he made a loud cry:

“You are an apple of my eyes, why you did this?”
From the rocking boat, weak voice was echoed: “Oh, master, what is my use in this society? Relatives and members of caste do not require me. Please happily give me permission!”

Husband called the devoted woman who went unreachably far:

*Tumi jaadi dubo kanya, aamay sange nev;*

*Ektibar mukhe chaya praner bedna kav.*

[O woman, if you want to drown then please take me along with you. Please vent out your agony for once by looking at me.]

*Ghare tuliya laybam tomay samaje kaj nai;*

*Jale na dubiyo kanya, dhammer dohay.*

[O my dear, I give you swear in name of religion. I do not care for caste. I will welcome you in my home.]

“No, no master!”

*Aami nari thakte tomar kalank n jabe;*

*Gnati bandhu jane tomay sadai ghatibe*

[As long as I live, you will be blamed and people of caste will defame you. So master, please give me leave!]

*Ghare aachhe sundar nari, tari mukhe chayia;*

*Sukhe kar girvas, tahare laya.*
[You have fair woman. You enjoy your married life happily by seeing her beautiful face.]

It was neck deep water. Only fairly white face of Maluva was visible. Female serpents of subterranean region in form of waves covered Maluva. What Maluva spoke while lying in the middle of neck deep water?

“O people of caste. The one who is guilty must go away. There was no fault of my husband, but you all tormented him a lot. Now I am going, do not be cruel to him.”

_Purvete uthilo jad, garjiya uthe devua,_

_Ey sagrer ful, nai ghate nai dovwa._

[The storm raised in the east direction, the rain made a thundering sound and Maluva wanted to go to that place where there was no bank or boat.]

_Dubak! Dubak! Dubak! Nav aro ba ko to dur;_  
_Dubiya dekhi koto dure aachhe patalpur._

[Sink, sink, sink, and boat now you sink. How far it is? On getting drowned I want to see, how subterranean have remained far!]

_Purvete garjillo devua, chhutlo bisam bav,_  
_Koiba gel sundar kanya, man pavner nav._

[Rain thundered in the east. Stormy wind blew. Where that beautiful woman had gone? Where that ferry disappeared? Nobody knew it.]
Sorathi Baharvatiya

6. Natho Modhvadio

(Around 1830)

[The explanation of the Mer dialect used in the present folktale is given at the end of the story.]

At dusk, around sunset, quickly riding his own bulls, one-farmer cart driver entered into the gate of the village Sisli in Barda region. His name was Natho; he was the Mer of Modhvada. He was earning his bread by tilling land. In physique, he was dwarfish and in appearance, he looked very stupid, uncivilised and his language was very blunt.

Uncast rated oxen of the herd were continuously striking their heads to the young calves, and, whipping bullocks with a long stick having metallic end; Natho safely and soundly carried the cart in one street. By stopping, the cart in a big compound Natho leaped and went to the lobby by keeping a sixteen feet long rope dangling on the head of a young bull.

On seeing Natheo, one middle aged Merani came out and blessed him.

“What is the problem Fuy? Why did you call me? I had to come back by leaving aside my saplings of wheat unattended. By tomorrow all the crop will burn. What a big urgency you had?”

“Yes, brother, your wheat sowing process is getting delayed and here my children are crying without spoonful of milk, and, all these I have to bear in spite of having violent
and mighty nephew. Had my brother Vashiyaang been alive; then he would have swiftly reached here to help by remembering all his pangs of birth.”

“But, why are you taunting me so much? At least tell me what happened?”

“What to say? What could I do, if I do not turn sarcastic? 5 kundhiyu, 5 nav chandariyu, totally 10 milching buffaloes are driven away by wily men.”

“From, where?”

“They were grazing near the mountain from there.”

“Who have driven them out?”

“People of Jaam: bad mannered Aayars of Dhatturiya.”

“Ok, then in such simple matter, why are you mentioning name of my father Vashiyaang? Right now I will bring them back.”

“On saying so, by holding stick having a metallic end, Natho stepped down from the lobby. At that moment, Fui made a call, Natha please do not go at this time. Do not go very late, take dinner and go after moon rise.”

“No, no, now I will eat only after the arrival of buffaloes.”

After saying so, alike a butterfly, Natho swiftly flew on the cart. Oxes were standing in the house. Even their yoke strap was neither laced nor loose. By pulling, the string which had a tassel; Natho started by making gurgling sound. As he put his hand very lightly on the back of bullocks then as a ship sails against the wind under the average levelled water
similarly with the same speed bullocks started. By kicking off cloud of dust like a cannon ball, the cart rolled on with a thundering sound.

Very soon reaching at the village Raval on the border of Jamnagar, Natho stopped.

Natho went to police station. Whomsoever he met, he asked them “Brother, my fui’s 10 buffaloes-5 Kundhiyu, and 5 navchandariyu....”

His sentence remained incomplete; without answering him, the people at the police station went away frowning at him. Hungry and thirsty Natho kept inquiring throughout night. He did not have single bread and his bullock did not get a single blade of grass. His mind could focuss on no other matter except inquiring about buffaloes to everyone. All misguided him. Finally, he went to the government officer.

“Hey, who are you? Government officer angrily roared.”

“My, Fui’s buffaloes- 5 kundhiyu, 5...”

“Your Fui is not the chief wife of Jamnagar’s king. Do you have any sense or not? Without asking anyone, how can you enter into stranger’s house early morning? Stand outside.”

“But, my fui’s children are without food...”

“Hey knavish, you get out: great keeper of the king.”

“Oh, grateful man, why are you abusing me? I have just come to appeal you.”
Mer always addresses rudely by using second person singular pronoun whether he is rich or poor. But one thing should be taken into consideration that while using a rude address they always speaks as helpless. Without being aware of this colloquial habit, the government officer lost his temper and he knocked Natho down from high verandah. Those people who were present they started laughing at the cleverness of the officer and on the meanness of Natha. Natho got up after tumbling down and dusted his clothes.

“Ok, Sahib, Ram Ram!” on saying so Natho boarded in his cart and went away. People of the village informed him that all the ten buffaloes had been driven away to Ranpar by Aayers. Natho drove his cart over Ranpur. Directly he went to the police station of Ranpar. There also officer answered sharply like a blow of spear.” Your fui’s buffaloes, yes, recently the king built a fort in which horns of buffaloes were cemented by mistake. So did you understand? Now could anyone, knock down erected fort for your buffaloes?”

“No, sahib, do not break the fort, get it double constructed. Now I will settle my deal with the King.”

“Oh my son ...! How will you go against law?”

Sitting close by one Aayer said; “Yes, yes sir, his grandfather Kandho Mer also went out for outlawry and his father Vashiyaang also challenged our state. Once he carried the cart loaded fully with grass from Aashiyawadar, so one day one monopoly holder forfeited his cart.”
“My father took the grass from the uncultivated and unused land and not from somebody’s farm,” innocent Natho even after 50 years of his father’s death defended his father.

“Oh ho ho, then the valiant man of the second generation would turn the state topsyturvy, won’t he?”

On hearing this, Natho went to Bhavnagar then went to Jamnagar. As he did not know how and what to speak more; so he spoke broken sentences in Mer language like... “My fui’s buffaloes, 5 kundhiyu, 5 Navchandariyu....”

Natha Mer the farmer of Modhvada village, which was under the rule of majestic, Porbandar had no place to stand in the city. On the bank of Rangmati; he left hungry bullocks to graze whole night and later on by making, them drink water of Roopmati; he drove away the cart. While driving the cart he looked back on the indented construction on the edge of a fortress. As if, tartegetting to break the indented construction with his own eyes; with that much harshness he started to observe the constructed articheture with severe vision.

Once again, desperately he came at the border of the village Ranpar. It was scorching heat. Farmers by leaving ploughs aside went here and there. Only two cowboys were grazing a herd of the buffaloes of the village. Around 100 elephant like buffaloes, namely Bhagri, Kundhi, Navchandari etc. on over hearing peculiar hollow sound concentrated their attention and stretched their neck. Cowherds got up by holding the stick. Meanwhile Natho reached very closely by pulling the cart and he challenged, “Oh Cow herds whose property are these?”
“It belongs to Ranpar.”

“Do you know that my fui’s children are sleeping without eating anything?”

“Then, what to do?”

“Even I had no food since three days. Today by drinking milk of these buffaloes I will break my fast and would take meal after reaching Sisli.”

“Eat food by drinking urine of buffaloes. See this boy has come to milk buffaloes of the king.”

“Are you presenting forth the property quietly in front of me or should I drive them away?”

“Move out, move out, you stupid man.”

“Do you want to understand by any means or not?”

“See then, with the stroke of this single stick; your skull will be slashed.”

“Ok, let us test whether those two sticks are bigger or this goad is bigger.”

On saying, so by flinging string on the back of bullock Natho jumped down only one inch. On running, he started to assault with a goad. Before Rabari take sticks in hand, Natho dislocated the right elbow of both. After consistent brawl, he made two mountains like stalwart shepherds lying on the floor. By painting the whole cart, he let it run down on the track of Sisli. He drove away bullocks behind it. By making them run, he carried away 100 buffaloes. It was dusk and during the time of sunset, he entered into entrance
gate of Sisli. Hundred buffaloes walked hastily. People of Sisli were awed to see this sight. Natho on reaching the door of low roofed house gave a call, ‘Fui, build a fence.

Fui came out. Blessing him she said, “May, god bless you, my Vashiyang’s son. Son, why are these small buffaloes?”

“Fui, I did not find your buffalo but you can milk any one whichever your mind agrees.”

“Oh, my god! This is to cut the tail of Snake. You initiated enmity against the king.”

“You do not worry; I am alive to answer the king. Right now, you immediately serve food to me. Since three days I am hungry. Bring fast, the pot full milk by milking any one from these hundred navchandariyu buffalo and place in front of me. Make two good shaped hot Rotla. Today I want to eat by emitting out my whole grudge against the king.”

Fui of Natha by getting frightened got up, “Aree, Mara Baap, are you not afraid? Right now one will see the spears of the army of the king, so instantaneously you go away.”

“Oh, no, no, no I will not go away without taking my meal. If you are afraid of keeping thief in your house then, I will go away hungry and thirsty.”

Rotla were prepared and buffalo of the King were milked. Natho gulped two thick layered Rotla made of fresh green millet. After belching, Natho said, “Ok, fui I am going. If soldiers of King come and even touch the peg of buffalo then just tell them that I would thrash out their heads by handpicking them.”
Natho came out by driving bulls. So the man standing on the raised platform on the plain on the extremity of village Sisli said, “Farmer, the whole army is coming here, they would not remain without encountering you."

“By getting up from the cart, Natha pointed out his hand towards the raised platform and said, “Don’t worry brother, please bring your sword. Tomorrow I will return it you. One sword is enough for me.”

The man standing on the raised platform lent the sword to Natho. By taking it, Natho started and on reaching on the extremity of the border of the village, he stopped his cart and stood there. In the meantime, the riders came by holding huge sky touching long spears. Natha shouted from far that horses would suffer and I am standing here by waiting for you and even in any case do ever my bulls allow you to reach.”

Natho got down by taking a single sword; He lashed down seven riders. Therefore, other attacks were automatically retreated. People started to talk, ‘This is very much miraculous.’

‘What?’

“We accurately made many deadly blows but not a single one was successful.”

“Brother he has boon of Buddha Bava of Aabhaparwala.”

‘What?’

“Buddho Bavo is one mendicant. During his childhood, Natha did lot of service of him, so Bavo got pleased and he bestowed two things: one sword made of horn of fox and
other *Molvell*. Natho got both these things inbuilt in his body by splitting his thigh and later on got them stitched. Since that time, Natho never got injured either with the hit of the sword or with the bullet of the gun.”

“Tomorrow onwards he would go for outlawry and he would slaughter us.”

* 

“Son, Malde, take this stick for handling cattle. I am giving you the responsibility of your mother’s credit in your hand. Do not wait for me. I want to measure the capability of the King. Therefore, I bid you *Ram, Ram*. Modhvadiya brothers, please tell all comrades to provide me tiffin box near the Pole Panne. Do you know? ‘Me’ mean how many persons? Two hundred Makrani and one myself; it means tiffin for people numbering two hundred and one. Send tiffin thrice a day. Otherwise I will destroy heads of *Mer.*”

By hiring two hundred Makrani, on the wage of 30, Natho climbed up the mountain Bardo by carrying flags of outlaws. At the Pole Panne with his smallest finger, he made trident with his blood and in this way, he made house warming of his dwelling as an outlaw.

There is one cave named as Polo Panno. It seems that it had naturally come into existence; in the Barda Mountain especially for outlaws to rest there. This Bardo Mountain starting from the border of the village Ranavav looked like spinal cord of Mother Earth; sometimes early in the morning it looked as colossal Lord Shiva sleeping by enveloping itself and by spreading its massive range; it lies between the border of Porbandar and Nagar. Even Aabhpardo Mountain telling incredible tales of love and
heroism to the sky still exists there. Shrines of Ghumali still exist in scattered form and ruined condition. Tears of son of Halaman are still speckled there. Bold Son Kansari an absolute spinster of Babariya was forcefully made an illicit wife of the King Jethva; to save spinster from becoming a victim of insatiable passion of King Jethva; Thanki Brahmins got slaughtered themselves and thus by making a very much big heap of Yagnopavit also died there. Earlier the entire divine mountain range belonged to Jethva but it is said that in that mountain, murders of many Britishers occurred and the pressure came from British government on the King Jethva. Enticed by weak advice of administrators the King replied, “Wherever murders have occurred that field is not mine but it belongs to the Nagar.” The King of the Nagar was quite audacious by taking all the risks he said, ‘Yes, yes, this mountain belongs to me.’ From that day onwards, the major part went in the share of Nagar and a very little wing remained in possession of Porbandar.

On that wing, amidst the light canopy of a few trees, neither tall nor short, but very moderate in size the Polo Panno exists. The hollow in that caves was 32 feet long and 16 feet in width. It was an enormous stone having the ceiling of 3 and half in height but Natha Baharvatiya made a place to make his mare stand amidst a narrow lane of that stone. On the roof of the ceiling, there was one seat made for the guard to sit on it, one man constantly kept a vigil on outside and inside the hollow part of the stone, the meeting of Natha Babha was organised. There was a small pond where Natho’s mare was drinking water, today it is known as Natha-Talavdi. Later on Vagher Baharvatiya was playing Dandiya Raas that place known as Manek Chowk is not far from Polo Panno. Polo Panno is known as Dokamardo.¹
By taking shelter at the jagged place where even conspiracy of large army of an enemy did not work; Natho Mer started to ruin one by one villages of Jam’s Baradi sub- district. He ruined village Gundu, Aashiyawadar and with the rattling sound of the currency of Jamm Royality the Polo Pano jingled with pleasant metallic sound. Later on Raasda of Natho Mer started in accompaniment of Ravan hattho. A large number of inhabitants of nearby villages were in full support of Natho. At night Merani of prettiest complexions by making all the four sides of their odhnu loose, looking worthy and ornamented like she elephants by their hanging laces and oscillating walk; danced and sung songs about heroism of Natho in their shrill voice. As they sung sagas of Natha’s bravery, the spirit of heroism spread in every vein of Natho. In this way in Sorath until Amreli, Natho became famous. He was an outlaw but his impressions, as Bhagat had never diminished.

*

One day at setting noon, one horse rider by eluding vigilance of vigilant came from the rear narrow path and reached at Polo Pano. He had a mare whose harness made a jingling sound. He had a spear in hand, sword was dangling around the waist, on the shoulder he had a shield, on the mouth there was a dense growth of moustache as well as beard and his eyes were sharp. On arriving the man sitting on a mare greeted, ‘Ae ba Ram Ram!’ addressing the assembly that had gathered there.

Hundred people replied, “Ram!”

“Who is Natho Bhagat among these?”

“Hey, respectable man did you not recognise me? Did you not wish Ram Ram to all?”
“I unknowingly greeted Ram Ram to all in a general way.”

Alike lion, roaring sound was echoed from his throat, “Me Natho once again wishes you brother. Now once again you greet Ram Ram and get down.”

“No, no, now you first give me promise, then I will get down.”

“Oh good brother, can any take promise just by sitting on a horse? Do some discussion, give information.”

“Debate and details everything will be done later on. Either Natho Bhagat would give promise or he would give permission to go.”

“The permission to go is neither given to well-wishers nor to enemies. Both of them cannot go empty handed after reaching Polo Pano. Take this promise.”

By dusting off four sides, Natho got up. He gave a clap to the rider by holding his hand. Even Polo Pano echoed as if admitting his presence. By holding his upper arm, he pulled the rider down. Both embraced and later on Natho asked: “who are you?”

“I am Champraj Valo of Charkha.”

“Oh, you yourself Champraj Vala.

_Ghoda ne pakhar gughra, sav soneri saaj,

_Lal Kasumbal lugde, Charkha no Champraj

On the back and the neck of the horse there was a lace of ornamental hollow bells, there were totally, gold accoutrements.
Chamraj of Charkha always dressed in deep bright red clothes.

“Are you the same one? Are you the destroyer of Gayakwaad? Come brother, come. Polo Panno would half inch puffed upwardly with pride. Brother Chamraj, what you want to say? Why you came here from far?”

“Natha Bhagat, crave of ruining Amreli have not been satiated. I find you strong enough to help me in accomplishing this goal; because of that I have come here to take you.”

“Lets us go right now. What is in that? The joyous moments spent with the friends would be left behind. There is no band of immortality tagged on this body. At least enjoy royalty of this hilly zone.

Lets us see whether the splendour of Bardo scales higher or sorrow.”

Chamrajvala lodged there for few days; made him plunge into bouts of joy. Later on both invaded Amreli. After devastating Amreli; along with Chamrajvala Natho saw affluence of Sorath Geer and later on came to Polo Panno.

*Chalanu, Dhari, Chuthiya, lidhi hakamri laj,*

*Champe dal chalaviya, (te di) nar Modho Nathraj.*

By taking the responsibility of credit of states Chalanu, Dhari and Chutiya.

Champe started his territorial army and that day Man of the day was Modho Nathraj.

“Bhagat, it is good to attack Madhavpar. We could not find another full-fledged developed city.”
“But that city is of ‘Por’: the King of Por is our crown. To hit his head means to kill the branch on which one is sitting.”

_Mer_ calls Porbandar as ‘Por’.

After talking so Baharvatiyo Natho, went to take a round in various villages, which were under the jurisdiction of Porbandar. On the fertile field of Madhavpar; there were huge heaps of millet; they were so large that even Camels could not be visible behind it. On the way, at the edge of a track nearby the bunch of millet Natho overheard threatening sound. Soon on hearing, intimidation of bureaucrat Natho stopped his mare by pulling reins.

“One farmer was grazing calves at the out skirt of the field. He asked who is speaking with so much haughtiness.”

“It is our doom that speaks, brother! Karparam Mehto.”

“What is he doing?”

“What else could he do? Tyranny, the crops is still standing and not reaped but before that, he would collect revenue from us. Brother, now we have to sell it to merchants at very cheaper rate. In the rule of this Rana the days of strangulating oneself have arrived.”

“Please go and tell brother in his ear that, Nathe Modhvadiya has given warning that, be humane and give up torturing farmers.”

“Oh God, what fear of Natho? He has no fear of even God. He is making challenge of arresting Natho.”

“Is it so then let’s go and meet him.”
The Outlaw kick-started his mare. By crossing heaps of millets, he went to the opposite side, where kruparam by using abusive words and twisting the end of his moustache was sitting on a cot. Green corns of millets were being roasted. By mixing hot corn of millets with sugar, Kruparam was munching them with puffed cheeks. Natha came by calling aloud from far, “Potidas, you get up. Be a man and take this sword.”

“Who are you?” Kruparam got nervous.

“I am Natho, the one for whom you were waiting. You have agonised farmers very much. Now be a Man.”

By saying this much Natho caught hold of Kruparam; and he ordered Men that, “Run fast and bring from leather tanner’s shop one damp leather of a beast.”

The leather was brought.

“In that damp leather get him stitched alive.”

By stitching him alive, they smothered and killed a living Mehta.

Metra Madhavpar tano, Gajre khato gaam,

Kunde Karparam, neter kidho Nathiya.

Mehta belonged to Madhavpar, collecting revenue of the village, came to be known as Kruparam in killing others; but Natho made him a rope.

After hearing about this type of end, Mehtas of every region shook to the bones. Wretchedness of farmers reduced automatically.
In the village Modhvada at the house of Mulu Mer’s son Vanga Patel’s house army of Jethva Rana remained on vigil. Even capable men were shackled within the territory of Vanga Patel. Vango was so close to Rana that he was considered as a hair of Rana’s moustache. One day a man named Rano Khunti Mer by caste and an inhabitant of Chhatrava went on a pilgrimage to Dwarka by taking 100 men along with him and on the way he stayed at Vanga’s house during night. After taking dinner, by laying cot all men sat under the moon light. In their talk the reference of Natha Bhabha was made. Amidst that, Rana referred, “Vanga Patel I have heard that the Barot of your village sings duha about Natha Bhabha.”

“Who? Raja Barot?”

“Yes, Rajo, invite him; at least listen his duha.”

“Rana, that Barot is outspoken. Will you not feel bad if he say something to you?”

“No, there is no question of complaining while listening to duha. As our work, so would be our fame.”

Raja Barot was invited.

“Hell Barot, you had made the whole collection of 20 duha on Natha Babha. Our guests are eager to hear them. Would you narrate them?”
“Oh Master, if anyone feel exaggeration in it then meaninglessly someone would feel bad and without any reason my tongue would get maligned; so why are you asking me to do that?”

“No, no, you can speak freely without keeping any type of qualm. If we would not hear the praises of heroes then what else we would hear?”

“Ok, then, listen.”

On saying such, Raja Barot put down his smoking pipe and started to sing in vociferous voice a collection of 20 duha about Natha.

*Ek te uthapiya, Timba Jaam tana*

*(Teniyu) Suniyu Sisodra, Navkhand vatu, Nathiya!*

*[O Natha Mer born in lineage of Sisodiy Rajput; first, you devastated many villages of Jaam, its fame spread everywhere.]*

*Bije nana bal, rotaa paan chhana rahe*

*Pancchmukh ne prochal, nakhachh gadku Nathiya!*

*[Your eminence is so tremendous that when you roar like a lion at that time crying babies become silent. Paanch Mukho (five headed), Prochal, are various folk names of lion which are also used for you.]*

*Trije Jadeja tanu, Modha chhodaviyu maan*

*Khand Ramiyo Khuman, tu navteri, Nathiya!*
[Third matter: You have made the king Jaam of Jadeja *Vaansh* to give up his crave for admiration. As Bheem was playing a wonderful game by holding nine elephants in one hand and 13 elephants in other hand, similarly you had single handedly fought with many enemies.]

*Charre Dadhe Chaav, baradi lidhi badhi,*

*Haviya leva halar, nakhachh dhada Nathiya!*

[Fourth: You have overpowered the whole region Baradi of Jaam, and now you are eager to acquire the land of Halaar.]

*Paanche tu padtaal, Kachhiyu ne kidha Kade,*

*Modha dungar muvod, natt gokira, Nathiya!*

[Fifth: You have taken power on Kachhi Jadeja by using your swiftness and oh, Modhvadiya in the valleys of mountain the sound of your victory keeps echoing.]

*Chhathe bija chot, (koi) Natha nee jale nahi.*

*Karmi behliyo kot, tarataj Devaliya tanoo*

[No one could bear stroke of Natho. You fortunate had knocked down the fort of Devaliya within few minutes.]

*Satte tu dankachh suvan, Modha dunger may*

*(tya to) thar thar jangu thay Rajputa ne raat dee.*

[Hey, Modhvadiya you keep roaring like a lion in the mountain; that is why day and night thigh of legs of Rajput keeps wobbling.]
Aanthe valu je kare, veda muke vaan

Tan nagare garjaan, nakhe mutter, Nathiya!

Nave sarito nahi, hakamne Hansraj.

Vash te kidho vankda, rang muchhe Nathraj

[Hats off, to your manly moustache Natha, the chief of Amreli province named Hansraj of Amreli never obeyed great kings but you had tamed him.]

Dashme ek dahivaan, darango aachhani dali

(tem) khand barde khuman, nar tu bijo, Nathiya!

[As gallant Durgadasjee was born in Rajputana to attack on Delhi, same type of another courageous man in form of you had born in Bardo.]

Aagiyare Mer abhanj, loku ma lekhat

Natha Jalam na that, (jo) vansh ma, Vashiyaangravuat!

[Hey Natha, the son of Vashiyaang if you had not born in Mer dynasty then really the whole caste of Mer would have been considered like the cast of a farmer or Sudra.]

“Barot, repeat that duha,” Rana Khunti interrupted in between and stopped the Barot’s gushing speed of singing duha.

“Ok, father.”

Aagiyare Mer abhang, loknu ma lekhat,

Natha Jalam na that, (jo) Vansh ma Vashiyanrauui”
“Yes, sing it once more. Barot once again sung the duha and proceeded.

Bare Bilescher tanu upper Madha ek

Trepar ja ni tek, Natha, te rakhi nadhru!

Tere te tarvar, kacchiyu su bandhi kadiyo

Haviya leva Halar, Nakhachh dhada Nathiya!

[Until now, you kept the sword fastened around the waist to attack the king of Kacchutch; but now you are eager to capture the entire Halar.]

Chovde dhar leva chade, Khumara kharsaan,

(Ene) bhare pade bhangal, nagar lagan Nathiya!

[The army of enemies had invaded upon you, but it became difficult for them to elope until Jamnagar.]

Pandare tune paal, bhad mota avi ne bhare,

Khatri havya khadhal, na kare tari, Nathiya!

[Illustrious and capable chiefs of the village are paying you money for the protection of their village. Now no Rajput ever dares to vex you.]

Sole navsarthu tana, baliya dandachh khan

Kachhiyu to thi kaan, no re jaliya Nathiya!

[By arresting significant men of Sorath you collect fine from all.]

Satt re suratan tano, aanto valiyo ache,
Babi ne jado be, (tene) te namaviya, Nathiya!

[You are so much obsessed with the spirit of heroism, that the king Babi of Junagadh and king Jadeja of Jamnagar are fed up with you.]

Aadhare idar tano, nakalak bhere naath,

Hakam Pete hath, Te nakhaviya, Nathiya!

[In your support, Gokharnathji Aavdhut of Idar is standing. Due to him, you are able to make other powerless.]

Ongish e osarriya, Jado ne Babi je

Kesav bhupat ke, lune namiyaa pakheno, Nathiya!

[Babi and Jadeja had succumbed to you, only shree lord Krishna has not relinquished you.]

Vishe tu sama vading, dharpat thaka dhrod,

Chadiyu gadh Chittrod, nar te paani Nathiya

[All kings are bushed after making horses run against you. In true sense, you have given real homage to Chittod the locale of Sisodiya.]

“Ok lord, this was the collection of 20 duha of Natha Babha. On saying such, once again Raja Barot took a smoking pipe in the hand. On his face impressions of reddishness had embossed.

“Very good Barot and well done!” On saying, such all men congratulated him.”

“Lord I sing eulogies of my guardian, in my crude language but I am not a great poet.”
When too much praises were showered at that time, Rano Khunti smiled mysteriously.

The king Barot asked, ‘lord, why did you smile?’

“It is obvious, to smile: Barot, at present; Natho Babho is the chief and the best of the whole Mer community; so it is quite natural that as he shelters all of you, you would mount him with gold and diamond; you would call him either king or god, but in the eleventh duha you made an exaggeration.”

“What, lord?”

“If Natho would not have born in the Mer community then entire Mer community would have been considered petty. Is only Natho mighty or able? What about the others are they coward and sons of contemptuous and helpless?”

Other two, three Mer also admitted, “It is true, Barot at that place you overstated. In that you underestimated other Mer.”

“The result will come out at last.” By saying so, Barot remained silent but he was embarrassed.

Next morning Rana Khunti after getting up went to Dwarka along with his 100 companions. After few days the whole group returned, while returning they made lodging at the house of Vanga Patel. Due to embarrassment, Rajo Barot did not go to meet any guest. At late night when the meeting dispersed, someone came and gave news to Raja Barot: “Barot when Rano Khunti went on pilgrimage he had to pay a toll tax.”

“Who collected the toll tax?”
“Chilawala of Jamnagar collected the tax at the premise of Bhogat village and said that without which they would not allow them to go on pilgrimage.”

“How much toll tax?”

“Cash 300 currency coins.”

“Oh, oh it is shocking. Had my lion like Natho been alive then could servants of Jaam dare to collect revenue from Mer?”

Rajo Barot got up from where he was sleeping. He removed the turban from his head and put on mourning clothes. By getting well equipped, he started at midnight. He passed by the entrance gate of Vanga Patel. He made a pleasant call, “Vanga Bhabha!”

“Oh, who is there? Are you a Barot?”

“Yes”

“Why very late at night?”

“I have to go out of station but before my arrival do not allow guest to go away. Early in the morning, I want to make guest drink the dose of opium. I give you swear of Mother Goddess, that do not let the guest go before my arrival, OK.”

“O...K.”

Raja Barot started. He started to cover mileages by walking. Fumbling and stumbling in darkness, overnight he reached Polo Pano. In the morning in the day light, as soon as Natho got up from the bed he saw Barot.
“Oh ho ho! Barot. Why did you come at this time? Why have you tied mourning cloth on the head? Did you bring any bad news?”

“Yes, Father, it is really very very bad news.”

“Who have died?”

“Natho Bhabho himself has died, lord.”

“Barot, why are you sarcastic?”

“This is not satire, this is the fact that Natha has died otherwise how could servant of Jaam collect revenue of 300 silver coins from Mer who were going to Dwarka on pilgrimage; unfortunately today my lion Nathiyo has died.”

Natha collected all details from Raja Barot. His heart pained to hear all this. He told his Man, “brother you bring a pen with an ink pot.”

By keeping an inkpot, a pen and a chit of paper before Raja said; “Come on, Barot you write whatever I dictate you. You write, ‘the taker of grain of Bhogat; you had taken the toll tax of 300 coins from Rana Khunti Mer of Chhatrava. By adding 300 coins in it, total 600 coins send it directly at Modhvada along with your village priest. Otherwise, be ready to welcome Natha Modhvadiya.”

By giving a chit of paper, he sent a man to Bhogat on dromedary, and told Raja Barot: “You can go. If 300 coins do not reach directly to Modhvada by today in the afternoon then you can happily cover your head with the cloth and take bath on my name by considering me dead.”
In the afternoon at the entrance gate of Vanga Patel the assembly was sitting. At that time, one infuriated and quick bull approached very closely. The rider of the bull offered the bag of coins to Rana Khunti.

“What is this brother?”

“These are 300 coins of the toll tax that you had paid and another 300 coins as fine taken by Natha Bhabha from the Nagar. Please take care of it.”

“But, from where?”

“It is from Bhogat, from Chilawala of Jaam of Bhogat.

Rana khunti realized the whole matter amidst the assemblage. The king looked down. He took the bag of coins and offered it to Raja Barot and by joining his hands before Raja Barot said, “Take this you divine being, it is dedicated to you.”

“We would talk about 300 coins later on; first of all tell me now would you please permit me to recite the eleventh duha, my lord.”

“Ok brother as you wish. It is agreed 100 times.”

Very soon, sitting on knees, by extending both the hands towards Bardo Mountain in a bestowing manner Barot sung duha in a lingering tune,

*Aagiyarme Mer Abhang, Loku ma lekhat,*

*(jo) Natha jalam na that, Vansh ma Vashiaangraut*
[Hey Natha, the son of Vashiyaang if you had not born in Mer dynasty then really the whole caste of Mer would have been considered like the cast of a farmer or Sudra.]

**

“Natha Bhabha! Ram, Ram!”

“Ram, Ram, Lila Joshi and Punja Chav you are most welcome! Today what made you bring here?”

“Natha Bhabha, we have come to see your Royal throne and royal splendour. Moreover, don’t you think that your work is terrible for reputable men possessing authority? Take this Rakhi sent by Roopali ba; on the bond of religion she has accepted you as her brother.”

After saying so, two guests presented the plate before the outlaw containing one sword having fist shaped hilt of gold, the golden belt for keeping sword and costume made of brocade.

“Well, well! Indeed these types of behaviour suits to Mother of Jethva. Really, the Mother of the state’s administrative work is Mother of the state in true sense of the term. What to talk about her? She keeps much affection for me. She is just like a goddess; we can get rid of our sins by taking birth by her womb.”

Natho kept on speaking and the two guests kept on making him wear costumes sent by Roopali ba. In excitement of getting royal treatment, the chest of Natha puffed up with
pride. In over excitement Natho asked; “Tell Mother, to allot any work befitting me. The Mother is called caretaker of our skin and bonny body.”

“Natha Bhabha, except Mother, there is one Bajrang who knows her agony. Nothing has been spared in grieving Mother.”

“Who?”

“Who else can be except Kamdar Otta Gandhi? Brother, except him whose prominence reigns in the region?”

“Brother, at least tell what had happened?”

“What to talk? Otto Gandhi has not been paying heed to mother and behaving on his own since the migration of the big King to another village and since the time when the prince Bhojraj was in the cradle. In the state he has totally abolished the identity and existence of Mother. He has degraded the mother in the lowest category just like his shoe. Mother got terrified that Otto Gandhi might kill her Prince; that is why mother sought our protection. We took Mother and the Prince at Bhanvad. 12 years have passed of this incident. At present in the agency his dominance reigns supreme so how can Rano succeed to the throne. Who knows whether the duration of life span of Mother and son would pass in the banishment? Even cousins of Jethva had joined the company of Baniya.

“Ok, Lila Joshi and Punja Chav, in short, go and make Mother alert and make Prince well equipped. In reward of sister’s Rakhi, I give you challenge that if I am the progeny of Modhvadia in the true sense then; right from today within a month I would destroy the
source of income of Otta Gandhi. I will offend cousins by hurling lime powder on their faces with the spade, and on the throne of Porbandar with my own hand I will perform coronation of Child Rana otherwise take it for granted Natha as the son of adultery.”

Both envoys of the state after noting the effect of their device on each hair of the body of the outlaw; descended down from the Bardo Mountain and went to Bhanwad. Here, Natho by selecting one thousand Makrani from Saurashtra made a large group. He sent message to Otto Gandhi that, “Stop grieving Prince and Mother of state and enthrone Rana on the royal throne. Otherwise I would not spare you alive.”

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How Otta Gandhi could have fear of Nathiyo who was a small worm like chameleon of Barda Mountain where as he (Otta Gandhii) had the torrential administration of Porbandar in hand and further more there was a very sharp impression regarding his faultless policy in Agency. Otto Gandhi remained in negligence and here Natho by breaking the entrance gates of Porbandar and by giving fatal blow to security guard; gave a call on reaching near artillery; “Do you want to obey the order of Rana? Otherwise at this moment itself one thousand Makrani would make vegetable of your body and devour it.”

Opposite to the upper storey of Otto Gandhi, the army which was well equipped with canon lined up and Kamdar became captive in his own home. In the royal court, Natha called up the assembly and made coronation of Vikramajit (Bhojraj) and he defaced the faces of all cousins who by remaining in the royal service were pestering Rana. In
Porbandar, the whole atmosphere got so much panic stricken that even birds had stopped to fly. It is said that Otta Gandhi had to quit Porbandar.

Thus by becoming the real maternal uncle; the Outlaw once again went to Polo Pano.2

***

“Bhagat, today you have done monstrous job. Did all horses die away that from the divine place of Shingda; you took away the hermit’s two horny bulls?”

“Now, keep your words with you Merani, keep them with you. Can outlaw ever become horseless? There is no want of mare even in hermit’s place. Why can’t we use them; as they remained laying there by grazing idly?”

“Hey Man, remember the days when the army of the Jaam chased you at that time you surrendered at the feet of Bhutani Ma’Raj and he bound you by promise of to take care of animals and not to do tyranny against horny creatures. He also took a promise from you of not to play havoc over the village Modhvada but you violated the promise and did not protect even our birthplace. You usurped 4000 coins from the son of Luvana for releasing them on bail. Bhagat it seems that the time of deterioration of outlawry has arrived.”

“No problem! Are such promises ever kept? If we keep on talking about religion and divine places then we must seek isolation by taking rosary. Don’t you see that today I am struggling against Jaam?”
“Outlaws who are on irreligious path are never saved and you have committed very wicked crime. Bhagat, still I tell you that go and return horned cattles and pay back 4000 coins to Lohana of our village. Otherwise, I foresee instability of Polo pano.”

“Merani you have gone mad.”

Natho who went to Modhvada to meet his family, returned disappointed and climbed up Polo pano desperately at midnight after having dispute with his wife and facing her offensiveness. The moment he climbed up Polo Pano unluckily one star fell down from the sky; as if a big flame was about to be extinguished. He felt that his death was near; as his wife said above, that due to his two betraying actions his name as Bhagat was blotted. His mind was spoilt as he got flying success in outlawry. He took sound sleep without worrying about anything. The morning broke out. As he took toothbrush in hand, he saw one group of army approaching him. On arriving, they said, “Bhabha the whole group has gathered. You are called by them.”

“Where I have been called brother?”

“They have gathered on the plain, at the outskirts of Rinavadada.”

“OK, good, let’s go”

At the outskirts of the village from the sixteen villages of Mer various castes of Mer namely Odedra, Keswala, Modhvadiya, Rajsakha etc; thus overall from four lineages all Mer who knew twist and turns gathered there. Natho directly went to the village and hid himself clandestinely in one upper storey. Some leaders of Mer community went to that
upper storey and put their thoughts before Natha; “Bhabha, because of you only, Rana has started the act of arresting members of the whole community.”

“How?”

“The city got exasperated. It provoked the government. There is a pressure on Rana that either arrest outlaw otherwise renounce the royal throne.”

“Then what happened?”

“Then, what would happen? Our Roopali ba called the meeting of our community and ordered to hand over Natha otherwise they would be bereaved of their royal throne.”

“What did Rana say?”

“Rana said that captivate Natha alive then only my ancestor would get salvation.”

“Then, what reply did you give?”

“We have given limit of eight days.”

“Ok, then if whole community is in problem then I have no harm in surrendering myself. Come on the fourth day; meanwhile I will finish my pending work then happily we would go together.”

“Ok, we would come here on the fourth day.”

The whole group of Mer community returned. As they passed half mileage then suddenly they confronted one Mer named Parbat Kuchhadiya who was standing there. Getting startled all asked “why?”
“What do you mean by why? By being courageous Men why you go forward to hand over Natha?” Don’t you feel any qualm in your conscience? Are you all born of Mer women?”

“Then, what to do?”

“You do whatever you like. I will not join you in your cowardliness.” After saying, such Parbat separated himself from other. Once again, crookedly he went close to Natha and said; “Bhabha, our opinions do not match, so you can do whatever you like.”

On saying such, Parbat returned and on the way caught the team of Mer negotiators. At the time of dispersal only from the group only Paji Pundo Khashriyo said: “brother, let’s go and at least give whatever answer we want to convey to Rana.”

“Why to go, are we scared of Rana?”

On reaching Porbandar; Punja Khashriya divulged out confidential message to Mother of state and Rana; “Mother, you have made Parbat your brother but the same person has instigated Natha. He has ruined our negotiation. Even Ladhvo, Rano and Chhodvo total seven members have joined him. Togather they administered Natha to continue robbery. Now problem is yours; you decide what to do.”

Roopali ba got all the seven persons handcuffed. All the seven prisoners were standing in the square of Darbargadh. Among the seven men there was one a lion like vigorous man named Ladhva who by twisting his handcuff broke it. “Take your bangles”; after saying so amidst the vigilance made by the guard he suddenly made an exit like highly enraged buffalo. On being liberated, he rushed and reached on an upper storey of Darbar gadh. In
his heart of hearts, he wished to take the Prince who was rocking in the cradle in his lap
he thought that if he would do so then I may get boon of life at the stake of life of the
Prince. However, as he jumped to climb the upper storey; Punja Khastariya caught his
legs. Arrab came and he smacked Ladha with a dagger and killed rest of six persons with
bullet. Lying on the deathbed, all the six said; “no need to worry; what is wrong in being
killed by bullet rather than betraying against Natha Bhagat?”

While fighting all the six died by bullet. At the entrance of Virdi plot in Porbandar there
are monumental pillars of all of them.

****

Roopali ba called Punja Khastariya and asked; “Punja bhai, what shall be done with
Natha? Agency is very much vexed and our Kingdom would be oppressed.”

“Mother, give me poison of a high quality; so very quickly I will bring here dead body of
Natha. Otherwise, he would devour your army and won’t die even if bullets will pierce in
his body.”

“What is the reason?”

“Mother, in his thigh he has stuffed Shiyal shingi and Molvel. The bombard of bullets
would not work. He would never die by weapons; so give poison. Right now, give me
poison; so I would give an end to his life by poisoning him.”

By taking poison of a superior quality from the undisclosed container of Roopali ba,
Punja started.
Aade dungar thi Uttariyo Natho, mattha sakan thay,

Dabi te bhairev kakkale, Natha, jamna jangar jay;

Modha ne marvo nahoto

Bhagat to saag no sotto

Kediyo Katara vankda Natha, gale genda ni dhal,

Mathe Mevada Moliya Natha, Kabhe khantili talwar,

Modha ne marvo notto,

Bhagat tto saag no sotto.

Natho climbed down the mountain, bad omen occurred.

On the left side owl squeaked; Natha the power of body would destroy.

There was no need to kill Modho

Bhagat was very straight forward just like a stick of a teak tree.

Dagger around your waist seems unsuitable and so is the armour around your neck Natha.

On the head turban of gold striped cloth and on your shoulder Natha there always remains a sword in brocaded scabbard.

There was no need to kill Natha.

Bhagat was very straight forward just like a stick of a teak tree.

