

The Demons of Jaitraya

Book by
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Dedicated to my father (Late) Shri Anant Swarup from whom I inherited my extreme love for reading.

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Prologue

Circa 6300 Bc

The sound was deafening. He tried in vain to open his eyes. They were sealed with his own dried and caked blood. He tried to wipe the blood with his hands but he could not move his fingers. Every part of his body seemed to be broken. He could not move. He was covered with mud. Pebbles, stones, rocks and boulders from all sides smothered him. He was buried alive miles deep inside the Earth. His whole world seemed to be this utter darkness. He could smell the Earth everywhere but not the plants or the greenery; it seemed as if there had never been any plant life or the universe was like this only, a dark cavernous cave which held one in shackles. Was this death? he wondered. Did it matter? he thought in his apathy. Nothing was important—life, death or pain.

As consciousness came to him, he remembered how he came to be in this condition. He was struck by lightning. He

tried to brace himself as he fell on the ground but the ground opened up like an unending chasm and he fell into it. He was in a tomb-like environment. He could not move and the pain was excruciating. Apart from being shot in the air by bolts of lightning and falling down, he could not remember anything. How long he had lain there he did not know. The air was thick with dirt. He was thankful that there was some air in the tomb that he was enshrined in. He learned that if he did not move at all, the pain would be just a bit less. But his restiveness only helped in increasing the pain manifold. Each and every sense of his was being decimated gradually. At a loss to know what to do, he almost gave up though he did try to keep himself awake, to what purpose he did not know. He tried to sleep while he waited for death. But this was death only, probably much worse. As the air diminished he began forgetting everything about his life and also his will power to live.

A long time back he had been cursed by a sage that he would keep on forgetting about his strength and prowess. He had the power and strength to break the moulds that had entombed him, but because of the curse he did not know that he had the power to break himself free. He did not remember anything. He would remember this only after somebody reminded him. That is why ordinary humans prayed to him and reminded him of his great powers. But here, there was nobody to remind him.

It was not in his nature to wait for outside help. Rather it was always the other way around. After ages, he thought he heard a sound through the deafening silence in his ears.

“Hanuman!”