

# ***DIVERSE CITY***

**Magazine**

**March 2025**



## **HINDU HOLI CELEBRATION**

The colorful Holi celebration in India

## **THE MONTH OF RAMADAN**

A look at Patience in Islam

## **LENT**

## **JUDIASM**

## **BUDDHISM**

## **SIKHISM**



## **ACOUSTIC JAM 2025**

F. Ally original songs played on an acoustic guitar

To listen, [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca), click 'Music-Books'

## **INDIA TO THE AMERICAS, 1838**

Chapt2 from book1(part1)

## **THE MASTERMIND**

Jack is using AI to read his wife's thoughts, along with her new found love, and his employees. He reads her thoughts 24 hours a day to find out what she is thinking, and then he would post some images of her thoughts in her emails and in commercials. Jack has gone mad in a world gone mad. He hears a voice said, Jack I am your master, continues on p. 50



# ***DIVERSE CITY***

## **World Magazine**



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*Contact: ALLY Media*

*Website: [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)*

*Edition 1.0 published on March 14, 2025  
10:20pm*

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*The views of the writers are his/her views and does not represent others in the magazine. The writer(s) of articles in the Diverse City Magazine has done his/her best to write on topics presented based on public available information, which may be inconsistent, incorrect or even change over time. If errors are pointed out, the writer(s) will investigate and provide updates. Faisal Ally has been video taping areas of his reports as he types as proof of his research and work, and has multiple copies of his work as his work evolves.*

*Information presented in this magazine are subject to changes. When embarking on a trip, vacation, a place of service such as a restaurant etc...you must verify and or confirm the information presented in this magazine, as information can change quickly, even immediately after this magazine is published. It's important that anything to do with health and meditation as presented in this magazine that the person seeks professional advice, for example from their doctors, researchers etc...*

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Ally Production and or Faisal Ally/ Brian Ally do not do videos, write articles, books, songs for anyone, nor edit books and articles for anyone. In the past I have done some weddings videos and around 2010 completed a half an hour comedy episode and a mock up movie.

There is another company by a similar name, Ally Production that does movies; I have no connection to them. If any body tells you that I will write songs, books articles for others or gives audition, those are all made up fabricated lies and have nothing to do with me.

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# **HUMANITY ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION**

**IF YOU WISH TO EXPERIENCE PEACE,  
PROVIDE PEACE FOR ANOTHER  
TENZIN GYATSO, THE 14th DALAI LAMA**

**GIVE PEACE A CHANCE  
JOHN LENNON**

**WE WANT A NEW CLEAR SOCIETY  
NOT A NUCLEAR SOCIETY  
F. ALLY**

# New Clear Society

*Original song by F. D Ally; all songs Copyright Protected*

The destruction of the world was foretold  
People's greed and evils will lead us to Armageddon  
The last battle ground

The aids epidemic is plaguing the world  
Nostradamus predicted worldwide disasters at the turn of the century

Get your act together now, get your act together now  
Get your act together now, let's act together now

D day 1944, 1945 atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima  
On Dooms Day, The sky will be on fire

Is this our fate, to live in this destructive age  
It's what man has create, fantasizing he's so greate  
People likes to imitate, Politicians they dictate  
Dropping bombs and nuclear waste, Destroying the world and causing hate

Polluted seas, polluted skies, drug abuse is on the rise  
Open the gates, it's getting late, Join hands everybody

Politicians, Bureaucrats, you rule our lives Bourgeoisie  
You took our souls; you got control, divide nations with your ideologies

Sit relax and meditate, sip your tea and communicate  
The sky is red, I'm feeling blue, Smog clouding up my head

New clear Society, New clear Society, New clear Society  
Don't want a Nuclear Society

We're living in a destructive world, Do we really know what we're heading for  
Politicians preach, drop the nuclear bomb, The people says get rid of the bomb

The ocean's on fire, the sky's on fire, The world's on fire, our heart's on fire

Children dying from hunger and disease, People just doing what ever they please  
Drug abuse and aids are out of control, You better watch out before you loose your soul