“Bhagat, please today obey your friends’ advice for the last time. Bad omen has occurred so please turn back your mare today.”

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“Oh, brother is there any need to keep fear in going to sister’s house? I have never cared for good or bad omen then why to consider them today?”

“Bhagat our heart does not agree today.”

“If you want to return then you can happily go back. I have an invitation for lunch at the house of Harji Gour, so there is no other option except eating there. Because if sister would come to know that Natha retreated on beholding bad omen then she would feel bad. So if you have no trust then please you can return happily.”

Two men turned back. By taking the remaining ones, outlaws went to sister’s house in enthusiasm of dining at her place he made his mare pass through the narrow mountain pass. In the village, Hathla there was one Priest of Mer. There was one woman in his house (most probably she was Priest’s daughter in-law); the out law had considered her as his religiously lawful sister. Natha had made the house of Harji Thanki prosperous with his income of robbed things. Today in the house of Harji Thanki, Punja had cooked food by mixing venom in it. All were waiting for Natha.

As Natho was passing through the narrow path of the village Hathla, there they came across a black Scorpio. Once again, his comrades warned him, “Bhagat, second time bad omen had occurred; still, we appeal that, if you wish then please turn back in any case?”

“If I return then my birth would get stigma and sister like Jagdamba would be suspicious.”
He started. On reaching the gate of the house of Harji Maharaj he affectionately called out loudly. At the end of lobby sister was standing; her face was disappointed due to dejection. Natha once again made a call; “Sister we have reached, ok.”

The woman secretly made a sign to Natha and said; “Brother please come here.”

“I will come back to you soon after visiting the boarding house.”

“Later on you could not come, my brother.”

She murmured the above sentence but it did not reach to the ear of outlaw. Natho went to receive hospitality at the boarding. As soon as they arrived Harji Thanki made guest sit to dine. By talking enthusiastically Gaur started to cater cooked food. They could eat only four fists full of food and very soon poison spread in veins of all the four. Natha experienced intense burning sensation on his tongue. By folding hands, Natho bowed down to food plate and said: “Harji Gaur, I had only this much hunger, there is nothing else but there was no need to kill me by poison. I wanted to be killed by weapons.”

After saying so, Natho fell down. Punja Khastariya and other four people ran and at a time started to shoot bullets on his dying body but how could bullets make an effect. Speechless Natha pointed finger at his thigh and after a great efforts he with his confused and entangled tongue made them understood.

“Yes, yes, you hid shiyal shingi and Molwell right.”

Lying on a deathbed outlaw nodded his head in yes mode.
Killers by splitting his thigh removed both the things and threw them out; soon the body of Natha turned green. He died, and later on enemies dragged his lifeless body and took it very far. They cut his head. By taking his head, Punjo went to Porbandar to win prize. The government had declared the prize for the one who brings the head of Natha. The Britisher of agency was present and he understood that they had killed outlaw not with chivalric spirit but they had killed outlaw cunningly by poisoning him.

Punja did not get prize. Thus in this way the states snatched life of Natha. Mer women still sing from village to village:

*Modha ne Marvo nato.*

*Bhagat to saag no sotto*

There was no need to kill Natho

Bhagat was as straightforward as stick of Teak tree.

***
In this story, the dialect of Mer community is explained as below:

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<th>Mer Language</th>
<th>English Language</th>
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<td>Shani</td>
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<td>Ka</td>
<td>Kai</td>
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<td>Sheed</td>
<td>Kav karva</td>
<td>Why</td>
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<td>Chhodi ne</td>
<td>Chhod ne</td>
<td>Leave it</td>
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<td>Badhu</td>
<td>Baadhu</td>
<td>All</td>
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<td>Nathi</td>
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<td>No / Not there</td>
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<td>Chhu</td>
<td>Chh</td>
<td>yes available</td>
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<td>Kedi</td>
<td>kedu</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kahu chhu</td>
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7. Mahiya Na Baharvatiya

(Samvant 1909-1939: A.D. 1853-1883)

Historical Information

[Kinkaid or Biman do not write anything about Mahiyao. Captain Bail in his History of Kathiyawaad (pg. 238) gives one sided view.

“The agency named Mahiya started to trouble in the region named Junagadh. They had 12 villages under their authority in the region of Junagadh but in 1872, they attacked the city once again to give power of more villages to Chudasama Ra’Vansh; Due to this reason, their weapons were confiscated and with great difficulty, they were coaxed and finally they returned. Later on boundary lines of power on the land property were drawn. Their rights were decided. As they were not carrying soldiery responsibility, in exchange of that very light revenue was laid on them. The government rejected their appeal; and as a result of that in 1882 in December, they left small villages and went on the small mountain of nonaligned region. They snootily disregarded all petitions for negotiation.

“Many other discontented and illicit community of this peninsula might follow this example, with that fear the order was given to Mahiyas that their weapons would be usurped even if they disperse peacefully. Because of this, there happened the violent fight in which many lost lives from the side of Mahiya as well as from Police’s side. To verify the complaints of Mahiya under the president ship of M.S. Hemik one commission was appointed. The main grievance was against the Junagadh state and its Police. The
controversy prolonged for six years. Satisfactory decision was taken and treaty compromise came out. Instead of cash revenue; the land revenue settlement was done.”

It is certain that the book written by Kathiawaadi brother titled as ‘The Brutal Massacres of Mahiyas of Junagadh’ contains profound details exposing the half-truth of Captain Bel. As the book was not available, its usage was impossible here. Captain Bel could not show courage of quoting anything from the minutes of verdict of commission. By remaining on top position as a political agent he preferred to remain puppet of the Royal Authority. This man who was parital to Royal Authority never took people’s side.

1. Kanara ne Reesamne

This Kanaro mountain after being separated from the lap of Gir exists by having on its south side a beautiful pair of mountains named Dadarcho and Dadarchi whereas in the south east quarter there is the duo of the mountain named Raido and Raydi like a couple incessantly celebrating their marriage during day and night. Their nuptial knot of togetherness is never being disentangled. Very far on the bank of Ghed when the Sun sets; at that time luminousness created on the water of sea water is even visible sometimes to one who is standing on the mountain Kanara.

This is the Kanaro Mountain. The bold and beautiful girl of Sorath named Hothal; one day by keeping an aim of to take revenge for her father against Bambhaniya Baadshah climbed from here. On the deathbed of her father Hothal had taken an oath not to marry until she fulfils the vow of taking revenge of her father; after fulfilling her, she removed
her attire of man. The pond where Hothal took a bath by unraveling her long hair is also situated in the lap of Kanara Mountain. It is the same pond by standing on the bank of it, Oddha had beheld Hothal-

\textit{Chaddi Chhakhasar par, Odhhe Hothal Niyariyare}

\textit{Bichhai bethi vaar, paani mathe padamni.}

Clambering up Chakhasar parapet, Odha beheld Hothal

Hair fanned on the water surface, sat the angelic belle.

This is the same hollow of the lake Sankhasar now it has been covered; and this is the same mountain where at last in its panorama of the grove of wild trees---

\textit{Ran me kidho mandvo, bichhayee dadam drakh,}

\textit{Odho Hothal parnije, suraj, purije sakh.}

[In the witness of the sun and under the natural sunshade of fruit-laden trees draped by grapevines and pomegranate vines Odha and Hothal got tied by nuptial knot.]

Under the natural sunshade of fruit-laden trees draped by grape vinesand pomegranate vines Hothal and Oddha clasped their hands in wedlock. Is this same Sun, and is this same Kanaro, which like a right eye witnessed knotting of the bond of relationship between divine belle of Sorath and gallant man of Kuttch of mortal world? The caves of Oddha and Hothal seemed to be vanished in the horrifying density of weeds. Cattle keepers to make their cattle graze when pass by the dense wood often gets startled on hearing the sounds of birds emerging from the deep hollow of caves. Many shepherds on overhearing such sounds keep wandering in the Kanara by making wild guesses that there
must be either a deep water form or any mysterious abode which must have been destroyed. The couples of woodcutters while picking up small sticks of woods talk among each other, “Hothal is still alive at Kanara, brother she cannot die. She was a beautiful woman belonging to heavenly world. Once in Kuttch Oddha exposed her name so that;

\[ Chhithiyu lakhiyu char, Hothal je Hathde, \]

\[ Oddha, vaanch nihar; aasanjo nedo etro. \]

Hothal shedding tears profusely penned a letter to Oddha.

She wrote only four words: Oddha our relationship ends here.

After writing the last letter of goodbye to Oddha; Hothal a gorgeous woman came back to Kanara hill. Then later on-

\[ Bhundu lage bhooyru, khava dhati khat, \]

\[ Oddha van nu eklu, kande kem revay? \]

Oppressive felt the cave, barren earth converging to engulf;

How to live alone without Odha in the Kanara vale?

Here in Kanda, her soul was not finding solace. As the fish pine without water, similarly Hothal stayed here. Here she must be spending her days alone. As she was immortal she could not die, she must be longing in one of the cellar.

Talking in such a manner, at the sunset when darkness overpowers at that time woodcutters and shepherds used to descend down the Kanara hill. On the other hand, twilight by offering vermillion on monumental pillars of her own deceased sons, kith and
kin speechlessly slide down the Kanara by draping herself in black mourning clothes like a dejected wife and a mother suffering from pangs of separation.

* 

On one such evening from the south two riders climbed up the mountain. They made their horse mount on the top of the hill through the narrow track situated at the foot of the mountain. One rider thought as if few men were sleeping on the mountain and their sleep may be interrupted even with a slightest sound so with the utmost care and caution, he slowly released the saddle and by keeping a finger on nose, he made a sign to his fellow rider to keep quiet. By taking off their shoes both the young men stood in the middle of the open ground of the mountain.

The half dry studs of Team, Timber, *Dudhlo, Dhramal* and *Kher* were standing separately in a scattered form on the border. In the middle, there was a big dry or burnt tree of teak. On the trunk of that tree, there were two tridents painted by vermillion. Near the thud, there were two memorial stones; there was also one trident of vermillion on each stone. At the forefront of these two memorial stones there were, one, two, three, four, five rows consisting around 80 memorial pillars. In the first row, on the right hand side on the first two monumental pillars two rounds were engraved. (There seemed signs of two breasts of woman.) Nothing was carved on other memorial pillars, they were simple stones founded on the earth. Only vermillion was applied on them. On looking at them, it seemed as if earlier all might be sitting in an assembly and in the earthquake suddenly the whole group got integrated into the earth.
“Brother, you sit here on this heap of stones; meanwhile I worship the monumental pillar.”

On saying so from the two, one senior aged rider, having a big moustache searched one shell of a broken coconut, and he poured oil in it and dipped a wick into it. On the left side of monumental pillar in the recess made with pebbles, he lighted a lamp by putting the hem of a turban around the neck and he prostrated. In the other shell, he soaked vermillion and started to apply on monumental pillars. After completing all rituals when he got up, there were tears in his two big luminous eyes. Wiping tears with the hem of his turban, he took his companion to the right side of the mountain. Pointing his finger, he showed him one ridge and asked, “Do you know the name of that ridge?”

“No.”

“Its name is Topdhaar. There, the cannon balls were stuffed and targeted against us.”

“You were targated, who had targated?”

“Raj of Junagadh.”

“When?”

“Before 46 years in 1939 on Posh Suud Paancham before the sunrise in the wee hours, when no humanbeings had woke up and the birds were not twittering; at that time the massacre of our Mahiyas started. This Kanaro got flooded with the ditches of our red blood. Our 900 Mahiyas stayed here for one month by climbing on Kanara; out of them 80 were slaughtered.”
“Why 900 had invaded? Did they assault due to Outlawry?”

“No, brother the cause was not outlawry, they attacked because they were displeased and again they were weaponless. They felt that as Raj was their master they were fully hopeful that he would definitely come to persuade them. Instead of pleading, warfare continued. Our 80 men were slayed even when they were sitting silently and chanting the name of Ram.”

“Well done, very well! Bravo Mahiya! This is called the highest type of Rajputi. Then brother you please explain me the whole matter.”

Both set on the sloping cliff and then the middle aged big eyed man of Mahiya community started his story:

* 

We are originally Mena (Meena) Rajput of Marwad. Later on, those Mer who came here were known as Mahiya. Before three hundred fifty years, our ansector Bhima Mahiya while desending down Marwad saw the golden dreams of Sorath region. They over heard some talk that the country of Halar was very tempting.

\[Neela tat macchu tana, nili Vakaner,\]

\[Ek rangeela aadmi, Pani Valejo fer.\]

[The bank of Macchu River was green. The land of Vakaner was also a lush green zone. The people of that region were unanimous; such type of country was Halar. The King of that region was bright and spirited.]
Macchu Kantho ane Morbi, Vacchma Vankaner,

Nerbpattadhar nipje, paani hando fer.

Between the bank of Macchu River and Morbi there was Vakaner.

Men of this region were born hero. It is the impact of this spirited land.

Bhima Mahiya vacated his own region, brought the domestic unit, and landed down on the vigorous land producing sharp and unanimous progeny. He settled down in one village named Vanaker situated at the meeting point of the two rivers namely Macchu and Pataliyoe.

One-day one woman came and stood very close to Bhima. She was holding a child in her hand. Tears were running down her cheeks. Nobody was there with her to protect her.

Bhima Mahiya asked, “Sister, who you are? What brought you here? Do you have here the protection of God Shree Ram? Open heartedly tell the story of your woe, mother!”

“Brother, my religiously lawful brother. I am the queen of the King Jadeja the king of adjacent city. I am the first wife of the petty ruler but I am unfavourable. By grace of God we both co-wives were gifted with sons. The crux of the matter is that my son was born two minutes early. As he is an elder does, has he not a legal right to sit on the throne? Therefore, his stepmother is chasing us to kill him. Nobody is there to provide me shelter. I had heard that the bank of Macchu has become dwelling of Rajputs like you so I have come here to seek your support.”
“Good, good! It is my great fortune. You are most welcome. Your, King Jadeja in past might be brave but we have never retreated. We are also Rajput. You stay here without keeping any restraint and consider this house as a home of your real mother.”

The secret of giving a shelter to the queen was divulged out and from the adjoining kingdom; the King Jadeja invaded with his army to demolish Vakaner.

He stayed there in the tent with his army circumferencing the forte because it was not possible to conquer the forte.

During night around four to eight hours, young men took the permission of Bhima and asked, “Why to launch a futile battle? How it would be if we bring the original master along with the cot when he is asleep?”

“Then it would be a great, dears.”

During night four Mahiyas by violating vigilance entered into the tent of the King. They lifted a sleeping King along with the cot and held unsheathed swords by the teeth. By crossing the River of Macchu, they brought the cot in the guard’s cabin. The King was still sleeping soundly.

In the morning, Bhima Mahiya prepared an opium drink. He kept the brush and flagon ready. When the guest woke up in the morning, he promptly realized that he was lying in the hand of danger.

“Jadeja Raj please freshen yourself by brushing teeth and washing your face. The dose of Opium is delaying.”
On saying so, Bhima Mahiya made the guest brush his teeth. While serving the dose of opium he disclosed the fact that, “King, your wife is my religiously lawful sister. When she did not find any place to save herself then finally on getting offended she came to our dwelling. Now if you want to fight then we are ready to get cut into pieces. Otherwise, whatever may happen we would not send our sister in harem. Our nephew would play only here. We would gift the village Vakaner to him. Now tell, what would you give him?”

The King allotted his land to the Son of his unfavoured queen. Mahiya went away by leaving the village Vakaner. From that day onwards, the king of Vakaner started to consider Mahiya as a maternal uncle. Brother! Since the time of carnage that had happened at Kanara and before that when the dispute of Mahiyas with the King of Junagadh was going on, at that juncture, the King of Junagadh had sent us message that, ‘why do you indulge into quarrel? If Junagadh drive you away then you can come here. I would give you three villages: you are my maternal family.’

Then we settled down in Rajkot’s sub-district called Kuwadva. They did service to Rajkot. Gorkha Bhagat of Thaan came in dream of our elder nephew and gave the message to accomplish the sub-district of Thaan. We won Thaan from Kathi named Naaja Karpada.

* 

“As the time passed our Mahiya’s blood mixed with the blood of Aayer.”

The guest asked, “In which way?”
“On that day, our ancestor Bhan Mahiyo in his fully bloomed, youthful age went out of station on his horse. On the extremity of the village Gundda; in the month of Asshadh when Peacock’s cooing was echoed at that time his stunned mare vaulted. Mare that looked like a dear fell down over the fifteen hands. Bhan Mahiyo who was sitting on saddle did not fall down but he became unstable and his head turban fell down and disrupted. As the turban was disrupted, the plait made of long heel touching hair became unravelled; the disrupted long matted hair also veiled the mare. As clouds tangle the Moon, similarly black locks of hair masked the face of Bhan Mahiya.”

“At the bank of well, two women who were fetching water, were dressed in embroidered clothes and were wearing Chundadi embroidered with a flat small ornamental disc; they were about to go but stopped on beholding this sight. Bhan Mahiya folded his plait and tied the turban. The mare crossed the border and vanished from the sight but one water fetcher woman out of the two glued at that place and did not move at all. Her vision dreaming about sweet future got cast-ironed in that direction. The water pot was on the head but she did not sense its weight. Alike a crow the woman started day dreaming. At last, another water fetcher woman shook her heavily; ‘what happened to you sister? Now due to extra weight of pail of pots the head palate is burning; if you want to put down the pair of pot directly by going there then please let me go.’

“That time water fetcher woman quietly walked along with sister- in- law but she did not rest in peace. The taunt of sister in law was pinching in her mind and she was visualising that dashing guy. Her heart was longing him since long. As members of the family dispersed then she once again went to fetch water by taking pair of pots. She fetched water from the same well situated at the extremity of the village and started on the way
leading to Kuvadva. On reaching the village, she stood at the gate of Bhan Mahiya. On head, there was a pair of pots and over the face; there was a veil of malir, and she was in dark red long heel length apparel and Bhan Mahiyo kept on gazing at her. He told attendents,

‘Ask, who is this woman? Why she has come here?’

Attendents went to ask. They said, “The woman in veil sent a message, ‘go and tell your Bhan Mahiya that I am the daughter of Aayer Jiva Patel of Gundda; my name is Raande: by putting aside modesty and reverence, I have come here. Today either by removing the twist of moustache you give up the pride or you touch my pair of pots with your hands.”

Bhan Mahiyo reflected for a while. It was very difficult to live by inviting animosity with Aayer; but it was more disgraceful and arduous to show unmanliness. By becoming Mahiyo, how he could give up his pride of manliness. By getting up, he extended his hands to bring down pair of pots. Pretty, fascinating Raan bai in order to wear Chundadi of a heroic man accepted separation from relatives and went inside the forte. What a good character of her! Even walls of the room brightened up.

‘The father of the woman Jeeva Aayer got the news that his daughter was enthralled by Mahiya. Aayer got infuriated and wished to send an army to assail Mahiya. He twisted his moustache with pride and said: ‘If I prove him unheroic then I would get real justice as Aayer.’
‘Aapa Jeeva!’ there were few wise men they advised him that, ‘Mahiyo cannot be defeated very easily; if you would attack him then you would look poor. Why are you going to loose your importance?’

‘Does Mahiya can keep my daughter?’

‘Aapa, daughter has gone ultimately with a powerful man; and has she been attracted to coward?’

‘No.’

‘Then make Mahiya your relative; oh scoundrel you are fortunate that you got a strong, opulent and reputed man as a relative.’

“Thus in this way the family of Raande Aai expanded and looked more worthy and attractive with the minglingling of bloods of Mahiya and Aayars – both the families having higher social status. The equal polish of beauty and valour started getting applied to the family lineage of Mahiya. The mortal body of that Raande Aai died in the forte of our inheritor Aamra bhai; it seems that the event has happened only yesterday.”

*  

“How did you arrive in Junagadh region?”

“Brother, we came on being invited by the King. On one hand, there was a heavy pressure of Kathi on the King. On the other hand in Chorwaad, Veravaal Raijada Rajputs had played havoc, and; on the third side Khant of Bilkha were waging a war. To withstand against all enemies Nawaab had invited Mahiya. Mahiya came thrice and
everytime they went back to Kuwadva, as they could not refute Kathi and Raijaada. At last, Mahiya accumulated power and Raijada’s sway loosened. Mahiya got the power to rule over 24 countries. Shergadh, Aajab and Kaneri were established as the main headquarters. Families of our progenies started to dwell in Shergadh. Even today, since the time of demolition of abode in the forte of our leader Dharabhai all the things chiefly embroidered clothes exist. At our home, there remained an army. The wavelength of thoughts of 2000 Mahiya became one. Today that time has passed away. The spirit and impact of the age has changed. The laws, agreement and court visit had exhausted us and we were completely flayed here at the mountain Kanara.”

“Ok, ok! Now please come back on the main point of discussion. It is getting dark and as if the monumental stones of these mountains are resurging. My heart is extremely excited and it is not in my control. I hear the land of Kanara lamenting.”

“Listen brother! Until A.D.1939, Mahiya was not paying any excise. There was no tariff applied to Mahiya who were smashing out living heads. But later on administration of Nagar became effective and, Mahiya got a note from King that we must also shell out some tax to Kingdom.”

“In response to this unexpected troubling notice from Shergadh our leader Amra bhai sent a written note that, ‘New tariff cannot be laid on Mahiya. We could not bear this.’”

“At that time Mohobatt Khanji was on throne, and Prince Bahadur Khan was separately ruling on Sahpur. Bhadurkhan was addressing our Amra bhai as ‘Chicha Bapu’ and he used to keep one son of our Mahiya with him. Such type of kinship and affection was
there. That Bahadur Khanji sent message to our Mahiya that ‘Chicha Bapu you come to Shahpur, we would make a treaty.’”

“Our Mahiyo went to Sahpur by riding a horse. Bahadur Khanji counselled him a lot but advice went topsey turvey. One adviser warned Amrabhai, ‘migrate to Shergadh overnight along with son otherwise you would loose everything.”

“Amro Mahiya by taking his son clandestinely migrated. Bahadur Khan came to knew in the morning that Amro’s ears were poisoned by the counsellor which grieved his mind. Mohabbat Khan died and Bahadur Khan came on royal throne. Later on he gave command that, ‘if Mahiya did not agree to pay revenue then confiscate all their thrashing places.”

‘The security was appointed to keep vigil on our thrashing place but terrific Mahiya started to shift sacks of grains stealthily from the thrashing place. Once again it was ordered to fortify their fodder.’

‘Then the limit was set in. The tyranny that was done to cattles was stopped.’

“In the month, of Magser at midnight, when we were sleeping at that time near our gate one camel had stopped; the rider made a call, ‘Brother Mahiya; wake up! This is not time to sleep.’”

“On getting startled we asked; “brother, from where the Camel had come?”
‘The camel belongs to Shergadh. Amrabhai has sent the message that from every home each Mahiyo should reach on the mountain Kanara early with the hail of the signs of daylight in the east side. I am going. Today itself by night I have to visit 24 villages.’

‘Whether to go for outlawry or; on, the cause of offensiveness?’

‘On the cause of offensiveness, go by leaving whatever weapons you have.’

On saying so, camel rider swiftly went away.

“Soon with the appearance of the signs of morning’s light, on the way to Kanara; horse, camel, carts and pedestrians started in a long row. From the 24 villages 900 Mahiya gathered on Kanara to display their unpleasantness. At the order of our leader, we ever get ready to cut ourselves; we willingly surrender ourselves and become victim of canon. Not a single home had remained without sending their Man.”

“But, what about the house where there was no grown up man.”

“Then a small boy could go. The woman of Tarshingla sent the boy of 10 years as there was no adult in her house.”

‘Is it true that along with him two women came?’

“There is mystery in it. I will tell you right now. Nine hundred Mahiya set on Kanara, one day, second day, third day, in this way they continuously set. Surrounding, there was a Kathi region. At the bank of the river Madhuvanti, there were big villages of Mendarda. The inhabitants of the village got afraid that, lest Mahiya would rob them. However, our
leader Amrabhai had already given orders that; any son of Mahiya dynasty would die hungrily but would not make any loot.”

“That word was enough. There were many from us who were indulged in burglary. Our impression was that we were unscrupulous. However, at Kanara we had gathered to contemplate. It is considered as a big sin for any Mahiyo to violate vow or to breach god’s promise of the master. We on the mountain of Kanara were sitting by tolerating teeth chattering cold of the month of Posh and eating our own food from our stored provision. In heart of heart, there was a hope that our Master would come from Junagadh and try to please and persuade us. Request to make compromise started to come. Raj sent the message, ‘Disperse and leave Kanara; later on we would think about you.’”

“We replied that, Mahiya does not eat anything pertaining to charity. We take only that much land for which we paid the revenue. There should not be new tarrif tagged on us. At last, you are our master. You can snatch anything from us but we do not want to be treacherous by pulling swords against our master.”

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“During that period from the village Moliya, one charan named Shamlo bhai came. Moliyu means dwelling of Naag Bai, Naag Bai was the deity of Mahiya lineage; we had an unflinchible faith in Naag Bai and Shamla bhai was the son of this Charni deity: Shamlo bhai became mediator and started to pass treaty to each other. On the last day, Shamlo Bhai to make a drink of opium brought two kg opium. In the month of Posh, on the fourth day of the bright half of a lunar month; when the cold breeze was blowing at that time, Shamalbhai had sent a hopeful message that ‘Tomorrow morning the chief
officer would come to make a compromise with you. So whatever weapons you have; hide them.”

‘Weapons, the eyes of a big Mahiya shined up due to bonefire. ‘Shamla Bhai, the government had grabbed weapons from our hands since 1929.’

Our wise leader Amro spoke; ‘Do not get tensed, we have not come here to wield weapons even if we have. We want to launch a non-violent outlawry today. Can we raise our sword against our master? Moreover, you are a holy figure for us. When Charan like you, is an arbitrator then there could not be any murder. The officers of government are most welcomed.’

‘If we wanted to wield weapons then why did we sit on Kanara? Is Gir located very far?’

One young man passed. ‘What to do, brother? Our chief is teaching us lessons of Brahminism to us.’

‘Charan gave you an assurance that, “Young men of Mahiyas, I have not come here to convince you unnecessarily. There does not seem any malice in the mind of King. Your obstinancy would be proved very heavy to Kingdom. Geer is at a walkable distance from here; so today, itself from Raj’s side persuasion is expected. Please have sound sleep tonight.’

“Since months and months they had remained awake. They had endured hunger, had faced cold weather and scorching heat. Mahiya were exhausted by worrying about their soul mate who were living separately at home; and they were anxious that whether they would get back their land that they had given to other for maintainence or they would
have to indulge themselves in the conflict of killing or getting killed. Today all nine hundred experienced relief and fell asleep. The contentment that next day after descending from Kanara they would get a chance to stay under the cozy shelter of their home made them sleep. We relished sound sleep but with the Sunrise, who awoke us from deep sleep? We did not wake up at the humble words of request for settlement but we awoke on hearing the hissing sound of bullets of gun. From where, such a large army surged up? They got siege over Kando. Overnight from where thousand of armed men appeared? Is that by making farmers free from their work they called them in thousand of numbers from Sandhwaad to make settlement?

From a group of discontented Mahiyas, a few who were aware of their moral responsibility courageously faced them. Other by forgetting the scene escaped and climbed down the mountain. Eightyfour courageous young men stood there without speaking a single word. By pulling their long hair, they made them sit in a row. Later on, they slashed their heads not by the sword but by an axe. Brother, these are the monumental pillars of them. These monumental stones are our places of worship. Eighty four knew how to sacrifice their lives.”

“What about the monumental pillars of the two women?”

“Yes, people talked that, to look after child Mahiya of Tarshingdawala two women came. For many months, two young women sat there by protecting their child. They had only one handsome brother obtained after many lose. At the time of massacre, they were making heart rending shrieks that, ‘please do not kill our brother. Please kill us instead of him. Be gentle, and do not slay him; they yelled in this way and stood ahead, to shield
their brother: they were also butchered. Some prove this information wrong. Leaders say that for one month there was no single woman in our troupe. The chief never encouraged this matter; still soldiers talk that when we were assassinated at that time one small-unmarried girl, by standing before the body of cute small child Mahiya crying for help appealed, ‘Do not kill my brother, do not kill my brother. Kill me instead of him.’ Then we murdered her also. Then later on in the cart when we were carrying all the corpses at that moment in one cart there found a dead body of one small-unmarried girl. No wound was visible on her body. There was no single drop of blood seen on her body but she was lying dead. Who knows what had happened but before reaching Junagadh the carcass mysteriously vanished. Vigiliants talked that after crossing the river they did not see her.”

“Who would be that virgin small girl?”

“Who else would it be? She must be Aai Naag Bai. If five Mahiyas die then along with them, Aai also dies. She dies frequently but one who did not die was Shamlo bhai Charan.”

“Was he a treacherous?”

“No, no, no, no! He was not like that, may the tongue cut of one who speaks against him.”

Charan was deceived, so he could not understand. The fraud game went beyond his understanding; so he kept watching helplessly and we were slaughtered.”

“Did he want to die?”
“Yes, he wanted to die but he could not know how to die? The entire Charan community whipped him.”

“How you, all Mahiya remember this event?

“We remember this event with due respect. We do not worship these monumental pillars to instigate enmity. We worship these monumental pillars and worship to commemorate that how to embrace death with nobility. We learn the lessons of how to die with honour. Otherwise, what is vengeance? What is animousity? What a helpless man is? Why to make complaint about man whose intellect gets corrupt? The tales of history and monumental pillars are not for learning retaliation.”

“Then what had happened to Raj?”

“Our hundred women went to Rajkot. They went and gave report to the government. Arbitrators of government was formed. They played many tricks. NawabKha.B. and Baaplal bhai’s administration ruined. The government got admonishment. The rule and control of some authorities on us became less and all our rights remained intact. We were taken under the rule of the Agency. It was decided that we should pay Rs. Five thousand seven hundred eighty to Raj as part of expenditure. After three years, we spared out total 32 Satti land (One satti includes 32 acres of land, total 18800 acre lands.) and no fine remained in our name. Once again, we came under the rule of Junagadh state. Today no revenue is applied to us. Thus this was the story of our misfortune.”

“Let us go brother; the moon has risen in the sky. It is time of all these worshipped heroic monumental personalities to wake up. So let us go down.”
2. Gigo Mahiyo

Mares while returning towards homes started to cover mileages rapidly. During the silvery moon lit night at the quiet hours the densely bloomed wild flower plants of Chameli effused fragrance. The riders went ahead by leaving behind mountains, battlefield and all that monumental pillars. As a part of aftermath effect of mass destruction; the atmosphere of compassion for assassination and silent sacrifice of heroes were left behind. Filtering the poison of enemity –

Aagar chandan raat

Chanda poonam raat

Chandaliyo Kyare ugshe?

Tarodiyo kyare ugshe?

A Fragrantful night releasing sandalwood’s aroma.

It was a full moon night.

When the Moon will rise?

When stars will rise?

It was the same type of night releasing aroma of sandalwood as described in the song. When the rider lighted an indigenous cigar, the guest understood that Mahiyo has entered into different swing of mood; so reffering the matter the guest asked, “Would you please give me the detailed information of your Gigo Mahiyo, when he started an outlawry?”
“Do you ask about Gigo Mako? Do you talk about Gigo of Kaneri village?” ‘Yes, Yes.’
‘Gigo was dreadfully dangerous for Makrani. Makrini can play havoc in the entire region but they dare not to touch even the border of Kaneri region of Giga. Brother, Gigo came to be known as the Lion of Geer. So you please listen to the sagas of his fame:

_Babi thi beeno nahi, Khatrivat Khage,_

_Bhup Mota bhage, Gar no Savaj Gagdo._

[Gigo the lion of Geer who was not afraid of the King Babi of Junagadh played in a dignified manner like a real Rajput. Even great Kings were running away from him.]

“And dear brother,

_Pateliyabpragma tana, june ravu jay_

_Danke dungarmay, gale savaj Gigo._

[Patels of Pargana went to Junagadh to refute against torture of Gigo but Gigo the Lion of Geer keeps roaring in the mountains.]

_Une thi juna lage, nari nab hare neer,

Natya nee ridorid, Gar no Savaj Gigo._

[From Una village until Junagadh women were not able to fetch water. They shouted every day. Such type of fearful sway was of Gigo.]

“Further more, how manly hero was Gigo!”

_Kesar jyu leva kara6, lambi sadhachh la._

_Mandachh paag Maiya, gadhe ne kote Gigda._
[Giga, you roar loudly like a lion and you are leaving your impression on every fortress and defense wall.]

“How head strong he was?”

Timbi jevdu gamdu, Sunthi fantyo Miya,

Sinh vachhutyo samto, gamali gyo Gigo!

[In the village, Timbi, all the Muslims became rebellious and Gigo confronted them like a lion and taught them lessons.]

“Are you talking about the same Gigo who did many deceitful futile deeds? It was much before massacres of Kanda. In 1909, Gigo went for outlawry. His outlawry was not dependent on any kingdom. Family strife was going on and out of which Gigo’s madness shoted up in fiery manner. There was no big reason for initiating strife. That was simply a fit of madness.”

“Gigo, originally wan an inhabitat of Kaneri village. He was a Mahiyo of Maka lineage. The real name of father was Mulu Mako. The discord started against uncles regarding land. Four cousins were against him: one Namari, second Karno, third Ratto and fourth Amro; thus, he had four uncles. All the four uncles’ dunghill laid together at one place. Only farmers of uncles used to take fertilizer from it. Gigo charged an objection. He said that he would allow every one to take of their share. Four Uncles thwarted Gigo and told him, in very mean and indiciplined manner that, “Go, go, you are born of dirty and low origin of pig! What you could do?”
“Gigo experienced a big mental shock as he was addressed as a low origned man belonging to pig origin. The young Man who was never addressed earlier in a rude and hateful manner by any one. Trivial problems went on for many days and adding into it, the statement that he heard aggravated his pain. At that point, of time, Gigo silently gulped down sore feelings, but he said that, ‘Uncle, whether I belong to an origin of Pig or I belong to the origin of Lion that you would see now.’

Even one bite of grain seemed very poisonous to him. His soul did not find solace either within the house or outside the house. By taking his four brothers with him, Gigo went away by being offended.

“In the east side of Kaneri, there was a village named Prasali. On being fed up by persecutions caused by cousins, Gigo became guest of Prasali for one day. He kept on complaining to his friends regarding Uncles’ mal treatment to him. While talking with his friends; the words that dropped out from his mouth came that; “Brother, I am worn-out by this.”

“Relatives tried to calm him down by saying, “Giga such minor conflict keeps happening in family. As utensils kept together makes clattering sound similiarly in a big joint family clashes of thoughts keep going on. On such a trivial matter, it is not advisable to sow seeds of revenge. Can we waste our power and energy over such trifles?”

“After eating Rotla while taking a dose of tobacco from a smoking pipe Giga fell asleep. So all the sixteen friends, stealthily slipped away from that place. After few moments, Gigo woke up; during the short nap of two minutes intensity of fire of revenge burning within his heart decreased. As he got up, around him he did not find a single friend out of
sixteen friends Giga suspected and murmered, ‘Definitely all must have gone to blemish me.’ After saying so Gigo got up. He gushingly went on the way of Kaneri. When the border of the village Kaneri was at a little distance at that time, he heard frightining commotion and loud lamenting cry of dismay. On hearing all this his legs became numb. Sense of fear overwhelmed him. On reaching the border of the village, he saw that from four uncles, corpses of two uncles namely Rata and Amra were lying. There were puddles of bloods. Brothers were standing there after murdering uncles. Brothers called him, ‘Come here Giga, let us drink blood of them.’

“Now please stop it, you commited murders. Why these much hurry? You have spoiled my life as a human.’

“He covered dead body of his uncle with the piece of cloth and sitting beside the dead body Gigo lamentated a lot. He cried genuinenly with real tears. He was alleged with two murders, he was already worried and his anxiety multiplied. How people of that time, could accept the rule of execution as a sentence of murder? Therefore, he told his fellowmen, ‘brother, already death is hovering on my head, then by becoming wise man, why should I meet dog’s death? We must act courageously so that my fame may last in the region.’

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“Thus due to this type of familial reasons Gigo came out. Behind Gigo, there was an army of Junagadh. Gigo started to make challenges in the mountains and made an announcement of devastating villages. One day, one man came and gave news. ‘Giga Maka! Your father Mulu Maka has passed away.’
'How it has happened, brother?'

‘Mulu Mako was a run away and in between he was arrested, when he was being taken away to Junagadh at that time while passing from the village Nagdi near Datrana out of shame Mulu pulled his sword and gave end to his own life by piercing sword in his stomach. Second news is that you are enjoying here but in your Kaneri village the three armies of Makrani have layed sieges.’

‘Hats off to Junagadh; reputation of my Kaneri village has increased. Three, three armies for Gigo. Here Gigo is in Geer and in Kaneri there is vigilance which is forty miles away. Bravo! Who are the leaders?’

‘One is Sankar, second is Badshah Jamadar and the third is Abhram Padalo; all the three are Makranis.’

‘Brothers, all the three are sons of valiant father. Go and give news to them that Gigo is waiting here for them. Perhaps, they might not be aware of it.’

‘They know it very well but they have no problem in Kaneri.’

‘Let us we go to them, why to give them any trouble by making them to change their present abode?’

“Gigo started from Geer, and on reaching the border of Kaneri all went down. Gigo had never put a leg in the territory of any village without checking the status of good or bad omen. His style of checking the status of omen was completely different. At the extreme border of the village, all sit whereas he used to lie down. After lying down for the short
period he used to lie down and used to get up whenever he felt sleepy; on getting up as per his intution he may either return or many times crossed the border by taking coconut in his hand. Today, while entering into the village Kaneri he found good signs so by taking a coconut, Gigo went ahead and his army followed him. On reaching; he offered coconut on the stone of the entrance gate of the village. All ate the slice of coconut offered to Mataji and then put steps inside the village. Exactly in the middle of ground, there were armies. Giga was not afraid of Death. After chanting loudly the name ‘Jay Naagbai’ Gigo plunged into fight; from both the sides 60, 60 local guns of Makranis were fired out: but from Gigo’s team only one man was injured, rest of them were unharmed.

‘Dear Comrades, today Aai Naag bai is with us.’ On saying so, Gigo jumped. As they ran by bellowing, soon Makrani Sankar, Badsa Jamadar and Abhram Pado all the three loped away.

Giga detained two men; and knocked down them by shooting with the gun. However, the fat man Abhram climbed up the tree. To search him, out laws went at the extremity of the village. As they looked up, they saw Abhram sitting on the branch of the tree. As Gigo targeted gun at Abhram; soon he jumped down and surrendered at the feet of Gigo. He held Giga’s legs and said; ‘Giga I am your slave.’

“Hatred to you Makrani; you have ruined your life. Go and run away because I never kill my refugee. Go fast to Junagadh and give news to them that today Gigo would stay in Kaneri.”
Thus, he set free Abhram alive and he himself stayed in Kaneri. He took bath in the name of his dead father. ‘Now, if Makrani comes once again then send me news at the dense wood of Chhindardi.’ On saying, such Gigo climbed up.

* *

Badshah Jamadar who was killed at the border of the village Kaneri, the same Badshah Jamadar’s young son came along with another army and started to trample the whole region of Mahiyawad and sitting on the public platform of the village; he started to boast, ‘Why all talk Giga, Giga all the times? He is simply a helpless Gigli. His name itself is Gigli means child. What he resourceless can do? If by chance he meets me once then I would expose his childishness.’

When Jamadar started to boast exaggeratedly at that time one chief land holder of the village could not put up with it; so he said, ‘Jamadar, Giglo is in the forest of Chhindardi which is not far from here so go and test his ability.’

Jamadar was easily provocative person by nature. The one who knew secrets started to show him the way. In the dense forest, by leaning against one heavy rock Gigo was sitting with his group. On seeing the army, out laws took shelter at another place behind the rock. To deceive enemies; out laws put turban on the top of the rock. Here Makrani Jamadar was Motimar. By taking the support of one banyan tree, he started to shoot bullets through the void space in the tree. Speedily bullets pierced into turbans. The eyes of Gigo started to find out, where from all the bullets were coming? He did not trace out the gunner. In the middle of that Gigo detected certain types of movements through the
crack of two thick branches of the banyan tree. Exactly after noting from the crack he shoted the gun and in the first shot Jamadar died.

Jamadar’s dead body was brought to Shergadh. In the morning, Jamadar did all bragging and on seeing his funeral ceremony on the same day all Mahiya rolled down with laughter.

*

Holi’s fire is kindled on *falgun suud poonam* but holi of valiant Giga was unique. There was an expressway from Junagadh to Veraval. At the edge of that highway and on the extremity of the village Panidhara Giga was residing; the same village is known today by the name of Gigadhar.

Gigo was living on that ridge without any protection. Somebody gave him reminder that, ‘Giga it is falgun suud poonam, let us go to have *darshan* of *Holi Mata* and go to listen *duha.‘

After musing Gigo proposed before all: “How it would remain if we light our Holi here independently and arrange separate programme of *duha* and invite everyone here to sing *Raasda?’

‘That would be very good.’

‘Let us sit by circumferencing the end of the road; and gather the necessary items required for the worship.’
The long row of Carts containing a large bale of unpressed cotton and cotton seeds were going from Junagadh to Veraval. Harness bell which was tied round the neck of cattle were jingling. On the pedestrian roads which were as big as markets, there was no pinch of fear of outlaws. The cart driver while pulling cart was taking winks in between. Then out of blue a loud call was heard when Gigadhar came close: ‘Stop your carts.’

‘Why brother? These are bales of unpressed cotton of Nawab Government.’

‘That is why we are forcing that you bring all the bales down.’

Cartdrivers cottoned on the whole matter that, it was the attack of Gigo. Bales of cotton were unloaded.

‘How much your wages was quoted, brother?’

