

# GloMag

GLOW98

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*Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala*

## **Padmini Rambhatla**



### **Title of the Cover Pic: Winding Creek**

**Padmini Rambhatla:** She is a homemaker and Creative writing teacher who enjoys her different roles as loving wife to an awesome and caring hubby, and as mom to her two sons, Rahul and Arjun. She loves the company of her students and strives to make them enjoy reading, writing and using their imagination to create wholesome and interesting stories. She enjoys watching movies in English, Tamil and Hindi. Padmini dabbles in art occasionally and loves cooking a variety dishes for friends and family.

### **Perspective On Painting**

I find drawing and painting extremely therapeutic and relaxing. I have painted using oils and watercolours ever since I was a teenager. I love drawing landscapes and faces of beautiful women. I prefer watercolours as a medium though it's not too forgiving to work with.

## **ABOUT GLOMAG**

GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions, and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the writer gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the writer's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful writings, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home. ~ **Glory Sasikala**

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**BACKGROUND MUSIC:** “Roja” from film Roja. Music by A. R. Rahman

## **PREFACE**

**Amitabh Mitra**



## **IN BHUTAN**

So this is something which happened many years back. Something which stuck to me, fibrils like so many others. It was in 1985.

I was working in a high altitude hospital in the Kingdom of Bhutan.

Evenings used to arrive by 3 pm and that was the time when my batman, a singular chap by the name of Sharief use to prepare my tray of "chota" (small in Hindi) peg of rum with spicy lamb pieces. Eventually I used to hit the bottle accompanied by belting urdu ghazals from the audio system and a roaring fire. It used to be foggy all day and temperatures were subzero and I remained foggy at night.

I lived and loved the Dzonkha way of life.

One day I learnt that my patients were being treated by a Buddhist monk, a Lama who happened to be passing by. It was only when I found out that he was treating such diseases as cancer that I decided to pay him a visit. I knew Bhutanese herbal medicine is very evolved and there is a Institute of Indigenous Therapy in Thimphu, Bhutan. His Majesty Jigme Singye Wangchuk has given his country a new outlook yet preserving the culture and traditions which has made this mountain kingdom a unique place, the last Shangri-la.

I requested my postmaster friend who is fluent in Dzonkha and Tibetan to accompany me to the Lama's abode. One fine day, early in a misty morning, I packed my jeep with essentials, a bottle of fruit juice for the Lama and I drove off with my friend, the postmaster.

It wasn't long before we had to stop, and Mr. Tshering suggested that we take a shortcut through the woods taking a walk instead. It was a difficult walk for me, being more used to the finer pleasures. The flying leeches kept on jumping on to us and I was wondering what I was doing here instead of my comfortable home, "The Dzong" (A Fortress). Mr. Tshering understood my discomfort and urged me with anecdotes of the Lama.

One goes like this: a young man travelled a long distance from a far off village in the mountains to pay his respects to the Lama. He was carrying a packet of home-made cheese that his mother had packed as an offering for His Holiness. These were the same woods he was treaded to reach the Lama's place. He had a long and an arduous journey. Suddenly he felt that the packet of cheese was getting too heavy for him to carry on with him. At that moment, he decided that he would rather divide the cheese into two halves and hide that piece in the bushes and carry the other half for the Lama. He believed that the Lama, being alone, would not need such a big piece of cheese. He arrived at the Lama's cottage in the afternoon to find that the Lama was waiting for him at his doorstep. He welcomed him, gave him some biscuits to eat and told him, "My son it's going to be evening soon, you have a long walk back home, please go quickly as the birds are eating away the cheese you left in the bushes."

Such were the "tales" Mr. Tshering related during our walk, accompanied by my constant Ha's and Oh's, utterances of a mixed reaction due to the pain of stuck leeches and the utter wonder of his narration.

We finally reached a glade on the top of a small hill at about 2 pm. The Sun was still shining but not with all its splendour. There were small makeshift huts, sick people

who were staying there with their relatives. I recognised some of them as they had visited me in the hospital. They all waved at us, children, elderly people running to greet and shouting Kuzo Zambola Dasho, a typical Bhutanese salutation. I felt at home again.

Mr Tshering pointed to me a small rustic cottage in the centre of the clearing. It was the Lama's residence. The people around us told us that he is inside and that he comes out only in the early hours of the morning to distribute medicine to his patients.

I knocked at his door.