Put out the fire, put out the fire, put out the fire

Get your act together now, get your act together now  
Get your act together now, let's act together now  
Sit relax and meditate, sip your tea and communicate  
The sky is red, I'm feeling blue, Smog clouding up my head  
New clear Society, New clear Society, New clear Society  
Don't want a Nuclear Society



*F.D. Ally*

## **FAITHS**

Many religious celebrations are taking place at the same time from Hinduism, Islam, Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism and Sikhism. Navratris where Holi commenced on March 14, 2025. Ramadan, the months of fasting for Muslims, which began for most on March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2025. Lent for Christians which began on March 5, and in Judaism Purim is on March 13-14. The celebration of Nehan-e (Parinirvana) in Buddhism takes place on February 15, 2025. The Sikh New Year takes place on March 14, 2025 and from March 14 through March 16 is 'Hola Mohalla.

We are at a turning point in history where most of humanity worldwide is living in its darkest times ever, living in the most dangerous time ever in history, with ongoing wars as seen with Russia and Ukraine, with Gaza completely demolished as the original people who are Semites are living under gruesome conditions and are also being driven out of their historical homeland where recently and it is said that over 100,000 Palestinians were killed where most were children and females, while many places in the United States are also under destruction with fires and floods, and World War III looming. Canada, US, Mexico and China are in a tariff's war which will create destruction to these nations takes.

Klaus Schaub of the World Economic Forum (WEF) told us of the Great Reset, where the whole world's economy will be reset with depopulation as Bill Gates often spoke about along with others, and CBDC (Central Bank Digital Currency) to take place worldwide. By November 2025 or before CBDC is about to come to Europe. What do you think will happen in the future with a technology crash where banks worldwide will be affected? Will we lose our wealth? In the youtube video called 'You will own nothing, and you will be happy': Warnings of 'Orwellian' Great Reset' the host of the news said they are "boasting within a few short years, you will own nothing and you will be happy" referring to us having nothing at all, and that the few wealthy people will have everything and control everything we do, when the world's wealth should be shared amongst all. And "build back better is a slogan for the great reset by the World Economic Forum (WEF). And where is humanity heading? We're being told that they can hack our brain. By now we've all heard of trans humanism where humans will be interfaced with computer and machines, and where the computers and machines will be taking over a lot of our jobs. For us to be interfaced with computers, brain chips and other materials have to be placed into our biological bodies, and our brains were not meant for such elements and devices, and thus humanity will suffer a lot in the future. They are building smart-cities with cameras everywhere, small apartments stacked on top of each other to live in, and 15-minute cities for us to stay within our boundary to keep an eye on us, just like the days of slavery, but in modern times. . Many of the sections above and within this edition were taken from the Diverse City Magazine Spring Edition

# **WORLD CELEBRATIONS**

**Religious celebrations**  
**Spring celebrations**



# Hinduism



On January 2025, ahead of the Holi spring festival is the Maha Kumbh festival in India where a deadly stampede occurred. According to the news channel WION (Ref 2), 'The 45-day Maha Kumbh Mela 2025, celebrated as the world's largest human gathering, commenced early Monday on Pash Purnima from a holy dip, an immense wave of devotees flocked to the Sangam, the sacred confluence of the Ganga, Yamuna, and the mythical Saraswati. (Ref 1)

'Dozens of people have been injured and many are feared dead after a stampede at the Maha Kumbh festival as millions attempted to take a holy bath in the river. (Ref 2)

This year the pulsating festival of Holi is celebrated on Friday, March 14. 'Holi is traditionally observed on Purnima (full moon) day of the Hindu month of Phalguna, which typically falls in March.' 'Holi also marks the arrival of Spring'. (Ref 3)

'Hindus observed Magh Purnima where the author (Ref 4) states that 'according to ancient beliefs, the full moon of February is considered very special, because it is written in the Vedas and Puranas that on this occasion of this full moon, the deities come to visit the earth.'

The author (Ref 4) states that 'one should worship Moon God on this particular day' and 'on the eve of Magha Purnima, devotees observe a fast, perform a holy bath, worship and prayers.' Further more, the author gets into astronomy, where he says, 'the ancient scriptures that Magha Purnima is born from a constellation named Magha.' Like many world religion and the results of practicing, the author says that 'if you perform all the rituals and good deeds already mentioned above then according to the Magh Purnima...people will not only be blessed and have all their wishes fulfilled but they will also get salvation in the end.'