‘15-15, koris.’

‘Take your wages. Your children must not be kept without dates and coconut on this festive day which comes only once in a year. If any one asks you about goods then tell them that Giga has kept the bales of cottons to ignite Holi.’

By taking their total wages cart drivers pulled their carts. Suddenly Giga remembered something, so he shouted, ‘brother, today we would light Holi. We would play and sing. Please stay today.’

‘Father, please forgive us, we would be rebuked if we stay here.’

‘Mean and coward; ok, then you may go away now. On the way, whomsoever you meet tell them that on the border of Panidhara, Giga has invited tonight all to sing duha and eat
dates. If you come across army hunting me then please also forward invitation to them to come here.’

‘But, Giga Maka, do we have to make an arrangement of dates and coconut?’

‘Brother, all the arrangement would be done by sitting here only. From here, itself, bags of matting full of dates, oil tins, sacks full of kernels of coconuts, etc, all the items that are required in Holi would pass. Whatever you require, you can unload them. But do not forget to pay charges of cart drivers. On the day of this grand festival, their children should not remain without the harda of Holi.

By the evening, on one side of road; bales of cotton, oil canes, and bags of mattings full of dates, bags of peanuts etc were stacked; and by wrapping oil canes in the bales of cotton Giga lighted fire. In all nearby villages, the news had already spread regarding Holi of Giga so by night people gathered in a large number. As the moon of the full moon day emerged out by spreading light of its shining glory between cliffs of Girnar similarly, blaze of fire of Holi became visible from Gigadhar. The Holi fire lighted in near by villages made of dung cake simply looked as flame, whereas blaze of Giga’s Holi touched sky. An outlaw with full humility moved circularly around the Holi fire and paid homage with water. He offered coconut into sacrificial fire. The competition to take out coconut out of burning fire started. Later on when intensity of flame of Holi reduced, the moon by rising high in the sky started to spread its silvery exuberance and here at Gigadhar proficient duha singers of Sorath by sitting in rows facing each other sang to its climax. They played dandiya rass. During the whole night; in the sky as well as on the
earth escatsy gushed in. In the morning Gigo packed his luggage and came out of Gigadhar and started on the way of Geer.

The chief of the village Khilawad, Sabhago Jamadar of Muslim caste of Jokhiya lineage came with army. They searched for Giga in every mountain pass. In between, he got news that Gigo is lying in the shepherds’ huts at Ranadhar which is near the Dadercha mountain. The information giver advised that, ‘Jamadar sahib it is not advisable to go within the cave of that lion like Giga. We would first allow him to come out.’

Jamadar was very much arrogant regarding the valor of his arms. He said, ‘what bravery lies in killing that lion by calling him out on the ground? If I go within his territory and shoot him down then I am the real son of soldier.’

“Jamadar, please do not do.” However, force of his energy increased as every one pleaded to stop him. He went with the large group of men and guns. He soon saw the flag of Gigo. Giga had never remained without the flag. He saw the army approaching him’, quickly the army surrounded the out laws. Therefore, he put down his smoking pipe and held the sword. As he ran approaching them; soon Makrani of Gist blocked his way with guns. Jamadar who was a horse rider, he stood alone there. Gigo ran and held the bridle of the horse soon clever Jamadar recollected something and he started to bestow Giga, ‘Well done Giga, well done to your birth giver. Hundreds of congratulations to you valiant Giga and now this much is enough Giga.’

On hearing his praises, Gigo got puffed up and he gave up the bridle of the horse and said, ‘You can now go Jamadar and when you get the spirit on that day you can come.
The residence of Giga in Geer had never remained a secret. His big flag kept appearing in the whole region.’

The abode of Giga near Dadrecha Mountain is still well known as Giga *pathari* or Giga *virdo*.

* 

The plain around the foot hill of the Mountain Godhman there was a village named Nagdi. One day in the afternoon, to give tiffin from one farmer’s house a daughter-in-law of Patel’s son was getting ready. This newly married girl had recently come from father’s house by receiving gifts from her father during her arrival at in-law’s house for the first time. Even parents endowed their daughter with abundance of gifts so that this young girl was much enthusiastic to deck her up with new apparels and ornaments. Furthermore, no other better option she would get to deck herself except serving meal to her husband at farm. The daughter-in-law of a farmer wore an embroidered petticot and tied one cloth around the waist; she put on the saree made of *Galretano* and decked her with almost all the ornaments that she had of, hands, legs, neck, nose and ears. On one hand, she was a young *Kanbi girl*, her ornamentation enhanced her natural glow, and her pretty complexion glowed by combination of natural beauty and ornaments. As she put the rice bowl and pot of buttermilk on her head on an *indhoni* made of pearls, her mother-in-law saw her; she stared at her with a gaped mouth. She asked:

“Oh, daughter-in-law: where are you going by draping yourself in gold?”

“Where else shall I go? I am going to give tiffin at farm house.”
“Oh, great madam, on the way somebody would loot you by slapping you.”

“Who dare to take away my ornaments?”

“Yours Father.”

“But, who is that?”

“An out law named Gigo Mahiyo would loot you. He must be sitting in the valley of Godham waiting for his prey.”

“Ok, mother, you take my all ornaments. You could not tolerate this, you are jealous. You keep harassing and shouting. See I am leaving.”

Outspoken and stupid Kanban by tinckling her bangles and making thundering sound by flapping her clothes gushed away. In her absence her old mother in law kept grunting loudly in such a way that whole village could hear her. Here when the daughter-in-law crossed the boarder at that time, the vigilant moving his sharp eyes told the out law, “Aapa Giga, one woman carring food for the farmers is going. It seems that she is taking food for many men.”

“Yes, run and take the food that she is carrying and even snatch her ornaments it would be useful for pocket expense.”

Out laws ran in a concealed manner and obstructed woman. They loudly addressed her and said; ‘You stand here woman.’

On beholding two gun holder men with veiled face, the woman got afraid and stopped.
“Woman, put down here, tiffin and your ornaments.” The out law lost consciousness on seeing one basketful gold ornaments.

Woman asked ‘Who are you?’ in discordant low voice to one sharp-eyed man and to another man who looked more impressive than the first one.

“Woman, I am Gigo Mahiyo. Woman, you are uselessly delaying. Why are you beating about the bush?”

“Are you Giga Bapu?”

“Yes, I am not Bapu, Fapu I am Gigo- is there any wrong if you address me as Giglo? We want to work at any cost. We want to thrash heads of Makrani and rob golds of the rich. Now you quickly remove all your gold ornaments.”

“Oh ho, now whatever my foul tongues mother-in-law said came true.” On saying such, Kanban started to look on all the four sides.

“What did your mother in law said? Should we hear that? Ok, woman, tell everything quickly. We are very much hungry.”

“My mother-in-law had warned me, ‘if you would overload yourself with gold ornaments then your father Gigo, would rob you at Godhme.’ I told her let my father Gigo ransack.”

“Did your mother-in-law address me as your father?”

“Yes, it is true.”

“Then I am regarded as your father.”
“Young Men, can I loot this daughter by becoming her father?”

“Could I rob her? On the other hand I must gift her clothes.”

“Yes, very much right.”

“Oh, brothers give her handful coins. However, oh dear as you are my daughter, can you atleast feed your hungry father?”

“Yes, definitely father.”

“Then please serve us all chappatis of your tiffin. We would satiate our hunger on reaching Godhem. You take back the empty pot of buttermilk with you. We cannot keep even utensils that belong to daughter.”

Bubbling with joy, Kanban asked, ‘Father, do I bring more Rotla and Chachh?’

“No, now you do not come here; otherwise some jealous opportunist would loot you and blame Giga. So please hurriedly now make yourself scarce.”

* 

Two Charnianiyo were approaching after passing through the narrow mountain pass. People talk that both belonged to the village Kalila. One was daughter–in-law and another was mother- in- law; one was young and one was a middle-aged woman: on heads of both there was a dark black big woollen blanket. Their white faces in dark coloured clothes bloomed like twilight during dark hours of a setting evening.
It was afternoon. The barren region became very hot and the process of fetching water in fields gradually stopped at that time, two charniyanio reached near Aaddsang at the extremity of the village Pati.

“Fui, I am thirsty.” The young girl expressed her impatience.”

“Bhale baap let’s go inside the nearest gate and drink water.”

The village was barren. Even in the market, not a single person was seen. There was a pin drop silence. Near the extremity of the village, there was a big gate. Charananio entered into it and reached at the lobby. In this big lobby, there were three-four rooms in one row and from the last room some sounds of breaking were heard. Going at the opposite side of room, and standing on the lobby in front of room the elder Charaniyani gave a loud call, ‘Some must give cold drinking water to we wayfarer.’

One middleaged woman came out from the room and she went in the lobby where there was a waterplace from there she filled one small pot with water and quenched thirst of both the travellers.

“Now we are feeling good, may god bless you daughter! As you gave us satisfaction, may you also get contentment. Really, water was just like nectar. In this way the elder Charinye gave blessings and in the last room, loud exploding sound was heard. Charni on seeing that woman became speechless asked: “What is this going on? What are these crashing sounds and rowdism?”

“It is nothing, Aai. Now you please go.” While speaking these words, eyes of the woman brimmed with tears.
“Oh dear, what afflicts you? What is the matter? I will not go away from here, without knowing the fact.”

Defeasing sounds and menancing calls increased. “Aai, it is our bad luck. We are being robbed. So please you quickly take your way.”

The young Charni asked in angry tone, “Who is robbing you?”

“Giglo Maiyo. But, Aai, now you please go.”

The elder Charni looked at the younger Charni. Within a twinkling of the eye, both the Charanaaioy made a very mystic consultation with the eyes. The elder one-stepped on the lobby. The younger one followed her. On entering, they saw, two wailing women. Two big trunks that were shining so brightly that they looked as newly brought in home on ocassion of cereminius sending of a daughter to her husband’s house for the first time. Two big trunks were lying in the room; they were decorated with engraving done on brass sheet. As Charni women came near the room, it seemed as if lamps were enlightened. In solemn voice, Charni woman asked, ‘Women, in which room you have kept your treasure?’

Frightened Young daughter- in-laws secretly started revealing, “In this room, Aai. We have just come here for the first time, after receiving first ceremonious gifts from our father’s house. Right now, our trunks that are full with ornaments will be broken.”

“Where are your husbands?”

“They have run away out of fear of outlaws.”
“What, had they run away? Leaving you alone. What is your caste?”

“Aayar”

“Shame, shame mother goddess; the life of Aayars have been wasted.”

“Aai, you please go away.”

Both the charnis looked at each other. Both talked once again and then both sat on both the trunks. They removed the blanket covered on their heads and kept hair open. On the face, their hair locks started to play and their eyes were getting reddish. The elder one told Aayarani; please bring two round crushing stones.

The pestles were brought. Both the women sat by holding two big stones each weighing ten seers. Very soon, shriek was heard closely. Masked raiders holding sticks and swords in hands and guns on shoulders came at room. On reaching as they saw inside the room, they got embarrassed. They became dumbfounded and stopped. They noticed one another and because of their apparel, they recognised one another. They got silent suggestion of their identity. They discussed among them and concluded; “They seem Charans.”

“No issue let us tell; otherwise we would not give any promise to her.”

One Man appealed Charaniyo: “Aayuu, we bow down to you but you please come down.”

‘Father’, Charni spoke profoundly “We would not come down during this life.”

“Then we have to bring you down forcefully by pulling your arms.”
‘Then we would dye you with your own bloods’, the blood of hard-hearted raiders frissoned on hearing these words of the young woman.

“Now go and call Aapa Giga.” One man told the other man.

Gigo who was ransacking at other places in the village; from there he came very fast on getting message. He saw two Charni women in fierceful appearance of Durga. By making the ending part of his turban as curtain, he requested them by folding his hands in prayer form and appealed, “Aayiuu, please be merciful with us and come down. We have suffered a lot. We have not come to an unowned or desolated place. The master of this house Kumbho Wagh was sending me offensive and improper statements. Today, I have come here to test ability of Aayaars. What relation do you have with them? Gigo is ready to offer at your feet whatever you demand. You please come down.’

‘Take rest!’

The elder one by mixing scold with love replied, “Pause, rest, Giga, do you consider us as a taker of gifts? How can you use such a big word, ‘Rest?’

“Aai, how would you get down?”

“Father, now I would get down only after my death.”

“But why, is there any great cause behind this?”

“Rest, while travelling we drank water of this house.”

“Is it the only reason that you drank water of this house?”
“Yes, father, it is the only reason that we drank water of this house.”

“Gigo was so shocked that he stood there motionless. Each one was standing dumbfoundedly. Heart throbs of each one was audible. As animals contract their tails in fear on beholding fire in forest, the same was the condition of outlaws. After few minutes, Charni told Giga for the last time: “Giga do not plough the sand; we have drunk water of this house. Whatever yo have raided that you take with you and run away.”

Gigo went away without breaking the village. However, for so many days, words echoed in his ears, “Rest, we have drunk water of them.”

*

The month of Ramjan got over and the morning of the day of Id was about to begin. From Prabashpatan in the East direction one small covered cart was going on and behind the cart one escorter was walking. He was wearing such a long coat that one could not even see the toes of his feet. On this long coat, from chest to waist, he had tied tightly worn loincloth and in this cloth he tied closely, daggers; on shoulder there was a shield, there was a sword around the waist and in hand, there was an Amdawadi gun full with canons. An escort who had crossed 70 years of his age was with full sincerity pacing with the cart. One old woman by carrying her two years child followed him. On the body of the child, there were fresh signs of small pox. Complexion of both grandma and grandson was fair. Even on the wrinkled face of woman, the delicacy and chivalric spirit of Nagar caste of an ancient time was apparent.
The old escorter asked the old woman while walking on the road, “Old woman, now how many days have remained?”

“Muslim gentleman today, it is the last day. Today, for the last time we would go to make Shivprasad bow his head to Mother Goddess, so that I can become free from my religious vow. I feel very sorry, gentleman that exactly in the month of Ramjaan I have to make you travel by foot.”

“Oh, granny, what are you saying? Have I made any prolonged excursion; and I have not skipped a single day fast of Ramjaan. Every day we start very early at dawn and before the rise of a day we come back to Patan. Therefore, I have never faced any problem in doing breakfast before starting the fast of Ramjaan and in doing dinner after breaking the fast of the day. It is quiet natural that there is difficulty in observing the religion. You yourself see that even in your old age a weak person like you and a staunch observer of keeping the custom of veiling faces have kept a religious vow of to worship the Godess Shitla by walking two/three miles everyday across the Geer for the welfare of your grandson. Grandma, faith is not cheap that lies on the road.”

“It is not the matter of faith brother; God evokes a special kind of affection for one’s own child that urges us to do all these things.”

They kept talking and the thunderous river Hiran came closer and closer. The religious flag of Shitla temple became visible. The location of the temple was so curved and crooked that it seemed the whole place was surrounded by leopeard. Amidst that one curved path one horse rider was standing; hindering the path he stood in the way. There
was a gun in his hand. Pointing the gun towards the escorter he told old woman;
“Remove anklets. “

The old escorter rushed in between and putting the gun on shoulder and making eyes small; he asked, “Who are you? Are you Jhangiro?”

“Yes gentleman Farjala. I am Jhangiro. You go to one side. You are Saiad.”

“Shall I go to one side? Does the son of Saiad go away and allow you take the possession of my master Desai’s mother’s anklets?”

The Outlaw said, “Gentleman you are Saiad, if you ask for something then I would let you go.”

“No, no dear son, I have not come here to beg. I have come here to protect by tying the shield and sword. I am the servant of Udayshankar Desai. So you Jhangir accept surrender.” The old man prepared his gun.

Along with the child, old woman came forward encumbering the way of faithful servant and requested, “Gentleman, please you do not meddle into it, leave it. Today it is the big day of Eid and on this auspicious day if the son of Saiad dies for the sake of my anklets whose value is very very trivial then it would be very difficult for me to live in this world.”

“Oh old woman, what do you say these?” On the face of Miya, faithfulness that he kept for 72 years emerged with prominence. If these ordinary type of Jhangiro snatch anklets
of an old woman, then the salt of the master that I ate for thirty years will go waste on this day of Eid.”

Tears rolled down the cheeks of old woman. On looking at the robbers from the toothless mouth of the old woman pearly statements dropped “Jhangiro, you are also sons of Musalman. You keep the words of this Muslim man for only today otherwise I will be defamed in my old ages.”

The old woman saw an effect of her words on Jhangiro. So smart old Nagrani continued further; “Son, please go away. Tomorrow I will send you these anklets. You are native of my Patan. We know very well that the days of sufferings have weighed down you. I would not let die anyone from both of you. I am also born in the dynasty of Desai; I will keep my words.”

Jhangiro understood the matter. Outlaw was crestfallen. He speechlessly turned his horse and went away. This Jhangiro was originally the farmer of Patan; once some disputes were raised among cousins regarding land so he started outlawry and later on few wise men enabled him to make compromise with the King. Once again, he started to till the farm in Patan.

*  

This Jhangiro once lost morality and caused one lakh rupee loss to Gigla. It was Giga’s misfortunate day that without understanding the matter he was mislead by silly Jhangiro. In the region of Nagher, in the place of Gorakhmadhi, of Gorakhnathji there was property of 12 villages. The matter of property fanned disputes between two disciples of the head
of monastery. One disciple made vicious strategem to abolish another disciple. The task of solving the matter was allotted to Jhangiro. Jhangira taking the advantage of outlawry of Gigla took the task upon him to do iniquitous act. Jhangiro brought Gigla to attack the village named Ajotha. At the time of dinner at Ajotha, the loud rebuking call came from Mahiya. It was good fortune that one Brahmin came across Giga in the market and said, ‘Fie upon you Giga why have you come to wreck the founder pole of religion?’

Gigo was alarmed, turning his neck, he asked Jhangiro, “Companion, what this game is?”

Harsh eyes of Giga corroded the heart of Jhangiro and a cat came out of the bag.

“Priest” Gigo turned towards Brahmin, “You have maintained my pride, integrity and importance so bravo to you whereas Jhangira abhorrence to you.”

On saying so, Gigo came out. On reaching at the extremity of village, he pondered and took a resolution. He told his brother Puniya, “As we have come in Nagher, we would not go empty hands. Let us assault on Bij.

In Nagher at the bank of the river Saraswati, there was a village named Bij. The village was as graceful as its name. People were slumbering during the first part of the night. At that, time burglars clandestinely entered into the village. They directly went to Government Boarding House. Along with them there was a person knowing the secret, he asked, “Who is sleeping in the lobby on the high cot?”

‘Desai Udayshankar of Patan.’
“Uncle Udayshankar? Then it is essential to remain alert. If he would wake up then he the son of Nagar would put all five of us in custody.”

Very, slowly drummer went there. Giglo sat on the chest on this sleeping brawny man by keeping a open dagger in his hand. In dim light of stars, the man sitting on the chest was not identified. He asked, “Who are you?”

“Udayshankar Kaka, did you not recognise me?”

“Are you Giglo? Oh unfortunate man, what enemity was there between you and me that in thievish manner you sat on my chest? You Coward! Can’t you come by challenging me in advance? At least there would be test of manliness.”

“Kaka, do I have antagonism with you? You are the head of the followers of Somnathji. As you are considered as promise keeper and religious, so I have come here to share my innermost feelings with you.”

“Then, share.”

“Not here, you come outside the village.”

“Ok, let us go.”

In darkness, Udayshankar Desai, secretly removed necklace having seven strings of gold lying around his neck and dropped it smartly under the pillow. He got up and started to put on clothes.

Due to commotion, one man who was sleeping very far on the cot shouted loudly, who is there in the boarding house?”
“Aadam Makrani,” Udayshankar gave reply, “Nobody is there so you please sleep.”

The, loyal and brave forgeiner Aadam Jamadar of Desai understood everything. He ran away, by taking guns. He climbed up the upper storey and started to do bombarding. The Mahiyas had remained watching these. He started to appreciate, ‘you sturdy man, you are very shrewed!’

But, one Young Mahiya went up from the rear side and pulled Aadam by holding his leg and made him fall down and suppressed him. The suppressed Aadam started to velify Mahiya badly.

On hearing his contemptuous words Pune Mahiye said, “Jamadar, be Man, do not abuse.”

But Aadam did not stop, so Giga said, “Puna, he is very courageous and heroic man but his tounge is vice so set his foul tounge on fire.”

Puna put a wick on the tip of the tounge of Adam and caused a blister on the tounge. Aadam became mute. Meanwhile, Puna became suspicious so he moved his spear under the pillow. As soon as he moved spear, then shriek was heard in darkness, ‘oh, father, do not kill me, please take this chain of Desai.’

A gardener; hid himself under bed; Puna pulled him. By snatching away necklace of gold dropped by Uday Shankar Desai from his hand; Puna slapped him and said “You unfaithful; could you not even bear the hit of spear for the sake of necklace of your master?”
The whole troupe taking Desai went towards Gir. On reaching very far, Giga told Desai, “Kaka, I wanted to tell you only that I would meet premature death. As I have no sons so, I must arrange for my funeral rites. As you are very religious, you take vow that you would feed Brahmins after my death. If you do these, then it would provide me relief.”

Laughingly Desai said, “Giga for this small matter you made a big uproar. If you had sent the message then also I would have done it.”

“All right, now you can go, nobody would disturb you.”

“Ram, Ram, Giga.”

Desai went away. In the morning, Giga saw a new sword framed with rupees hanging on the shoulder of Puna. So he asked, “Puna, from where this sword came?”

“We have earned this from boarding house of Desai.”

“All right, bring that necklace and sword to me.”

* Five years of outlawry were over and Giga’s deathbed was getting ready. Man does not know that his sin keeps him crumbling from within. Giga also wanted to die so by crossing all limits he was looting as many villages as he could. In between, he came across one Sandhi. This Sandhi was carrying its cattles to graze pastures by finding green zone in Geer. One Charan was also coming there by bringing his cattle to graze. Thus, Sandhi did not like the way his pastures was getting divided. To remove impediment of
Charans, Gigo and Sandhi developed relations. After visiting various villages; he told Giga, “Giga, now we must visit my village; brother.”

Gigo said, ‘Ok, let us go.’

Giga did not smell the cause on which Sandi was carrying him.

The whole group, reached at one shepherd’s hut. Giga took it for granted that hut was belonging to either Aayar or Rabari. They raided during night and and deadly anarchy prevailed. As he was looting at that time, the words that he heard were: ‘Aapa Giga, are you attacking us? Are you attacking the cows? Who has brought you here? Is it your death?’

Giga focussed and saw Charan women in black blankets. “Who are you?”

“We are your keeth and kin. We are Charan women.”

Giga became aware; he shouted, ‘arrest Sandhi who have deceived us.’

Sandhi had already ran away by goading Giga on criminal path.

‘Your Death, brought you here,’ this statement buzzed in Giga’s head. Even in the darkness of black night, his sin was evident to him. He returned the heap of things that he raided. By folding his hands, he said: “Aaiyu, You have cursed me. Now you forgive me.’

“Father, you take rest. Charniyo said, “We have not thrown dust that we can sweep it away. This is our intimate feelings. We do not know more.”
“Ok, Aaiyu, I put down all my weapons at your feet. Now if you make me tie them with your own hands then only I would tie them.”

“No, no, no. We cannot put ban on your usage of weapons. We would become sinner if we do so. Take your weapons with you.”

On saying so Charan women once again gave back weapons to Giga and said, “Give one promise, that for one month you do not travel to other village. After one month, feed 13 Charan virgins. May Goddess will protect you.”

Gigo left the place. His conscience grudged him. Crimes commited during Outlawry were hunting him like his shadows. To pacify pangs of mind and heart, he by leaving Geer went to his friend Morlisa’s house that was mendicant of his village; he started to stay in cocealment.

* 

After few days, marriage ceremony of Morlisa was going to take place. The marriage party was destined to go to Mangrol. Morlisa told Giga, “Giga Mahiya, you must accompany us in marriage party.”

“Brother, please do not take me with you. Charaniyues has forbidden me to go out of station for one month.”

“Oh, friend, the vows forbids you to loot houses and villages and here you have to come in marriage procession so your vow will not hinder you.”

“But, brother if I would be identified then you marriage ceremony would deteriorate.”
“Nobody would identify you. Come on, if Gigo would not come in marriage party then I
would not marry.”

Giga went in friend’s marriage party. Outlaw did not talk and clothes that he was wearing
were green coloured silk clothes; so he seemed like a mendicant, there seemed no chance
that anybody could identify him. However, from bridegroom side in Mangrol an
arrangement of party was done. In this party, all the villagers who were opium eaters
were invited to relish opium drink in the party. In this party one Brahmin of Shergadh
village named Dayaram also came, because he was addicted to eat opium. This Brahmin
was a resider of the region of Mahiya, so he soon discerned face of Giga Mahiya and
said; “Oh ho Giga Maka, what a pleasant surprise that you are here!”

“Keep mum!” Giga put a finger on his nose.

This matter did not remain secret in the party. This news reached to the palace and
discussion continued that, “How to arrest him? No one could arrest him alive. In open
war, if we fight with them then our power would also evaporate. So the first thing is to
make him unconscious.”

The party was on, then in reverence of Morlisa landowner, from kingdom big baskets of
sweets made of wine, mafar, majam and other intoxicating items- arrived. By making
entreatises they started to make them eat. Gigo was never drinking wine but that day in
merriment he crossed the limit and took excessive doses of opium. Outlaw and his fellow
men were so much toxicated that they were unable to wield weapons; this news reached
at the palace, soon army of kingdom hailed barrage.
‘Giga Mahiya! Treachery! Army has assailed.’ Such type of loud cry was heard. Outlaws who were deeply intoxicated got startled. They got up in a staggering condition. They went towards east side doors. Due to fear, the fit of intoxication decreased but the army stealthily went away. Exactly near the shrine of Makdum Jhaniya Pir\(^1\), Gigo stood there in unconscious position.

Rest of fellowmen climbed upon tamarind tree and before the army attack upon them they gave end to their lives by stabbing sword to themselves with their own hands. The army reached there, Gigo was taking last breathes suddenly he recollected something. By shouting loudly he said, “Brothers, you are sons of soldiers; as I do not want to die as a debtor, I request you to return this necklace and sword to Udayshankar Desai of Patan. Please, tell him that on that night Giglo had stolen away from the village Bij.”

Giga removed the seven stringed necklaces and put down a sword shielded in pearls which was hanging on his waist and he died\(^2\). The army made other corpses fall down from tamarind tree by shooting guns.

Amidst this tumult of army, Morilisa came. On reaching, he went near the dead body of Giga. He closed his eyes for a fraction of minutes; and then he picked up the sword which was lying on Giga’s dead body.

“Yes, yes, yes father”; on saying such, men held his hands.

“Please you go away at one side. You do not be obstinate. Today along with the auspicious thread tied around wrist during occasion of my marriage; I must go with Giga.”

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By making his hand free that were held tightly by other men, Morlisa penetrated sword into his stomach. He also died and fell down on the deceased body of Giga. This event happened in 1913.

* 

“Such type of crazy people were there of that age, brother. They knew how to make even death sweet. I have narrated two types of death before you; now it is you to decide which excel from both. This was our history.”

The guest remarked; “How come such a big history is at the tip of your tongue!”

“We brother, are illiterate. Where do we go to inscribe tales of our house? Where do we go to read? We engrave them in our heart. We teach all these things to our children and wives. If noble people like you come then we share our inmost feelings by unlocking our heart, we tell you with intimacy. Otherwise, who is ready to believe all these incredible tales? Could we share our deepest feelings with everyone? Today fire of affliction razes everywhere.”

Suddenly mares neighed. Young Mahiyo who was loitering in the memory lanes of past, startled and became conscious. They saw the pinnacle of fortress of the village.

On the fortress, one owl was chirping: It seemed as if Mother was singing songs of Death in commeration of dead!

Note
1. Saiyaad Makhduum Jhianiya, Saiyaad Sikandar Jhianiya etc were first Musalman saints and disciples of Shahalam Saheb. The village Makatpor that was gifted to him was known earlier as Devalpur. It is said that, these were the same people; who prompted Mahmood Begda to invade upon Ra’Mandlik.

2. This necklace and sword of Uday Shankar were not dispatched by anyone to him. Therefore, when Desai, made an appeal he got his sword back through political agent captain Lang of Ajab. He did not get the necklace because it was sold by the soldiers, but Desai received an amount of the necklace. This amount was utilised by honest Desai behind charity done during the ritual rites observed after Giga’s death. Honesty and nobility of Desai family is well known everywhere. The character of Nagrani projected earlier was mother of Udayshankar and the character of Har bhai in the story of Kadu was son of Udayshankar.
Girls go for bath. Sitting together on their soles with bent knees, they sing the following song in rhythm of their clapping

**Visamda! Visamda!**

**Vad ne vadu**

**Ler ne lachhu**

**Pot ne poli**

**Vat ne ghat**

**Sama maliya sahi na sath**

**Sahi valaviya sasre**

**Maliya ma ne bap**

**Jal naya mal visariya**

**Naya dhoya te parman**

**Nay dhoy nisariya**

**Naya dhoya aa kanthe**

**Ne pap saghda ole kanthe**

**Amabardu fofrdu**

**Kodi ne kothimdu**
Kodi kothimdu raj bethu

Panchiko parmeshwer

Let’s relax…

Let us offer fried eatable made of pulses to the fence saree and blouse to the bunch of branches swinging in cool breeze

A loaf of bread to son,

Proper shape to the path,

On the way got company of a friend,

Bid farewell to a friend at her in -law’s,

Then met parents

Took bath,

The process of bath fulfilled on getting rid of dirt,

Went out to take a bath and got rid of all sins,

Took bath at one side of the river and sin flowed away on the other side of the river,

Sea shell and sour fruit,

A sea shell and a sour fruit will represent kingdom,

A small pebble will represent God.

After singing visamdo they jump and sit reverse and once again sing visamdo. Once again they jump and sing. In this way seven times they sing visamdo. After taking bath while going home they sing a morning hymn.
Suraj ugyo re kevadiya ni fanshe

Ke valena bhale vaya re,

Suta jago re…. bai na kanth

Ke vanela bhale vaya re,

Lejo lejo re pambhriyu ne lota

Ke vanela bhale vaya re

Datan karjo re Tulsi ne kyare

Ke vanela bhale vaya re,

Munkh lujo re pambhariyu ne chhede

Ke vanela bhale vaya re

Lejo lejo re sari ram na nam

Ke vanela bhale vaya re

The sun rises spreading its fragrance

Let the wind blow

Oh! Get up….woman’s better half

Let the wind blow

Brush your teeth near the *Tulsi* plant

Let the wind blow

Wipe your face with hand towel

Let the wind blow
On finishing your routine activity chant *Shree Ram Naam*

Let the wind blow
There was a king and a queen. The queen was observing rituals of holy Purshotam month by taking bath very early. Everyday one female monkey spoiled water by taking bath before the queen. She was coming very very early to take bath. What does she speak while taking bath?

She was singing the following song while taking bath.

“Adhi bhini adhi kori
Mare chhe raja ni chori
Mare ek putter
mara puterne  ek so ne aanth puter”

“Half wet, half dry
I come here secretly! Stealthily
I have one son
My son has one hundred and eight sons.”

After saying so, female monkey used to climb up on the banyan tree. Women of the village wondered every day on finding the bank of the river wet.

‘Oh who comes here before us and makes bank of the river wet.’

Hey, is there any body?
On one command not only one, but twenty one watchmen rushed to the spot.

‘Watchmen all you of you will remain alert! Keep an eye, how could monkey by remaining awake whole night come here early before us and could spoil still water?’

The king set a vigilance on every leaf and on every branch of the tree.

In the dawn a female monkey was caught red handed by the king. He brought her home.

‘Hey, female monkey, why do you spoil still water before everyone?’

The female monkey said, ‘King King! I am observing one ritual. I have been promised that I will get one son.’

‘Ok, then keep a female monkey in the palace.’

One morning, the king was brushing his teeth in the balcony, he spat phlegm out of the balcony; a female monkey caught phlegm suspending in the air and the female monkey conceived.

Two months, four months, five months passed. The king had to go out of station. He went out of station after giving instruction that ‘please don’t let the female monkey eat sour and stale food!’

Queens said, ‘Ok king.’

In the nineth month the female monkey delivered a baby boy. A baby boy was dumped into mine of clay. On coming back the king asked: ‘What did queen monkey deliver?’

‘She delivered broom and rags.’
One potter in the village was childless. He started digging the clay mine. What did he see in the clay mine?

_Heth balotiyu_

_Pambhari odhadeli_

_Mahi rame chhokro._

A piece of cloth was kept under a suckling

A blanket was covered on the upper side

In the center the child was playing.

‘_Shree Puroshotandasji_ has given us a son.’ The potter brought a child to his home. He named him Jikaliyo. Jikaliyo started to make horses of clay. He carried horses of clay at the well and said ‘_tro tro…!’_

The maid servant of the king was fetching water: she gaped with wonder on seeing this.

‘O boys, do ever horses of clay drink water?’

‘Then sister does any lady deliver broom and rags?’

On being taunted the maid told everything to queens. The potter was called in the palace. The queen ordered, ‘Go, I banish you from the city.’

The potter left the city with bag and baggage. Jikaliyo was also there with the potter. The sun set when they reached very far. Overnight the villa came into existence...
Surprisingly, his upperstoreyed house was one and a quarter times bigger than his father’s upperstorey. There were one hundred and eight rooms: there was a lake of Jikaliyo: thus overnight everything came into existence.

In the morning, virgins went to take bath in the lake. Amazingly whoever took bath in the lake became expectant. Thus one hundred and eight unmarried girls conceived. When mother came to knew after four or five months that her daughters were expecting; she drove away all the one hundred and eight daughters and said, ‘Go, Jikaliyo will keep you.’

Jikaliyo took care of all the one hundred and eight spinsters: after the nine months one hundred and eight sons were delivered.

The day broke. The king was brushing his teeth and he watched from the balcony that on the border there were one hundred and eight warriors. ‘Oh, oh, who have come to take away my kingdom?’

‘Jikaliya, Jikaliya, the king is calling you.’

Jikaliya went and saluted his father.

The king said ‘welcome!’
Jikaliyo said: ‘Yes, father!’

‘Why do you address me as a father?’

‘King King! Please call your fifteen favorites queens and also call the sixteenth one a female monkey queen: make them all seat here in front. I would be declared as a son of that queen from whose breast milk will flow on seeing me.’

She monkey’s breast brimmed with milk. Drops of her milk touched moustache of Jikaliyo. She monkey became the queen of the king.

‘Oh, Lord Purshotam as you maintained her reputation; similarly you please maintain every one’s reputation!’
10. Borr Choth

[Borr means calf; on that basis the name borr choth came to be known. The tone of this tale indicates that it must be a ritual observed by non-vegetarian people. Otherwise that age can never let go foolish mistake of killing a calf. Even today in many provinces of Hind aren’t there non-vegetarian Brahmins? The theme of the tale throws light on the antiquity of the tale]

The month of Shravan had begun. The fourth day of the dark half of the lunar month arrived. On that day at the house of Gamoti there was a tradition to worship one colored cow and a calf.

After getting up, Gamoti’s daughter-in-law went to take bath. While going she told her daughter and daughter-in-law: ‘Today you cook Ghavlo by pounding it.’

Mother in law instructed to cook dish made of wheat, but daughter and daughter-in-law misunderstood the instructions. Gamotti’s calf’s name was also Ghavlo.

Sister and sister in law together held a calf Ghavlo, slashed it and by pounding it put it into the pot to get it cooked. They boiled Ghavlo.

After taking bath Gamoti’s daughter in- law came back. She asked her daughter, ‘Did you cook Ghavlo?’

Daughter said, ‘Yes, but mother, Ghavlo was very bad! It was too difficult to hold! Too difficult to cut! And it screamed so much! It kept bellowing and bellowing. It was cooked with a great difficulty’.
Trembling with a lurking fear, mother asked;

‘Which ghavlo did you boil?’

‘Which else, we boiled no one but our calf Ghavlo’.

“Alas! You fool! You have committed a heinous crime! Now how can we show our face to people? This evening village’s all Brahmin women will come to worship cow and calf! Cow would also bellow when she will come back. What answer shall we give?”

Mother got perplexed. All the three ladies clandestinely went to bury pot containing Ghavlo into a dung hill. After burying they closed the door of a house and all the three ladies shut themselves inside the house.

Today wandering cow is worshipped, but earlier cow returning from the field was worshipped.

Gamoti’s cow that was grazing in the field got spiritually inspired. By taking a tail on its head, enlarging ears, bellowing, by making bugle like sounds it rushed towards village.

On its way it came across a lion. Obstructing cow’s path lion said ‘I will eat you!’

Cow said ‘Oh brother, village’s three hundred Brahmin ladies are sitting hungry since morning. If I will not go then they won’t eat without worshipping me. After making them eat, I will come back soon. Later on you can happily eat me.’

Lion allowed cow to go. By making a popular hollowing sound cow ran. On entering into village it pierced its horns into a dung hill. As soon as it pierced its horns soon the
pot broke and promptly the calf came out of it and calf started feeding its mother and mother started licking its child.

Around calf’s neck pot’s saddle got stuck.

During the evening by taking worshiping plates all Brahmin women of the village came at Gamoti’s house to worship cow.

On arriving all saw that all the doors were shut. Nobody was seen in the house. Even during the evening there was a pin drop silence.

All Brahmin ladies knocked the door of the house ‘Ah, Brahmin lady! Ah Brahmin lady! Open the doors, all these Brahmin women have come to worship the cow.’

But they did not get any response. Sitting in a house, all the three ladies fluttered like birds with fear. They breathed desperately. Brahmin women waited for a while and once again said, “Oh! This cow has arrived. This calf is sucking at cow’s udders. And today around calf’s neck there must be a garland of flower instead of that; why these contemptuous ladies have put a black saddle around its neck?”

Outside the house all such talk was going on. Sitting in a house all the three women over heard such talk. On overhearing the talk of Brahmin women, the three women wondered.

Mother said, ‘Daughter, at least, you go and peep clandestinely out of a hole and check about the talk that is going on regarding cow and calf?’
Through a peephole daughter saw that the calf was alive. She ran and rushed back where her mother and sister-in-law were sitting. She told her mother, ‘Mother! Cow is standing and a calf is dashing at her udders.’

‘Oh dear, it must be somebody else’s calf. Now how there could be Ghavlo!’ After saying so, mother started crying.

Daughter persuaded her mother to peep out of the door and she also perceived Ghavlo alive.

Soon she opened the door of a house. Cow and calf ran and stood in the middle of the ground. Eyes of mother, daughter and daughter-in-law brimmed with the tears of happiness.

Brahmin ladies asked Gamoti woman the cause of their sudden disappearance. The Gamoti lady explained everything. A Brahmin lady bowed down to all ladies, and said: ‘Oh sisters! My calf has become alive due to the power of your ritual vow. I worship feet of you all Brahmin ladies!’

Brahmin ladies did a bindi on foreheads of a cow and a calf. They put garland around them. In the right ear of a cow they said,

\[ Mataji! Sat tamaru \]

\[ Ne vrat amaru \]

‘Mother, we have simply observed the vow,

The real power of chastity is yours.’
On that day all Brahmin ladies decided and declared; ‘on the day of Borr choth the observer of the vow cannot eat food cooked in an earthen pot; or any other edible item which is either chopped with a knife or pounded in a mortar! The observer of the vow should avoid any food item made of wheat or wheat flour.’

-x-x-x-

On the next day the cow went to the field to keep the promise that she gave to the lion. On reaching she told lion, ‘Brother, now if you want to eat me, you can eat me.’

Lion saw a garland of flower around cow’s neck, with curiosity the king of the jungle asked the cow: ‘oh lady, why there is garland around your neck?’

Cow told everything to the lion. On listening it the lion said ‘Mother, You have truth and power of chastity. How can I eat you?’

-x-x-x-

As ‘Borr choth ma was pleased with them so may she be pleased with all!’
11. Naag Pancham

[The ritual vow of Nag panchmi falls on the fifth day of the dark lunar month of the Shravan month. On that day the observer of the ritual lights the earthen lamp with ghee and paints the picture of a snake. After sprinkling water they offer Kuler to God. The observer of the ritual eats stale and cold food cooked on the previous day.]

There was an old man and an old woman. They had seven sons. The seven sons were married. All the six daughters-in-law were favourite where as the seventh daughter-in-law was unfavourite. She had no one in her parental house; at in-laws house all were taunting her as orphan.

Every day the whole family used to finish their dinner together happily; after all in the last the youngest daughter was eating the remaining morsels of the food stuck in the pot. Above all everyday after taking meal she alone used to clean heap of utensils.

The month of ceremonial offerings to the ancestors or relatives had started.

The delicious Kheer of the milk of a buffalo was cooked. The youngest daughter was an expectant mother, so naturally her crave to eat kheer became strong but who would give her?

All finished their meal and very few morsels of kheer were stuck in the pot.

She thanked God that at least a few morsels of kheer were left. After thinking so; she peeled off morsels of kheer that were stuck in the pot and tied them in a sieve. She thought of eating them at ease after going out of the village.
By carrying the pot to fetch water she went to the plain which was at the end of the village. At the well there was a crowd of women to fetch water. The lady thought that she would eat kheer at ease during her second round of fetching water when there would be no one around her.

She came back after pouring one pot of water. She kept in a sieve the waste morsels of kheer that she peeled off and put the sieve near one mole hill. She went to take bath. She thought that she would eat after taking bath. As soon as lady went to take bath, soon after her departure, one female serpent came out of a mole hill. She was also an expectant mother, so she too craved to eat kheer. She came and ate everything. After eating she hid herself in one corner.

Female serpent decided, ‘If the owner of the kheer would curse me then I would bite.’

After taking bath a daughter in law hopefully opened a sieve; unfortunately she did not find a single morsel of kheer.