The door was opened by a smiling man with mongoloid features typical of that region, wearing a straw hat, very rotund and of indeterminate age. I would put him at around fiftyish but he may have been older. The cottage interior was just enough for him to sit at the corner as the place was piled up with canned items, fruit juices, and so on that people had given him as offerings. I bowed and gave him the bottle of fruit juice. Kadrinche la, Thanks uttered the Lama, always smiling, his eyes twinkling as he looked at me.

Mr. Tshering introduced us and we all sat on mats on the floor, a bit cramped, while he sat in front of us in a semi-reclining position.



There was no way he could sleep in that room as there was no space nor was there any other room. There was only one door in that cottage.

I looked at him.

I felt so different, very calm and so full of happiness.

He asked me in Dzongkha that Mr. Tshering interpreted,

"What do I need?"

Nothing, I said.

He asked me to expose my navel.

He pulled out a hollow bamboo and placed its one end on my navel.

And then he blew, thrice.

Hoo, Hoo, Hoo.

I felt his breath, felt connected.

He was smiling.

He handed me a packet of biscuits.

I stood up to open the door, and then I looked back at him.

His straw hat was floating about 2 feet above his bald head.



He was smiling.

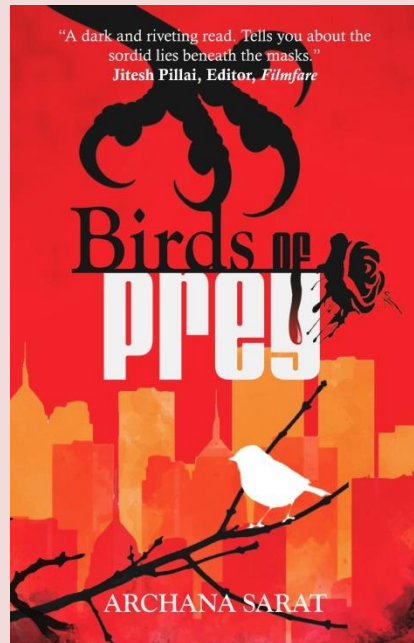
I bowed.

A humble gesture towards a great healer.

## BOOK OF THE MONTH

### Birds Of Prey

Published by Readomania



#### Amazon

[http://www.amazon.in/Birds-Prey-Archana-Sarat/dp/9385854208/ref=cm\\_cr\\_ar\\_p\\_d\\_product\\_top?ie=UTF8](http://www.amazon.in/Birds-Prey-Archana-Sarat/dp/9385854208/ref=cm_cr_ar_p_d_product_top?ie=UTF8)

#### Readomania

[http://www.books.readomania.com/book\\_detail.php?id=30](http://www.books.readomania.com/book_detail.php?id=30)

*Birds of Prey* is a psychological crime thriller based in Mumbai. It has gathered acclaim for being a pacy and gripping read. Jitesh Pillai, the Editor of Filmfare, calls it as

"A dark and riveting read that tells you about the sordid lies beneath the masks."

**Reviews:**

*"I thoroughly enjoyed the book... couldn't really put it down over the weekend."*

– Wai Cheng Foo, Law Professional, Mastercard, Singapore

*"I took breaks to nurse my heart, wipe my tears, I kept the book down and stared at the wall point blank and what not? A novel that has to be read by each and every one."*

– Kavipriya Moorthy, Author

*"Archana Sarat's novel analyses human relationships with dexterity."*

- Tamil Newspaper, Velliidhazh (translated)

*"I need to like or at least understand the characters to like a book. Birds of Prey did that for me."*

– Tulika Singh, Blogger and Book Reviewer

*"This book is a perfect example of psychological horror, and at times, it reads like Stephen King's work. There is no doubt that the book has gone through quality-writing and quality-editing."*

– Asif Uzzaman, Book Reviewer

## About the Author:

Archana Sarat is an Author and Poet for the last ten years. She shuttles between Chennai and Mumbai and loves both cities passionately. Her works are published in various popular newspapers, magazines and anthologies like The Times of India, The Economic Times, The SEBI and Corporate Laws Journal, The CA Newsletter, Me Magazine, the Science Reporter, the Chicken Soup for the Soul series, the WRIMO India Anthology, the GloMag Literary Journal, Telegram Literary Journal and many more. She is popular in the online world for her flash fiction that appears every Saturday, called Saturday Shots. Though she is a Chartered Accountant by qualification, she took up her childhood love for writing as her vocation. She has a Diploma in Creative Writing from The Writers Bureau, UK. You can connect with her at [www.archanasarat.com](http://www.archanasarat.com). Birds of Prey is her first novel.



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