Reference 1:

Maha Kumbh Mela 2025: Festival Begins With 'Shahi Snan', Devotees Take Holy Dip | World DNA



WION

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z1VnyHsDZBc>; Jan 12, 2025

Reference 2:

What caused deadly stampede at Maha Kumbh festival In India?

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oz\\_rWCsda5w](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oz_rWCsda5w)

Sky News; Jan 29, 2025

Reference 3

Jagran Josh

[Jagranjosh.com/general-knowledge/when-is-holi-in-2025-date-and-hokia-dahan-timings-1741766033-1](https://jagranjosh.com/general-knowledge/when-is-holi-in-2025-date-and-hokia-dahan-timings-1741766033-1)

Reference 4

Reference: Authored by: Abhijeet Christopher Loreng Updated Feb 5, 2023 | 03:28 PM IST;

<https://www.timesnownews.com/spiritual/magh-purnima-2023-know-about-the-prayersworships-rituals-and-their-significance-article-97615603>

# Islam

The month of Ramadan is a month of fasting and worship for Muslims around the world. This year the month of Ramadan begins on or around March 1, 2025 for most around the world and goes on for 29 or 30 days. At the end of fasting commenced the celebration of EID.

## ISLAM – PATIENCE

By Faisal Deen Ally

*Disclaimer: Most of the information in this report came from the reference videos.*

In Islam, very often a person comes across the lines, ‘counsel each other in truth and counsel each others in patience. There’s much more to patience than these few words.

This report came from a blog called Islam posted on [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) (Ref3). Provided are the original references, Ref 1 and Ref 2 for anyone interested in viewing the youtube videos.

Allah says be patient for your lord...be patient and your sabr will only come from Allah...Allah says Oh you who believe be patient and advise one another to be patient (Ref 1)

Quran (2:155) You’re going to be tested, lives are going to be loss, your loved ones are going to be gone, your wealth, your family, your agriculture is going to be affected (Ref 1)

Concerning the one who has been wronged, now they have to decide how they’re going to react. Are they going to react according to the will of Allah or are they going to react against the will of Allah. Are they going to say what can I learn from this? How do I respond to this...? (Ref2)

Reference 1:

How patience can change the life of any Muslim  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jaI5Ke9K0Wg>  
One Islam Productions

Reference 2:  
This is how Allah rewards you for being patient  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DyMuTH-Qz8o>  
The Prophets Path

Reference 3:  
Blog: [www.allymedia.ca/f/islam](http://www.allymedia.ca/f/islam)  
Section Islam and Patience  
March 5, 2025 12:41pm

## Christianity

‘In the Catholic religion there are 40 days of fasting preceding Easter. The lent starts on Ash Wednesday and ends on holy Saturday.  
Lent starts Wed, Mar 5, 2025 – Apr 17, 2025  
Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, March 5, 2025.  
Good Friday, Friday, April 18, 2025  
Easter Sunday, Sunday, April 20, 2025  
Ref: statutoryholidays.com; Easter 2025 and Good Friday in Canada

## Judiasm

Purim March 13-14, 2025  
Passover April 12 – 20, 2025  
Shavuot June 1 – 3

Ref: jewishillini.org/templates/articlecco\_cdo/aid/3673924/jewish-Holiday-2024-2026.htm

## Sikhism

The Sikh New Year in 2025 takes place on March 14, 2025 and ‘The calendar’s epoch is the birth of Nanak Dev, founder and first Guru of Sikhism, in 1469.’ From March 14 through March 16 is ‘Hola Mohalla (“mock ght”) is a three-day Sikh festival that begins on the first full moon of March. Following Guru Gobind Singh’s tradition, it follows the Hindu festival Holi by one day. (“Hola” is the masculine form of the feminine “holi.”)’