“Oh! As it was not in my destiny, I could not see at home, so I brought it here, even here also I couldn’t eat them! No problem, some unhappy soul like me might have eaten them. Whosoever had eaten may get satisfaction!”

Soon the female serpent came out of a mole. In a human voice she asked, ‘lady, who are you?’

‘Mother, I am unhappy woman. I am expecting. I craved to eat kheer. But when I went to take bath somebody ate away my kheer. Ok, no problem! There must be some unfortunate like me. I have no problem with the poor one who has eaten them!’
‘Sister, I ate your kheer. If you had cursed me then I would have bitten you; but on the contrary you had blessed me! Now tell, what problems you have?’ ‘Mother there is nobody in my parental house. Now there will be a ritual on my first baby shower, but there is nobody from the parent’s side to observe rites in the ceremony.’

Tears flowed out from her eyes while talking.

Female serpent said, ‘Daughter! Don’t worry. From today onwards consider us as your parents. See, this mole hill is our habitant. During the time of your baby shower, put the written invitation card near this mole hill.’

Thus female serpent became a mother of the orphan lady. On getting wondered the lady went home.

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An auspicious time for a baby shower arrived. Mother-in-law taunted, ‘Orphan! There is nobody in your parental house. Which beggar would observe rites as per tradition in baby shower?’

Daughter-in-law said, ‘Mother, please give me one invitation card!’

‘Oh orphan! You don’t have anyone in your parents then why are you making fuss over it? Whom will you give an invitation card?’

‘I have one distant relative, I will send them. Please give me!’
One neighbour woman interrupted in between and said ‘Mother, an invitation card is simply a piece of paper. Please give her one invitation card! What harm is there in giving it?’

By taking an invitation card she went to the extreme end of village. On reaching there, she put an invitation card at the trunk of mole hill.

The day of baby shower arrived. Elder sister-in-law and mother-in-law sarcastically remarked that, ‘very soon from younger daughter–in-law’s parental house one parental relative will come! They will bring a bag full of clothes! So very quickly start cooking! Cook lapsi very fast.’ As they were ridiculing at woman; suddenly everybody was amazed to see few stout men in a red turban arriving at the house of a pregnant lady. Along with them there was one woman who looked like wife of a Rajput land owner. Younger daughter-in-law identified that the woman was no other but a female serpent.

In-laws murmured and whispered into each other’s ear that ‘suddenly out of blue from where this orphan’s parental relative has emerged?’

In-laws suppressed their suspicion and welcomed parental relatives of a daughter-in-law.

Very quickly the preparations of cooking sweet dishes started.

The female serpent secretly suggested lady, “Daughter, please ask not to prepare any hard food! Put the bowls of boiled milk in one room. By closing the door we would drink. We belong to sub-terrene region, so we can’t eat grain.”
Daughter-in-law told mother-in-law, ‘Please don’t cook anything because my parental family only rely on milk. They will drink only boiled milk.’ During the time of lunch the bowls of boiled milk were put in the next room. The door was shut. Guests soon transformed themselves into their original form of serpent and sipped milk immediately.

Baby shower of a daughter got over. Parents of a daughter-in-law profusely showered gifts of silk clothes, gold and silver. In-laws were dumb founded on seeing the magnificence. ‘Oh! Much had been brought for a daughter-in-law! Much had been brought!’ A lot of gifts have been given to in-laws from parents’ side! Guest said ‘now give us permission to leave; and please send our sister with us for her delivery.’

‘Ok mother! You can carry her. How can I refuse?’

‘Please don’t send any one to bring her back. We would come to drop our sister’

In-laws went to bid good bye to the parents of daughter-in-law. They accompanied them to a particular distance, later on parental relative permitted them to return. Finally while walking when they reached at their mole hill where they inhabited; the serpents said, ‘See sister! Don’t be afraid. Now we will transform ourselves into our original form of serpent.’

‘Come behind us inside the mole hill.’ Sister said ‘ok, brother.’

All transformed themselves into their original form of serpent. Promptly they went inside the mole hill. The lady also followed them. As she went inside she found exquisite rooms as white as lily! In a very deep stratum of the earth there was a beautiful swing. A female
serpent was swinging and a lady saw one male serpent sitting on a cushion and mattress, he had a big moustache and a gem on his hood.

The female serpent treated a woman as her own daughter and arranged her accommodation in the deep stratum of the earth.

The lady enjoyed to sway on the swing which was made of gold and silver. Parents fondled the daughter very much.

Meanwhile, the time of female serpent to deliver baby serpents became due. The female serpent told the lady, ‘See sister don’t be afraid. We are called serpents. If entire progeny of serpent survive on the earth then human beings can’t put feet on the earth. So simultaneously we deliver and eat. So you please stand by holding a lamp; and don’t worry.’

The lady stood aside by holding a lamp. A female serpent simultaneously delivered and ate her own little ones. The woman got irritated on watching this filthy work. Her hand trembled. The lamp slipped from her hand. In darkness two small serpents ran away but their tails were already eaten by mother, so both became tailless.

After nine months the lady also delivered an angel like baby boy. The baby boy grew up day by day. As the boy learnt to crawl, the lady sought permission from a female serpent: ‘mother, now please escort me to my home.’

The female serpent decked her with ornaments. Anklets, necklace, cradle, quilts! The female serpent satisfied the woman by gifting all these things.
The female serpent said: ‘See daughter, your grandfather is sitting so you put your hand into his mouth. Don’t worry. He would not bite you.’

The lady fearfully put her hand into serpent’s mouth. She just put her hand till her elbow then in panic she quickly took out her hand from the mouth of a serpent. When she took out her one hand from the mouth of a serpent she was wondered to see that till elbow there became a broad bangle of gold!

‘Now put your second hand.’ The woman put the second hand until her shoulder. There became a broad bangle of gold until shoulder.

Two brothers went to escort their sister till the outskirts of a sister-in-law’s village.

As she went home, all said ‘younger daughter-in-law has arrived! Younger daughter-in-law has arrived! She has brought many ornaments! She has brought many ornaments!’

On saying such; all in-laws gathered around mother and son.

Nobody knew regarding whereabouts of daughter-in-laws’ parental relatives.

-x-x-x-

The son of a younger daughter-in-law grew up. One day elder sister in law sat down to grind. The boy playfully threw away fist full of barley.

Sarcastically elder sister- in- law retorted, ‘Don’t do that brother! Your maternal uncle is rich; they would provide you barely made of gold. Why are you throwing barely of we poor people, brother?’
The lady could not bear this taunt. She went at mole hill and wailed there. Soon bags and
bags full of barely reached at younger daughter-in-law’s house and in-laws’
embarrassment was inexpressible.

Once son pushed the pot full of milk, soon elder sister-in-law satirically remarked:
‘Brother don’t do that. Your maternal family is very rich they afford to send a herd of
cattle. Dear please do not spoil milk of buffaloes of our poor family.’

Once again she went at the mole hill and cried there. The female serpent came out of a
mole hill. She told the woman ‘Go, do not see back; don’t speak while giving butter milk;
just speak nagel! nagel! So the herd of cattle will follow you.’

The lady walked on saying nagel! nagel! Behind her there followed a herd of bellowing
buffaloes. On reaching home the lady said, ‘mother, sweep the compound!’

In laws came out of home and saw the robust buffaloes standing in compound, they had
white tilas on their foreheads.

Now what happened in a mole hill? Two young serpents of the female serpent were tail
less, so whenever they went to play nobody allowed them to play. All said,

‘Oh defective, we would not allow you to play!’

‘Oh, tailless, we would not allow you to play!’

Two brothers came to their mother. They asked, ‘Mother! Mother! Say, who made us
defective and tailless?’
Dear sons, in the mortal world, we have one sister. The lamp fell out of her hand when you were born. That is the reason that you became defective and tailless.’

‘Now both of us would bite her.’

‘Alas! Son, Can we bite our sister? She is a good sister who always gives best wishes.’

‘If she will give us best wishes then we will gift her sari and other clothes. If she will curse us then we will bite her.’

Both the brothers went at sister’s house. In the evening one young serpent hid near the threshold of a door and another one hid himself near a water place. Both said ‘As she will come here we will bite her!’ when sister came near the threshold of the door, her foot collided against the threshold while walking. Soon sister said:

Khamma mara Khandiya Bandiya Veer!

Mara Nair na pir!

Shehnaag bap ne nagal ma

Jene puriya heer ne cheer.

Blessings to my defective and tailless brother!

God for me orphan.

The serpent and motherly female serpent

They provided all clothes and ornaments.
On hearing this, young serpents realized, ‘Ah! This sister gives us best wishes. How can we bite her?’ Both the young serpent took the human form and met sister. They returned at the mole hill after gifting anklets of gold to their nephew.

‘As ‘Nag Pancham Ma’ got pleased with the lady, may she get pleased with everyone!’

[To justify antiquity of the story; the story ‘Verotiya Alinjar’ from the collection named ‘Chaturvisati Prabandh’ dealing with the serpents’ tale has been given in detail in the introduction of the anthology of Kankavati. It is better to go through it. – Author]
12. Shravaniya Somvar

[On each Monday of Shravan month women gather to observe ritual vow either on the bank of river or under the shelter of a peepal tree. They keep fist full rice in their hands. One lady tells the story very dramatically where as other women respond her by uttering the word 'Mahadevji' at the end of her every sentence. When the story gets over they offer the rice to sparrows. They take only one meal during a day. There are four different tales of four Mondays.]

There were God and Parvati.

God said, ‘I would go to do meditation in the forest.’ Parvati replied, ‘I too would come with you.’ ‘Oh Parvatiji; why are you so stubborn? In a forest you may get exhausted, you may feel thirsty; your difficulties may disturb my meditation.’

‘Whether you carry me along with you or not, I will accompany you at any cost!’ Parvatiji was adamant enough to go with Mahadevji. They walked a lot. They passed from one village to another while walking they reached at one dense forest. There Parvati said ‘Maharaj, I am thirsty. Now I cannot walk.’

Shankar replied, ‘See! Haven’t I warned you? Now, how can I bring water here?’

Parvatiji: ‘Whether it is available or not, you will have to bring it.’

Mahadevji climbed the tree. After climbing the tree he looked at every direction. He saw crows were flying very far. He saw from far one oais in which water was shining.
‘Go Parvati, oasis is seen ahead, go there and drink only three handful sips. Do not drink for the fourth time. If you will drink then you will repent forever.’

Parvatiji went near oasis. It was full with pearly white water. She drank one sip of water. She drank for the second and the third time. Her thirst was not quenched; she was uncomfortable, so she took handful of water to drink for the fourth time. As Parvati took out handful water for the fourth time; then a packet of kumkum and sacred thread got interwined around her fingers.

Parvatiji marveled. Parvatiji tried to remove threads from fingers but efforts were proved in vain. Ultimately she went to Shankar ‘See Parvatiji, I had already warned you not to drink for the fourth time’

‘Oh Swaminath, I am sorry. Now, what shall I do to get rid of these threads?’

‘Now to get rid from these threads, it is necessary to observe a ritual vow. Let’s go to nearby village.’

Ishwar and Parvatiji started and they reached at one village. Shankar said, ‘Parvatiji, I am sitting at the premises of the village. You go inside the village and give threads to all.’

‘Master, how shall I give threads?’

Shankar taught Parvatiji the method of giving threads. ‘Take threads! Take threads of Mahadevji!’ Shouting like this Sati reached at one village. At the edge of the village there was a potter’s area. Nearby there was a house of one potter. At the threshold of a door a potter woman was sitting. The potter woman asked, ‘Lady, what are these threads?’
What happens if we take these threads? ‘These are Mahadevji’s threads. On taking these threads: the poor may get money, childless may get child, all good wishes comes true; and everything may happen good by the grace of Mahadevji.’

‘No sister, I don’t want threads. I have everything. Go to opposite house. There lives my co-wife. She performs black magic. She will take your threads.’

Parvatiji went to the opposite house by shouting again, ‘Take threads! Take threads of Mahadevji!’ There unfavourable wife of a potter was sitting. She asked ‘Lady what type of threads you are giving? What happens if we take such threads?’

‘These are the threads of Mahadevji. On taking, these threads the poor may get money, childless may get child, and all good wishes may come true; everything goes well. Religious vows are observed with threads.’

Potter woman asks, ‘Lady tell me the procedure of observing a religious vow.’

‘In the month of Shravan, during the bright half of a month this religious vow is observed. Observe it only on four Mondays. On each Monday, make a one knot in a thread. Tell or listen the tale without eating anything. If you do not tell the tale or hear the tale then on that day your fast is not counted.’

‘Lady, please tell about this religious vow and tell how to celebrate this ritual vow when it gets over.’
‘In the month of *kartak*’ during the bright half part of a month this religious vow is celebrated. Take pound ghee, a pound jiggery and make a four *ladoos* weighing six pounds. Offer one *ladoo* to Mahadevji.’

The lady took the threads. She started observing rituals. Consequently her husband who overlooked her started visiting her and also started to take care of her. She became an expectant mother. At the end of the nine months she delivered a cute baby boy. Her son grew up day by day.

The day of fulfillment of religious vow was over and it was the time of celebration. Mother told her son ‘Go to the place where your father is sitting on a bench. Ask him to purchase jiggery and ghee and give it to you.’ Father purchases ghee and jiggery and gives it to the son. The lady prepares *ladoos*. By giving one ladoo to her son the lady asked her son ‘Go, and offer this *ladoo* to Mhadevji.’

Son went to the temple to offer *ladoo* to god. Standing at the altar of the temple the boy shouted ‘Mahadevji take your *ladoo*, Mahadevji take your *ladoo!*’

The priest laughed and said, ‘Foolish! Does Mahadevji ever take *ladoo* from anybody’s hand? All devotees put offerings in this big plate: you too offer in the same.’

‘No, No, I will give *ladoo* to only Mahadevji if he will directly take from my hand. Otherwise I will take *ladoo* back.’

Soon Mahadevji took the *ladoo* by extending his hand. The priest was surprised. ‘Oh, oh, we got tired by worshipping Mahadevji but he never gave glimpses to us. On the other hand he took a *ladoo* from the hand of a potter’s son!’
Son went back. Step mother who was sitting in the opposite house called the boy. By taking the boy inside her house she trampled him and buried him into kiln and put his body on fire.

Mother waited for her son with a hope that he will come soon but son did not return. As the village was small she made thorough search. She searched her son everywhere even in the well, river and on the plain at the extremity of a village. She did not find her son.

‘Ok! The one who has given life might have taken him back. I had no child earlier!’ After saying so, she deeply sighed. She lied down by making the thresh hold of a door as a pillow. Soon a hungry and thirsty woman fell asleep. Mahadevji appeared in her dream.

‘Lady, are you awake or asleep?’

‘Oh Mahadevji, how can I sleep soundly? You have snatched my son.’

Mahadevji said, ‘I do not give a son to all and if I bless anyone with a son then I never take back. Go, your step has hidden him in kiln.’

Soon eyes of a lady opened and soon she woke up.

‘Oh, what a wonderful miracle is! No, No, it must be a hallucination of this painful and unfortunate soul.’

Once again she fell asleep. Once again Mahadevji came in a dream and asked lady, ‘are you awake or asleep?’

‘Mahadevji how can I get sound sleep as you have taken back my son?’
‘I do not give son. If I give then I never take him back.’ Your son has been kept by your co-wife in a kiln. Your son is sitting alive in a burning kiln. Go fast and inform about this to the king of the village.’

‘What is the proof regarding the validity of this information?’

‘On getting up you will see a toothed tool on the roof of your house. The handle would be made of gold and tooth would be made of silver. In the compound, you will find *tulsi* plant. A cow will be bellowing. In the middle of the house, there will be *swastik* of *kumkum*. All these signs will give you the proof that Mhadev had arrived.’

On getting up the lady found toothed tool made of gold and silver lying on the top of the house. She saw a *tulsi* plant in the compound. She also beheld a bellowing cow. She saw a *swastik* at the middle of the house. She told about this event to her husband. They complained to the king. The king went to the kiln of a step along with the lady. The king said ‘Lady, let me investigate your kiln.’

‘My kiln cost of kiln is quarter to one lakh. How shall I allow you to investigate my kiln?’

The king took out a ring of real diamond from his finger. The king gave a ring to the woman, and he told, ‘take this ring which is costlier even than the price of your kiln’.

The king started investigating kiln. On the other side step also started investigating kiln. Utensils touched by step miraculously got transformed into mud and trash whereas utensils touched by the king turned into brass and copper. Finally the four pots were left to investigate.
When pots were opened then they found the son of potter who by sitting inside it was eating ladoos. The lady was overwhelmed with joy and she took her child in her arms and gave a big hug. Soon her son started feeding her.

Mother asked her son, ‘Dear, where were you?’

‘Mother, I was eating ladoo by sitting in the lap of Mahadevji.’

Mother became extremely happy and her eyes brimmed over with the tears of joy.

The king ordered to cut off hair and nose of co-wife. He made her sit on a donkey, carried out her skimmington and drove her out of the village.

On reaching the palace the king asked his queens, ‘Oh, queens, what religious vow you all could perform? “Far better than you the actual religious vow is performed by the potter woman; due to the grace of her religious vow her son came alive out of a burning kiln.”

Queens said, ‘Let’s go to bestow the lady.’

Queens went to felicitate the lady in an accompaniment of a musical band. They took plates full of real pearls in their hand to felicitate the potter woman.

On overhearing the sound of the music played by the drummer the son asked his mother, ‘Mother, where this sound of music is coming from? Let us go to see it.’

Mother went to see the musical procession with her son. She asked queens, ‘What is this?
Queen replied ‘we are going to bestow the potter woman for performing a religious vow in a unique way.’

‘Oh! Ladies, ‘What will you do by bestowing my religious vows? If you really want to shower pearls then shower with love and devotion on a simple hearted Mahadevji who set everything well.’

‘As Mahadevji pleased with her, may He please with all!’
13. Vanadiya Ni Varta

[On the day of Sitla Satam this story is told in the last after all the tales are told.]

There was only one sister among seven brothers. She was an absolute virgin. She never ate in the name of any male. She was used to leave the place whenever the talk regarding male began.

The turns of seven sisters- in -laws were set for winding bed of their sister-in-law. All the seven sisters-in-laws were jealous of her. Once in the morning when one sister–in-law came to dismantle bed she smelt kumkum and sensed a fragrance of fragrant oil and also noticed deep red coloured stains of spit of betel leaf on the wall.

On the second day when the second sister-in-law went, she also sensed fragrance of kumkum and fragrant oil and also noticed stains of spit of betel leaf on the wall.

On the third day the third one experienced the same type of perfumed smell of abil and gulal from the bedsheets of a sister-in-law.

All the seven sisters in laws became suspicious and gossiped against her character: ‘Alas! For all the seven brothers their sister is an incarnation of Chastity! See, here how an incarnation of Chastity is doing! Brothers blow trumpet! Here, sister amorously enjoys night.’

In the village one temple was under construction. At the top of it golden egg was to be put. But the challenge was that an egg could be fixed by a woman who is completely serene.
Queens of all Kings came. They all failed in fixing golden egg on the top of the temple. Even queens also lacked complete serenity. The king made a public proclamation, ‘is there any one who could come forward to put the golden egg at the top of the temple, ‘is there any serene woman? Is there any lady whose character is completely pious? Whether the land has become absolutely arid?’

The royal court got jampacked with human crowd; the challenge bearer circulated challenge among all: who will fix the golden round shaped stone on the top of temple?

‘My sister will fix the golden egg on the top of the temple. Give it to me.’ Brother after saying so accepted the challenge announced by a bearer; went home to call his sister.

All the seven sisters in law laughed in cheek. They mutually murmured with jealousy: ‘Today whole pride of all the brothers for their sister will dissolve. Amorous character of sister will be exposed.’

A brother came back to the temple along with his sister. Almost all the villagers came to watch the event.

Brahmin said: ‘Oh brother, these are raw cotton threads which are tied to a sieve. If really you are a chaste woman then you can fetch water through this sieve. If you lack chastity then water can’t be fetched.’

The sister tied a sieve with a raw cotton threads. She dipped sieve into the well. She fetched it when it got filled with water. A sieve was full with water, when it came out.
‘Sister, now fix auspicious golden egg on the top of the temple. It will get fixed only if your character is pure, serene, and free from all blemishes.’

Sister pulled the thread of a golden egg. It got fixed but it remained slant.

‘An egg has remained slant! An egg remained slant! There is some blemish in her character! There is some blemish in her character!’ Thus, all yelled a lot.

By folding hands sister prayed Sun God, ‘oh god! When I was small I had lifted one calf and it urinated. After that if ever I had touched any male, and then stone should not get fixed. Otherwise it must get fixed!’

On saying so, sister touched the stone with her baby finger. Soon the egg became erect.

‘Salute to a pious woman! Salute to a serene lady!’ The whole crowd made such hilarious clamour.

Brothers and sister happily returned home but sisters-in-laws were excessively jealous. They poisoned ears of brothers. ‘At least keep an eye over your sister’s actions! Every day in her bed abil and gulal are sprinkled.’

A brother examined the bed of the sister. He smelt the fragrance of abil and gulal. He saw the stains of spit of betel leaves on wall. A brother was surprised to find this.

During night he kept vigilance near his sister’s bed. Sister was having a sound sleep. She had covered her body with a quilt.
During midnight one wasp came out of a drain. It took the form of a human being. It started to sprinkle colors on sister’s bed. It also poured fragrant oil. It also spate betel juice on the wall. After sprinkling colors it stealthily started to go.

Soon brother rushed pursuing the wasp by carrying sword. ‘Stand, oh sinner! Who are you? I will cut you into pieces.’

By folding hands wasp humbly said:

‘I am god of wasps. Your sister does not listen to my stories. Whenever my story is told she goes away. So to disrepute her I am taking all these actions against her. Please leave me. I shall never come back.’

‘Now sinner if you ever put a step here, then I will kill you.’

Wasp humbly went away. It never came back. Thus sister’s character got rid from all blemishes.

*Vanadiya, tu vandish ma!*

*Bhaini ben ne kandish ma!*

*Kunda kalank chadavish ma!*

Oh God of wild trees please never harass anyone.

Never harm sister of any brother

Never lay baseless blame on anyone’s character!
14. Noli Nom

[On the ninth day of the Shravan month a woman having a child observes the ritual of ‘noli nom’ by eating only one chapatti made of millet.]

The childless Brahmin couple earned their livelihood by begging flour. One-day the Brahmin went out. Once unfortunate Brahmin lady relaxed by making the door’s threshold as her pillow. When she lied down her sight fell on the roof of house and she saw a marvel. What marvel she saw? A male and a female sparrow were sitting. A female sparrow was building a nest whereas a male sparrow was spoiling a nest. Again and again a female sparrow continued to build a nest and a male sparrow kept on spoiling a nest. A female sparrow asked ‘Oh Chaka Rana, Why are you spoiling our nest?’ A male sparrow replied. ‘Oh Chaki Rani, husband and wife of this house are childless, there is no little child. Thus not a single morsel of grain will ever be scattered in the house. Think, think oh Chaki rani in such a house what our progeny shall eat? How will they grow up?’ The talk of ‘Chaka’ and ‘Chaki’ made lady cry. A Brahmin returned home. On coming home he asked, Oh, Gorani, why are you crying?’ Gorani told him about the whole talk of a female and a male sparrow. Next day a Brahmin went to beg. On his way, he watched one mongoose that was hunted by dogs. He lifted the mongoose and brought the wounded mongoose home. On arriving, he informed the Brahmin woman ‘Oh woman! Nourish it, feed it, enjoy and forget your pain of being childless.’ Gorani reared up mongoose like her own child. Because of this goodwill, she also conceived. Due to mongoose’s blessings after nine months, she delivered a baby boy. A son grew day by
day. One day a gorani went to fetch water. She suggested a mongoose: ‘Please look after a brother, ok! If he cries then make him swing. I am going to fetch water. By nodding its head assertively mongoose gave assurance to mother that he will look after the child. Sitting near a cradle a mongoose rocked a cradle by a string that was tied to it. Suddenly one poisonous dark black snake came near. A mongoose noticed it and sighed with fear, ‘Alas! Soon it will kill my brother!’ By thinking so mongoose ran to save the child, he held a snake by its mouth and made seven pieces of snake.

‘Now rush fast and give good news to mother.’

After thinking so mongoose crawled, *lat pat, lat pat* forwardly but immediately near the water pump on the middle of the road mongoose came across a mother. Mother saw that mongoose was littered with blood. Stains of blood were apparent on mouth, stains of blood were seen on leg; stains of blood was on each part of body; the whole body was smeared with blood. On seeing this; lady became panic. She took it for the granted that shameless mongoose must have strangled her son. She felt that as mongoose was a beast; it did not consider the care and nourishment that he had received! The lady lost the temper and resentfully threw a pot at mongoose. Soon delicate waist of a mongoose broke. The lady started panting; she became panic and ran at home. On reaching home she saw her son happily licking his thumb and making joyous babbling sounds; and noticed that near the child there laid seven pieces of a snake. ‘Oh! I am a killer! I am a culprit! I sinner, have killed mongoose who saved my son.’ By making such an intense bewailing she fell asleep by keeping her head on the thresh hold of house. Meanwhile with a broken waist mongoose in a dragging manner fearfully entered into home. ‘How can it feel better without a brother? How can it live without playing in its mother’s
womb?’ After entering into the house it fearfully intruded into the pot of churning buttermilk.

The lady got up very late in the dark evening. Due to excessive and heart-wrenching cry the eyes of lady had turned red. In the dark she poured butter milk into the pot and added some boiling water into it. In affliction she started churning buttermilk very fast. *Dham!* *Dham;* a churning stick started to revolve in the fast motion. Buttermilk became ready. But when a lady took butter out of it, then she found pieces of mongoose in it.

‘Oh! Oh! I am a killer! The remaining one, I the sinner has completed it!’

She put an idhoni on head, took a pot of buttermilk and carrying child the lady rushed out of home. She panted severely. Tears consistently rolled down her cheek.

She came across one old lady who was sitting on the way. The old woman asked ‘lady, where are you going?’ ‘I am going to make my mongoose alive otherwise I will give an end to mine as well as my son’s life.’ ‘Would you please massage my head first?’

‘Ok mother, now what is the question of time when the right time has slipped away? There is no question of fearing anything when one has lost every thing.’

By saying so, the lady put down her son as well as a pot of buttermilk on the ground. By putting her every work aside she sincerely started to massage old lady’s head. As old woman bruised head started getting relief simultaneously on the other side in the pot of butter milk along with the sound of *dab...k, dab...k*; the pieces of mongoose that were lying in the pot started getting life. Soon a mongoose became alive. A mongoose leaped up and sat in the lap of the Brahmin woman. The lady embraced mongoose lovingly and
cried her heart out with joy. On recognizing an old woman as a goddess the Brahmin lady touched the feet of an old woman.

On getting pleased goddess advised ‘See lady, observe Noli Nom every year. Don’t eat wheat on that day. Don’t make dough of wheat flour. Don’t churn buttermilk. On that day don’t eat ghee, butter, milk curd or butter milk.’

‘As Noli nom ma was pleased with the lady, may she be pleased with all!’
15. Jai Rudi

How a small Jai (daughter) observing fast, grows up under the care of parents? How much darling she was? How her grandma loved her by singing poetry? Grand ma used to sing the following jodaknu while rocking her grand daughter in a cradle.

Jai rudi re jai rudi!
Jai ne chhar chudi.
Jai rame to sau ne game
Aagne rame to Aai ne game
Fali ye rame to Foy ne game
Jai mare to bhid pade
Eni mana kahiya kon kare?

Beautiful daughter, Oh, Beautiful daughter!

Daughter has four bangles
All like to see the game of daughter
Mother likes to see her playing on the playground
Paternal aunt also like to see her playing on the ground
Daughter’s death may cause insurmountable difficulties.
Who will fullfil all the orders of mother?
16. Bij Mavdi

It is a very small ritual. Every month on the second day when the moon rises; all children gather on the terrace to see the moon. On looking at the moon which looks like a thin thread of silver, children sing:

*Bij Mavdi*

*Chule tavdi*

*Be godha ne ek gavdi.*

*Bij mavdi*

An earthen round shallow baking plate on a hot plate

Two bulls and a one cow.
17. Muni Vrat

As per the ritual the observer of the does not speak during a day. They break up their self imposed abstinence to speak or talk when the stars twinkle in the sky. When the ritual vows get over? It gets over when they sing the poem. When they behold stars rising in the sky, when jingling sounds of gong and rattling sounds of drum sound in all temples; at that time girls start speaking:

Aant vage

Ghart vage

Jalar no jankar vage

Aakashe ugiya tara

Bole muni vala!

The bell rings

Jingling sound of gong is heard

Stars have risen in the sky

The observers of the ritual of observing abstinence start speaking.

At some other places the following song is also sung:

Jalar janki

Kansi ranki

Ugya tara

Muni Mara
Muniya na Vrat chhutiya

Bolo muni ram ram.

A gong chimes

Cymbals chime

Stars have risen in the sky

My muni

Your vow of not to speak is over.

Muni speaks Ram Ram.
18. Gana Gor

On the bright half of the lunar month virgins wishing to get a virtuous husband observe this religious vow.

A mother of the observer of a ritual prepares sweet dish made of wheat flour. The fried sweet item which mother prepare is known as Gana.

At Goddess Parvati’s temple each unmarried girl offers two sakarpara. They offer nagliyo (hardo) made of cotton. They apply kumkum and then they sing:

Goriya goriya madi

Ughado kamadi

Pelda por ma gor ma poojana

Pooji te aarji ne

Paccha te vali vali avo re goriya ma!

Fari karu sangarji re.

Mother Goddess Parvati

Open the door

Goddess is worshipped early at the dawn

Along with the worship, there is one request.

Come again and again goddess

Once again I will decorate you.

Oh Goddess mother! Please give, I shall decorate you once again.
Mother Goddess say: ‘I want an ornament which is worn on the major toe. I want a pendant and other ornaments made of gold.’

Anjra soi

Mare panjra soi

Mare vicchde man mohiya re

Vicchida na adiya dadiya

Sona na madadiya

Sona na madadiya ne su karu

Mare nadiye nava javu ji re

Aagariye ghughaiye

Goriya sangari

Bape beti khole besadi

Kiyo var, kiyo var

Kiyo var gamshe?

Ishwar ne gher rani parvati ramshe

Chhokle chh mash mari aankh dukhshe

Pata pindi kon karshe?

AAdhiyaru na dhotiya potiya

Chhokra re dhoshe

Gor mani chhedi pacchedi
Chhokariyu re dhoshe.

Pay it,

Return it with interest.

Toe ring has fascinated me

I will have pendant made of gold

I love to have toe rings.

What shall I do with pendants of gold?

I want to take

Goddess has been decorated with an ornamental small hallow metallic ball

Father made daughter sit in the lap.

Which type of husband you would like?

At God’s place Parvati will play.

After four to six months my eyes will pain.

Who will nurse me?

Boys will was clothes of a teacher.

Goddess clothes will be washed by daughter.

By making daughter sit in the lap; father asks daughter about her choice of husband. At the same time expressing his grief of bidding farewell to beloved daughter he says ‘who will nurse me in your absence if my eyes will pain after four or six months?’
19. Jad Pan Ni Puja

*Bordi re bordi*

*Mara veer ni ga gordi*

*Hu puju aankdo aankdo*

*Mara Veer no tadho vankdo vankdo.*

*Hu puju Aaval Aaval*

*Maro sasro Raval, Raval.*

*Hu puju podro, podro*

*Mari Sasu Roddo, Roddo*

Trees of berries,

May my brother get a white cow!

I worship the plant named *aankdo*.

May my brother get large beautiful curved horned bullocks!

I worship *aaval, aaval*.

May my father in law hail from *Rajput*!

I worship cow dung.

May I get lethargic, weak and passive mother-in-law!

Thus by worshipping *bordi* a girl wishes for a white cow in her brother’s house. She wishes that her brother may be gifted with large and beautifully curved horned sturdy bulls. She wishes to get a father-in-law belonging to a royal heritage while worshipping
Aval. What type of a mother-in-law she asks for while worshipping cow dung? She prays for a weak mother-in-law like cow dung who cannot do any work. Why? She wishes to get a passive mother-in-law so that she can rule in the in-laws’ house.
20. Nir Jal Maas

It is the month of Jeth. Due to scorching heat one may frequently feel thirsty. In spite of this scorching heat mother has observed a ritual vow of not drinking water. What is Nirjal Maas?

_Nirjal maas_ means mother neither eats nor drinks. If anybody will say:

_Datan pani mokla._

_Toj ba thi dattan karay pabi koi kahe_

_Navan pani mokla._

_Toj ba thi nahi sakay. Koi kahe-

_Aaan pani mokla._

_Toj ba thi jami sakay._

If someone says- You are free to brush your teeth.

After that only, mother can brush her teeth. If someone says-

You are free to take bath

Only then mother could take bath. If someone says-

Now meal can be taken.

Only then mother could eat.
21. Koyal Vrat

Koyal vrat is generally observed by married women. It is observed in the month of Vaishak. During the month of Vaishak mango trees fully blossoms. Koyal's joy knows no bound.

During the whole month the observer of the ritual doesn’t apply oil in her hair. She does not prepare beddings for her husband. She also sleeps on the floor by spreading the mattress. Early morning they go at the bank of the river to call Cuckoo.

Facing the fully bloomed mango tree they sing as following:

*Bolo Koyal bolo!*

*Tamne aave zolo*

*Zole Zole Jali, Koyal ni ma Kali.*

*Kala kala Kamkha, Ke rata amara chuda.*

*Koyal ved bhane, Ke ghi na diva bale.*

*Koyal Cu cu u cu, Cu cu cu cu*

Speak Cuckoo speak!

You doze.

There is dense net of trees wherever you sleep,

Oh mother, goddess Cuckoo you are black.

Black will be our blouse or red will be our bangles.

Due to blessings of cuckoo may lamps of ghee burn
Cuckoo cu- cu-u-cu, Cuckoo cu-cu- cu-cu

If cuckoo replies by emitting the same sound then the observer of the ritual can get the permission to eat otherwise the observer has to keep fast.

In order to make cuckoo speak; one must know to emit actual sound of cuckoo. The observer of the vow has to observe the following conditions:

*Ek tank jamai*

*Kalu pherai nahi*

*Kalu odhai nahi*

*Kalu khavai nahi*

Only one time meal is permitted

The observer of the ritual cannot wear black colored cloth.

Veil is not used to cover the head

Black colored edible item is avoided.
22. Meghraja Nu Vrat

It is the eighth month of *jeth*. In afternoon there is scorching heat. During those burning hours women who observe religious vow come out of their homes. They put a wooden pallet on their heads. On the low bench of wood they install two clay idols. They introduce these idols as the idols of the King Rain. Carrying these idols they visit various homes. While going from one home to another home on the way they sing the following song:

*Aambli hethe talav*

* Sarvar hele chhadiyu re *

* Sahiyar na’va na jaish re *

* Dedko tani jashe re *

* Dedkani tani kem jaish, *

* Mari ma jili leshe re!* 

Under the tamarind tree there is the lake.

Water of the lake gushes rapidly

Oh! Friend don’t go for bath

The frog will drag you.

How can I be dragged by frog?

My mother will come at rescue!

Later on they start a parody to request ‘the king rain’ and the lightening:
O vijali re

Tu ne mari ben! Avgan ma na lyo!

O Meghraja!

Aa shi tamari tev! Aavgan ma na lyo!

Peli vijali risai jai chhe.

Peli bajri sukai jay chhe.

Peli jaro na mul jai re

O Meghraja!

Aa shi tamari tev! Aavgan ma na lyo!

Oh lightening!

You are my sister! Do not disregard us!

Oh, the King Rain!

What type of habit you have? Please don’t disregard us.

The lightening gets offended.

The millet is getting dry.

The roots of the corn are getting destroyed

Oh the King Rain!

What type of habit you have? Do not disregard us.
During this moment, the family members of the observer of the ritual pour water over the statue. The observers of the ritual get drenched with water. Then they sing the remaining parody.

_Megho varshiyo re_

_Varshiyo kai mare desh! Aavgan ma na lyo!

_O Meghraja!_

_Aa shi tamari tev! Aavgan ma na lyo!

It rained

It had rained in my country! Please don’t disregard us.

Oh the King Rain!

What habit you have? Please do not disregard us!

Oh the king rain do not keep such habit. Do not pay attention to our limitation and please pour in here very early.
Little girls while returning home after taking bath sometimes may get vexed with a priest. They also like to make humorous jest of a priest. They generally used to sing the following humorous parody while jumping:

*Jamuna neere mohi riya re*

*Ha re neer bhariya*

*Ha re gagar bhariya*

*Jamuna neere mohi riya re.*

*Ha re mung mola*

*Ha re lapsi lochho*

*Ha re papad pocho*

*Ha re kur kacho*

*Ha re kheer khati*

*Ha re Shukla shuklani ne aavdo sho padko!*

*Ha re ene ghaghre chhe nav gaj no jadko*

*Maru chalanu*

*Hare maru chalanu*

*Ha re shukal, shuklani ne aavdo sho aanto*

*Ene nake chhe navserno kanto*

*Ha re maru chalanu.*
Water of the river Jamuna is fascinating

We have fetched water.

We have filled our pot with water.

Water of the river Jamuna is fascinating.

*Mung* are salt less

*Lapsi* is a pasty mass

*Papad* is very soft

*Kur* is partially cooked

*Kheer* is sour

Why *shukla, shuklani* are so much proud

There is a long slit on her petticoat.

I have a cup with a stand.

Oh cup with a stand belong to me.

Why priest and priestess are so much proud?

On her nose there is a nose ring with nine strings

I have a cup, its having a stand.

They get angry with the priest on finding that he has kept idol very dirty at the same time they even make jest of gorma:

*Gor ma gang anta*

*Sundlo makhiye ban banta*
*Ek makhi oochhi*

*Shukal ni baidi bokhi.*

The idol of the goddess grumble

The basketful bees buzz over it

The wife of *Shukla* is toothless
24. Goriya (Gauri) Vrat Nu Geet

Chanda! Chandli si raat

Chando kyare ugshe re?

-Bhai gaya chhe durbar

Ghode chhadi avvshe re.

Lavshe lavshe mogra na ful

Dolariya na ful

Champeli na ful

Aamba na mor

Keliyo na kor

… Vahu2 (ben) goriya pujshe

Moon! It is moon lit night

When will moon rise?

Brother has gone to the royal court

He will come back on a horse

He will bring the mogra flowers,

Dolariya flowers

Champeli flowers

The mango seeds

The banana seeds
Daughter-in-law (a sister) will worship the goddess.

1. Here you can use names of your own brother and sister-in-law.

2. If your sister is observing the ritual vow then the name of a sister is used
25. Full Kajali Vrat

The religious vow of full kajli is observed on the third day of the Shravan sud trij.

They take bath by getting up very early in the dawn.

They drink water by smelling the rose flower.

They worship the Lord Shiva and the goddess Parvati.

In their worship they use abil, gulal, hinglo, kumkum, kamal kakdi, sopari, nariyal and chhokha.
26. Chokha Kajali Vrat

The observers of this ritual vow take one thousand paddies and for so many years with the help of their two nails they husk 1000 whole rice from the paddies.

If a daughter dies by leaving the vow incomplete then parents have to complete it. During night on the day of fast they remain awake and keep munching grated powder of a betel nut whole night.
27. Bhe Baras --- [Abhay Baras]

At the end part of the shravan month, on the eleventh day of the darker part of the lunar month, mother of a daughter cooks dhebra. On the second day it is baras. That day is called Bhe Baras. A mother of a son observes this ritual. After taking bath she worships the bank. Which shore is worshipped?

The bank of a lake, the border wall of a big well which has a steps leading to its level, the bank of water well etc. is worshipped. They worship any water form like a river, a pond etc situated at the border of the village.

Why do they worship?

They worship for the welfare of the water form of their village or their city.

The first time this ritual of worshiping a water form of a village was observed by one mother of a son. There was one Vevariyo Vaniyo.

Vevariyo Vaniyo used to get the lake cleaned but there was no rainfall. The lake never got filled up with water. People of the village, animals of the village and birds of the village were getting unhappy without water.

Vevariyo Vaniya summoned many astrologers. ‘Astrologers please do astrological reading and predict how and when the water will flow in the water forms.’

The astrologer said, ‘offer Batriso’.
‘Who is Batriso?’

He is your son. He is your own grand son.

Vevariyo Vaniyo shuddered on hearing this suggestion. One year passed, three and four years passed. Vevariyo Vaniyo got very anxious, his mind and heart had no courage to do so.

During the fourth year the daughter-in-law went to her own parents’ home. She had a four year old son. She left the four year child under the care of a grand father.

During night, he made preparations for going. He made the boy sleep in the bag. He kept the full plate of sukhti and also put one burning divo of pure ghee in the bag.

He carried the bag and buried into the lake. When he returned after burying the bag, soon the sky turned cloudy and black. Thunder and lightening started. Torrential rain was poured in. The lake of VevariyVaniyo miraculously over flowed with water on all the four sides.

In the morning, people of entire village reached at the spot enthusiastically. ‘Let’s go brother, let us go, the lake of Vevario Vaniyo has brimmed over with water. Let us go to take bath.’

The news that the lake of Vevariyo Vaniyo has over flowed with water spread in many villages.

The daughter-in-law came to knew at her parents’ home. ‘Lady, the lake of your in-laws’ house is over flowed with water. Most of people went to take bath into it.’
‘Has the Lake of my father-in-law over flowed with water? I will go to take bath in it.’ She ran happily. She reached near the lake. The place was over crowded. ‘Side please, side please. Please give me place to bath into it. My in-laws’ lake has overflowed with water.’

‘Oh, brother, see one bag is floating and it is coming here!’