Reference 1: This reference link: <https://theguibordcenter.org/faiths/sikhism/sikh-festivals-and-observances/>

## Buddhism

Buddhism is practiced by millions across the world where Siddhartha Gautama came to this world about 2,500 years ago, and according to the following link: Buddhist Holy Days and Observances; <https://theguibordcenter.org/faiths/buddhism/buddhist-festivals/>  
Ref also [theguibordcenter.org/faiths/Buddhism/Buddhist-festivals/](https://theguibordcenter.org/faiths/Buddhism/Buddhist-festivals/)

The Buddha was ‘born into the royal family ‘in a small Himalayan kingdom’ where he would later ‘became known as Gautama Buddha or Shakyamuni Buddha’ and where ‘Buddhist communities observe his birth on various dates, many in April or May.’ The celebration of Nehan-e (Parinirvana) takes place on ‘February 15, 2025 Mahayana Buddhists remember the Buddha’s death on Parinirvana, usually on February 15.’ The article states that the ‘Buddha died at age 80, after attaining enlightenment and then teaching for 40 years. At his death, he was in a state of meditation and reached Nirvana, a state of peace and freedom from the cycle of death, rebirth, and suffering.’

## Some 2025 Events

*Trinidad Carinival 2025 – February 26 to March 02, 2025*

*Rio Carnival 2025 – February 28 to March 8, 2025*

*Jamaica Carnival April 25, 2025*

*Guyana February 23*

*Toronto Caribana July 31 to Aug 4*

*Cariwest Aug 8 to 10, 2025*

*Carifest Calgary Aug 15, 16, 17*

*Easter Sun, Apr 20, 2025*

*Eid al-fitr 2025, Sat, March 29 to Sun, Mar 30*

*Holi Fri, Mar 14, 2025*

*Chinese New Year 2025 Wed, Jan 29 to Feb 12*

*Black history – Feb 1 to Feb 28, 2025*

*Disclaimer: The above information are from public available information. Some of these dates may change or may even be incorrect*

# KEEP THE PEACE

*Music and Lyrics by F.D Ally, Copyright Protected*

When I think of those better days  
Holding hands and singing a song  
When we listened to each other  
Reaching out across the sky

Make this Earth a better home  
For all lives under the sun  
On the land or in the sea  
And up above the earth

You say you're white, black, whatever color  
It should never be about the color of a person's skin  
Lend a hand and you will understand  
The meanings of Love

And if you're rich, poor or in-between  
You shouldn't judge anyone by what you see  
If you look deep down inside  
You will find peace of mind

Peace Let's keep the peace  
Keep the peace for everyone  
Every country across the seas  
Sharing love in the world

Put an end to all the wars  
Yesterday today and for tomorrow  
If you search for the answers  
You will find peace of mind

It shouldn't matter what you are  
Your religion class color or your race  
Walk together and not against each other  
Let's live in harmony

Peace, let's keep the peace  
Keep the peace for everyone  
Every nation across the land  
Sharing life on this earth

Let's forgive and learn to compromise  
Ease the pain sorrows and no more hunger  
And the children will have some peace  
In this land we call free

Can you imagine a world that is one  
There's no limit to what we can do  
Reach out for another  
And have a change in heart

Peace Let's keep the peace  
Keep the peace for every one  
Every country across the seas  
Sharing love in the world

Peace Let's keep the peace  
Keep the peace for everyone  
Every nation across the land  
Sharing life on this Earth

Peace let's the peace  
Let's keep the peace  
Keep the peace for everyone

## ***LIFE'S JOURNEY***

by F. Ally



### **STRESSED AND YOUR MIND RAMBLING?**

Often, our minds ramble on during the day and even throughout the night with stories, judging, blaming and fantasies swirling through our heads, and even when we're engaged in prayers / meditation.

I began the Life's Journey series of articles in 2002, published in the Cariwave, The Caribbean Magazine. Let's continue this journey on the following page with A Look At Islam

Many of the upcoming articles will be taken from articles written in the past, even from articles from 20 years ago.