One person said, ‘I saw the bag, so that bag is mine.’ The second one said, ‘It is mine.’ Everyone claimed for it. The daughter-in-law said, ‘Side please, the bag belongs to me as it comes out of the lake of my in-laws.’

‘Oh, brother, it belongs to no one. It will belong to that person near whom the bag will floatingly reach.’

‘True, brother, it is true.’

The bag floatingly came where the daughter-in-law was standing. ‘The bag belongs to a daughter-in-law; the bag belongs to a daughter-in-law!’

The daughter in-law opened the bag. Son was sitting inside the bag. The plate of Sukhdi was lying. The Lamp of pure ghee was burning.

The son jumped and gave a big hug to his son.

‘Son, how come you sat inside the bag?’

‘Mother, mother my grand father made me sleep in this. I do not know; what happened later on.’
The daughter-in-law happily went home by holding hand of her son. After reaching home, she saw that all the doors were shut.

Standing near the door she shouted, ‘Oh lady! Why are you sitting inside by keeping all doors shut? Our lake is overflowed with water. The whole human crowd has gathered there to take bath and why are you sitting by keeping all doors shut? Open the door, open the door.’

There was a pin drop silence in the house. ‘The daughter-in-law came, what answer shall we give her? We have killed her son.’

‘Open the door, baiji, you please open the door. Father-in-law, you please open the door.’

There was a small daughter in the house. ‘Daughter, please go and see through the crack in the door and check, is there a daughter-in-law or someone else?’

Daughter comes back after peeping through the crack. ‘Mother, grand father, sister-in-law has come. Even son is also standing with her.’

They opened the door with surprise. Both son and daughter-in-law were seen. Tears rolled down from the eyes of Vevariya Vaniya.

‘Dear Daughter-in-law, we had committed a detestable act of killing your son. But due to power of your truth the lake got filled with water and due to your power of truth the son got the boon of life.’

Vevariyo Vaniyo touched the feet of his daughter-in-law.

Women who observe the ritual vow of Bhe Baras tell this story after taking their meal.
28. Rani Ranakde

There were seven elder and younger brothers-in-laws.

All the six sisters-in-laws happily used to eat together and made merriment everyday.

The youngest daughter-in-law was not allowed to join the group of six elder sisters-in-laws during meal time as well as in merry making activities. She had to do outside works like to clean dirt found daily in houses and besmear the floor of the house with a paste of mud; and to make the paste of mud.

After finishing the drudgery task, the youngest daughter-in-law used to take her meal alone. Everyday as she sat to take meal, her elder sister-in-law put a frog in her plate.

Due to elder sister-in-law’s act of serving a living frog in the plate of younger sister-in-law every day the younger one used to get up and wash her hands without eating anything.

The same type of incident lasted for many days. Gradually the younger one became thin and emaciated without food.

One day the husband of youngest woman asked her, ‘Here all are prospering abundantly and putting on weight and why are you becoming weak and lean day by day?’

She said, ‘Dear husband, I cannot explain anything in words. One night, you spread your bed near the door of a kitchen and after covering your self with a thin cloth see the matter with your own eyes.’
One day her husband made bed near the door of the kitchen and he covered himself with a thin cloth.

The youngest daughter–in-law sat to take her meal and as usual the elder sister–in-law served a living frog in her plate. The youngest daughter-in-law got up hungry and washed her hands.

The husband saw the matter with his own eyes. He realized that this grief is such that it can neither be shared nor can be tormented.

He told his wife, ‘Devoted woman; there is no end of this agony so let me try my luck by going to a foreign country.’

Innocent and ignorant, coward and poor man just for the love and respect for his wife started his journey by taking a sack on his shoulder.

One day, when the youngest daughter-in-law was making a round shaped ball of dung. The husband went near her and asked, ‘Do you want to say anything?’

‘What can I say and do? Please carry this as a sign.’

After saying so, the woman removed a ring from her finger and pinned up the ring in husband’s hair.

The husband said, ‘Do you want to throw the small balls of dung at the extremity of the village? If you want to throw then you give me those dung balls so while going I can lighten at least this much part of your burden.’

He put all the dung balls in one sack and started by carrying sack on his shoulder.

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‘Nobody had ever lifted the burden of the daughter-in-law. Today for the last time, oh Ram! I could do only this much.’

While walking, he reached at the premises of the village. As he emptied the sack he saw the miracle that instead of balls of mud, the balls of gold fell on the ground.

‘This is the fruit of the righteousness of my Ranak De. I will do charity in her name. How can I use this fortune?’

Going ahead, he got built a public charitable water house.

‘People who drink water of this public charitable water house must say loudly that

\[ \text{Panida pijo...re} \]
\[ \text{Rani Ranak de na name} \]

‘Drink water in the name of Ranak De’

The traveller overhear the sound-

\[ \text{Pani da pio re} \]
\[ \text{Rani Ranak De na name!} \]

‘Drink waer in the name of Rani Ranak De.’

The man went ahead. He saw people walking with a naked feet on the road burning due to scorching heat. There he got built the public charitable shoe house. He shouted aloud:-

\[ \text{Pagarkha perjo re} \]
\[ \text{Rani Ranak de ne name!} \]
‘Please wear shoes in the name of Rani Ranak De.’

He went further and he saw villages striving in hunger. He got built a boarding house where food was charitably served to the needy, orphans, beggars etc.

‘Eat food in the name of Rani Ranak De’

He went further, found finely built majestic palaces, and managed to clean the lake by removing dirt.

He sent letters to many villages and invited all those people who were in search of job or work.

Here at brothers’ house their wealth and prosperity ruined. They said, ‘We have heard that in one village one reputed merchant has so much work to be done. Let us go there, we will earn livelihood there.’

All six elder sisters-in-laws and brother–in-law started their journey along with their unfavourite Rani Ranak De.

As they went ahead, the public charitable water house arrived. All were shouting –

Panida pijo...re

Rani Ranak de na name!

‘Drink water in the name of Rani Ranak De’

Once again, elder brothers–in-laws as well as elder-sisters-in-laws verbally taunted Rani Ranak De saying:-
‘Oh ho ho! Look, in past there had been some fortunate Rani Ranak De, in her name all these public charitable must be built. Here look at our unfortunate Ranak De born in lineage.’

The youngest lady wisely digested all taunts without retorting any. All went ahead; there came a public charitable shoe house. Everywhere loud pleasant call was heard:

_Pagarkha perjure_

_Rani Ranak De na nam na_

‘Put on shoes in the name of Rani Ranak De’

All put on shoes there. Once again, all tried to provoke the youngest daughter-in-law by making her ridicule;

“In the past there must have been some lady having majestic qualities. That is why the charitable house of shoes has been built. Here look at our misfortunate Ranak De to her bad luck we lost everything what we had.”

The younger daughter-in-law endured all sarcastic remarks and smartly remained calm and cool. As they went ahead, the public charitable dining house came. The loud inviting call was heard that –

_Bhojanaya jamjo... re_

_Rani Ranak de ne name!_

‘Eat food in the name of Rani Ranak De’
After taking meal; all got satisfaction and once again they taunted, ‘There must had been Ranak De who must have highlighted the glory of the ancestry and here see our ugly Ranakde who wrecked family lineage.’

The younger one also beared that taunt. Thousands of people were working. All water forms were clean. The roads and storeys were underconstruction.

The brother identified every one. He also recognized his own wife. However, nobody could identify him.

He made arrangements of rooms for his brothers to accommodate in. He asked them to take buttermilk and water from his house any time.

All started to do labour work. At mealtime, any one member from the family used to go at the rich man’s house to bring buttermilk.

One day, the younger-daughter-in-law was sent to bring buttermilk. Her husband filled the whole pot with full creamed buttermilk. All got too much satisfaction by drinking full cream buttermilk.

‘Send her every day to bring buttermilk. The ‘seth’ gives full cream buttermilk to this orphan.’

Another day, when the younger-daughter-in-law went to fetch buttermilk; she saw that the rich man was taking bath. As his body was bare, the woman soon identified that he was her husband. She also saw her ring shining in his hair.

Tears rolled down from her eyes.
'Woman, why do you cry?'

'There is no reason'

'Would you please give me bath?'

The woman got surprised, why does this man ask like this?

The man replied 'Don’t worry, I am not a stranger, I have not changed. See this sign.'

After saying so, he removed the ring from his hair and gave her,

Spontaneous love flowed from the heart of a woman. “Due to righteousness of your character the dung miraculously turned into gold. This magnificence is the consequence of that miracle.

From that source, I built charitable house.

\[ \text{Pani peejo... re} \]

\[ \text{Rani Ranak De na name} \]

\[ \text{Pagarkha perjo... re} \]

\[ \text{Rani Ranak De na name} \]

\[ \text{Bhojaniya karjo...re} \]

\[ \text{Rani Ranak De na name!}’” \]

'O ‘swami’, every one was taunting me.'
‘Let they taunt you but the fact is that all have been saved from difficulties due to the righteousness of your character. Now you will stay here.’

‘But, there they will talk about me’

‘Let them talk. You are my wife and I am your husband.’

The woman stayed there. Elder-sister–in-laws and elder brother-in-laws thought that she might have got morally corrupt.

One day the younger brother invited the whole family for lunch.

He served frog made of gold in every one’s plate. He did not serve anything else in the plate. He said, ‘Start eating.’

All stared at each other.

‘Why don’t you eat? This frog is made of gold. You can eat at least by exchanging it. But, did you ever think while serving the living frog that how one could eat?’

All identified him that he was their younger brother. All looked down with shame.

‘Worship the feet of your unfavourite younger daughter–in-law, because her patience has won.’
29. Gai Vrat

It is observed in the Shravan maas.

Only one meal is taken during a day.

Every day the cow that returns from the field is worshipped.

The observer of the vow does not eat any green grain.

They do not eat any green coloured item.

The observers of the ritual do not wear green coloured cloth.

Every day in the morning tell the story of Cow.

The story of a Cow is told to one, who has not eaten anything.

They tell the story in the ear of Cow.

**Story 1**

Once upon a time, there was a daughter of Brahmin.

She was observing the religious vow of a cow.

She died while observing the religious vow.

She got rebirth in koli’s house.

He Koli told his wife, ‘Rank gher rattan kyathi?’ How can a beautiful daughter be born in poor’s family?

Give water in a small earthen pot.
Give parched grain in an earthen cup.

She eats only parched grain.

She drinks only water.

One day a prince of one king came for hunting.

‗Girl, Girl, who are you?

Are you a ghost? Are you an evil spirit?‘

‗Oh no, I am neither a ghost or an evil spirit

Oh no, I am neither a sorcerer nor a witch.’

‗Girl, Girl, marry me’

‗Oh, no you belong to a royal dynasty,

‗How can you marry a girl of lower caste koli?’

Whether you can marry me or cannot marry in any case you have to marry me.’

The girl said, ‘ok right from today itself you come every day for eight days.’

“You, please come for the eight days.

Bring the packet of kum kum.

Bring the packet of nada chhadi.

Bring seven betel nuts.

Bring a yellow coloured paneter.

Bring a green coconut.

Establish a green bamboo sticks.
Paint a nine-coloured chori.

Come with a musical band.”

Right from the day one, he came daily for eight days.

He came on each seven days of the week.

He brought the packet of kunkum.

He brought the packet of nada chhadi.

He brought a yellow coloured paneter.

He brought a green coloured coconut.

He made bamboos established.

He made chori painted with nine colours.

He arrived with a musical band

They set to marry.

The first mangal, second mangal, third mangal, the fourth mangal, and the last fifth mangal

After finishing five mangals they got married.

* * * *

‘Queen let us go to countries as well as foreign countries.’

‘What countries or foreign countries mean to us?’

“Whether it means or do not mean, we will go.
If you want to eat then eat,

If you want to drink, you can drink.”

‘Oh mad king, oh crazy king!

Does ever food or water that we drink last forever?’

‘Whether it last or does not last.’

He looked here and there.

He even threw a glance very far by climbing on the tree.

Friends of peer age go for bath together.

The lake effuses fragrance.

‘Damsels and women, what religious vows have you observed and which vows you have not observed?’

‘Please tell me I will also do.’

‘Sister you cannot do it.

You cannot obey it.’

I will fulfill them with the blessings of cow.

I will observe the religious vow near the plant of Basil.

I will perform by taking the leaf of peepal tree.
I will do by keeping the sun as an ‘eye witness’.

I will obey this religious vow by meditating the earth.

Thus, I will obey these four religious vows.

* * * * *

They continued to walk

Their own village came

The message was sent to the old woman.

‘The old woman… the old woman your daughter-in-law is coming.’

The old woman put on the tattered saree.

She wore a tattered cloth over head.

She put a plate full of coarse grain on her head.

She went to give merry welcome.

“Why do you give merry welcome to me by showering rice or flowers on me? Give a merry welcome to cow.

Why do you give hearty welcome to me? Give hearty welcome to Goddess Basil.

Why do you give warmth welcome to me?

Give warmth welcome to the leaf of peepal tree.
Why do you give loving welcome to me?

Give loving welcome to the God Surya Narayan.

Why do you welcome me?

Give welcome to the mother Earth.”

After finishing the convention of welcoming new bride, the old woman went home.

Her tattered saree miraculously changed into a precious silk saree.

Tattered cloth also turned into a precious blouse.

The plate full with coarse grain miraculously transformed into the plate full of real pearls.

The old woman went home.

At home, she cooked thirty-two types of dishes and thirty-three types of vegetables.

‘The king you wake up please and brush your teeth.’

The king brushed his teeth.

‘The queen you wake up and brush your teeth.’

The queen brushed her teeth.

‘The king you get up and take your bath.’

The king took bath.

‘The queen you wake up and take your bath.’
‘Mother I do not want to take bath. I have to observe religious vow of cow.’

…../…….

‘Oh, no, this bitch has just entered into the house and started to observe religious vows.’

Do not vilify me.

“If I can fulfill the vow, then I will carry on.

I will execute with the grace of Mother Cow.

I will perform near the plant of basil.

I will fulfill the vow by taking the leaf of peepal tree

I will carry out this religious vow by keeping the Sun as testimony.

I will observe the vow by contemplating the Mother Earth.

I will go for bath.

Please send the yellow coloured cloth and a yellow saree.”

The old woman deliberately sent green coloured cloth and a green coloured saree.

She returned home in wet clothes.

She came back home on taking bath and washing her clothes.

She came after fetching pot full with water.

She came after worshipping cow and on the way, she prayed to all wandering cows.
On reaching home, she set to eat

She found that one vegetable of green coloured Kankoda and rotla were prepared.

She stuffed all kankoda, by digging a pit in the earth.

She ate only rotla rotla as a part of her meal

On the second day

She once again returned home after taking bath.

She returned home after fetching one pot full with water.

She arrived after worshipping cow.

She prayed to all wandering cows.

At home, she sat to take her meal.

She found vegetable of ghiloda and rotla

She once again dumped ghiloda, into earth by digging a pit.

She ate rotla.

The third day broke.

She turned back home after taking her bath and washing clothes.

She came by bringing a pot full of water.
She returned back after worshipping cow.

She arrived after worshipping all wandering cow that came on her way.

She came home and got ready to take her lunch.

She found that the vegetable of *turiya* and *rotla* were prepared.

She buried *turiya* into the earth.

She got up after eating only *rotla*.

The fourth day arrived.

She came after taking bath.

She returned after washing clothes.

She came back by fetching water pot.

She turned up after worshipping cow.

On her way back to home, she worshipped all wandering cows.

She sat to take her lunch after returning home.

The vegetable of *galka* and *rotla* were prepared.

She dumped *galka* into the earth.
She got up after eating only *rotla*.

The fifth day started.

She comes back after taking bath.

She fetches water pot on her way back to home.

She comes after worshipping cow.

On the way, she worships all wandering cows.

She eats only after returning home.

The vegetable of *dodka* and *rotla* were cooked.

She dumped *dodka dodka* into the pit.

She got up after eating only *rotla*.

* * * * *

The queen conceived:

The first month, second month,

Third month, and the fourth month got over.

Daughter in law’s fifth stage of pregnancy started.

‘Please tie *panchmasi* to her.’
Mother in law replied, ‘What panchmasi to this contemptuous woman!’

‘Tie a simple thread of yarn on her wrist and finish the formality.’

In this way the sixth and seventh stage of premotherhood got over.

On the seventh month, she started to say:

‘O woman. O mother! Please celebrate the ceremony of a baby shower.’

‘What baby shower for this scornful woman!’

Complete the formality by simply sprinkling rice on her.

The eighth month passed

During the ninth month her labor pain started.

Sister, woman!

What to do and what not to do?

She laid her head in a mortar and thrust her legs in the middle of a large cylindrical vessel….. 

The queen delivered a baby boy

The king became victim of the eye disease.

The lamps of ghee were lightened at the king’s house.

All gushed to give good news to the king:
'The king, the son is born at your home.

The king summoned astrologers from various countries.

Various types of pages of articles and books were referred.

……../……….

The mother-in-law was envious by nature.

She went and threw away the boy on the top of the dunghill.

An infant went rolling near the fenced compound where the cows were kept.

It further rolled down near the pot of basil plant.

It reached near the leaf of peeplo.

It rolled down under the presence of the Surya narayan

It lived in the care of a mother Earth.

The mother Cow fed the baby.

The mother Tulsi nurtured the baby.

The peeplo nourished the baby.

The Surya narayan took care of the baby

The mother Earth protected the baby.

The daughter of Vanijia Sutar came to worship cow.
The cow said, ‘sister, sister! Please take brother.’

‘No, no, if he belongs to ghost, witch, sorcerer, or any evil spirit then how can I take him?’

“He does not belong to ghost; he does not even belong to witch, sorcerer or an evil spirit.

The mother cow gives you and you can accept him.

The peeplo is gifting you and you can accept the reward.

The Surya Narayan is giving you and you can accept him.

The mother Earth gives and you take him.’

* * * * *

She accepted a brother and went home.

‘Mother, mother I have brought a brother.’

‘If he belongs to a ghost, witch sorcerer or an evil spirit then why did you bring him?’

“No, mother, he does not belong to ghost, witch, sorcerer or an evil spirit.

The mother cow has gifted me and I have brought him.

A mother Tulsi gave me and I accepted him.

The peeplo allowed and I carried him here.

The Surya Narayan permitted me and I brought him.
The mother Earth bestowed to me and I accepted.”

After giving bath to son, they made it sleep in the cradle.

The child grew rapidly.

He learnt to speak.

He started to address as ‘uncle’ and ‘papa’.

‘Uncle, papa: please turn wooden horses; into horse of glass.’

‘Oh, innocent son, ignorant son, can any one change wooden horses into horses of glass?’

‘Whether one can turn a wooden horse into

a horse of glass or not, you please make one for me.’

Uncle changed a wooden horse into a horse of glass.

The time for *Sitla satam* arrived. The son went out to make horse drink water.

All the seven queens came to take bath.

‘Wooden horses, horses of glass please

drink water’

‘Oh, innocent child, ignorant child; ever

wooden horses or horse of glass drink

water?’
“Whether they drink or do not drink,
They have to drink water. Mad queen, silly
Queen: does ever queen of a king deliver
rags and broom?”

On reaching home, the queen told everything to the king. ‘The King, one son of a carpenter told us like this.’

The next day broke. The time of gokal aatham arrived.

The boy went out to make horses drink water.

All the seven queens went to take bath.

‘The wooden horses, horses of glass: drink water.’

‘Oh innocent child, ignorant child; does ever wooden horses or horses of glass drink water?’

“Whether they drink or do not drink,
They have to drink water. Mad queen, silly Queen: does ever queen of a king deliver rags and broom?”

On reaching home, the queen told everything to the king. ‘The King, one son of a carpenter told us like this.’
The king gave the punishment to the boy and the boy was expelled from the city during the same night.

The black cloth was given to him.

The black mare was provided to him to mount on it.

The black colored food was supplied to him to eat.

He went, while going he stopped where one king was performing *yagna*

He stood there.

‘Brother, brother, please you do catering.’

‘No, you belong to royal lineage.

I am son of a carpenter. How can I do catering?’

‘Whether you can involve or cannot, you have to involve yourself in the catering.’

He joined the service of catering.

All came for feast and all the seven queens came in the dinner party.

The *kolan* queen asked mother, mother what shall I wear?

She said, ‘definitely you have to wear a cloth offered to the tree.’

The queen dressed her with the cloth that is offered to the tree.

She came for the dinner.
She sat on the top of a dunghill.

The son while serving food to all came near mother to serve food to her. As the son came near, her motherly affection spontaneously overflowed. The string of her bodice broke and drops of milk a symbol of motherly affection dripped down.

The king studied many pages… he referred many books.

The first page was dedicated to Brahma, in the second there was a discussion of conscience. In the third page the discussions regarding the religious vow of a Mother cow came out:

Unchi khadki

Nicchi khadki

Me vaviya tal ne tulsi

Tal ne tulsi girdharilal

Me pujiya shravaniya char

Ek shravan chuki

Chor no avtar chuki

Rambai Shyambai ruda gam

Me parnaviya Amarkhan

Amarkhan ni saat Raniyo

Hindola khate hinche chhe.

Paan ni pichkari mare chhe.
Hase to hira gare

Bole to moti zare

Hinde to kanku na pagla

Pade.

Jai Gai MA, tamara sat

Ne amara vrat paripuran Utarjo.

The upper courtyard

The lower courtyard

I have sown sesame and basil.

The sesame and basil have been offered as homage to Girdharilal.

I worshipped the four Shravaan.

I missed one month of Shravaan

I was saved from the birth as a thief.

Rambai, Shyambai are lovely villages.

I got Amarkhan married.

Amarkhan had seven queens

All swayed on the swing and spate betel juice

If they laughed, there chompers shined like a diamond.

If they speak, one can sense magnificence of pearls

If they walk then the kumkum impressions of their feet is visualized.
Jai ho! Mother cow: your power and our vows.

May our vows get fulfilled!

[This story is told in Umreth region of Gujarat.]
30. Bhai Bij

*Bhai Bij* means the second bright day of the *Kartak* month. On this day, the brother goes to dine at sister’s house. If any brother has, no real blood related sister related then he goes for lunch at cousin sister’s house. Even if he has no cousin sister then he religiously considers any neighbor’s daughter as sister. If he does not find any neighborly sister then he can treat a cow or a river as a sister. If that is also not possible; then he can treat tree as sister.

As mythology goes, on the day of *Bhai Bij*, Yamunaji invited her brother Yam at her home for dinner. Both the brother and sister made *pooja* of each other. After relishing yummy dinner, Yam asked Yamuna, ‘Sister Yamuna, what gift shall I give you?’ O brother as a younger sister I ask you to give me promise that; this day must be known as *Bhai Bij*; you will not go to give end of life by taking out the soul of that person who has taken bath in my river on the day of Bhai bij. Moreover, as you came to dine at my home on this day, similarly on this day please, allow all the prisoners of states to go to their sisters’ home for dinner."

Yamraj gave promise for *Bhai Bij* to his sister; from that day, onwards the vow of *Bhai Bij* is observed.
Dadajee Ni Vato

31. Shihasan

King Bhoj the healer of others’ misery ruled over the city Dhara. There was a mighty citadel on all the four sides, which was so strong that it could smash heads of horrendous person. On all the four sides there was an entrance gate, on each side there were eighty-four markets: fifty-four market places and the eggs on the top of the castles of millionaire were touching the sky. On all the sides, an arrangement was made of trumpeting drum for four times a day in the beginning of each period of three hours. In the evening torches were illuminated. Not a single unhappy person was found in Ujjain.

Once king Bhoj commanded, “Badhsagra we had visited local countries and foreign countries, but now I want to see Ottrakhand.”

“May God bless you the Master of Ujjain; you could do according to your wish.” After saying so, Badhsagra put broad mouthed brass saddles on the two fast moving horses that were as swift as wind. By keeping all the weapons in a scabbard, the King and the minister started journey. On the way when they were about to cross the border of the village than suddenly from far, one woodcutter shouted, “Oh, brother would you please help in putting this heavy bundle of wood on my head?”

“Badhsagra, there seems one unhappy old man who is unable to put the heavy bundle on the head. So lets us go and help him.”
After saying so the king went close to the man. On reaching, they saw an anemic Brahmin, who just looked like a real skeleton without having a single drop of blood. His mouth was so dirty that flies were buzzing over his mouth. He had a running nose. On his shoulder, yagnopavit was dangling like a piece of a leather rope. On seeing the poor condition of the Brahmin, King said, ‘Oh Priest, why your condition is so wretched?’

“May God bless you the owner of ninety-two lakhs roofed houses. I am the Brahmin but in your Ujjaini:

\[\text{Navanagar ne namoh! Namoh!}\]

\[\text{Serie serie bhamo bhamo!}\]

\[\text{Koi ke ke jamo jamo!}\]

Have to salute new city with reverence.

I have to roam from street to streets.

If somebody says that, eat than only I could eat.

Such is my condition. My own wife, at dawn reviles me and drives me out of house by handing down a begging bowl to me. I return at dusk when I reach home a large number of children wails and rummage me because there is no adequate flour for making even two chapattis.”

“Oh, hate, hate, hate! It is very sad that in spite of being son of Brahmin and holder of auspicious yagnopavit he has to cut woods. How could he read Vedas and Bhagvata? How could he offer prayers in the morning or evening? Priest, please take this note of
crediting you Rs. one lakh and twenty-five thousand. You can withdraw this much amount from my treasure by issuing this note. Now, give blessings.”

“Swasam, oh King swasam!”

“Partial blessings oh King partial blessings!”

“Why Priest you are giving me partial blessings?”

“Oh King, if somebody twitch one Rs. one lakh and twenty-five thousand by slapping me then where shall I come to find you? If you give me a chunk of land then by farming on it at least I can earn my livelihood.”

There was one farm. At the command of King the sheet of copper was brought, and on the spot King signed agreement in the name of every generation of Brahmin. He wrote that one who disobeys the condition might get sins of taking four lives. Brahmin flung away his bundle of wretchedness into the sea. Kadadad...dhub by hurling the bunch of logs of woods on the floor exclaimed, ‘bless you! Oh, king, promising blessings to you; thus by wishing good luck Brahmin went away.

Here, with the sound of dananan... of riding horse; the king and Badhsagra started their journey. They visited various regions one by one. One region that they visited, in which there were some shoots of plants were bigger enough to retract elephants. They saw the region where grains burst out of crops with the rise of Sun: they saw the places where on the body of men, hair grew as long as the long hair of bear, they even stayed at the place where body of man and woman were born jointly. They stopped at the place where well was so deep that for fetching water the man who had to fetch water must take back his
bullocks very far and he could get the message of returning his bullocks at the beat of
drum played by another man standing on the well. By visiting all these types of various
countries, both the king and the minister started their way back to home after travelling in
foreign countries for a one year.

The season of monsoon ended and the month of *Aasho* began. At the end of the narrow
path, there was one farm. In this farm the growth of the green crops was so dense and at a
large scale that horse rider along with their horse might not be seen amidst the standing
crop. Crops of millet bent down due to profuse growth and the spikes had bloomed in
such a way that it seemed to be burst out any moment. In the middle of the farm, there
was one upper storey. On the upper storey, one man was standing by holding a sling in
his hand and was flying away birds. On seeing this, King asked Badhsagra, ‘whose farm
is this? Last year, at this place there had been dense trees of stoned fruits.’

“Your majesty this is the same farm which you gave to Brahmin in the name of God.”

Meanwhile, ‘Please wait! My Lord, please wait. If you go away then you may get sin of
killing Brahmin, you get the offence of killing cow! You might incur sin for killing four
types of people; in this way, the man standing on the upper storey shouted. After going
close, they beheld Brahmin having *yagnopavit* on his shoulder which was dangling like a
piece of a leather rope, and in a hand he was holding tight a string of sling, there was a
vessel made of dry rind in his armpit and he was making threatening call to birds to fly
away. Brahmin ran and told King, “Please take five spikes of green grains.”

The King said: “Priest! For us, anything thing given in gift is just like blood, which we
could not take back, If I take it then I would smash my head and wear a wreath of skulls.”
Badhsagra said, “Lord, please accept it now, later on we would give it to peons or people like him; but at present do not disregard Brahmin’s appeal.”

Brahmin descended from the upper storey and went in the farm. He held a sickle in one hand and by other hand held spike and tried to shake the top of spike and pondered, ‘oh...ho...Ho...Ho! This spike is the chieftain of the farm. How can I run sickle on it?’

He held another spike in his hand; by its head, he murmured, ‘Oh...ho...no..ho! This is the brother of the former spike! How I dare to cut it?’

Itching, his head, Brahmin came close to the King and said, “Emperor, spikes of those sides are plucked away by children, cattle had grazed them. Cranes have eaten them and I do not find a single proper spike to give you.”

King and the Minister smiled and walked away. Once again, Brahmin went on the upper storey. Soon on ascending the upper storey, Brahmin started to call out loudly: please come back Master, come back; you might incur sin for taking four lives. Take crops of wheat. Once again, King came to Brahmin so Brahmin said, “Master please wait, on the east side there are many crops. I would reap for you.”

After saying so, once again Brahmin held the sickle. He went in the direction of East to harvest crops. By touching spikes one by one and tossing back and forth, he heaved sigh, ‘Oh...ho...ho!, this is the main spike of the whole farm. This is the brother of the earlier one. How could I reap off?” On coming back, once again he helplessly said, “My lord, there also children plucked away, cattle had grazed them; there is no single good spike available which I could give you.”

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The king Bhoj smiled and started walking. Once again on reaching the upper storey Brahmin again called the King, “Please return, take it with you; otherwise you may incur sin of killing four.”

The King asked, “Oh Badhsagra! What is the problem? As the Brahmin goes upstairs, he becomes generous and as soon as he steps down he becomes mingy manner less man: do you know enigma behind this kind of manner?”

“King, it is simply due to change in the place!” Badhsagra jovially responded.

“What is that?”

“Oh King, it should be interpreted as influence of various places for example where the Brahmin’s storey is situated, in that part under the earth definitely there must be some deluding element. There must be an abode of charitable King; so as Brahmin goes upstairs, he becomes extremely generous and as he gets down, he comes to his original nature of Brahmin.”

“If your prediction will go wrong then what would happen?”

“Then your sword and my head?”

The king got the earth under the storey dug. As soon as digging work started, the hit of the hoe tinkled. At the second hit, it was sensed that the blade of a pickaxe got hooked with some big circular rod. After digging on all the four sides soon there were found-one, two, three, four; overall four broad mouthed vessels full of wealth; and as they burrowed below it then there was one B...I...G Throne!
King Bhoj contributed fortunes of all the four big vessels among the destitute. Gave loaves of bread to cattle and got the throne cleaned and as soon as the royal seat was cleaned and established in the royal court, immediately its sparkling glory was reflected. On all the four sides of the throne, the colour of gemstone, ruby and pearls were painted. Round the throne there were 32 glittering images of dolls.

“Only we can sit on this divinely royal seat.” After saying so; the moment the King put his leg on the first step of the throne at the same time, ‘No, King Bhoj! No.’ Such type of mysterious oracle was sounded and by making zananan type of jingling sound 32 puppets raised their tinkling hands.

‘Oh, we excavated the throne, get it cleaned and decorated then who is forbidding invisibly from within?’

Echoing zananan sound all the 32 dolls started to dance and lips of 32 dolls smiled khad...khad...khad.

“Hey Dolls, who are you? Why do you laugh? What is this mystery? Please tell.” Being startled King Bhoj stopped facing the throne, so at that time-, the first doll by folding her two hands stood and it was endowed with the power to speak like human being: Oh King Bhoj, we all the 32 puppets were queens of your ancestor Valiant King Vikram. This Royal Seat belonged to our Master. Therefore, if you had done works like King Vikram then only you are eligible to sit on the throne otherwise you will not succeed.”

“Oh Mother! How were the works of King Vikram? I do not know.”
“Listen master, Vikram made written statements of Goddess of Destiny wrong.” Saying so, the first Puppet started to narrate story.
32. Vikram and Vidhata

To inspect about his people’s condition and to check whether his people were happy or unhappy King Vikram kept touring in disguise. While travelling, in one village he made a night stay at the house of one Brahmin. The Brahmin woman had delivered a baby boy and it was the sixth night of his birth.

Extremely exhausted King Vikram put his weapons beside pillow and fell asleep. Brahmin also went to bed after eating shiro which in fact was cooked for his wife. He snored alike the bellows that blow in kiln of Blacksmith. Hungry Brahmin woman also fell asleep.

Exactly at midnight, the goddess of Destiny arrived. She was holding in her hand an inkpot containing kumkum, a pen was kept around the space of top ridge of her ear; and in the armpit she held a tabular form for counting.

Goddess entered into house slowly. She sat down near bed of a newly born baby boy. The diya of ghee was burning. She increased the light of the lamp by stirring up wick. She started to draw lines of destiny on forehead and palms of a child.

What did she write?

It was written that everyday his metallic pot would be filled with two and half kg flour. It was forecasted that in future he would get an authority to charge higher amount at the end of every religious ceremony, along with the gifts that he might receive as a priest after performing religious rites. He was destined to get special coin and the amount that was given to the state during marriage of a girl. It was prophesized that in his profession of
Priest he would receive dhoti. Goddess of Destiny also wrote that in his destiny, there was 16 years old priestess but when time of drawing his age span came, at that time---

Arrrrrr! The pen fell down from the hand of Goddess of Destiny. Soon Goddess got up. Light of the lamp was blown out. Beating her forehead goddess started to walk out.

As she went in lobby, she bumped in with the body of a sleeping man. King Vikram got up and he was startled soon he held legs of Goddess of Destiny. He asked, 'who are you? Are you an enchantress? Are you a witch?'

Goddess said, "Hey, King Vikram, let me go, I am the writer of fate of people of the three worlds, viz., the heaven, the earth and the hell."

"Goddess of Destiny: why did you come here?"

"I came to inscribe Future of child that is written on the sixth day after birth."

"Mother, what did you write?"

"Master, please do not ask me."

"Please tell, otherwise, how I could allow you to walk a single step? I am on guard."

"Vikram, his future is good and bright but his age span is of only 18 years. During his fully bloomed youth; and in the middle of his marriage ceremony in chori itself the lion will attack and kill him when he would be taking the fourth auspicious round around the sacred fire."
Vikram underwent a frightful stroke. “Oh Goddess Destiny, whether Brahmin’s daughter would get widowhood right itself in the chori? Is there any solution to escape from this mishap?”

“No solution and no way out!” After saying so, Goddess Destiny walked out.

At that time Vikram challenging the goddess shouted, “Listen Goddess! Today during my vigilance you have cheated me and you wrote premature death of one who gave me shelter, you will agree with me on the day when I would prove wrong destiny of a Brahmin boy forecasted by you. I cannot remain useless or burdensome for one who has provided me shelter.”

Goddess went off. In the morning, Vikram became more alert after learning a lesson; while leaving the house he advised, “Hey Priest, please send me an invitation card at Ujjaini when you get your son married. I will come by bringing all the gifts given to daughter’s sons by maternal grandparents and maternal uncles on the occasion of marriage.”

18 years passed away within the wink of eyes. Brahmin came and stood at the gate of Ujjaini and said: “Hey King, I have brought a Kankotri.”

“Priest I am ready, I am present. Let it strike at the beat of the drum. Get the army ready. I would go in the marriage procession of my nephew.”

Army marched as swiftly at the pace of surging waves of the sea.
“Be alert and cordon the mandap by keeping innumerable swords ready. Patrol at the gate with a gun loaded with bullets and keep a wick burning for firing a gun and cannon. If a lion approaches here then shoot him down with a bullet.”

There was a pin drop silence in the village. People were amazed to know about the King of Ujjain’s resolution to make prophecy of Goddess Destiny wrong for the son of Brahmin. Aah...ha!

By keeping a sword ready, King stood in the mandap; meanwhile the call of Samay Varte Savdhan came from the priest who was performing the rituals of marriage ceremony.

One round, two rounds and finally three rounds were over.

‘Oh, now what type of pressure? Very soon when the fourth auspicious round; will be over then; written destiny by Goddess Destiny will turn false.”

But as they went to take the fourth auspicious round at that time one Lion came by roaring, leaping, waging tail and emitting the sound hu-hu-hu-hu. By holding bridegroom by the neck; lion sucked bridegroom’s throat’s bone. Where it came from? How this deadly disaster happened? Did Lion come out by slitting the earth?

Oh no, it neither came from the sky nor it came out of the earth; the picture of lion that was painted on the decorated pot of marriage became alive as the Goddess of Destiny sprinkled nectar from the sky. It was very stout Lion. It had razor sharp teeth; on beholding it, a man might die out of fear.
After sucking bridegroom’s throat suddenly it settled in the pot and became a still painting. Vikram turned pale as the piece of dry mud; due to shame his blood of the body froze and one could not find a single drop of blood in his body even if one cut him. He felt embarrassment to that extent that he thought; if the earth split up and give him a way then he would bury himself.

“Do not worry. Brothers please do not cry. Do not shed a single drop of tear. Oh father of bridegroom, consider your son as dead for six months. Hey, father of bride consider your daughter as widow for six months. I want six months of period. I will bring pitcher of resuscitating nectar otherwise, I will not rule over Ujjaini. By stuffing, medicines in the corpse keep the lamp of ghee burning before the dead body and wait for six months. If I come empty handed, then along with your son I will end my life by burning myself in funeral pyre.

Giving such advice, Vikram drove away his horse. On the way, he came across 12x4= 48 gaw long jungle. As he entered into jungle then frightful, mammoth flame was burning and appalling yelp for help was echoing from it: ‘I am burning, burning! If there had been King Vikram then he could not remain without saving me.’

‘Ohhoho, some dejected, is wailing by using my name.’

As he went, he saw one large serpent, completely poached in fire. Vikram by putting his hand in intense blazing fire took out the serpent. The serpent said, ‘benevolent man, who are you’?

“I am king Vikram whom you were calling.”
“Aaha, hey King, remover of other’s misery; in my body there is severe burning sensation. Please, allow me to abide in your nectar type soothing body for a short duration. I would come out of your body as soon as pain caused by burning sensation would alleviate.”

Vikram opened his mouth and Sinduriyo Naag speedily crept in and sat in abdomen of the King.

After sometime, the king said, “Brother as per your assurance, please make an exit.”

The snake who was sitting in Vikram’s tummy said, “Ram Ram, I am not mad that I come out by leaving such a cozy abode.”

Vikram thought, ‘no issue, how could I disregard or cause extinction of one, to whom I have given shelter. I have a habit of taking a dose of opium every day. If I take opium then the serpent sitting in my tummy may loss his life. So from today onward opium is forbidden to me.’

Vikram gave up his everyday intake of opium but he walked by dragging himself. His belly bloated like pot, his hands and legs became scrawny. His eyes became feeble and painful. Nobody could identify him. He had extremely grievous ache in abdomen.

Losing awareness of all senses, Vikram was dragging his legs in the market. During that time what happened?

The king of that town had two daughters. By keeping hands on both daughters, father asked, “Tell me dear, Are you self-reliant or reliant?”
The elder one said father, ‘I am reliant.’

The younger one said father, “In this world, everyone receives the results of their own deeds. No one can erase even two digits that are written in the foreheads by destiny; nor could one add any. So I am self-reliant.”

“E...M girl, this much your haughtiness; is there any attendant?”

‘At his single call, twenty one attendants became present.’

“Tomorrow morning by making younger princess sit in the chariot you go to the market place of the town. If you come across any blind, deaf, dumb, orphan, handicapped or ailing man, then get her married with him; then we would see how long her self-reliance will remain.”

They went to the market, and then on the raised platform of one shop they saw Vikram who was lying there. His pupils of eyes were hauled in. There was a little life in him. Sudden marriage was performed and soldiers got the younger Princess, married to Vikram.

As a marriage gift they gave her the seven generation older small cart. They gave her two weak bullocks that stop just by walking three gaw. They provided one female attendant. Princess sat in the cart and went along with the king Vikram.

In the afternoon under the shelter of banyan tree, they parked the cart. The Princess sat down and took her unconscious King in her lap. The maidservant fell asleep. The
Princess was patting her diseased husband. After sometime by putting down the body of her sleeping husband on the floor, she went to fetch water.

What did happen behind her?

Gallant Vikram was sleeping. His mouth was open. Slowly, slowly Sinduriyo Naag lying in the stomach peeped out to take fresh air. As it popped out his head and looked here and there by clobbering its tongue, suddenly a sound came.... ‘Oh disgusting shameless, mean serpent of inferior breed!’

Snake got startled and looked around then it saw that another Snake sitting in the opposite burrow was shouting “you malignant, you do not belong to Nine Lineages of Serpents.”

Sinduriyo naag made a hissing sound and retorted, “Why are you reviling me?”

“What else can I do if I do not abuse you? You did not find any other person that you sat in abdomen of that King Vikram who removes others’ predicament; it is shameful on your part! There is no preceptor over you.”

“Keep your wise words with you”, Sinduriyo said: “You had inappropriately overpowered somebody’s wealth.”

“I am sitting on somebody’s wealth but alike you I am not sitting on somebody’s body. Oh sinner right now, if anyone makes you drink by pounding sava ser nux vomica then you would realize; your pieces of the body will come out.”
“Have you come in this world with the title of immortality? You have exposed me as thief; but remember if someone by boiling adhman oil pours it in your burrow then soon you would become lump of gold. Seven broad mouthed vessels containing treasure that you possess would go into somebody’s hand.”

By saying such, both the serpents oscillated their hoods against each other and went. One went into its burrow and other crept in abdomen of King Vikram.

The Princess came back by fetching water. She overheard the conversation of both the serpents. She awoke her attendant.

“Attendant, Attendant- you go quickly to the market and pick up sava ser nux vomica, aadhmann sweet oil and frying pan made of iron.”

Soon all the ordered item were supplied. The Princess thought that if these talk would be wrong then arrrr! If I give venom to my husband, and if he may die then what to do? If it would happen then I would be a criminal. Therefore, the first thing is to do test on the Snake lying in the burrow.