*Disclaimer: In this article, the writer is sharing his experience and knowledge with the readers. Before embarking on any of these journeys, it's important to delve into the topics, seek advice from professionals / learned people in these areas*



### **THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN**

NOVELS BY FISAL (FIZAL) DEEN ALLY

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS (Part 1)

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS (Part 2)

BOOK 2 – THE ESCAPE FOR TRUE LOVE

BOOK 3 – REBELLION & REUNION

See below for Chapter 2 of Book 1 (Part 1)

### **TO LEARN A BIT ON THESE NOVELS**

See the Valentine's 2025 edition on [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) for the following:

DEAR READERS p.25

CREDITS p.24

PROLOGUE p.26

Valentine's Edition - READ CHAPTER 1 FROM BOOK1 (Part 1) p.30

Valentine's Edition READ CHAPTER 2 FROM BOOK1 (Part 2) p.46

LIST OF CHARACTERS, PLACES, GLOSSARY, starting on p.69

March Edition 2025 – Book 1, Chapter 2

**The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, India to the Americas**

In this edition I included Chapter 1 & 2 of Book 1, Part1.



The Valentines 2025 edition includes a glossary, and a list with historical people's names, fictional people's names, and a list with historical places and fictional places.

Credits p.24

Dear Readers p.25

List of characters p.69

Historical places p.72

Glossary p.74

To Read some chapters of The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, India to the America in the Valentine's 2025 Edition

Chapter 1 of Book 1 (Part 1) p.30

Chapter 1 of Book 1 (Part 2) p.46





**THE JOURNEY BEGINS IN NORTHERN INDIA 1838  
THE JOURNEY CONTINUES IN GUYANA , SOUTH AMERICA**

*Savitri's Garden*  
India to the Americas, 1838

BOOK I, PART I  
Dreams of El Dorado

FISAL ALLY

Ally Publishing

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden  
BookI, Part I: India to the Americas 1838  
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*FOR my mother, Nazmoon Neisha Ally,  
and my father Mohammed Deen (Din) Ally who had departed*

*from this world on August 16, 1983*

*For all their love, sacrifices and values  
they had instilled in me, and for always encouraging me  
to persevere and to transcend beyond life's challenges*

## **Chapter 2 - The morning of departure**

*Lucknow, India—Friday, September 22, 1837, 2:45pm*

ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT WENT BY ON THE RUTTED DIRT roads, and the following afternoon, cascading beams of sunlight pierced Kalil's eyelids, waking him from a deep slumber. His head bobbed back and forth, and from side to side for a couple more hours before the cart came to a jerky stop. It was a long tiring journey, and Kalil yawned as he sluggishly propelled his body forward. He grabbed his backpack and got off the cart. He took a deep breath and exhaled, glancing about with tired half-closed eyes as the cart took off and disappeared down a dusty trail.

He turned in the direction of his village in Lucknow and a smile emerged on his face as he witnessed the simple beauty of the land with its natural laid-back way of life. The valley was lively, and lined with trees stretching on for another quarter of a mile with a detour to his home. Parallel to the trees was a wide stream with gushing waters flowing freely as the twitters from the birds filled the air. On both sides of the stream were grassy land with goats and cows grazing. Beyond the trees were villages.

Kalil was lost in silence with his chin dropped. A few nagging thoughts were on his mind as he walked through the villages. The houses, cottages and huts were scattered, many with thatches.

Four bare chested boys ran around freely, playing. Kalil forced a smile on his face, as the children scuttled through the shrubs. The aroma from freshly cooked curries surfaced in the air, and suddenly the thoughts of his mother's home cooking filled his head, as though he could already taste it.

Fifteen minutes later, he entered his village and continued towards the crest on a bushy hill. Looking down, he could barely make out his home, almost hidden by the trees. Lost in thoughts, he continued on a footpath down the bushy slope.

*Faizabad, India—3pm*

VISHNU WAS AT HOME IN HIS ROOM, LYING ON HIS BED contemplating his future. He arrived home a few days ago, while Kalil had continued traveling towards Lucknow. His mother entered his room with a bright smile on her face.

"I made your favorite."

Vishnu smiled. "Mama, your samosas are amazing. I love the smell."

"Then you should be outside enjoying some with tamarind chutney."

"I know. Mama, I'm just tired, still trying to recover from the long journey traveling back home. I will be out shortly."

"Dinner is almost ready. Our guests will be over shortly."

"Yes Mama. I will be out right away."

"We are celebrating, beta *son*. You seem a little sad." His mother turned to leave the room. She stopped and said, "Soon you will be the most blessed beta in Hindustan."