She ignited bonfire and heated the oil. Both women by lifting together the pan of oil poured hot oil into the burrow. Soon by making snorting sound, the snake came out and soon it turned into lump of gold. They started to dig the burrow. As they dug knee deep pit, then one broad mouthed vessel, two broad mouthed vessels, three broad mouthed vessels, and four! Thus, seven containers of brass were shoved out. They opened vessels and found that they were brimming over with gold guineas.
They covered the burrow with sand. She pounded *sava ser* nux vomica and slowly poured the drops into the mouth of King. As *pa sheer* went in tummy soon *Sinduriyo Naag* choked within and gushed out and soon its body shattered into pieces.

By carrying a tiny pot of milk in hand, Princess gradually started to pour drops of milk in the mouth of Vikram. As soon as he gulped down milk, soon his hand and legs were vitalized. His internal 32 bodily cells brightened. By twisting arms casting off indolence, King Vikram woke up. On getting up he got startled.

“Oh Princess, what you did? The three pieces of Sinduriyo Naag! How it happened? Who killed him?”

The Princess elaborately narrated each detail of the whole incident.

“*Arrrr!* Woman, you have involved me into wicked sin. You killed the one who was under my protection.

Vikram put the pieces of serpent in the secret recess of his shield. The King had not taken bath for many days. His complexion became dark. Royal luster looked blurred.

‘Hey *Satti* I want to take bath in the well.’ “Welcome *Swaminath* I would give you bath by massaging you with my hands.”

As they went down into well they heard the sound of mourning, ‘*arrrr; who is wailing?’

By keeping Knee touching long, silky hair, one woman was shedding tears and was continuously making desperate sigh “My lord, my husband.” Due to excessive crying her
rosy eyes became puffy and swollen; she removed her ornaments and made them scatter everyone.

Vikram asked, “Hey Satti, who are you?" Why are you crying by standing in water?”

“King, I am Naag Padamni of subterranean region. In water of the well, there is our palace. Somebody killed my husband Sinduriyo Naag.”

“Oh no, unfortunately we are the killer of your husband. Look, these are the pieces of his body.”

“Oho! Now there is no need to worry. I would puff life into these pieces.”

After saying, such Padamni plunged into water returned within a twinkling of the eye. In her hand, there was a pitcher full of nectar.

By joining three pieces, Padamni sprinkled nectar. One, two, and during the third sprinkle of nectar; the serpent swiftly got up by rocking its massive hood. The Serpent was empowered with the human language. “Hey woman, I am sinner. This King had saved me from the intense fire. He allowed me to sit in his abdomen! Oh his stomach was very soothing but I offender forbade to come out. To keep me alive he renounced his regular dose of opium.”

‘Hey, Vikram, demand, demand.’

“If I want to ask anything then God serpent, I would ask only one thing that one Brahmin son during his marriage ceremony died in the Chori. I am the culprit; I owe the big blot of his death on my forehead. Would you please give me two, three drops of nectar?”

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“Why did do take only two drops? You could take the whole pitcher of nectar.”

The King went along with the queen by carrying the pot of nectar.

It was the last night of six months. All were waiting for the King. The dead body was kept by stuffing medicines into it. The three wicks made of ghee were burning incessantly. There was cloud of smoke of fragrant incense; at that time, Vikram made a loud call----

“Oh brother, are you awake or asleep?”

“King we are awake, we had not taken a single wink of eye since six months.”

One, two and three, with the three sprinkle of nectar; soon the son of Brahmin got up by twisting his body he cast off his indolence. The Goddess of Destiny made an oracle, “I failed and Vikram you have won.”

By getting nephew married, the king and the queen came to Ujjani.

*

“Hey King Bhoj, if you had done such type of tasks then only you sit on the throne; otherwise you would not last on it.”

On saying, such the first puppet became mute. Soon with the zaannnn sound, the second puppet started dancing and in human voice started to speak smilingly:

“Listen hey King Bhoj! I would tell you another story of King Vikram who was sitting on the throne.”
DOSHI MA NEE VATO

Gujarat ni tarun matao!


Aa vakhte doshi ma gharma hot to kevu sukh that! Kika kiki ne varta kidha j karat, pan ere! Ka to Doshi ma mari gaya hase ne jivta hoy to kajiya karine tame emne agha kadhiya hashe! Doshima tak tak kare te tama rat hi sa sehvay!

Have pastavo thai chhe? To, lyo hu pachhi avu chhu – tak tak karva nahi, kikakikine varta kehva. Tamey sambhalso no ne? Ek vakhat tamare dadi thavu padshe, ho!

Likhiten,

Tame tarchodeli

Doshima.

To The Young Mothers of Gujarat!

“O mother! Tell us a story! By saying such, your children must be distressing you. In your childhood the stories that you have heard by your grandmother either you might not be in state of recollecting them or you might not have leisure to tell the stories. You must be making your children sleep either by scolding them or by beating them.
At this point of time, it would be very good if an old woman would be at your home. They would have kept on telling the stories to your children. Oh, no, either old woman might be dead otherwise; if she is alive, you might have driven her out by quarrelling with her. How can you tolerate her tedious prattle?

Do you repent now? Then, look, I am coming back not to make tedious prattling but to tell stories to your tiny tots. Will you also like to hear them? Once during life time you would also become grand ma!”

From,

Yours forsaken

DoshiMa
(One story is *Ajab Chor* from the 5 selected stories of *Doshi Mani vato* and one story titled *Sonbai* is from the cancelled anthology of *Doshi Mani Vato*. They are translated as following.)
33. Ajab Chhor

There was one thief. He had one principle of to make burglary only once in a year and not to do robbery for the second time.

Once he went to pilfer. On the way, he came across one river, he sat there. Meanwhile one Bania passed from there. Bania was very thirsty. As he went to drink water with a container formed by joining palms; suddenly, his eyes fell on the thief. Bania got a frightful shock. He left half of the water and got up without drinking water.

The thief said, “Sethji, at least drink water.”

Baniya said: “Enough brothers, I do not want to drink more water.”

The thief said, “Seth, do not get scared. I am not going to rob you. Please keep trust, and drink water. I have to do much big larceny.”

The Baniya drank water. The thief said, “Seth, if you give me the stick you have, then I would pay for it.”

The face of Baniya became pale due to terror. He said, “Brother, I cannot walk without stick. I walk with the support of staff. How could I find another stick in this barren region?”

The thief snatched the stick, as he split the stick; four gems came out from it.

Laughingly the thief said, “Sethji, I gave you assurance of safety, in spite of that you told lie. Take your jewels. I cannot use them. Are you going to which city?”
Seth said, “Ujjani nagri.”

Thief said, “Please tell King Vikram of Ujjain that tonight I will come to loot, so ask him to remain alert.”

Baniya informed valiant Vikram.

King Vikram started to mull over, ‘oho, what a brave thief he would be that he himself sends a warning message.’

King Vikram ordered, “Tonight, I alone would keep vigil and guard the whole town. So give leave to all the soldiers. Nobody should remain awake tonight. Tell people of the town to sleep soundly.”

The King was a godly man. Everybody had faith in him. It became night. All the guards went to their home. People of the town fell asleep. The gate of the fort was traceable. The King alone in the guise of thief started to stroll in each side of the city. While patrolling he stood at one place and thought that the thief would get down there. But the thief came at the forte; he saw that inside, one man was standing; so he started to get down. The King whistled. It was the same type of whistle that two-thief whistle to each other when they meet.

The thief took it for granted that he must be his fellow man, so he came inside. King proposed, “Friend, let us go. I am familiar with the town. I will give you best addresses.”

Both started, while walking on their way they came across the house of money lender. The King indicated the way of going inside the house. As thief went in, there Seth,
Sethani were sleeping soundly. The thief stood there for a while, suddenly a slumbering Sethani asked, ‘who are you brother?’

The thief came out soon after he was addressed as brother by Sethani. He told King, “Let us go to another house. Here I do not want filch in this house.”

The King asked, “Why?”

The thief said, “Sethani addressed me as ‘brother’. Something should be given to sister.” After saying so, he went in and he had one Vedh of gold, he put it on the bed of Sethani.

Then, both went to another place.

As the thief went inside another house, one Sethani was sleeping. The hand of the thief fell on the bag of salt. He assumed it as an auspicious sugar. He took a pinch from it and he put in his mouth then; it tasted it as salt. He soon came out. The King asked, “What happened?”

The thief said, “Brother I ate the salt of this house. Now I cannot be a betrayer. Let us go to another house.”

The King wondered whether the man was a hermit or a thief.

They went to the third house. The King show him the way of going inside. In the house when the thief fumbled everywhere in the darkness; then the sack of maize came in his hand. The thief soon came out and told the King, “Brother! It was a good omen. Maize came in my hand but could I loot the same house where a good omen had happened? This good omen would be fulfilled. Now let us go to another place.”
The King said, “Now let us go and break-in the palace.”

Both went to the palace. They went inside the palace but there they did not find any security guard.

The thief asked, “Brother, what is this? There was no security in the town, not a single man is seen in the royal palace. The arrangement and alertness of the King Vikram is much praised then what is this?”

The King said, “Oh, brother outside the palace the boasts regarding the well ordered security in King Vikram’s country must be going on; but here such type of anarchy prevails. The King does not pay heed to this matter.”

In the palace, the queen was sleeping on the swinging cot. The King told the thief, “The legs of this swinging cot are made of gold. You remove these golden legs of cot, so your children and grand children can eat happily without making any other effort of earning.”

How could I remove the swinging cot? What would happen if the queen sleeping on it, would wake up? Then, the thief started to pile up mattresses one above another. He made a big heap of mattresses by the swing. He cut the heavy chain of the swing so adeptly that the body of the queen remained on the mattresses.

Then, thief by his teeth pulled out the swing from hooks. By ransacking it, he removed separately the four legs of the swinging cot. Taking the four legs both went to one corner of the fort.

The thief said, “Brother, take these two legs of your share. Let us have equal share.”
The king said, “I will take only one leg because you have done hard work.”

The thief said, “No, you had provided me all addresses so you have also put in much effort.”

Soon one owl sitting on a tree chirped.

Immediately the thief told the King, “I have identified you. Well done King, under your watch you himself made me to steal in your palace.”

The King laughed and asked, “How could you make out that I am King?”

The thief said, “King, I know the language of the birds. Whatever the owl spoke, it meant that the owner of these stolen items is standing here only.”

The king congratulated the thief. He took the thief to his royal palace. On the second day, he bestowed the thief by arranging a big assembly.

He appreciated his morality and conferred a good job in his royal court.
There were seven brothers; among seven brothers, there was only one youngest sister. Her name was Sonbai.

Sonbai was the most endeared child of parents. Seven brothers loved Sonbai so much that were ready to sacrifice their lives for Sonbai. Seven sisters-in-laws could not bear pampering offered to Sonbai.

The parents went on pilgrimage. The father said, “Do not grieve my Sonbai.” Seven daughters in laws stealthily gnashed their teeth in anger and said, ‘ok’.

Parents went away. The youngest son went along with them. Sitting on an upper storey Sonbai was playing with dolls. One day while playing with the doll, one piece of the doll’s dress fell down. Sonbai told one sister-in-law, ‘Bhabhi, Bhabhi, please come up and give me the cloth.’

Bhabhi said, “Oh princess, heena has not been applied on your feet so you come down and you yourself take it.”

Tears brimmed in eyes of Sonbai. She missed her parents.

Second day happened. Six brothers got up in the morning and went to their work place,

Bhabhi said, ‘Sonbai, you cannot eat without doing anything. Take this pot and fetch water.’ Sonbai went to fetch water. The water pot which was put on the head fell down repeatedly. Her all clothes got drenched with water and men made jest of her. After
overcoming difficulties, Sonbai went home by carrying a pot full of water and poured in a water pot. She went to fetch another pot of water.

*Babhi* hit a pebble stone at the water pot so the bottom part of the water pot got leaked. Sonbai came back by fetching second pair of pots but there was no water in the pot. By pouring the second pair of pots, Sonbai went to fetch water for the third time. On coming back at home, she found no drop of water in the pot, it had leaked out. Sonbai started to cry. One frog came near her. The frog asked, “Younger sister, what have happened to you?”

Sonbai said, “*Babhi* has made a hole in the water pot by hitting at it; so water is leaking out of it and the pot is not getting filled.”

The Frog went along with Sonbai at her house. It sat down in the water pot where there was a hole. Later on Sonbai poured water in it and filled the whole pot. The frog did not let single drop of water spill down.

*Babhi* rasped teeth in anger.

Third day happened. Brothers went to work. Second numbered *bhabhi* gave a call to Sonbai, “Take these paddies. I have counted the number of grains that you will count it. You go and by pounding these paddies take out rice from it. We would torment you if one grain becomes less or any grain may break into pieces.”

Sitting under the tree, Sonbai started to shed tears. Meanwhile innumerable sparrows reached there. Sparrows asked, “Younger sister, why are you weeping?” Sonbai said,
“Bhabhi has given me paddies to pound; if a single grain would become less or if any would break then bhabhi would torture me.”

Sparrows said, “Oh, there is nothing in that.” After saying so, all sparrows got busy in finishing the task. Very soon, all the paddies were chaffed. Not a single grain broke. Sonbai came home by bringing grains.

Bhabhi abusively said, “Raand, one grain is missing. You must have eaten it. Do not come without taking it.”

Sonbai after sitting under the tree sobbed. All sparrows rushed towards her and Sonbai told everything that happened at home to Sparrows. Sparrows said, ‘comrades you all please check your own mouth.’ They found that one grain had remained by mistake in the beak of one old sparrow. By taking that grain, Sonbai went home.

Bhabhi once again gnashed her teeth and grumbled.

It happened the fourth day. Brothers went out for their work. The third numbered bhabhi gave a call to Sonbai and ordered, ‘Go, and wash this whole bundle of clothes. Wash them as white as wings of Cranes; otherwise we would afflict you.’

By taking, a bundle of clothes Sonbai went to the river, she sat on the bank of the river and started to weep.

On seeing her wailing innumerable cranes approached her and asked, “Younger sister, what has happened to you? Why are you crying?”
Sonbai said, “Bhabhi has given me one bundle of cloth and asked me to wash them as white as the wings of Crane; elsewhere she would cause me agony.”

Cranes said, “What is in that? Buddies, lets each one take one cloth and wash it.”

Very quickly, all clothes were washed as white as wings of Cranes. By taking them, Sonbai went home.

Bhabhi said, ‘Raand, one cloth is missing. You must have stolen it, go and bring it.’

Once again, Sonbai went at the bank of the river. She told everything to Cranes. One Crane said, ‘Friends, each of you check your wings.’ On searching they found that in the wing of one old crane one cloth had remained by mistake; Sonbai took the cloth and went to her home.

Bhabhi scornfully bit her teeth.

It was the fifth day; as usual brothers went out to work. The fourth bhabhi told Sonbai, ‘Go in the barren region and bring a bucket full of cow dung and a bundle of wooden logs.’

Sonbai said, ‘Bhabhi, would you please give me string for tying the bundle?’ Bhabhi did not give string. Sonbai was lamenting in the barren region; meanwhile a huge Serpent came there.

Snake said, ‘Younger sister, why are you crying? Sonbai said, ‘Bhabhi has not given me the string. How can I tie the bundle?"
Snake said, ‘Sister, I will wrap myself round your bundle. On reaching home, please put down the bundle carefully, so it would not hurt me.’ By making a string of serpent, Sonbai went home by carrying the bundle.

_Bhabhi_ gnashed her teeth.

Repulsion of all _bhabhi_ did not subside. Every day they poisoned their husband’s ears by talking about flaws of Sonbai. Gradually brothers began to loath Sonbai. Brothers frequently admonished Sonbai.

One day Sonbai wanted to take bath. All her clothes frayed. If she ever ask for new clothes then _bhabhi_ would reply, ‘Take blisters.’ Sonbai wept a lot, so the fifth _bhabhi_ gave her own _chunddi_ and said, ‘Rannd, take this _chundadi_. If a single stain will be found on _chunddi_ then I would make your condition more miserable.’

Sonbai said, ‘_Bhabhi, I will keep it with a great care._’ As Sonbai sat to take bath, _bhabhi_ clandestinely sprinkled drops of oil on it.

After taking bath, as Sonbai spotted out stains of oil on _chundadi_.

Sonbai came to _bhabhi_, she cried and she explained everything to _bhabhi_. _Bhabhi_ told the whole matter to brother. _Bhabhi_ said: ‘If you do not kill this _rannd_ then we will strangulate ourselves.’ Brothers were extremely exasperated with Sonbai so they slayed her. _Bhabhi_ colored the _chundadi_ of Sonbai with Sonbai’s blood then brother went and buried Sonbai.
Sonbai had one pet dog. Every day dog used to howl and go to the place where Sonbai was buried, they used to thrash dog but in spite of that dog did not stop going there.

*Bhabhi* felt that the dog would disclose the whole fact. Therefore, *babhi* killed the dog and buried the dog besides Sonbai’s burial ground.

A few days passed. One Neem tree grew on the ground where Sonbai was buried. The *Peepal* tree grew where dog was buried. Trees grew bigger.

Once parents were returning from pilgrimage; on their way Neem tree and Peepal Tree came across them. The younger son said, ‘Let us take rest here.’

‘Wow, how beautiful these trees are?’ After saying so, the younger soon started to move the branches of neem and *Peepal* trees. Soon from the soil, sound of somebody singing a song was heard

---

*Kon halave limbdi?*

*Kon Julave pipali*

*Bhai ni marel bendi*

*Bhojai ni rangel chundadi.*

Who is rocking the *Neem* tree?

Who is cradling the *peepal* tree?

Sister has been killed by a brother.

Sister in laws have colored *chundadi.*
The younger brother got scared. Whose voice it is? The voice quite resembled with the voice of Sonbai.

He dug the earth below the Neem tree then Sonbai came out. As he made a pit under the peepal tree then Sonbai’s dog was discovered.

The younger brother by slitting his one thigh hid Sonbai in it and in another thigh he hid the dog. All went home.

Parents and younger brother asked, ‘Where Sonbai has gone?’

Babhi replied, ‘She has gone to play.’

It became night. All set down for dinner. Brother said, ‘Please call Sonbai.’

Bhabhi, called from the town one squint eyed girl and represented her before all and said,’ this is Sonbai.’

Younger brother said ‘How this girl could be Sonbai? Why her eye is squint?’

Bhabhi replied, ‘When you were not present, her one eye broke.

‘Had so many years passed away that, the appearance of Sonbai has changed totally?’

Brother grinned and took out the living Sonbai from his thigh. All bhabhi looked down with embarrassment due to their heinous act.

The dog came out from the other thigh of a younger son. All bhabhi felt to die.
Brother said, ‘By cutting ear and nose of all these ruthless women; I would make them sit reverse on an ass and carry out their skimmington in the whole town.’

Sonbai interfered in the matter and said, ‘If you do anything against bhabhi then I gave you my swearing, of not to take any action against them.’

All bhabhi cried, bowed down to Sonbai and touched her feet. Even tears came to Sonbai’s eyes. Six brothers came home. They felt extremely guilty. They cried a lot by putting down their heads in lap of their Parents. They touched feet of Sonbai.

All forgot the matter that happened. Sonbai grew up, got married and she went to her in-law’s house.
**Rang Chee Barot**

### 35. Vikram and Khapro

In Ujjain there was the rule of the Valiant king Vikram, all needs of people of Ujjain were always fulfilled. Once upon a time in Ujjain, burglary was rampant. King Vikram patrolled in Manek Chowk during night. At midnight, a man named Khapro came out to burgle a house. King Vikram asked Khapro, ‘where are you going? Are you wandering aimlessly or going with aim.’ ‘Great King I never go aimlessly. Today I want to break your safe’. Vikram said, ‘Go happily and break the safe and take two bags full of money and take it to your home.’ Khapro said, ‘No King! I will take according to my requirement. Excess does not suit me.’

Meanwhile as Vikram and Khapro were talking; four women passed. Their anklets were jingling *rumjhun rumjhun*.

‘Oh! Khapra! Who are these women?’

‘This is a new urban area. God knows who they might be.’

As they came close, all the four women were recognised.

‘Oh! One is queen Bhanvatiji, second is the princess of a minister of Badhsagra. The third one is Bhamni and the fourth is contemptuous widow Gangli. Where these laundi have been going early morning? I will hit them with arrow.’
‘Yes… yes…. Yes…. Great King: Be careful, before making some mischief does not forget that along with them there is Gangli! She will uselessly make uproar.’

Do you know how Gangli is? –

*Addhik hath nu kanthu,*

*Pakal jambuda rokho van*

*Manjariyu aankhiyu.*

*Odiya thi unchha babarka char char tasu pagni naliyu*

*Char char to pag ni naliyu*

*Chothiya va pag,*

*Pinjra na gharno jane golito.*

*Khambhe sadlo.*

*Aabha mandal na chandarda hethe ramade evi!*

Wrist is of two and half size.

Dark complexion like a withered and distasteful black berry,

Grey Eyes.

Four feet high the shin bone

Quadruped legs of one-fourth size

Looked like round lump of carder

Sari on shoulder

She is a deceitful woman.
Gangli was walking ahead, the rest of them were following her. All the four women went out of the town.

Vikram and khapro followed women by taking support of a precipice of a small stream.

After going out of city, Gangli dug a pit under the banyan tree. She sprinkled adad in the sky and soon the sound gharar; gharar erupted and Moniyo came down from the sky: Moniyo was an expert musician of kingdom of Indra.

‘Yes Moniya! Continue the play of Tinger!’ What is Tinger Natya arrambh? - It is…

*Khambhe dudhna pyala*

*Mathe bar gagar nu bedu*

*Etla vana layne-*

*Dashe anagaliye chhakar farva,*

*Jibhe moti parovta java,*

*Katar ni dhar mathe pagla mandva.*

There are glasses of milk on shoulder,

There is a row of 12 earthen water pots on a head.

By taking all these things, move round with ten fingers, string beads with tongue, and make a print on head with the sharp edge of a sword.

On seeing wonderful type of Natya, arambh Bhammati enjoyed a lot.

‘Take this Moniya; this is my, Nav sero har!’ She said, ‘Jo moj maru to magarmacch sarju.’
Gangli said ‘After three days there is Swayamvar. We shall go to see the Swayamvar’.

Bhanmati said, ‘I can’t come. After three days at night King Vikram will visit my palace.’

Gangly said; ‘What is in that you can’t come?’ ‘When King Vikram goes to sleep, sprinkle mantrel udad Na dana on his chest. Under the effect of necromancy he will fall a sleep. He will remain asleep for the twelve years. I will wake him up, when we will come back after the twelve years”

‘How shall we go to Ajabet?’

‘We shall go by this flying saddh vadla.’

Vikram trembled on hearing such talk.

Khapra says ‘Great King! Do not worry. Let us return. We will find some way.’

In the evening Khapro went at Gangana suthar’s house. Gangana laid the Khatlo. If he does not make an arrangement of khatli for kaka, then someone else would from patal and lift him away.

“Gangana Suthar! Make a hole in the siddh vadla in such a way that not a single chip of wood falls on the ground; and two persons along with their weapons and smoking pipe get space to accomodate inside the carved hole.” Gangana Suthar carved hole into the wooden tree as per the instructions.
On the third day, Raja Vikram went at the palace of Rani Bhanmati. He pretended to be asleep. Rani Bhanmati soon sprinkled *udad na dana* on chest of Raja Vikram and chanted a *mohni mantra*.