Vishnu nodded. "Yes, Mama." He slowly got off his bed as his mother left the room. He picked up some ironed garments and changed into them. He stood in front of the mirror, combing his hair, and staring at the dark circles around his eyes. He held his breath for a few seconds and then turned and went outside to join his family. His mother placed some snacks in front of him and his brother, Nilesch, who was a year younger. He could hear faint drumming coming from the outside, as the smell of curry dishes fanned through the air. He sat down on the floor cross-legged eating a samosa as the steady beat from the drum filled the air, growing loud. His father opened the door. A youth wearing a red turban entered drumming on the dholak, followed by two families. Two boys around age ten entered jumping around, dancing and clapping. Vishnu's father, mother and brother started to clap and dance as the guests entered. His mother took his hands and pulled him up, but he was reluctant to dance, and he stood in one spot clapping.

"We'll be celebrating for weeks now that you're back," his mother said. "Smile beta."

A smile lifted on Vishnu's face. "Mama, I look forward to the celebrations." His head started to sway to the beat, showing a good face.

A man and a lady walked up to Vishnu and greeted him with hugs, and gave him a gift. The couple stepped aside and a girl with a broad smile entered his view. "Hello Vish."

Vishnu released a smile. "Hello," he replied calmly. "Please make yourself comfortable."

"Something sure smells good," the girl said.

"It's Mama's cooking—the best."

His mother walked up to them. "We're having a feast, and this is only the beginning. There will be many feasts to come." The smile on the girl's face broadened. The celebration continued with music, food and drinks.

*Lucknow, Awadh—3:15pm*

AT THE SOUND OF A SHARP WHISTLE PROPAGATING through the air, Kalil stopped as he made his way through the footpath. His face brightened up as a small tan colored dog darted towards him. He became excited and his backpack slid from his shoulders.

"Moti, Moti, come here!" he called out, squatting. The puppy sprinted towards him and he scooped the dog into his hands and hoisted him. Another whistle pierced the air. He knew the signature of the whistle.

"Kalil! Kalil!" His younger brother, Mustapha, called out, running barefoot towards them. He turned towards the boy. The boy reached them and Kalil placed a comforting hand around his eleven-year-old brother's shoulders and hugged him.

"Where have you been?" Kalil asked.

"At the Aminabad bazaar," the boy replied in Urdu, chomping down a laddu *sweet*. At home they spoke Urdu. They also spoke Hindustani.

The Aminabad bazaar was a small market in Lucknow, a short distance from their home by cart. Mustapha had spent most of the day at the bazaar working with relatives, where he sold some of his mother's kebabs and bakery. One of his uncles had just dropped him off and he started to run home. The boy was almost breathless. He inhaled slowly and opened the buttons on his white kurta shirt, exposing his bare chest and ribcage. He opened the knot from the back of his red bandana and pulled it off, airing out his head; he then pulled off the red scarf tied

loosely around his waist, letting his kurta shirt open fully. Kalil noticed the beads of sweat trickling down his brother's forehead.

"You're out of shape, chota bhai." Kalil's eyes shifted back to the six-month-old pup. He chuckled. "Even Moti is in better shape."

"Ha!" The young boy exclaimed in his high-pitched voice, "You think so!" He belched. He was ready to debate, even though he knew his older brother was just teasing. "And what should you expect from your younger brother, eh? Tell me, eh?" the boy bellowed wiping away the perspiration from his forehead.

Kalil swiped his palm across Mustapha's head, messing up the boy's hair. "I expect you to be faster than this little pup—fast like a tiger cat. Look at you, blowing like you're about to fall off your scrawny little legs."

"Scrawny legs!" the boy bellowed. "You mean strong muscular legs, don't you?"

"Of course I meant strong muscular legs, but just remember no pain no gain." Kalil rubbed his hand on his brother's head and gave him a compliment, "A fast runner sweats just like you."

"I know, I know. Me and Moti started to race after chacha dropped us off. We ran fast for a minute," he bragged. "See the sweat on my forehead?"

"Yes, and it shows." Kalil yawned. "I'm tired. I have a splitting headache and leg cramps from sitting on bullock carts for weeks on hot dusty roads. What's that in your hand?"