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Hatheli e hanumant
Bhaliye bhairav
Chalne chal bandhu
Bolne ki jibh bandhu
Mo bandhu
Bandhu nagar sara
Gam dhaniku thad besaru
Mohne naam hamara
Mol betha raja tedavu
Kamru desh, Kamsa devi
Tya vase asmal jogi
Asmal jogi ye vadi vavi
Raja moyo parja moi
Moya nagar sara
Vachha chuke ubho suko
Pade dhup ke kandma
Jai khadi massan ma
```
Chalo mantro phatkat chuva.

Hanumant is in palm.

Bhairav is on a forehead.

I will hypnotise your movement.

I will hypnotise your tongue.

I will hypnotise your mouth.

I will hypnotise your city.

I can create city with the power of hypnotism.

I can bring here the king sitting in a palace.

Asmal Jogí resides at Kamru desh; where goddess Kamsa Devi is worshipped.

Asmal Jogí planted farm

The king was fascinated; the people were attracted,

The whole city attracted.

May his communicative power get paralysed

Ash of incense may fall in the altar; and may its particles, reach to crematorium.

Let this formula of black magic may work.

Soon as an effect of this evil formula of hypnotism: the body of the king Vikram stuck to the cot in such a way as if four female hooded serpents had attacked him. Bhanmati went away on leaving the king.
The king called an intelligent Vetal but he said, “I have no power to remove the effect of these charmed beans casted on king Vikram’s body. Only the goddess Kalika who has power on the four worlds can undo the effect of this evil spell.”

Vikram could get up from the bed only after he summoned the goddess Kali.

Vikram and Khapro quickly reached the *siddh* banyan tree and sat inside the hole made into the tree by Gangana. They carried their smoking pipe and their weapons with them and the door was shut, as it was earlier.

All the four women climbed up the banyan tree.

Gangli said, ‘Ladies, tie hem of your *sari* with banyan tree! Banyan tree will fly over the sea.’

‘Yes Gangli *masi*!’ said the three-women and tied the knot with the hem of their *sari*.

Gangli chanted *mantra*

*Lilli ghodi, Lila palan,*

*Jai kare mavel virku Salam*

*Mera veri mera bhakra*

*Uth po’r, Uth ghadi,*

*Lidha vina Pacchi fare*

*Chostha Jogni Bali ne bhasma kare.*

Green horse, green saddle,

Go and salute the brave
My enemy is my victim

Get up in the afternoon; get up at particular moment,

It can return without bringing them

It has power to burn sixty-four goddesses.

Gangli made the banyan tree fly which sounded as gharar! gharar! gharar! Within two seconds, they reached Ajabet. The banyan tree came down. All the four women went into the palace.

Gangli said, ‘Women, we will sing such wonderful marriage songs that may all kings gape with wonder.’

Vikram and Khapro came from the backside. They went to potter woman’s house.

There was Swayamvar at the King’s palace.

Thousands of masal threw light with particular force. Thousand of Saheliyu as powerful as she elephants started to sing marriage songs together.

She elephant was brought. Ambadi was of pure gold. An elephant rider who was sitting on an elephant kept warning elephant loudly,

Oh! Ganeshrup!

Raj joje, pat joje,

Gam joje, garas joje,

Jat joje, bhat joje,
Nam joje, tham joje.

View kingdom.

Think over the capital of the kingdom,

Evaluate the village,

Contemplate on the caste; think on the creed,

Examine name and fame.

She elephant started moving by keeping kalash in her trunk. She observed each king but she was not satisfied. Later on, she walked towards a dunghill. Who was standing there? King Vikram and Khapro were standing there. The elephant poured auspicious water from pot on the King Vikram. The elephant lifted Vikram up by her trunk and made him sit on Ambadi; it returned and Khapro followed Vikram by holding the elephant’s tail, otherwise who would allow him to enter into palace?

Vikram was in disguise. Who could recognise him? Brahman said; ‘Mention your name!’ Soon Khapra himself twisted Brahmin’s hand and Brahmin understood the name as well as situations.

_**Panditji**_ made Vikram wear _Troda, Tutiya, Mohan mala and Mandil_. Vikram decked him up with all traditional as well as necessary ritual accessories so he looked like _Indra._

King Vikram came for the ceremony of _pokhnu._

_**Panditji**_: ‘Who will go to observe the ceremony of _pokhnu_?’

_Bidadar_ moved among the crowd and announced ‘whether anybody could accept the challenge to observe the ceremony of _pokhnu_’
Who will accept the challenge?

Ultimately, queen Bhanmati accepted the bidu.

Queen Bhanmati observed the ceremony of welcoming the bridegroom King Vikram.

She went by taking Moti Ni Thali.

After fulfilling four Mangal Fera; the king Vikram went on the upper storey.

Medic ma to jaga jyot lagi chhe.

Bilor kacch na naliya,

Aagar chandan na aadsar,

Parvaliyu na vada-

Dhamkar thai rahiyo chhe,

Rajkunvari to-

Moth vani, elchi vani,

Khal khalte pani e nai

Ghat premade aariso mand,

Vale vale mataval thansi,

Thal lai medi e chadi chhe

Hale to kanku –kesar na pagla pade,

Bole to batris pankhdi na ful jare,

Prem na bandhiya bhamra gunjarav kare
Ham kam lochna

Trathi mrugli na jeva nel

Bhukhi sihan na jevo kediya no lank,

Ugto aambo

Raniya no kolambo

Bharvatiya ni barchhi

Holi ni jai,

Poonam no chandrama,

Juni vadiya no bhadko

Ne bhadarvano tadko.

Eva rup lai ne, thal pirsine transe ne saanth pagathiya Chhadi.

Maru chali mol par, Deepak jagadiye,

Haliyo, lanka lagadiye.

Maru chali mol par, chhuta meliya kesh,

Jane chhatrapat chaliyo, ko’k namavva desh.

Maru chali mol par, chhodiye kalri laj,

Ariyara gadh uppre, dhadhkariyo gajraj.

Maru theth palang chhadi, kachva meliya dur,

Chakva re man aanad bhayo,

Jane uga sur
An upper storey shined brightly.

The roof tiles, which were fitted, were made of crystal glass.

Horizontal beam under the top of a roof was made of -

-perfumed sandalwood,

Supporting beam of a roof was made of coral.

Everywhere humming sound echoed.

Queen took bath with hot water

She put the mirror in front of her

She pinned up pearls in her hair

She went upstairs by holding a large plate

When she walked, her footprints made impression of kumkum and kesar

When she spoke, her thirty-two teeth looked as delicate as buds of flower.

Wasps made humming sound as if they were bound by love.

She was very passionate and jazzy, eyes looked like an antelope

Her twist of waist looked like a voluptuous lioness, a growing mango tree, sharp as outlaw’s spear and her whole figure dazzled like a flame of ceremonial bonfires ignited during the Holi festival.

She looked beautiful as the full -moon day, she seemed as the big blaze of old hedge and simmered like the sunlight of Bhadarva.
By emdoding, all these natural features of beauty she climbed up 360 steps by carrying the plate of food,

Let us light a lamp; let us evoke the fire of passion

She went upstairs and kept her hair loose,

She walked gorgeously like a determined king going to stoop someone

A charming woman climbed up, by casting off shyness of a girl.

She climbed up as if she was going to stamp her victory on fort of her ancestors

She went on bed: throwing the cloak of shyness aside, and they zoomed up with such a joy like birds who feel electrified on sensuing the joy of rising rays of the sunrise.

She went on bed and she lovingly murmured, ‘Come close!’ she warmly welcomed him thrice. King Vikram relished his food. As the Swan of Mansarover graze pearls with the same graciousness, he ate three handful morsels.

*Thambh kadhke medi hanse, Khelen lagi khant*

*So sajna bhale aviya jeni jota vat*

*Vat buvara ne gan chana, diyole diva less*

*Je desh thi avshe Munjo Navlo, e desh na dhandhal less*

*Uncho naliyar ordo, madro sisko hath*

*Lathdti pyala liye, ne chomasa ni raat.*

Pillars trembled, upper storey smiled; amorous play went on bed,
Beloved it is good that you came; I had been waiting since long

I made sweet, by mixing flour and jaggery and in spite of lamps, ambience is dark due to thin whick of burning lamps.

There will be less possibility of commotion when my king, my husband will come from any country.

In high roofing tiled room, bottle of wine were in hand

Stumbling glass of wine was in hand and it was a rainy night,

King Vikram got amorous but Khapra had already warned him in advance not to strengthen relationship. Khapra had told King Vikram that if attachment would increase then it will make them reach Ujjani after six months and meanwhile conspiracy against them might work.’

Vikram became aware of the fact; he soon got up and became ready. He came out from the city and reached where Khapra was waiting for him.

Khapra wiped tilak, which was on the forehead of the king, and he removed mindhal that was tied around the wrist of Vikram.

They sat in the cave like hallow carved in the trunk of the tree. Later on all the four women came. Gangly chanted the mantra to make the banyan tree fly. The banyan tree flew away and reached the Ujjani. Women got down and walked away whereas Vikram and Khapro also rushed to the palace.

Night was not over; Khapra made king Vikram sleep and put the small heap of uddad on his chest in the same position as it was put earlier. Khapra went away.
Bhanmati came back. She saw King Khapra was sleeping. Bhanmati was doubtful since she performed the ceremony of pokhnu. As she was suspicious, she checked Vikram’s hand, she checked his forehead but as it was night, she could not find any sign, which could confirm that the man of whom she did pokhnu was no one but King Vikram himself. While observing his hair bun she traced one morsel of rice coloured with kumkum! ‘Yes! It is this! This is the same morsel of kumkum coloured rice; with which I made tilak on his forehead!’

As soon as Vikram got up from his bed, Bhanmati called Gangly. Gangly chanted necromantic hymn and Vikram was metamorphosed into a parrot.

Vikram who became parrot spoke in human language: ‘oh, you did not forgive even my one crime!’

Bhanmati twisted the situation so meanly that the life of Vikram in form of parrot reached to the state of limbo.

Everyday Khapra waited for the king Vikram. He was waiting for Vikram’s arrival from home. Unfortunately, Vikram did not even turn out for hunting or for arranging any meeting.

Khapra doubted, ‘sure, King Vikram must be in severe turmoil due to servant Gangly.’

Days passed, years passed! Khapro went Ajabet He went to king: ‘I have come to carry my mataji.’ He reached near the woman. Lady said, ‘oh Khapra! Your King married me and forgot me!’
Tears ran down over Khapra’s cheek,

*Aunshu Ve’ apar, nele arjan narpati,*

*Vir, Na Kari var, Ayo karan andar thi.*

*Roi sak to ro, monkaniyu meli Kari,*

*Kise bandhavu pal, sayaar fatiyo sankhda!*

*Dungar upper DAV jale, khan khan jare Ingar,*

*Janki hedi hal gay, vanka bura hval.*

*Ane bhai! Dilna dukh to je chtur nar hoi*  

*ENE j hoi chhe Na! Murakh ne shu?*

*Chatur nar ki lat bhali, kya murakh ki baat*

*Chaturanki late sakh upje murukh Ni vate ghar jjat.*

*Chatur narku bot dukh, murukh ku sakh raj;*

*Vidhi ghat jane nahi jene pet bharvanu kaj.*

Tears incessantly flowed: they ruled the eyes

The brave, never delay any action, motivation comes from within

If you can cry then cry, do catharsis

How can I control it?

The suppressed sea of pain has burst out and it is uncontrollable

On a small mountain, the firewood burns quickly and ashes fall down by making a rattling sound.
The condition is pitiable.

Too much attachment among friends of similar age group brings affliction in return.

Only wise feel pangs of conscience’s agony

Fool does not feel any regret or pain

Kick of an intelligent is better than talk of fool

The kick of an intelligent ignites the sparks of suspicion whereas advice of fool ruins home.

The wise has to bear severe pangs and has to face many problems whereas the fool remains happy in their fool’s paradise.

Goddess of Destiny does not know the mind of fool that they simply believe in the theory of drink, eat, be merry and to remain self-oriented; without scaling them on the ground of merits, goddess lavishly bless fools.

‘Oh! Khapra: what is the matter?’ Khapra gave details of the whole matter.

The woman took Galabgodiyo in pehramani. Galabgodiyo went with woman by carrying a flower plant.

They reached at the seacoast and discovered that all the ships had sailed away.

What to be done then?

Galabgodia spread his own long piece of cloth on the water of Sea and told his mistress and Khapra, ‘Please sit on a piece of cloth and hold the end of the sheet tightly! This is a dangerous sport.’
The cloth started drifting on water. They reached the next shore. There was one tree. Galabgodiya kicked the tree and the tree turned into a horse carriage. They all reached Ujjain by horse carriage. They directly went at Khapra’s Takiyo. A mace of 520 kg was lying against the wall. He held mace close then threw it away. Inside, the room dazzled with light of diamonds and pearls like incessant flame of lamp.

‘Oh! Khapra, what is this?’

‘Brother, my game is always underground.’

Khapra asked the woman to stay in basement and went to palace. At the palace there were two drums named ‘Ashad’ and ‘Bhadarvo’. Khapra started playing on drums.

Galabgodiya started playing games as soon as assembly gathered. He disguised himself as an old man. He created a garden. He planted mango tree and grew mangoes on it with his power.

Soon Gangli rushed to the spot and said; ‘Oh! Khapariya: who gave you this power?’

Khapro said, ‘Masi ba I am doing all these to expose your true colour to the public. Please wait, do not hurry!’

‘Oh! What will your Godiyo do? I will draw a circle, and in it I will put my charmed round skein of thread. Galab Godiya, if you have power then you can take it. Galab Godiya chanted necromantic hymn of Gayatri’ –

\[ \text{Ami} \]

\[ \text{Ami me Kalash} \]
Kalash me Unkar

Unkar ma narakar

Narakar ma Narijan

Narijan me pancch tatva.

Nectar

Nectar in Pot

In pot, there is painful sound

In pain, there is negation

In negation there is omniscient

In omniscient, there are five elements.

By chanting such hymn, he picked up skein of thread charmed by Gangli. He hanged Gangly with her head down. Her witchery qualities were exposed in the market. Cut her into pieces.

Then he liberated King Vikram from the physique of parrot and transformed him into a human being by using some mystic power. Bhanmati’s head was shorn entirely. They expelled her; by making her sit reverse on donkey and carried out her skimmington.
36. Vikram and Prabhat Chavdo

King Vikram of Ujjain was a saviour, always helping the sufferers. One day he started to traverse in foreign country. Finally he reached

*Jal unda thal chichira, Kaman lambe kesh,*

*Nar patadhar nipje, Ayo mardhar desh.*

The water form is deep and the level of water is shallow.

Man born in the land of Marwar is brave and women have long attractive hair. This is the *Mardhar* (Marwar) country.

Where water in well is extremely deep, land is narrow, women have heel touching long hair and men are born heroic, on such region of Marwad Vikram rode his horse. There was one well at the border of Marwad and Malwa. On the well a big leather bag for drawing water was working. As the thirsty horse of King Vikram reached near the well to quench his thirst; soon the master of the well shouted:

*Tara Ghoda ne gud de, aai to dhol re dhamke Pani Pani he.*

Kill your horse. Here water is very deep.

Vikram went near the well and saw that alike the moon water glittered in the well.

‘Are they suffering from any type of problem? Is there any mysterious matter?’

After saying so, King Vikram ordered to bring treasure through donkey. He got the well filled up with treasure and placed the flame of a lamp, on top.
The keeper of the well told king Vikram, ‘Oh King! I have warned you because beyond this place there is one scarcity hit region. You just go back; otherwise you will lose your power of chastity.’ How could brave Vikram retreat without solving the matter? He started riding his horse and went ahead.

He saw Mewad and Udaipur

*Adiaapar soyamnu ne manas dhanmula:*

*Padmaniyu Pani Bhare, Rang ho pichhola.*

*Adiaapar* (Udaipur) is beautiful; people are virtuous

Beautiful women fetch water, hats off to Picchola.

Moreover, how are the women of Udaipur?

*Kon deval Ni putli? Kone tane ghadi sonar?*

*Kiya raja Ni kwnnri? Kon purush dharnar?*

Who is this woman as delicate as an idol of a temple?

Ah! Golden woman: who have created you?

Whose princess are you? Who is your husband?

Like the idol of a chapel, whose woman she could be? Then he says:

*Jeni tarware Tran fumka, jeni kediye katara*

*Navdhar.*

*Ashuro revat khelve, soi purush dharnar.*

One who has three tassel on his sword
One who keeps new sharp edged dagger around his waist.

One who rides horse till late night?

Only this type of brave man could have such a beautiful wife.

On the way came the land of Gujarat—

_Banti chino ne bajro, jav kodar ann jat_,

_Nar kadhangi nipje, e dhara Gujarat._

_Banti, chino_ and_bajro, jav, kodar_ are species of grain

Like these coarse grain, women turn out clumsy this is the land of Gujarat.

Then King Vikram went to Halar. How is the city of Halar?

_Juni jar no dhebro, mathe kalthiro vaghar_,

_Ubho ubho dhar de, hude desh halar._

_Dhebro of old jar_,

It was just a coarse type of sizzling, on _dhebra_.

Men always sharpen the edge of weapon by standing; this is the city of Halar

Then he went Navenagar—

_Nagar hindi nariyu, gokhe kadhe gatra_

_Devalura mann dage, (to) manaviya kun matra._

Women of this Navanagar city have curved eyelashes and possess a very attractive physique.
They are so beautiful that deities also get tempted then what, about common person?

As he went ahead, he saw Nili Nagher (Nili Nagher was an attractive farm).

\textit{Vaja thakar ane am van, ghar ghar padmana gher}

\textit{Ret khatuke vadiya, bhoy nili nagher.}

Where there is the rule of Rajput of Vaja, one may find groves of mangoes, comely and gracious women in each house.

One even finds a ret running with sound of \textit{khatuk, khatuk} and the land is thoroughly lush green.

In such a lush green zone of Patan, the brave king Vikram reached where the King Prabhat Chavdo ruled.

\textit{Khamma! , Jaji khamma}

‘It is very remarkable moment that the King of Ujjain has arrived at my palace!’ He extended a warm welcome to the King Vikram.

Vikram noticed that the body of Prabhat Chavda became feeble. ‘Oh! Dear brother Prabhat Chavda what happened to you? You seem very anaemic; your whole body appears bloodless!’

‘Brother! Nothing has happened to me, structure of my physique is like this.’

‘There is something that you conceal from me. There must be some secret.’
Prabhat Chavda did not disclose anything.’ To unveil the mystery, one day Vikram secretly followed Prabhat Chavda. It was midnight. It was pitching dark. While walking, they reached to one hill on the west side. There was one cellar. Prabhat Chavda went inside the cellar. Vikram followed him.

In cellar, one furnace was burning. There was a big frying pan bubbling with hot oil. Later on whatever Vikram had seen was indeed a very frightening. Prabhat Chavda chanted ‘Har! Har! Har!’ and set down into a cauldron of boiling oil. He got his body fried. Four nymphs came. All the four nymphs ate fried body of Vikram. They collected bones and sprinkled water on it. After getting life, Prabhat returned.

Oh my god, he is suffering from the throes of death! If I will not set him free out of this pain, then how can I deserve the title as a remover of others’ trouble? ‘What is the use of this physical body if it does not come in help to others?

Another turn came of Prabhat Chavda to go at west side hill. On that day, Vikram reached early. He himself sat down in boiling oil after chanting ‘har, har, har’. Four fairies ate fried body of Vikram. Four fairies gathered bones of Vikram’s body, sprinkled water over his body and gave life to them. After giving life to Vikram, they recognised that he was not Prabhat but someone else.

‘Who are you?’

‘I am Vikram.’

‘Why have you done this?’
‘I have done this to save Prabhat.’

‘You ask something.’

‘I demand freedom of Prabhat chavda.’

From that day onwards fairies liberated Prabhat Chavda.

Prabhat gifted Vikram seven rooms full of fortunes.

Prabhat got his daughter married and celebrated her grand marriage ceremony.

Brave Vikram went ahead.

He reached the city named Gendal. Vikram tied his horse behind the Kalika temple at the house of a flower woman. He told her, ‘Sister, I am your guest.’ Earlier florists were offering lodging to strangers. So here a Flower woman also extended warm welcome.

‘Ben ne gher bhai ave

Sasu ne gher jamai ave.’

Brother comes at sister’s home.

Son-in-law comes at mother in law’s home.

‘It is good that brother you came here.’ Though Vikram was a stranger to flower woman, she allowed Vikram to tie his horse in her open ground. She served him delicious food.

During evening, Flower woman started weeping by beating her breast.

Vikram asked her, ‘Sister what is the cause of your suffering?’
‘Please share your problem with me.’

‘Brother! The princess of this city is locked in this Kalika temple. Princess is a witch.’

‘Vikram was dumfounded on hearing that, ‘Princess is a witch!’

‘What princess is doing?’

‘Every night she swallows any one person from the town.’

‘So the King has set turn of one member to go from each family every night.

‘Today it is turn of my son.’ Once again, flower woman started to cry while explaining the matter. It was a heart-wrenching cry of disaster of which she was going to be a victim.

Vikram said ‘Sister, please you do not cry. Can’t anyone go in place of your son?’

‘Definitely anybody can represent my son but who would go in one’s proxy to die? Are humanbeings sold in the market that I can purchase?’

‘Sister, I will go in place of your son.’

‘Bapu! It is too late and you are our guest for a short period. If I send you to die in place of my son then I will be considered as a witch. Brother, you cannot go.’

‘Sister, don’t be silly. Please give me all the details that how the Princess who has become witch is swallowing a living person?’
‘What do you mean by how?’ During night one person goes to the temple to sleep and in the morning the pale dead body of that person is found. Princess is found sleeping all the time. God knows what happens during night. A scavenger takes away dead body early in the morning.’

‘Is it so, now I understand…’ he thoughtfully said.

Vikram asked the flower woman, ‘Sister, would you please give me 10 kg flower?’

‘Oh, my dear brother, my garden wallows with flowers.’ Flower woman went and brought fragrant full flowers like *champa*, jasmine, mogra and dollar. Vikram collected all flowers in one basket. ‘Now sister give me one bowl full of milk.’ Vikram went with flower woman’s son at the temple of Kalika during midnight by carrying basket full of flowers and a bowl of milk. On reaching there, he asked florist’s son to wait outside the temple. He went inside the temple carrying flowers and milk.

What a terrific temple! It was so scary that one may find it terrifying if one enters during a day. In this deserted temple, there was a horrible idol of Kalika. In one corner a lamp was burning. On a bed somebody was lying. Her body was pale, hands and legs were scrawny and she had a bloated belly; that neither moved nor spoke.

‘*Hmn*… sure, whatever I thought is true.’

By thinking so, Vikram spread 10 kg flowers on the floor of the temple.
He put a bowl of milk very far in one corner of the room. He stood at one distance by holding his sword. At midnight certain type of movement started into the mouth of a sleeping princess. Something came out of her mouth.

Arrrrrr! A head of a snake! It was repeatedly pushing tongue outside the mouth. It was looking, here and there and everywhere.

It came out..... It came out. First, half of its body came out. Later on full sized snake came out…

‘Oh, my God, this is a sinduriyo nag’. Whomsoever it stings that person may die on the spot. Brave Vikram also shuddered for a moment. He felt of running away. He felt of screaming. He controlled himself. Fu! Fu! Fu! Serpent hissed. Entire temple got highly enraged.”

Serpent started searching his daily prey but he found no one. It seemed as if he would run in the city and sting someone with a stroke. Meanwhile serpent sensed aroma of milk. He rushed to the spot. It came very close to the bowl of milk. Serpent sat on the bowl of milk and Vikram clanked sword. Did he miss the target? How could he miss? It was the question of life and death. He did not miss. Head of a serpent fell far in one corner of the temple. The serpent desperately strived for survival but it struggled in vain to save its life. Finally, it lost its life. Vikram put the head of a serpent in his shield. He focused his attention on the bed. After sometime, the princess breathed a sigh of relief as the aches and pains of her body soothed. She shook off her idleness and got up. She started to inspect her surroundings. A lamp was burning. A heap of flowers was lying. Sweet fragrance was sensed everywhere.
She experienced relief in the body. Slowly, slowly she regained more and more energy. Once again, she looked around her. She saw that one man was standing in one corner. He had a dagger around waist, he had a sword, curved body, sparkling eyes, and his face gleamed like nectar.

‘Don’t worry lady!’ after saying so Vikram encouraged her: ‘See, your Yama is lying there.’ He pointed his finger towards the corpse of a dead serpent. The woman did not dare to see it, so she closed her eyes.

After few minutes, once again she opened her eyes and made a sign for drinking water.

‘Are you thirsty?’ after asking, Vikram started to pour milk into woman’s mouth with a cup. Woman started to drink milk. She experienced rejuvenation after drinking milk. She belonged to royal hierarchy, so natural beauty and gorgeousness of a princess was apparent on her face. Slowly slowly, she asked, ‘who are you?’ ‘I am a stranger.’ ‘You are my life giver!’ ‘No, God is a life giver.’ Both had a face to face talk. Ailment of six months recovered within six hours. In the morning, a scavenger came to drag a dead body. He peeped inside the temple but returned with surprise. He went to the kingdom and declared that there not only Kalka was sitting but kalko was also there and both were talking.

The entire city came to see this marvel. Ocean of human beings over flowed. The king also came. Vikram told the king ‘Shame on you. There was a poisonous serpent in princess’s stomach and you declared her as witch! Hundreds of young men became victim because of you.’
Vikram was invited to stay in the kingdom. Body of princess reinvigorated. She regained her golden complexion and supple skin. Beauty of her youth bloomed fully. Princess took a vow, ‘If I have to marry then I will marry only King Vikram, to me rest of the men of the world are my brothers and father.’

After marrying the princess, Vikram started marching for his place along with the queen. On the way, he came across one old woman who was crying while spinning cotton. Vikram asked, ‘Old woman! Why are you crying?’

‘Oh, God, my Son…’

‘What happened to your son?’

‘He is killed.’

‘Who killed him?’

‘You killed him.’

‘Me’, Vikram startled.

‘Yes, you killed my son Sinduriyo naag’.

‘Oh I see, please take your son’s head.’ By saying so, he gave her a serpent’s head, which he had kept in his shield.

‘May god bless you my son!’ after saying so old woman sprinkled nectar on the head of a serpent. Old woman told Vikram, ‘I am padamni naag’.
‘I will get my younger sister marry you.’ After marrying Padamni naag Vikram started to live in subterranean region of serpents.

One day in subterranean region, invitation was circulated from Vainkunth to visit Vainkuth in get-together arranged on an occasion of Dusshera. Members of subterranean region requested Vikram to accompany them. Vikram went with them. In Vainkunth a challenge was declared, ‘who, can distribute from only a handful flower among 33 crore deites?’ Vikram accepted the challenge. Vikram assigned duty of bringing flowers to fifty-two brave men, and the sixty-four goddess, he ordered, ‘Do not keep a single flower on the earth. Gather all the flowers’. Flowers were brought. Vikram took a handful flowers and started to give to each deity. Who could get an idea that from where he was taking flowers? Fifty-two brave men and sixty-four goddesses were invisibly supplying flowers to Vikram. One fourth of twenty-four inches heap of flowers lay in the assembly of deities.

‘Vikram, hats off, to your intelligence! You can ask for anything!’

‘What can I ask; if I have to ask something then definitely I will request you to give me glimpses of God?’

All deities appeared before Vikram as four-armed lord Vishnu.
Suro Dhandhal was the king of Gunjva village. The king Chichi Janjro was the king of Dhank Bangala. Strife was going on between these two kings regarding the matter of land.

The king of Gunjva village named Suro Dhandhal had two sons Bapu and Budho: and one daughter named Parmal. Dahiyo Sha was an administrator. Chandiyo and Khetiyo were two Rajputs.

Suro Dhandhal was killed in dispute of land. Dhaiyo Sha a faithful administrator of Suro Dhandhal sent all the three kids and the woman to their maternal home. Dhandhal family lost their power over Gunjva village.

Bapu and Buddho; grew up at maternal home. The Patel of the village used to take cows for grazing at the border of the village. He saw his two maternal nephews playing with small pebbles. They were tossing lemons to target pebbles. Patel observed that nephews were mischievous. After all, they belonged to Undha so they cannot be controlled easily by anybody. He thought this game might be proved terrible for the village in future!

After few days, nephews stopped playing with lemon and started playing with betel nut and a pellet bow. They started targeting betel nut by tossing it very high.

Later on Bapu told Budha; ‘Let us toss beads very high so we will be called experts in targeting pearls.’
Budho said, ‘you are right.’ They started to target pearls on bare head with a pellet bow. Patel could not tolerate this. He knew very well that nephews are of opposing nature, bubbling with wrath. They cannot be stopped by anyone. They will stop when they will get tired.

Bapu said, ‘Bhai Budha one contrivance remains.’

‘Brother! What, contrivance?’

‘The contrivance of breaking water pots of women.’

‘Which device shall we use?’

‘When woman arrives by carrying a water pot on her head, at that time one would break her pot by hitting it with bullet of lead. Another person will mend it by releasing the bullet of wax. Not a single drop of water shall spill out of pot.’

They started the process of breaking and mending earthen pitcher. In village, uproar was roused. One woman said, ‘my pot has been exchanged, another said, even mine has been exchanged.’

Later on Bapu and Bubha changed their role in the game, ‘brother! You will break and I shall mend.’

One old woman had a small earthen pot on her head: she was trembling due to her old age.

Budho made some changes in the bullet and he hit with more force. The small earthen pot broke. The old woman tumbled down.
After getting up, she addressed him as Roya and Nabapa.

Gotiye gotiye re eva bap dada na ver re

Baidiyu Na Beda ye re veera, nav fodiye

Find out enmity of your ancestors

Never break earthen pots of women

Both brothers looked at each other: ‘oh she called us ‘fatherless’.

Lets us go and ask mother to unveil this mystery?’

Ke je madi re amne, hoi evi vat re,

Mosale mamiyu re mena amne boliyu.

Ne re ne re evu kaka ne re katamab re.

Adharthi padiyel re dharti jiliya.

Mother, please tell us truth, whatever it may be?

At maternal home maternal aunt, taunt us.

Uncle and entire paternal family treat us as if we have fallen on the earth from above.

Supressing affliction that was going in her heart, mother said

Aaj thi re shi kahu kuvar tane vaderi re vat re

Je di munchhadiye vira val ghalso.

O brother, what can I do by telling you everything at this age? I will tell you when you will grow up and when you will start having moustache.
Mother! Son of Garasiya regarding the matter of understanding can never be small in age:

_He laviya maro navdharo katar re_

_Aantarda kadhi ne nakhu tari dok ma_

Give me my new edged sword

Let me take out my intestine from my tummy and put it around your neck.

Mother told her son the whole story regarding father’s death and the ruin of their kingdom of Gunjva village.

After knowing the fact, sons became stubborn to bring back long lost state of their father so that they could give true tribute to their father and justify themselves as true sons. Ok mother, ‘Ram Ram’.

Maternal uncle came and persuaded nephew-

_Alu Alu re tune pachhi pachah jone gam re_

_Gunjva ni gadi ye re Bhalava ne doylí._

I will give you twenty-five or fifty villages

Let the throne of Gunjva village remain under the rule of Bhalavala.

‘O uncle, the throne of Gunjva village is in exchange of my head. I have taken a vow to cut my head if I cannot take back Gunjva village. Uncle you have offered me twenty-five or fifty village but even if you would offer me five hundred villages then also I would not alter my mind. Now we cannot stay here for long at any cost.’
Mother Meenal de and sister Parmal sat in chariot. Both sons sat on horse.

Mother asked; ‘Oh brother, where shall we go?’

Oh Mother, ‘Where else can we go? Let us go on old route. Is there anyone from our previous well-wishers?’

‘Yes, there are two Rajputs Chandiyo and Khetiyo in Junagadh.’

*Rajputs?*

‘Yes.’

‘Ok, now there is no problem? They are very close. Is there any another well-wisher?’

‘In Gondal there is Dayo Sha who has also intimacy with us.’

On reaching Gondal, Bapu Bhala occupied half of the throne.

Dayo Sha was very strong. He wondered, ‘who is this brave man that dared to sit on my throne?’

_Hoy Hoy re eva sura dhandhal na vansh re,_

_Ardhi ne gadi ye re dhandhal dabta..._

He must be a progeny of Suro Dhandhal,

Dhandhal had a habit of occupying half throne.
'There was only Suro Dhandhal of Gujarat who used to share half throne with me. Who are you the new one, brother?

Bapu Bhalalo says:

\[ Jeno\ patya\ re\ evo\ Suro\ Dhandhal\ jone\ hoi\ re, \]

\[ Tena\ vansh\ Na\ ame\ Bapu\ ane\ Budhiya \]

Whose father was brave Suro Dhandhal.

We Bapu and Budhiya are from his dynasty.

Daya Sha was extremely happy,

\[ Dhanya\ Ghadi\ re\ eva\ dhanya\ amara\ bhagya\ re, \]

\[ Juno\ ane\ dhani\ re\ Bhalalo\ jagyo. \]

It is the luckiest moment and we are very fortunate that,

Our old master Bhalalo has risen.’

‘Dear brother: Bapu Bhalala; I can visualise your victory over Gunjva village.’

Bapu Bhalala asked mother; ‘Oh mother, is there any temple in Gunjva?’

‘Yes our Kuldevi is there?’ I want to die there in the temple so I may get salvation; as long as when one exists the person has to apply contrivance and skill for existence.

They reached Gunjva village. What a village!

Pots for fetching water were of brass and copper but they shined so brightly that they seemed to be made of gold. All water pots were of dark yellow colour. Not a single pot
looked hallow or in a dilapidated state. Similar to water pots he saw very large and strong villages of his father’s rule.

At that particular moment, even trees of that village seemed like venom to Bapu Bhalala. *Diya* was burning in the temple of goddess.

In goddess’s abode heaviest slab of stone was lying.

Dayo Sha said, ‘Bapu Bhalala your father was *Batris lakshnu*. Your father used to make a cut in his last finger and sprinkle blood so that the slab of stone used to go away at a great distance.’

‘Is that so? If one’s father was *batris lakshnu* then the sons are also *batrislakshna*.’

Bapu Bhalala sprinkled blood from his little finger. Before he put back the sword in scabbard; soon sound came from the temple:

*Khamma khamma re mara Bapu Budha ne re aaj re
Varania ne lai avu re madijaya veerna.*

Blessings to my Bapu and Budha

Let me give blessings to vindicate ill or miseries of mother’s beloved son.

Soon near the idol, goddess’s divine horse, *chundi and* rotating spear were seen.

Goddess shouted: ‘Bapu Bhalala, you do not take that horse. It is inhabitant of a cellar, so it cannot tolerate outside wind so you can take filly. You can mount on a filly after six months.’
Murat joyu re satam ne somvar

AAtham ne lagne re chadan kesar kalvi

He checked proper auspicious time, selected days like *Satam ne somvar* and *Aatham*

On *Aantham* mounted on filly named Kalvi kesar.

After six months, he checked an auspicious time to mount on Kalvi kesar filly and he decked filly with ornaments.

*Bapu Bhalalo lari lage Deval ne pay re,*

*Banani lajiyu re madi! Mari rakhjo.*

*Bapu Bhalala repeatedly bowed down deity.*

Goddesses please bless me and retain my credit.

*Bapu Bhalala, lejo Deval kera re naam re,*

*Namadiya layne re nav kunta nakhjo*

Bapu Bhalala keep chanting name of deity

Fix nine nails only after reciting name of deity.

Goddess said, ‘*Veer Bapu Bhalala! Fix nails on the earth, only after chanting name of a family.*’

*Bapu Bhalala Veer! Nakho soneri saman re,*

*Zarkashi ne jamani re kesar ne re jildi.*

Bapu Bhalala put a golden saddle, lace of brocade and a long loose gown on saffron coloured filly.
Bapu Bhalala went to Junagadh to unite Chandiyo and Khetiyo on a saffron filly. At the gate, gatekeepers said ‘If you go inside the royal court, on one side Chandiyo and Khetiyo will be holding council of seven hundred fifty Rajputs; and other side Nawab would be holding council of Mugla Pathan.’

Bapu Bhalalo went and occupied half the throne; soon everyone recognised him and querrated. A big drum was beaten. Seven hundred fifty Rajputs started their march.

*Vagya vagya re eva jangina re jone dhol re*

*Dholdiya dhadukiye re paradhida Jo chade*

*Pele nagare chade sada satso Rajput re*

*Bije nagare re chadi veera chaljo*

*Ke chhe chandiyo Mari mediye nagaru re, Thai re,*

*Bakhtariya pakhariya re chadi veera chaljo.*

Drum started beating and Paradhida started to march.

At the first beat of a drum seven hundred fifty Rajput started.

At the second beat of a drum brave men you march ahead

Standing in a balcony Chandiyo addressed his army that, beatings of drums had started so brave men get ready by wearing armour, keep your horse ready, and get well equipped.

Seven hundred soldiers rode on their horse and their horses dropped knee high excretion on the road.
There was cannonade of 108 bullets.

Bullets were interwoven with the gold chain.

The king of Junagadh gifted granular bullets to Chandiyo and Khetiyo. Finally, they reached on the fort of Gunjva. Chandiyo asked Khetiyo, ‘How can we bring enemy out?’

‘A wise man never attacks enemy behind his back. It is better to enter from the main gate. It doesn’t matter even if they run away.’

Two security guards named Kaniyo and Bibi were on duty, they sent message to Chichi Janjra:

Chichida re Janjra tu suto hoy to jag re

Foju be avi re tari jone parajma

Topu mandi re evi talav ni re pal re

Garjan ne garde re gadh kere kangre.

O, Chichida Janjra, if you are sleeping then wake up.

Two fighting forces have entered into your premises.

On the other side of the lake, they have started firing so skillfully that every selfish man would like to copy them.

They have targeted the pennacle of a fortress.
‘O, security guard! What are you saying? Have you taken drink containing hemp? Have you consumed any intoxicating drink?’

*Pidhi pidhi re te to lildi lilagar bhangya re*

*Mafar ne mavo ye pine poli aviyo!*

You must have taken drink-containing hemp.

You must have taken some intoxicating drink.

All right then please send your Veliyo barber to check the arrival of enemies by climbing on the top of the fortress. Veliyo barber went and saw that, up in the sky there was galaxy of innumerable stars and down on the earth there was sphere of innumerable spears. Horses smacked the fortress. During the pitch-dark hours of night, even sparrow does not prefer to build their nest at that time Chichi Janjra started to pack all his household things in a disordered manner.

Bibi said:

*Kali vaddi ma jevi jabuke chhe re vij re,*

*Daldama jabuke re kesar jone kalvi.*

As lightening in the dark cloud captures one’s attention, similarly the black mare named Kesar Kalvi shone and became the centre of fascination amidst the army due to its vaulting performance.

*Varse varse re jova jina re jarmar megh re,*

*Evij ne varse ye bhalalani goliyu.*
Amal no chhakiyo raja evi kardi aankh kadhe re aankh re,

Mucchardi marde ne re ani bhala ucchle.

Alike consistent fall of rain in fine drops there was consistency in Bhalala’s bullets firing.

Overpowered by vanity, Bapu looked with certain harshness; twisted moustache and violently threw spear.

After winning, the capital of Gunjva, Bapu Bhalala took his dromedary in every province of Gunjva to know condition of the whole population and to check whether their all-primary needs are fulfilled or not. There was no question of paying annuity to the king.

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One day Gadhvi gave reminder to Bapu Bhalala:

Bapu Bhalala tari Parmal ne parnav re.

Kunvri kanya ne raja lanchhan lagshe.

Bapu Bhalala please get your sister married

Otherwise, you will get stigma of keeping her unmarried.

Has sister Parmal become an adult? How beautiful she is! It is right, right, unmarried girl may get stigma. ‘Dasodi, go soon and get her engaged.’

Dasodi searched within the country and even went abroad:

Joi Joi re Jala ni re Jalavadi re,

Parmal ne sarikho re ichhavar no maliyo.
Joi Joi re Evi kathi ni Kathiwaad re,

Parmal sarikho re icchavar na maliyo

Joi Joi re evi Mala ni Marvadiya re,

Parmal sarikho re iccha var na maliyo.

He went to Jalawad met Jalawadi,

But did not find a desired groom for Parmal

Looked out for an eligible Kathi in Kathiawaad

But did not find a proper match for Parmal

Even saw Mala’s (Maharana Pratap) Marwaad

But could not found a desired groom; for Parmal.

All the three Dasodis came back. They did not find desired groom equivalent to Parmal.

The fourth Dasodi went to Dhaka in Bengal at the house of Chi Chi Janjro. There he elaborately appreciated qualities of a sister Parmal. The queen warned the king that she was a daughter of their enemy.

The king retorted, ‘How will you like if co-wife comes?’

Queen said; ‘O king, see it will be our good luck if we get any one thing from the four things given during the occasion of the bride and bride groom’s four mangal. If we do not get anything then simply accept their sharp point of spear lovingly.’

‘What four things?’
‘Demand Gunjva village in the first mangal.’

‘Demand Chandiya *chakar* in the second *mangal*.’

‘Ask for *Kesar kalvi ghodi* in the third round.’

‘Make a demand for rotating spear in the fourth round.’

Dasodi verbally finalised sister Parmal’s engagement with ChiChi Janjra. On reaching the palace he said;

*Joyu Joyu re evu Dhanka Bangala re Se’r re,*

*Parmal ne sarikho re iccha var tya maliyo.*

*Chhotkadu sarikhu re joyu Dhanka Bangala se’r*

*Sarkha ne samani re rame rang taliye.*

I saw cities like Dhanka Bangala

Could find proper match for Parmal

I saw small Dhanka Bangla city

Found such a proper match that they can enjoy each other’s company.

On hearing, this Bapu Bhalala stood up, quivered with rage, and said resentfully, ‘How could you finalise my sister’s engagement with my enemy? I will cut you into pieces.’

*Gadhvi* said: ‘Do you want to violate the vows of the engagement given by me?’ Battle of words started between the two. *Gadhvi* said, ‘I would sprinkle blood on the throne. I will wreck your lineage.’
Bapu Bhalala got frightened with Gadhvi’s intimidation.

Parmal got the news at her room. She also made a huge uproar.

\[ Jajo \ jajo \ pitiya \ Dasodidi \ non-vansh \ re, \]
\[ Chori \ ma \ randapo \ re \ pitye \ velo \ mokaliyo. \]
\[ Jajo \ jajo \ re \ eni \ rajak \ ne \ rotli \ re, \]
\[ Chundadiye \ khelare \ pitiya \ vela \ mokalaya. \]

May posterity of Dasodi ruin?

He has disappointed me by betraying in the matter of marriage.

May he be deprived of his own bread; may his livelihood ruin and may he deteriorate to the level of washer man?

He has made the matter of marriage troublesome.

[5]

Bapu Bhalala pondered and finally resolved to allow Chi Chi Janjra to come to marry Parmal. ‘Make a quick and sudden arrangement of the marriage ceremony. Consider Chi Chi Janra as a he-goat used in offering and offer him to goddess. We will think that sister has one more third brother along with the two.’

Finalising the date and plan of marriage charan went to Dhanka Bangala. Chi Chi Janjro danced with joy.

\[ Charaniya \ ne \ dejo \ dejo \ jaja \ maan \ re \ ne \]
\[ Charaniya \ ne \ dejo \ chalane \ churma. \]
Give more respect to Charaniya

Serve Churmu to Charaniya.

Chi chi Janjo came to marry. The time of kanyadan arrived. The first mangal started.

Pelu mangal evu hartu fartu vartai re.

Dandaiya ale re beni buddho jone bandhvo

Alu alu re bena pachhi pachha re jone gam re,

Panchse ne ghoda ye re bai vanes moklu.

The first mangal finished happily

Brother Budho started to give gifts

He said; ‘I would gift you twenty five /fifty villages,

Sister I will send five hundred horses following you.

Elder brother Buddho Dhandhal talked about gifting villages and horses. Parmal addressing the brother said

Tara gamadiya tare ati ghanera hoy re,

Ek j mangu re bapu keru besnu.

You have so many villages

I will demand only one village, which belongs to our father and where he used to sit everyday.

Brother said oh, are you mad?

Gheli Beni re ava gheladiya sha re boliya re,
Gunjva ni gadi ye re bhalala ne sher shami.

My sister, why do you make such senseless babbling?

The throne of Gunjva village is as precious for Bhalala as his head

‘My dear sister, the throne of Gunjva village is as precious as my head; I will cut my head if I give Gunjva village to this ascetic.’

The term ascetic used by Buddha for Janjro; envenomed Chi Chi Janjro. Infuriated Chi Chi Janjro pulled and crushed the garland, which was around his neck and got up from his seat. Soon Bapu Bhalala took out a sword and Chi Chi Janjro sat down.

Second mangal-

Bijumangal evu hartu fartu vartai re.

Dandaiya ale re beni buddho jone bandhvo

The second mangal finished happily

Brother Bhalala started to give gifts.

Bapu Bhalala got up to give Kanyadan

Alu Alu re beni pachhi paccha jone gam re

Solshe te sandhiyu are bai vanshe moklu.

I would gift you twenty-five /fifty villages,

I will send sixteen hundred female camels behind you.

Parmal says:
Tara Gamadiya tare ati ghanenare hoi re,

Ek j ne mangiyu re chhakar jone Chandiyo

You have so many villages that you keep with you

I demand only one servant Chandiyo.

Gheli beni re ava gheladiya sha boliya re

Chandiyo ne hoy j re Bhalala ni chovte

O crazy sister, why do you make irrational demands?

Chandiyo can be at only Bhalala’s place.

Chandiyo is the person whose advice even I seek. How can I give you Chandiyo?

The time came to bid Farwell to sister Parmal going in-laws’ home. Parmal says:

Bapu Bhalala Veera beni Volavane halya re,

Dadana Veruma re beni halya sasre.

Brother Bapu Bhalala went to give send off to sister,

Sister was going to that in-laws’ home with which her grand father had enmity.

Bhalala says: ‘Brother, Sister is going to father’s enemy’s home.’

Mari chovte evo chakar Chandiyo hoy re

Tene re pu6ine beni jaja sasre
At my place servant Chandiy is sitting.

Go to in-laws’ house after meeting him.

Parmal tells Chandiy:

*Chandiya re bandhva veera beni volavane halya re*

*Dada Na veru ma re Dhidi halya sasre.*

Brother Chandiy gave send off to sister.

Daughter was going at the house of grandfather’s enemy.

Chandiy advises:

*Lakhje re beni, kagadiyani re kor re,*

*Kagadiyo vanchine re beni ame aavshu.*

Sister, please write a letter.

We will come soon after receiving a letter.

Parmal asks; ‘Brother Chandiya, at in-law’s house, if in-laws will taunt me then what shall I do?’

*Noti didhi re mata milaldevi e re gal re,*

*Tunkaro nav bolel re bhalalo re bandhvo.*

Mother Minal De never used abusive language for me

Even Bhalala brother was never curt.

Chandiy said:
Kagaliyo re vanchi ne Beni lage vaderi re var re

Jate ne dhandhal re beni fer j janje.

‘Oh, Sister you do not worry. If we come late even after reading your letter then take it for granted that there is certain change in behaviour of we Dhandhal people.’

Parmal feels hesitant in going at in-laws’ home. She does not want to go. She thinks it better to die rather than going to in-laws’ home.

Pavu tu re pavu tu veera, galthuthi ma re fer re

Ujeri no ta karva re ghedi ne avda.

Oh, brother! When you gave the first honey water soon after my birth, it was good if you had mixed poison in it. Why did you bring me up?

Chandiyo encourages her: O sister you just see!

Mara lakshar eva margade nahi may re,

Ade ne ghode beni ame avshu.

My army is so huge that to ride all horses together would create commotion and obstruction on the same road.

We would come haphazardly on our horse by any route.

Parmal said, O brother I will not be able to tolerate any taunt. As I am enemy’s daughter, every one will taunt me.

Bapu Bhalala Veera! Menu maths no dhai re,
Avda ne ruvanda re veera! Mara tharhare.

Brother Bapu Bhalala! My head will break into pieces by taunts

I am flutter due to fear and my hair stands on end.

[7]

Chi Chi Janjra treated a daughter of enemy in an unpleasant way. He treated Parmal as an unfavoured wife. One day all beloved women of Chi Chi Janjra invited Parmal to talk. What Parmal saw there?

Maneti ne Utare re evi damru janjar ni jodiya re,

Parmal ne Utare re pag kera chavantiya.

Maneti ne utare re eva sacha masru na chir re,

Parmal ne utare re dhusa keri dhabdi.

At beloved’s place, there was the pair of anklets

Parmal had only cheap ornaments

Beloved had the real silk cloth

On the other hand, at Parmal’s house there was only one tattered blanket.

Such type of discrimination was maintained. On one hand, Parmal had not a single proper dress and on the other hand, in the presence of Parmal, beloved wives of Chi Chi Janjra started to praise their spouse.

Aapdo re Thakoriyo evo tran Bhuvan no rai re,

Tena re sarikhi re kalam re koi nahi.
Our Benedict is the king of three worlds

Nobody is as high as he is.

Bruised and tortured Parmal could not tolerate any more.

_Bapu Bhalala maro madi ayo bhai re,_

_Tena te daba pag ni re modi apdo thakro._

Bapu Bhalala is my real brother and in comparison to him,

Our ruler is as useless as the left shoe of my brother.

‘Oh, no,’ As buzzing and humming of flies calms down and they loose their energy when they fall into hot oil similarly all the six women became pale faced on hearing refuting remark of Parmal.

Later on all the seven removed their clothes and took dive into pool to take bath. Like a crocodile, they enjoyed their swimming. They plunged deep into water and started playing game. They splashed water on each other with their feet. They were playing a game of kicking each other into the water. They deliberately kicked Parmal.

_Maneti ni patudi evi pani ma re patkai re_

_Parmal ni patudi re nanosuno sidhvo._

The beloved of Chi Chi Janjra’s kick was strong in comparison to Parmal’s powerless kick.

How could a poor Parmal kick heavily? Parmal was so much offended by the insult that the big circular anklet of 200 gram in weight which she was wearing that she threw on
waist of beloved wife of Janjro and left the place. She came back at residence in chariot.

Parmal told the woman who was lighting lamp:

\[
\text{Divdiali re tu to divadiya ajval re,}
\]

\[
\text{Ruthio ne truthiyo re raja mol j avshe.}
\]

O woman you keep lightning lamp

The angry king would come back at palace.

She made the shepherd alert. ‘Dear brother Ratna shepherd; go on your swift camel and deliver message to my courageous brother Bapu Bhalala.

Ratna shepherd quickly reached the country of Bapu Bhalala and he woke up security guard.

\[
\text{Bapu na ne polida tu re to suto hoy to jag re}
\]

\[
\text{Asura kagadiya re Parmal bai na.}
\]

\[
\text{Kunchiyu rahi re evi Dhandhal ne Durbar re}
\]

\[
\text{Vena ne vaye re Ratna, poliyu ughde re.}
\]

Oh, gate keeper of Bapu, if you are sleeping then wake up.

Parmal \textit{bai} has sent letter at late hours.

The keys are lying at the palace of Dhandhal.

Ratna the doors will open only in the morning.

‘Ratna Shepherd! The doors of the gate will open only in morning. Keys are not with me.’
‘Is that so? Then you see this.’ After saying so Ratna shepherd took the camel slightly back and made it jump the side of a rampart. He went inside and gave sister’s letter to Bapu Bhalala.

[8]

Bapu Bhalala attacked Dhaka Bangala.

Vagya re eva jangi na dhol re

Dholdia dhaduke re paradhida jo chade.

Pele nagare chade re sada satso rajput re

Bije te nagare chadi veera! Chaljo.

The drums of mendicants sounded

At the beat of drum, all warriors started to march.

At the first beat of drum seven hundred fifty Rajput started their march.

At the second beat of drum, brother ‘you start marching.’

Before sitting in a chariot, Bapu Bhalala bowed his head to deity in temple.

‘Oh, Mother Goddess; please keep up my respect.’

‘Oh, Mother Goddess I have taken your solemn pledge, please maintain my credit.’

As soon as the tapping of horse sounded, soon Parmal told her co-wife:

Jagadiya neiJagadiya ne tara tran bhuvan na Rai re

Sundle ne supde gharena aviya.
Awake your king, the ruler of the three worlds!

Tell him that many baskets containing plenty of ornaments have arrived.

‘O women, awake your brave man! Look, my brother has brought plenty of ornaments.’

When Bapu Bhalala arrested Chi Chi Da and imprisoned him in the jail at that time, what Parmal says:-

_Bapu Bhalala Veer! Pahaliye kapda lidhel re_