Mustapha reached into a small straw bag, which his mother had weaved, and pulled out a small container. "Turmeric," he said. He reached in and pulled out another spice. "Jeera *cumin*." A smile emerged on his face. "Mama sent me to the market to get these spices to make, you know for what!"

"Gar-ram masala!" Kalil's voice rose, rolling his tongue, emphasizing the "r" sound.

"Gar-ram, gar-ram masala!" Mustapha shouted, imitating his brother in his high-pitched voice. They started to laugh.

"What's Mama cooking?" Kalil asked in all excitement. He moistened his upper lip and started to drool like the hungry black dog back at the Maya bazaar, craving his mother's cooking.

"It's a surprise."

"I love surprises. I can't wait. I'm starved! Let's hurry!"

On the way through the valley, Kalil talked about the book, which Vishnu had bargained for him.

"Oh can I see, can I see, let me see please, oh please can I see it?" The boy jumped around as Moti wagged his tail.

"Okay, okay." Kalil reached into his backpack. He pulled out the book and handed it to the boy.

Mustapha opened the book to a creased page. He read, "She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty." He laughed. "Bhaiya *older brother*, what does that mean, bhaiya, what does it mean?"

Kalil's face broke into a broad smile. "I will tell you later. But for now, I have a surprise."

"A surprise?"

"Yes. A surprise."

"Oh! A surprise for who?"

"For you, of course."

"Oh really! A surprise for me?"

"Yes."

"Oh can I see, please can I see?"

Kalil smiled as he reached into his bag and pulled out a gift. "This is for you."

Mustapha eagerly opened the small box. "Oh, nice," he said admiring the rope chain with a verse from the Holy Quran, which Vishnu had also helped Kalil bartered for. The boy's face lit up with a wide smile.

"This chain came all the way from Syria," Kalil said.

“Oh thank you bhaiya, thank you bhaiya,” the boy said admiring the chain. “Thank you again bhaiya, thank you. This is so nice.” Kalil took the chain and placed it around Mustapha’s neck. The boy’s face glowed. He felt empowered with the chain around his neck. “This is so nice, bhaiya. Oh, thanks again, thank you, thank you bhaiya.” The boy jumped around as Moti ran in circles.

“It looks great on you. It was meant for you, chota bhai. You promise to read the whole Quran and to upkeep your iman *faith*?” Kalil smiled and continued, “And never forget your salaah *prayer* and stay on the siratal mustaqeen *the straight path*.”

“I promise.”

Kalil rubbed his brother’s head and then shifted towards Moti. “I have a present for you.” Moti began to jump around as he pulled out a red band and placed it around the puppy’s neck. The dog flapped his ears and licked Kalil’s face. “Let’s hurry. I’m starved. I can’t wait for Mama’s cooking.”

They picked up the pace and the small dog trotted next to them through the valley. Mustapha pushed his older brother and dashed off. “You can’t catch me! Catch me if you can!” the boy yelled. “Last one home is a big rotten egg.” Mustapha ran as fast as he could and called out again, “Last one home is a big rotten egg!”

“You cheater! Get back here! I’m dead tired!”

The boy turned around and laughed. “I will show you who the fastest runner in the world is!” his voice echoed through the valley.

“I’m tired!”

“Last one home is a big rotten egg!”

“You asked for it!”

“You will be the sorry rotten egg!” Mustapha crowed. He sprinted through the valley with Moti running next to him. He waved at a muscular bare chested man named Dara, doing pull-ups on a tree branch. Kalil trailed behind; he was tired and sluggish, hanging onto his backpack. He also waved at the man as he ran by. The man started to do one-arm pull-ups and waved back with his vacant hand.

The chase continued. Mustapha was barefooted, his legs were like spinning wheels. The boy looked back and then made a detour from the valley towards the entrance of an old shanty house. Kalil followed from behind.

“Hahahaha!” the boy laughed. “Now you know who the fastest runner in the Kingdom of Awadh is! I won! I won!” his piercing voice filled the air as Moti dashed ahead of him with a burst of energy. For a moment, it looked like Moti was going to win, but Mustapha chased after the dog. He jumped over him and darted up the two shaky steps and onto the wooden porch, beating out both Moti and Kalil. “I won! I won!” the boy exclaimed. He jumped up and down on the squeaky floor as Kalil approached. “Hahahaha!” his laughter echoed. “Hahahaha!” Here comes the sorry rotten egg!” he yowled, crouched over, holding his stomach.