_Bandhivan ne veera chodi meljo._

Brave Bapu Bhalala Veer! During the occasion of marriage, you gave me gifts,

O brother now please oblige me more by making the prisoner free.

O sister! Are you mad? Now, why shall I make him free?

_Gheli beni re ava gheladiya sha re bole re_

_Chichido ne manel mata kero bokdo._

Sister, do not talk like an insane?

I took the vow that I would offer Chichido to Goddess as a scapegoat.

[B9]

Bapu Bhalala returned after arresting Chichida. Later on Bapu became arrogant regarding the strength of his arms. One day his sister-in-law taunted him.

_Bapu Bhalala Veera! Nee Rajvada ni reet re_

_Rajaviyu ni rityu re Sodha- gher nipje._
Valiant brother Bapu Bhalala! These are not the ways in which royal behaves. Such type of arrogance is not a sign of a good behaviour in royal class.

‘Sister in law: where shall I go to learn the ways of royals?’

She replied, ‘Go to my maternal family member Sodha Rajput’s home to learn the ways of royals.’

_Bapu Bhalala! Bhalala n joo jnar re_

_Matida maliye are bhange tara Bhalfa._

Brother in law Bhalala: when Earth melts into Earth, i.e. body dies and merges into earth at that time the legs are crossed. Therefore, it is better to give up arrogance regarding your spear or strength of arms.

_Bevraviya bevraviya te to nanasuna re Rajput re,_

_Tethi ne bivraviya re chore charan Bhatne._

‘Sister-in-law, you can frighten any other ordinary Rajput by talking about your maternal Sodha Sumara; but not me.’

_Karda karda dishe re eva Sodha ne Sumara na raj_

_Rajviyuni ritiyu re Sodha gher nipje._

Administration of the kingdom of Sodha and Sumara is very strict. Actual royal equittequetes are maintained in the family of Sodha.
'Ok, then Bhalala; see at my maternal village, there is the Somar Lake. Around the Somar Lake, 1600 camels carrying guineas are wandering all alone. If you are very powerful then go and turn them back.’

Ok, Sister-in-law, done. Go to your maternal home and tell your Sodha:

\textit{Ke je bhabhi re tara mayarma jayne vat re}

\textit{Rajaviyu ni rite Thakoro re haljo}

\textit{Mari beti ne mare devu chhe kanya dan re}

\textit{Solso sandhiyu re bai vanshe alvi.}

Sister- in-law, go to your maternal home.

Tell your family members that behave in royal manners of Rajputs

I want to give gifts to my daughter in marriage

Ask them to send sixteen hundred camels as gift to my daughter.’

Bapu Bhalala sent the army at village of Sodha. In that, Chi Chi Janjro of Dhank Bangala attacked the village of Gunjva village and he drove away cows. Due to pain in his eye, Bhalala remained asleep. He visualised Goddess in his dream. In a dream, Goddess said:

‘Bhalala get up, otherwise I will be insulted. In a fit of arrogance, Bhalala denied to get up.

\textit{Dukhe dukhe re mari dabi kor ni ankh re}

\textit{Ghoda re ghare re mare noye ravna.}
(Goddess, ‘My left eye pains and I have developed conjunctive eye. Further more horse and a cavalier are not at home of Raval Rajputs.’)

So Goddess cursed him:-

\textit{Dukhjo re dukhjo re tari bhavobhav ankh re}

\textit{Ghoda ne hajo re ghere tare ravala!}

May your eyes pain forever!

May you suffer in spite of having horse and cavalier!

‘E...m! Does Goddess behave with me in this way? Now you take your spear and pony.’

By saying so Bapu Bhalala gave up spear and pony that were gifted by mother goddess and fought all alone so finally he was killed.
38. Chhar Saar

King and Mansagra minister were kith and kin. Their emotional bond was so strong that it was difficult for both to imagine life without each other. One day King’s approach towards Mansagra was surprisingly changed. King’s intimacy with Mansagra suddenly waned. Generally a king, a monkey and crowd of people are not reliable. God knows what suspicion had aroused in the mind of a king that he disgustingly resolved of not to see the face of his minister Mansagra. ‘My King! My wise king! Do not forsake hatefully the one with whom you develop intimacy. As soul does not leave the company of a body; even if body becomes weak, similarly in any case one should not quit one’s companion.’

Je su bhandhal jiv te su man taravie nahi

Man sukai sarir, toy bija na thariye bandra!

As mind and body are interwined, they never live apart,

If body becomes weak then also mind and body never become indifferent to each other.

Do not forsake hatefully the one with whom you develop intimacy. The same discord occurred on the day when the rift of disparity developed between swan and the sea.

Hansla undu undu huva, pankhu pasariye,

Janyu padar charo nai, kok nava nihaliye

[The sea dried up. Swan struggled hard to find food and started to fly to find a new river or pond.]
At that time, the forsaken sea said:

_Hansla! Perti kagni, kast padiye udi jai;_  

_Sachi preet seval ni, jal suke karmay._

[O swan! Those are the ways of Crows that fly away when lake is in trouble. The moss has true love because it also dries up with aird water of the lake.]

At that, time wise man told Swan:

_Hansa! Sayar manviye, kariye hath jodiye_  

_Jethi ruda lagiye, tethi tani man trod._

[Swan, you persuade the sea and request gently by folding your hands. We appear better if we turn more humane towards others. We should not violate the bond of friendship.]

_Hansa! Sayar seviye jeni jal barobar pal,  

_Ochho Raja na seviye, jeno uchalo antriyal._

[Swan you should always nurture that sea in which there is a balance between the coast and water.]

Never turst that king whose dwelling and rule is indefinite.

Swan did not pay heed; it went forever; while leaving the sea; swan ruthlessly told the sea: ‘I have so many lakes; you are not the one and only ocean.’ The ocean said ‘ok brother’:

_Hansa sayaar Ghana, pohap Ghana bhamresh;_  

_Sumanash ne sumanash Ghana Marne jai videsh_
[No problem, Swan, if you go to foreign countries you will definitely find many seas as flowers may get many bees but the good is rare and one who is really a good always finds good.]

Here, Pradhan kept patience. He was very hopeful that one day the king will realise his mistake. Due to God’s grace one day in form of solution Pradhan heard the following words:

*Lyo re koi chaar sar! Ek ek saar na rupiya ek hajar!*

Please take the four essence of life! One essence costs one thousand!

*Samje to lakh na*

*Ne na samje to rakh na!*

If one, understand than its cost is worth Rs1000.

If not understood than it is as valueless as ash.

Pradhan loudly asked, ‘Who is selling these four essences?’ He got up and saw that one mendicant was selling and advertising that…

‘O, brother take four essences. If one understands then one essence’s cost is worth rs 1000. If one does not understand then, its cost is of mere dust.’

On hearing the words of mendicant, pedesterains mocked at him. Some one addressed him as … ‘Mad… mad.’ Meanwhile from the upper storey Pradhan shouted: ‘*Sai* please come here.’ Pradhan called him on the upper storey, paid him four thousand rupees; and said, ‘Please give me the draft of chaar *Saar’*
The mendicant gave a small paper containing *chaar Saar*. Mansagra pradhan went through it…

\[Krodhei vamasan so Saar, tena rupiya hazaar;\]

\[Jagya so nar chaar tena rupiya hazar\]

\[Veri ne adarbhav so Saar, tena rupiya hazar\]

\[Astri vank mar Saar, tena rupiya hajar;\]

\[Samje to lakh na\]

\[Ne na samje to rakhna.\]

One thousand for the essence i.e. it is better to think before getting angry, because a fit of anger consequences into regret.

One thousand rupees for the essence i.e. an alert man is better.

One thousand for the essence i.e. give warm welcome to an enemy.

Rupees one thousand will be charged for the essence i.e. stubbornness of a woman deserves punishment.

If one, understand then the cost of each essence is worth rupees one thousand.

If one does not understand then it is as valueless as ash.

‘Ok Sai! Take this draft and go to the palace of the king. Do not give him this draft hand-to-hand. Simply paste it on the frame of the door of the king during night and come back.’ Earlier mendicants, hermits and any saintly men were very honest so nobody could stop if they went to the palace. The mendicant who was selling *Chaar Saar* went inside the palace and pasted the paper containing *chaar Saar* on the door of the palace.
Due to God’s grace on the same night in that city, *Bhavai* was organised. The trumpets were blowed and continuous heavy beatings of cymbals chimed. The king went to watch a folk drama; and the king had a young sister who also wished to watch a folk drama. She went to watch folk drama in a guise of a man. She even made all her innocent sisters wear clothes of men. All made a circle. On one end, the king sat on a cot. On the other end of a cot, the king’s sisters sat in disguised attire. Nobody could make out her, as she was well equipped with all weapons like a man. She looked like a *Pargam no garasiyo*.

In the game, one by one, characters in disguised form started appearing. First of all came the character of a *Ganesh Pradhan*, then came a clown, a Brahmin and then in the last came characters playing cymbals; finally all tapped together in the rhythm and sang the following….

\[
\text{Vavdi khode re bhramiyo ramramjire} \\
\text{Navan kare re bhramiyo ram ramji re} \\
\text{Bhojan kare re bhramiyo ram ramji re} \\
\text{Pacchi vali –} \\
\text{Bhala more mara, bhala more Rama} \\
\text{Aaj more Rama, bhala mora Rama!} \\
\text{Cultivate a chunk of a land and take one round } Ram Ramji re. \\
\text{Take bath and take one round } Ram Ramji re
\]
Take meal and take one round Ram Ramji re

Later on

My Rama is good, good is my Ramji

Today I have my Rama; my Rama is good!

Thus by singing, dancing, moving umbrella and beating a drum came a Purabiya along with women on both the sides. Later on characters entered in the dress of a Kerba. Then, all beheld stunning beginning of a drama!

Savar pad ghughar ke bajat bajai sindhu,

Vichhiya anvatki foj asvari he;

Ghughar rav janjarke pakher bi6ai ghode,

Bhujan par bajan ki dhal badi bhari hey,

Season par chiran ke neja jarin sohe,

Dhaja pataka aru kanchan jyu dhari he.

Rhythmic sounds of gunghar were similar to a cadence of waves of ocean.

A huge army of vicchiya is marching on.

Horses decked were up with armour and their ghunghar effused Music.

On both the sides shield was very heavy.

A brocaded flag looked pretty.

Flags and streamers looked like gold.
The king enjoyed the dress of *kerba* and he gave rupees 100 as gift. The characters of *Bhavaya* acknowledged the gift by making rejoysous scream like, *hi khara!*

Girls! ‘Brother took away our games!’ After telling so to her female attendants, the king’s sister made a declaration of rupees 200. All praised her so much that the king was exasperated. The king’s sister thought that her brother king will identify her so she rushed to the palace and slept beside her mother in a male dress. She did not change her clothes, as she was feeling very sleepy.

The king was very angry when he came back. In dim light of oil- lamps, burning in the palace: the king saw that one strange man was sleeping besides his mother. On seeing this, sixty eight thousand small hairs of body of the king stood at end due to wrath; he drew the sword and felt to cut and make pieces of both. As soon as he stepped inside the room, his eyes fell on something pasted on the door and he read:

\[ \textit{Krodhe vamasan so saar: tena rupiya hajar!} \]

Whenever there is a fit of anger, one should think because a fit of anger results in remorse. The value of the gist of this message is Rs 1000.

‘What is this? Who pasted it here? Certainly, there is mystery behind it.’

He controlled his anger and sat down. Once again, he saw the paper containing the four essences and went through it.

\[ \textit{Jagya so nar Saar: tena rupiya hajar!} \]

An alert man is better; the cost of this is one thousand!

The mystery increases. ‘Definetly there is someone who alarms me.’
‘It means I should not sleep, I should remain awake. This gist must be for me.’ After thinking so the king sat to vigil.

During the third part of the night, two birds’ talked:

‘O bird swan, how long is the life of this King?’

‘O bird swan, the life of the king is only for three days.’

‘How can the life of King will be of three days as he is healthy and has no disease?’

‘O bird swan, on the third day during the night a snake will bite the king.’

‘Why a snake will bite?’

‘One baby snake lost its tail because it got crushed under the feet of the king’s horse. So it will come to take the revenge.’

After talking such, the birds flew away. The king was drenched with perspiration. He went and read the script that was pasted on the door,

*Veri ne adaar bhav so saar...*

It is good to give warm welcome to enemy.

In the morning, the first message came true. He came to knew that his own sister was sleeping with his mother in the guise of a man. Had he cut them into pieces then he would have regretted. He hoped that the second message might also come true.

‘Definitely, the snake will come to bite. What to do?’
His attention once again fell on the paper pasted on the door: The essence written on the paper was, –

Veri ne adarbhav so saar!

It is good to give respect to enemy.

‘Yes, yes serpent is my enemy as it is coming to take revenge. There must be something good in store for me. Now what type of welcome, shall I extend to my enemy?

On the third day, the king ordered to bring heap of flowers and asked to spread flowers in his bedroom. He asked to tie a string of flowers on each leg of a bed. In the evening, he asked to place bowl of kadhiyel dudh on each side of a bed. Then he sat on a bed. He was in a frightened state, but he kept faith on ‘four essences’ and remained steadfast.

One Serpent came at midnight. It rushed into the room and hissed ...Fu fu. It released smoke from its mouth. The ambience of the entire palace got highly enraged. The king was about to yell but he controlled himself. As soon as Vasangi entered into the room, it started to crawl on flowers. He tried to climb up the bed but soon his mouth came into the bawl of milk. Chas!, chas! Chas!, it finished the whole glass of milk. The huge serpent then mused; ‘Now I cannot go up further as I drank his milk.’

The snake stepped back because ultimately it was heavenly snake.

Taviye pratham tambol, abhe naag adadiya

Trija naag taliya, ganiye char gadvadiya,

Panchmo dhaman pana, khatmo ayyer jaan;
Satmo sital sham, aanthmo nag kanju,

Navmo raja fulnaag, kundal sab kasiyapara,

Aalgraj kavan ochre, rup navkal nagra.

Thus, the first is tambol and second is adadiya naag that flies in the sky.

The third one is taliya, four types is of gadgadia

The fifth is dham pana; ayyer is the dangerous one,

The seventh is ‘sitlo, the eight one is kanju

The nineth is ful naag, which can take any form and can emit any type of sound. It is the chief of all the serpents; it can take various type of appearance.

Thus, it was not ‘tamboliyo naag’, not even ‘taliyo naag’, it was also not gadgadiyo naag, it was neither ‘dham’and ‘ayyer’ nor ‘shitlo’ or ‘kanju’. It was superior to all the species of naag. It was the ninth type of highest ‘ful naag’. It returned and started wallowing in a flowerbed. It turned back and wallowed in velvety cluster of flowers. It played and climbed up the second leg of a cot. As it went up its mouth fell in the bowl of milk.

There also, it sipped milk, he climbed up the third leg, there it drank milk, and finally he went on the fourth leg there he drank milk. The serpent thought, ‘Now it is not good to attack him as he is lying on a bed. After drinking his milk, I came under his obligation. I must use certain new tricks.’

‘Oh, what are his obligations on me?’ ‘I will not leave him alive today?’ After thinking so, it went very high and fell on a bed from a ceiling. Once again, it fell on the heap of
flowers. ‘How can I bite a person who has given me such a cordial welcome?’ The serpent was very honest because it was among the nine species of serpent. It was of a high pedigree. It was a Devangi serpent of a Vasangi lineage.

The serpent got pleased with the cordial welcome given by the king. It appeared in its original divine form and told the king,

‘King you can express any wish, I promise you to fulfil your wishes.’

The king demanded, ‘Oh, Lord Vasangi! Give me a boon of understanding language of each living being and bless me with the power of visualising the three periods (i.e. past, future and present).’

‘Oh, King! What benefit will you get by achieving this boon?’ Lord Vasangi did not find any logic in the demand of the King.

‘Oh, lord, if you want to give then give that only boon that I can understand the languages of all living beings and can visualise the three periods of time!’

‘Ok, you will get the power of understanding the languages of all living beings and can get the telepathy to visualise the three periods of time on one condition.’

‘Lord, Which condition?’

‘Oh, King, the condition is that you will never talk cowardly with a woman. If you ever talk then consider that day as your end.’ After saying this, the serpent left. On the same day, the king started to hear everything that was going in the universe. He got the power
of understanding the language of ants, other insects, birds and animals and all others. He started to visualise all the happenings of past, present and future; in the universe.

One day a brother of an old queen died. He was so gentle and lucky that when his soul came out of his body it started to kiss his body. The soul did not like to be separated from the body. The serpent gave a boon to the king that he could get the knowledge of the three periods. Therefore, he beheld all the actions of his dead brother in law. On seeing this marvel, the king cried a lot.

Later on one day the brother of a new queen died. The soul of a brother started to slap with shoes on the cheeks of a body! The king even saw that, on seeing this he rolled down with laughter.

The queen got shocked and enraged to see that her own real brother had died and how could the king laugh? What is the reason? The new queen became stubborn that the king must share with her the reason for laughing over the tragic event.

‘The reason cannot be disclosed.’

‘No, you must me tell the reason! Otherwise I would kill myself with a dagger.’

The King got perplexed because if he would disclose the reason then he will die and if he does not disclose then the queen will die!

He thought, ‘I must tell the truth. In any case, if I will tell then one person is definitely going to die at this place. If death comes at this place, then no one will get salvation and
there will be definitely a degeneration of soul after death. So it is better to disclose the matter on reaching Kashi so that there will not be degeneration of soul.’

The King told the queen, ‘Let us go to Kashi. I shall tell you there.’ Both of them went.

The King once again read on the door while going:

\[
\text{Krodhe Vamasan So var}....
\]

\[
\text{Jagya so nar sar}...
\]

\[
\text{Veri ne aadarbhav so sar}...
\]

\[
\text{Astri vaank mar so vaar}...
\]

\[
\text{Samje to lakhna,}
\]

\[
\text{Na samje to raakhna!}
\]

It is better to think 100 times before getting angry….

An alert person is good…

The essence is to give warm welcome to an enemy.

A woman’s stubbornness deserves punishment

If one understands then the cost of one essence is worth Rs 1000,

If one does not understand then it is as valueless as ash.

On their way they came across one well. On the bank of the well a she goat and a he goat were grazing. When the king and the queen passed from there, at the same moment she goat said-
‘Arrr, roya he goat: I am expecting. I have desire to eat a creeper that is grown in the
deep water of the well. So just, go into the deep water of the well and bring it for me at
any cost.’

Then the goat replied; ‘Raand She goat I am not foolish like a king that; for you I go
down into water to loose my life. If you expect such type of fondling then I can even beat
you. Do you know me? I am not mad and foolish like a king that I fulfil illogical
fondling of a wife.’

The goat became tight lipped. The king had a boon of a serpent that he could understand
language of each living being so he understood the talk between a he goat and a she goat
and he was startled. On one hand, he felt bad on being taunted by a he goat and on the
other hand, he remembered one essence from the four essences that: ‘Asti vaank mar so
Saar’, ‘a woman’s stubbornness deserves punishment.’

The king soon told the queen: ‘Stop. Do you want to return or you want a slap of my
hand? I will severely beat you here if you will remain obstinate.’

The poor queen was soon expostulated. She pleadingly told the King: ‘Please turn back,
now I will never be obstinate.’

After coming back, the King noticed that all the four gists came true. He ordered to find
out a person who pasted the four gists on his door.

He came to know that a man who pasted four gists was no one but his forsaken friend
Mansagra Pradhan. He invited Mansagra and apologised him. Later on the king learnt not
to violate relation with a wise friend. Then they ate, drank and stayed merry forever.
Once upon a time, Vikram the valiant king of Ujjani who was known as remover of others’ misery went alone on a horse to visit various countries. He was unable to sleep without helping miserable people.

*Na Suve Raja, na suve Mor*

*Na suve ren bhamanta chhor*

*Kabu na sove kakanhari,*

*Na suve premvalundhi nari.*

[The true King does not sleep, a peacock cannot sleep, thieves wandering during night do not sleep, and the bird known as *Kankanhar* does not sleep. In addition, how a woman pining for love can sleep? How all these people can sleep?]

On going, he reached to one city. At the gate he saw guns, sword, a lance, shield and other weapons and scabbard were hung but there was not a single person. As he went inside the city, he found many stores in the market but he did not see any other person. The whole city was full with the things but there was no single human being. He stopped his horse in the Manek Chowk. The horse started neighing. There was a big palace. Somebody peeped out from the balcony of a palace. Vikram saw one woman. ‘Oh, oh, oh she was extremely beautiful. She simply looked like *Padamni*’.

*Padmani nari ne pa ser no aahar,*

*Aadh ser aahar rani hasat ni*

*Chatrini nari ne ser no aahar.*
Sol vale enu nam sankhani.

Padmani nari ne pal ni nindra.

Aadh por nari hasat ni

Chattrini Rani ne chhare por nindra.

Sor vane Rani Sankhini.

Padamni Rani ene panidhek veniya

Aaadhkadiya veniya Rani Hasat ni.

Chattrini Rani ne chhabak chhoto,

Odiya thi unnacha enu nam Sankhni.

The quantity of diet of Padmani nar is one fourth.

The half is the diet of Hasatni.

Chitrani nar’s diet is full.

One who is expert in sixteen works is called Sankhani

The padmani nar has a momentary sleep.

Half an hour sleep is of Hasatni.

Chattrini Rani sleeps during four times a day.

One who spoils sixteen works is called Sankhni.

Padamni nar has heel touhing long hairs.

Rani Hastini’s hair touches waist.

The plait of Chattrini Naar looks like a whip
The length of hair of Sankhini nari touches the upper part of nape.

At the first glance, King Vikram discerned that the woman was, not Sankhani neither she was Chitrani nor even Hastini but she was Padamani. In spite of all these, will this Padmani naam be a man eater witch?

The woman asked in a very sweet and humble voice, ‘Oh, man why did you come in this small city?

‘Oh, woman, are you the same monster who devours people after killing them?’

‘The great king, I am not a man eater witch. I am an unhappy prisoner. This is the dwelling of a demon called Dundho. If you love your life then please run away from this place.’

‘Oh, woman, definitely I love my life but more than my life, I love to fulfil my aim that is to alleviate miseries of others. Tell me, who brought you here in this insignificant place? Who are you? How can you live here? Please say, I am the King Vikram.’

‘Oh, you are valiant Vikram. For god’s sake, please go away. Look here. Don’t you hear echoes of your death?’ The earth was vibrating and soon dreadful sound was heard thadak utthdak thadak ttham!

‘Whose voice is this?’

‘Oh, King, the giant Dundho is coming after hunting. He will reach here soon. You will not succeed in killing him. Any weapon cannot kill him. There is no death of Dundho. Please come inside. Now you cannot run away from here.’
Vikram went inside. He left his horse out. The horse went out of the city. The woman caressed with her hand on Vikram’s head and started praying goddess:

*Chorasani Charaniyu*

*Nav koti Marvadaniyu*

*Barda na betaniyu*

*Patan na padar ni*

*Rojdana Revasni.*

*Kadkadiya Kuva ni*

*Tatatniya dhara ni*

*Kanchh panchal ni*

*Aanjar ni ambli ni.*

*Garnar na gokh ni*

*Chuvan na Chowk ni*

*Thanak na padharani*

*Kadalchh na akhadani*

Twenty-four types of *Charan*

Nine types of *Marvadaniyu*

Daughters of Barda.

Belonging to the plain of Patan

The inhabitant of Rojda
Belonging to the well of Kalkaliya
Belonging to greasy land
Desires of Panchal
Tamarind of Anjar
Exists in the niche of Girnar
Belonging to the plain of Chuvan
Her abode is also in the plain around the well.
Present in musing of monastery.

‘Oh, mother goddess; please take care of this man!’

After making this type of prayer, the woman locked the man in a big box.

On one side of the box, she tied one vessel containing honey. She arranged it in such a way that drops of honey kept trickling from the vessel and fall inside the box through the crack and Vikram who was locked in it could sustain him on the drops of honey.

Dundho came; there were five to ten dead bodies on his one shoulder and five to ten bodies on his other shoulder. Dundho’s body was so much overweighted that while walking his respiratory system emitted a sound like; thadak utthdak tham! thadak utthdak dham! Thadak utthdak thadak tham’

When Dundho came, he was speaking –

Manas gandhai manas khav! Manas gandhai manas khav!

Manas gandhai manas khav! Manas ghandhai manas khav!
‘I smell the presence of a man. I want to eat a man. I smell and feel the presence of a man. I want to eat a man.

I sense the presence of a man. I want to eat a man. A man is here somewhere around I can smell it. I want to eat a man.’

The woman said, ‘Except me there is nobody here. If you want to eat me, then I am the only one here. You can eat me’

‘How can I eat you? Who will look after me and take care of me if you will remain no more?’

After saying so, once again he panted ‘Thadak utthdak dham! thadak utthdak tham! thadak utthdak tham!

The woman served dinner to Dundho. After finishing his meal, a tired Dundho stretched his legs and slept. The woman started to massage Dundho’s legs by iron rod. Dundho soon fall a sleep.

After two three days, Dundho once again went out for hunting. After Dundha’s departure, the woman opened the big box and asked Vikram to come out.

She said, ‘Oh, man, you please run away from this dangerous city. Otherwise, I will be blamed for your death.’ Each word of that woman sounded as melodious as the chirpings of Cuckoo. ‘It is very painful to see a delicate and beautiful Padamni maar with a long hair, being a prey of a giant! No, no as long as I am alive, I will not allow comely and virtuous lady like you to remain in the custody of a giant and suffer any more.’

‘Oh, woman, I will not go without liberating you from this bondage.’
‘It is impossible, you cannot un-bound me.’

‘Why? What is the reason?’

“There is no death of Dundha. Any man or any deity cannot kill him. He cannot die by sword or any other weapon or by fire or water. Many valiant men have come and they have become victim of Dundha.” Was Vikram only a valiant man? He had knowledge of 14 skills.

_Peli Bhantar vidhya, biji vidhya nat ni_

_Triji viyakaran ni vidhya, chothi vidhya dhanak ni_

_Panchmi shringar ni vidhya, 6athi graham sagare,_

_Satmi dhutar vidhya, aanthmi hingardi_

_Navmi torang vidhya, dasmi parkhu_

_Agiyarmi raag vidhya, vesiya vidhya barmi,_

_Ter mi harisumiran vidhya, tasgar vidhya chhovdmi_

The first skill is, academic education; the second skill is expertness in acting.

The third skill is to be competent in grammar; the fourth skill is of archery.

The fifth is the skill regarding ornamentation. The sixth skill is being proficient in Marines.

The seventh, skill is of deceiving. The eighth skill is to have practical knowledge regarding the process of childbirth.
The ninth skill is of horse riding, the tenth talent is the ability of examining.

The eleventh skill is of having knowledge of music. The twelfth is the skill of a prostitute.

The thirteenth skill is of chanting god’s name. Pilfering is the fourteenth skill.

The valiant Vikram who had accomplished 14 types of skill told the woman: “Please allow me to stay here for today itself. After making Dundha eat and drink, while massaging his legs you ask him whatever I tell you. Do you know how to cry?”

“Yes, of course.’

‘Then try certain tact of women and use the skill of deceiving. You ask him, who will be mine after your death? Thus by pampering and caressing deceive him and skilfully discover, how he can die?’

‘Ok, done.’

In the afternoon, once again, the earth started vibrating and Dundha’s breathless panting sounded again as thadak, utthdak dham! thadak utthdak tham!

There were around five to ten corpses dangling on his one shoulder and five to ten corpses dangling on his other shoulder. After piling corpses in one corner, he spoke as soon as he entered into the room,

‘I smell the presence of a man; I smell the presence of a man. I want to eat a man.’
Vikram who was sitting in the big trunk trembled with fear and was drenched with sweat on hearing a dreadful voice of Dundha.

The woman smillingly said, ‘Here there is no person except me. If you want to eat a person then you can eat me.’

‘Oh, no, I cannot eat you. As you care for me and do me all services I cannot eat you.’

After finishing his meal, the woman took the massaging rod of iron and started to massage Dundha’s legs. She started to shed tears and Dundha asked,

‘Why are you crying?’

‘If I do not cry then what else I can do?’

‘But, what is the cause of crying?’

‘Now, you have become aged. Who will be mine after your death?’ She pretended to sob while talking with Dundho.

‘What my Death? Oh, nobody can kill me as I have a body of iron. I can die only in one situation.’

‘Is it not true that whoever is born is mortal?’

‘Now, listen, soon after taking bath in the well; I start counting the beads of rosary. While counting the beads after bath, my iron physique turns into wax. At that time, if any son of one mother and one father comes and separates my trunk of the body from my head and if he fills a fistful sand between my trunk and then if he offers my body to Lord
Shiva and Goddess Parvati then my trunk and head may get separated and I may die. Do you know, if, one who separates my trunk from the body and does not offer them to Lord Shiva and goddess Parvati then monsters will emerge out from each hair of my body.”

The giant became emotional divulged the secret of his death.

‘Ok, now there is no need to worry.’

After two three days once again Dundha went for hunting. The woman unlocked the big trunk in which the king Vikram was kept and as he came out of the trunk, she divulged secret to Vikram regarding Dundha’s death.

Dundha came back. After taking bath he sat down to count the beads of rosary. At that moment, Vikram jumped and angrily pulled out the sword and vigorously attacked Dundha and he seperated his head and trunk.Vikram stuffed a pile of sand between Dundha’s head and trunk and offered it to the lord Shiva and the goddess Parvati.

The head and trunk of Dundha became seperate. The head and trunk of Dundha struggled hopelessly for survival and finally it calmed down forever. Vikram went away out of that trivial place along with the princess. He safely escorted her at her parents’ palace and he went ahead.

[2]

Vikram went very far. On his way, he saw one monster. The monster was ploughing his land. The monster tied elephants with the plough. The plough was of iron and the sharp points of plough were of iron. The monster was digging the hard land with a crow bar.
Vikram said, ‘Oh man, you look very powerful but seem very sinful.’

‘Oh no, King, I am very unhappy.’

‘Why?’

‘From here, around one and half mile away, there is one monster named Dundha. He has kept my female devil.

‘Ok, brother if I solve your problem then I could give justice to my title of the king Vikram in the real sense.’

Vikram went a one and half mile away. As he reached, he saw one gigantic monster horribly snoring.

Vikram thought, ‘It is not proper to attack on a one who is sleeping. First, it is better to wake him up and then challenge him.’

Vikram awoke Dundha.

Dundha got up by making terrifying sound, ‘hudududu’. His sound was so horrible that almost all the birds sitting on a tree flew away.

He told Vikram, ‘first, you attack me.’

‘Ok, first of all I will attack you in the name of god.’

After saying so, Vikram shot three arrows targeting Dundha.
These three arrows did not make any effect on Dundha; these arrows to Dundha seemed softer than even the blade of grass.

‘Why are you wasting your power? I will not commit the crime of killing you at my doorstep. Go and run away. I give you time of three and half days.’

Vikram went towards the Ujjaini.

Vikram reached Ujjain; as he reached on the border of Ujjaini; he saw one handicapped Shepherd grazing sheep. On seeing the King running away stealthily, the Shepherd shouted ‘Oh, great King why do you hide your face just for not giving me a pinch of opium.’

‘Brother, Dundha is behind me. He is pursuing me; that’s why I am running.’

‘Oh, Ram! Now please do not run. There is no need to run. What, poor Dundha can do to you?’ After saying this, he soon summoned cows by emitting typical sound, used for summoning cows. The shepherd draped himself with a black blanket; and, by holding a stick in his hand, he once again called cows. Soon the herd of cows came bellowing and they made a forte around the king Vikram.

‘King Vikram! Do not worry; now you can sit comfortably.’ After saying, such; the shepherd of Ujjain lighted the smoking pipe and started to puff it. _Dhanhanhan_...

\[\text{Manjari pive to bhandhhunka mar deve,} \]

\[\text{Gadhha jo pive to mare gajrajku} \]

If, intoxication called _manjari_ is taken;
--then, one can attack any one.

If one drink intoxication of hemp then-

-One, can get the power of bending even iron

Under the fit of intoxication, his excitement shot up. He started to do certain unbelievable acts of squeezing leaves of "aankda"; he relished the joy of drinking fresh milk. He put a blanket around his shoulder with one hand; and took one battle-axe in the same hand, and stood out of forte made by cows.

Dundho, reached there by making the sound of -- thadak uthdak dham! thadak uthdak dham!. The shepherd attacked him with the battle-axe and he hit him so hard that a big lump of flesh dropped out from his body.

O, brother, ‘please do not attack any more. Everyone in your state will be treated as your son’. After saying so, Dundha begged his pardon and he returned.

On seeing dauntless courage of one shepherd, Vikram became very happy. Vikram felt pride for the shepherd. He was so much pleased that he asked the Shepherd to make a demand for any gift. He said, ‘very good Gokli! Excellent, you have given justice to the milk you have drunk.’ He told the shepherd, ‘If you want to be the richest and prosperous man; you are free to ask for anything. If you ask for luxurious and prosperous life and if I do not give you then I am not the king Vikram in the real sense.’

‘Oh great king, I am very happy due to your grace. I have two hundred cows and three hundred fenced areas. My Shepherdess is very strong and bold. I have two sons. I do not
want any thing more. I ask you to look after our premise where huts of all shepherds are located. We are your people.’

On seeing generosity of the shepherd, Vikram felt more embarrassment. He asked;

‘Gokli, what is the reason that one of your hands is crippled?’

‘Oh, great king, this happened because I and washer man Boliyo of Ujjaini were playing the game to test the might of a wrist. Boliyo was a sturdy man so he dislocated my hand.’

On that day, for the first time Vikram came to knew about the powerful man like a washer man Boliyo. Vikram loved adventurous people. So he befriended Boliyo. They went together for hunting, even if Vikram had to go out of station he used to feel lonely without Boliyo. The bond of emotions between Vikram and Boliyo grew so strong that it seemed as if they were having one soul in two bodies.

One day, on the night of Kali chhovdas; Vikram went with Bava Balmth to accomplish the mantra. It was the bank of the river Safra and there was one crematorium named Gandharpiv. While walking there, he saw somebody sleeping in the corner of the crematorium by covering one’s own self with the blanket.

Vikram asked, ‘Who are you?’

‘Oh my god, I am the washer man Boliyo.’

‘Oh Boliya, why are you here?’

‘Oh, King, today is the Kali Chhovdas, so for the welfare of the Ujjaini; I am sitting here to drive away ghosts and all evil spirits.’
Bavaji told Boliya, ‘Now you can go.’

Boliyo said,

‘No, no, these witches are dancing. They are playing on pair of cymbals. Headless monsters are standing here, how can I make my king stand-alone here? I will not go at any cost.’ Boliyo did not go away. Bava Balnath wanted to give mantra to King Vikram only. Today Bavoji was supposed to give mantra to Vikram only. He could not give the same mantra to others.

Bavai reached at his cottage. Bavaji called Vikram inside the cottage, then made seven lines, and he forbided any one to come inside the cottage during the time of an oath.

Bavaji told Boliya, ‘You stay out here; Later on, I will also give you today one mantra.’

Later on

_Bave oshiso ottar ma kiyo_

_Bave mantar Vikram ne diyo._

Bave put his pillow in the north side

Bave gave the mantra to Vikram.

Bavaji gave Vikram the following Gayatri Mantra of necromancy:-

_Ami-

_Ami me Kalash

_Kalash me Unkar_
Unkar me narakar

Narakar me narijan

Narijan me paanch tatva

Paanch tatva me jyot

Jyot me premjyot

Premjyot me uupni

Mata aghor Gayatri

Aavar Jaranti

Bhed maha bhedanti

Satiyaku taranti

Kudiyaku Sanharanti

Indrka sarap uttaranti

Mata Modvanti

Mada sambda bhrakhanti

Aavanti javanti

Somvanshi

Aadhar bhar vanaspati

Dharam karan Narohari

Tab natiya dharma thapanti

Chalo mantra! Fatkat Soha.
Nectar

Nectar in Pot

In pot, there is painful sound

In pain, there is negation

In negation there is omniscient

In omniscient, there are five elements.

In five elements, there is a flame of a lightened lamp

In the flame of a lightened lamp, there is a flame of love

In the flame of love, there is intimacy

Mother, black art’s Gayatri

Belonging to low caste

Very mysterious

Saving the truth

Hates clandestine

Relieving the curse of Indra

Goddess mother Modvanti

Devouring dead bodies

Coming and going

Somvansi

Eighteen types of trees, plants and ivy
Against the right religion

Establishing the evil or dirty type of religion

Lets all these hymn may work.

Vikram accomplished the super natural power of entering into others’ body after receiving this Gayatri Mantra of neromancy. If anybody’s physical body is lying without the soul then one who knows this mantra of entering into other’s body can easily do so by casting off one’s own physical form.

‘Vikram, please do not disclose this achievement to Boliya.’

Later on Bavaji called Boliyo inside the cottage. ‘See, Boliya: I am giving you the mantra of Scorpio’:-

\textit{Kali Ga Kavli Ga}

\textit{Dungar Chhadi podro kariyo}

\textit{Tya viyani vichhan rani}

\textit{Vicchan Rani na addhar putra}

\textit{Chho Kala, chho kabra}

\textit{Chho haldarvarna mankda}

\textit{Utter to utaru}

\textit{Honkaru likat chhor}

\textit{Aavega mor}
**Khavega mor**

**Chalo mantra Ishwar Vacha**

**Vacha chuke, Ubho suke**

The black cow and a small calf-

They laid dung after climbing a small mountain.

There the she Scorpion gave birth to young ones.

She scorpion delivered eighteen young ones.

Some of them were black, some of them were variegated, and some were turmeric type of yellowish coloured insects.

One becomes free; if one tries to get free from certain effects like of ghosts, witches and other evil spirits.

One can even drive out thieves by making a threatening sound at thief.

The person who knows this mantra can experience the thrill of excitement.

The learner may even get whimsical

Let me tell you, if one violates the promise-

-then the betrayer may become weak.

The king and Boliyo went to Ujjani after learning mantras. On the next day, Boliyo came to the king and started crying.

‘Why are you crying? What pains you?’
`Great King, my wife has resolved not to take food and water.'

`Why? What is the matter?'

“She was telling that the Bavaji must have given your king the mantra of wealth and prosperity, and he expelled me by giving me very common mantra of ‘Scorpion’. Oh, great king, there is no want of wealth and prosperity in your life: so why don’t you give me the mantra of wealth and prosperity. Please give me that mantra.’

King Vikram had much affection for Boliyo. Therefore, he disclosed the truth to Boliyo. He said, ‘See, Boliya, the mantra that is given to me is no other but the mantra of entering into another’s physique. I will give you that mantra.’

It was bad luck of the king that he gave mantra to Boliyo. On the next night, Boliya came very early to call the King to hunt for the sport. Vikram said: ‘Boliya, it is still midnight.’

‘No, Bapu, the cock of butcher’s shop chirped long back.’

Both started hunting out for the sport. In the morning, they went very much far from the Ujjani. In the morning, they saw many deers. They encountered; one musk male black antelope, and increased the speed of their horse. On reaching very far from Ujjain they shoot down the same musk male black antelope with an arrow. The beauty of an antelope fascinated both of them.

Vikram said: ‘Vow, what a beautiful physical body of this antelope! This male antelope must be enjoying amorously among all female deers.’
Boliyo said, ‘Then, my majesty! Let us test the mantra given by Bava Balnath. Let us examine, are we able to enter into another’s physique by leaving our own physical form.’ How innocent Vikram could suspect the sinful intrigue lurking in wicked Boliya’s mind?

Vikram after chanting the *mantra* left his own physical form and entered into the empty physical form of antelope. The male deer jumped and stood quadruped. The king Vikram in the disguise of antelope stared at Boliyo.

Boliyo said: ‘Your majesty, you go and enjoy amorously amidst bevy of female deers. I will stand here and will take care of your original physical form.’ The king Vikram in the guise of musk deer leaped and reached among the crowd of female deers. The troupes of female deers along with the king Vikram in the guise of male deer went very far.

Here, shrewd Boliya by vacating his physical form entered into the physical form of King Vikram, which was lying near him. He easily changed the physical form because King Vikram already taught him the mantra of entering into other’s body.

Boliyo got up and stood by twisting his moustache he said: ‘Now, if I do not accomplish 92 cities and 32 estates of petty rulers then I am not Boliyo in the real sense of the term.’ Soon the king Vikram in the guise of musk antelope arrived back. The powerful soul of Vikram in the beautiful body of an antelope looked so stunning that the beauty was ineffable. The straight horns and a happy antelope came oscillating after frolicking in the company of female deer.

As the antelope came forward, the Boliyo shot an arrow. An arrow exactly pierced into the horn. The antelope tumbled down. Boliyo thought that an antelope had caused injury
in forehead. After covering a piece of cloth on an antelope’s body, Boliyo alone in a physical body of King Vikram started for Ujjain.

He went inside the palace; soon maidservants brought the bowls of kunkum and saffron to massage king’s body. Boliyo licked up whole ingredients that were brought for his massage. When maidservants came back by bringing the outer garment made of real diamond: to their surprise, they saw the bowls containing ingredients for massage were empty.

Boliyo in the physical body of Vikram, scornfully threatened, ‘contemptuous women, why do you keep edible items for massage? I will cut you into two pieces. Why did you bring the outer garment of real diamond simply to soak into water?’

He made the bowls empty by eating all the ingredients that were lying in the bowls and did not put on an outer garment. Maidservants were startled and perplexed to see eccentric behaviour of the king. They suspected, ‘why the king behaves so strangely?’

Maidservants brought a big plate for lunch having 32 boxes containing 32 types of items. In the plate, there was also one bowl of water for washing hands. Generally, in the plate each items of food were served in such a large quantity; that everyday after king’s lunch there used to remain food for 50 people. Boliya mixed everything and ate alone. He drank even, the water that was kept for washing hands. Not a single morsel remained for anybody.

‘Oh, no, what has happened to the king today? The talk regarding eccentric manner of the king spread in the palace. The queen Bhanmati got the news of king’s shocking
behaviour. She came to see the king. She also noticed the unusual type of behaviour of the King. She understood everything but how and with whom she could share her doubts?

Hasu to dant parkhe, rovu to kajal jai.

If I laugh then somebody may identify the reality.

If I cry then collyrium of my eyes may vanish,

That means my lord will get into trouble.

Thus, these eccentric manners of the King perplexed the queen. She was damn sure that it was the physical body of king Vikram but the soul was not of Vikram, it was of someone else. She knew very well that, it was not the right time to disclose the secret to anyone.

The arrangement of Boliya made on the top floor of Gong Pingla’s storey building. The very strict vigilance was set that not even a bird could enter into the palace easily. The queen Bhanmati used to call one Brahmin woman in the palace and made her read the Ramayana.

After a passage of time, the news spread that one broken horned deer is running all alone everywhere. It avoids the crowd of deer and prefers to walk all alone and tears persistently flows down from his both the eyes.

The queen summoned hunters and ordered; ‘Start throwing net to capture the same lonely broken horned deer. I will give one lakh and 25 thousand to a hunter who will successfully hunt the same deer.’

The hunters started casting nets. The musk deer having a broken horn got trapped. Lying in the net, helpless Vikram started to cry.
Lying in the net, Vikram cried out his heart and spoke to himself:

Oh, heart; I put aside temple and storey, gave up the bed made of gold, even I also lost the throne of Ujjaini; whatever may have happened it is not the time to collapse. Oh, my heart is set ablaze but its smoke is invisible. It afflicts that one is struggling without his own soul and this burning pain is too subtle to be sensed by other.

Oh, enemy’s armies had marched upon Ujjain. The whole city of Ujjain is almost disarrayed because one who always asked his public about their happiness and sorrow was no longer there. The most benevolent and philanthropist Vikram the son of Ghandhravsingh has gone away.
‘Ok, Soul, If I will die I will prefer to die in my native land. I will get the salvation there. I will die at the altar of my native’s deity.’

During the midnight, he emancipated himself from the net of a hunter and incessantly rolled down. He reached the temple of Goddess Kalika. He started to hit his head on the idol of Goddess. The Goddess asked:

‘Who are you that have come now?’

‘I am Vikram.’

‘Why, did you come?’

‘Don’t you see that hunters haunt me to trap me? Due to my misfortune, Boliyo has snatched my physique. The sun has risen. If you are not able to improve my condition then why do you accept the lamp of ghee of sixty sheers everyday?’

‘Ok, you go now and you will get your physique back after three and half days. Right now, you make your soul enter into this physique.’ After saying so, mothergoddess pointed out one dead baby parrot.

Vikram entered with his soul into the physique of a baby parrot. Then he decided to fly in the morning. One woodcutter of forest came with an axe and means of binding. He came across this parrot.

He mumbled, ‘I have five to six kids and they are starving without food, so I will feed them by roasting this parrot. Right now let me cut this wood for fuel. After thinking such, he put the parrot under the basket.’
Dawn broke out and as it was the divine physique of parrot, soon the soul of Vikram regained the power to speak. He started to narrate songs of Shree Ram.

\[\text{Kon re sapna kamni, dahiyo faliyal Rama!}\]

\[\text{Pandiviyu ni pratima palva, hari avel sama.}\]

The dream has become fruitful and the lord Rama became happy.

The god has to come in real form to fulfil the duty of idol of Pandavas.

After hearing this, children of woodcutter woke up. Here woodcutter prepared to roast the parrot on the other hand the parrot regained the power to speak. The Parrot said:

‘I went on pilgrimage of the goddess Hinglaj. There I became weak. I am also Barot. So, instead of killing me if you sell me then you will get more and more money.’

‘Buy a Parrot, buy a parrot!’ shouting like this, the woodcutter started to make a sell of a parrot.

Finally, he came at the colony of Badhsagra pradhan. The daughter of Badhsagra pradhan said, ‘please father, buy that parrot for me.’

‘Hello, how much will you charge for the parrot?’

Once again, the parrot gained the power to speak and it spoke ‘Badhsagara, do not fix any price of us. Whatever you can pay, that you pay according to your wish.’

She kept the parrot with her. She brought a gold chain, stringed one pearl into it and decorated the parrot. The Parrot told the daughter of the minister Badhsagra that, ‘Lady,
as you go everyday at the queen Bhanmati’s palace to listen the Ramayan then please take me there with you.’

The woman took the parrot along with her at the queen Bhanmati’s palace. The parrot started to talk with the queen Bhanmati. The queen asked certain questions to the parrot. The parrot replied all the questions. The queen got convinced that the parrot was no one but the king Vikram himself and there was no iota of doubt in the fact. Therefore, without informing anyone she kept the parrot in her home and looked after it.

‘Now, what will happen? No one could find any solution until Boliyo was having the physique of the king Vikram. Here, Boliyo was engrossed in the amorous and luxurious life at the palace of Gong Pingla. There he used to play with sharp curved horned sheep.

By god’s grace one day Boliyo’s most favourite four horned Bheder sheep died. Boliyo was very much fond of that sheep. Therefore, Boliyo thought to make the sheep alive for a while. Therefore, he emptied the physique of Vikram and entered into the physique of Bheder Sheep. This Sheep playfully reached the queen Bhanmati’s harem. Boliyo started considering him superior that how powerful he is that he could play with the dead sheep. Under the fit of this vanity, he overheard the words of Parrot. The parrot said, ‘Go, Bheder to the farm for sometime and relish the joy of grazing green vegetable. You will have fun.’

Boliyo got excited and gushingly went away by kicking others with his horns.

Here the physique of Vikram got empty. Soon the parrot by leaving its physique entered into the physique of the King Vikram. The real King Vikram got up by shedding off
laziness. His original virtuous personality shined once again. The queen ordered to make announcement of this good news in the city by blowing trumpets. A beating of drums buzzed and spread a pleasant sound everywhere. Since the day, when the king Vikram had disappeared, the palace was used to remain desolated on the contrary today the entire court got over crowded with the people as the king Vikram sat once again on the throne. The entire city of Ujjani was zoomed up with joy.

Here, Bheder sheep returned after spending delightful hours in lush green farms but he did not find the physique of the King Vikram. He understood the whole matter and shamefully he ducked down his head. It is believed that since that time the whole race of sheep stand cowardly by looking down.

Vikram said, ‘Oh, unscrupulous, you have betrayed my trust that I had put on you, but I am not merciless like you. I will keep you with me and I will correct you.’

One day, one reputed man’s young son died. His family members broke down and mourned by making heart-wrenching cry. When the King Vikram received this sad news, he soon sent the message to that gentle man that; ‘brother, please do not burn the dead body.’

Vikram went to the crematorium with Bheder sheep and said, ‘Boliya please enter with your soul into the physique of the son of this gentleman.’ Boliya denied a lot, but Vikram convinced him. Boliyo was ashamed of his own behaviour so much that he had lost the moral courage to look up beyond his level.
On seeing munificence of Vikram, Boliyo’s eyes brimmed with tears of remorse. He gave up the physique of a sheep and entered with his soul into the body of a gentle man’s son.

The reputed man got his son back and Boliyo once again received the boon of human life. As Boliyo’s nature was reformed totally, he continuously behaved well as the son of a gentle man. The valiant king Vikram did not give up his friendship with Boliyo even after Boliyo’s new life.