Kalil was breathing heavily, slowly climbing the two shaky steps. His body dropped on the old faded wooden chair, as Mustapha and Moti dashed back down the steps and ran towards the back of the house. He pulled off his curved-tip juttis, and sank into the chair, rubbing one foot against the other trying to relieve the aches and pains.

He sat out on the porch contemplating his future as a warm breeze gushed through the yard. He reached into his backpack and pulled out his book. For a moment, he wondered how many eyes had read the book and how many hands had turned the pages. He opened it to the creased page and read in a whisper, “She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.” He breathed slowly, digesting the quote that was taken from another book called *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by William Shakespeare. He read again, “She’s a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.” He repeated the line over and over like a mantra.

His eyelids grew heavy and he slipped into a dream. Minutes later, he woke up to the sounds of birds twittering. “The riches of—” echoed in his head. He was in a daze. He glanced around,



semi conscious, wondering where he was. For a few seconds, he wondered if he was still in Assam working on the tea plantation. He inhaled deeply as the scents from his mother's cooking seeped through the cracks of the faded wooden walls, filling his lungs. He came to his senses and lifted his body from the chair. He took a few short steps and opened the front door. The door squeaked as he entered. He walked through the small squeaky living room. In the corner of the room, a charkha *spinning wheel* sat next to a discolored wooden chair, bracing against the dull wall. Two beautiful embroideries in wooden frames hung on the wall. An old rocking chair sat near an open window.

The words of Shakespeare resonated in Kalil's head: *She's a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty*. The wooden floor squeaked louder as he reached the kitchen. He stepped down the two shaky steps to the earthen floor, humming a melody. His mother, Nisha, was busy stirring a pot of curry. She didn't hear him entering the kitchen. The sizzling from the adjacent frying pan filled the air with a stream of aroma dispersing through the air. Mustapha had already updated their mother on Kalil's return, and her cooking had already begun. Kalil placed his book on a wooden ledge. He called his mother, but the stirring of the pot on the clay stove drowned out his voice. She was standing next to the window, swung wide open airing out the kitchen. He walked over and touched her shoulder. She turned and her face broke into a bright smile and they embraced. She was thirty-five years old, a courteous and soft-spoken woman. A little over a dozen grey strands trickled down from the top of her head to her waist. Her husband, Yusuf Ansari, had died in a construction accident in Agra just after Kalil had turned nine, and she was left on her own to raise three children. Kalil had never forgotten the day when they received the news that his father had died and how his mother wept. After she had explained to him what had happened, he had broken down in tears, which lasted for weeks as he held onto the happy images he had of his father. At the time, Juhi was two and Mustapha was three; they had no recollection of their father. A year ago, their mother had told them how they used to look out for their father, day after day. Juhi wanted to know more; they never understood the impact their father's departure had on their mother and on Kalil. Mustapha and Juhi had always seen Kalil as a father figure. Kalil had always looked out for them, like the time when a neighborhood boy had bullied Mustapha and Kalil taught him how to stand up to the bully. But it was their mother who understood their pains and had always comforted them, and raised them on her own.

Nisha was from the Kingdom of Punjab, a region in northern India. Her family and relatives were Punjabi Muslims. She was arranged to marry Yusuf Ansari at the age of sixteen, and after she had met him, she was happy with the arrangement, and their marriage had taken place four months later when she had turned seventeen, and agreed to move to Lucknow where Yusuf and his family had lived. Yusuf was a carpenter and built the house they were living in. Some of Nisha's family had also moved from Punjab to Lucknow and Agra, taking advantage of the work opportunities. Her father and brothers wore the curved-tip juttis in Punjab, and one of her brothers had given Yusuf a pair as a gift. Since then, the only type of juttas *shoes* Yusuf had worn were the curved-tip juttis. As a boy, Kalil had admired his father, and dressed like his father, sporting the same type of juttis, matching earrings, bandana, and a vest over his kurta shirt. After his father's death, he inherited his father's juttis and clothes. He had adored his father and wanted to be like him. He enjoyed fixing things around the house.

Over the years, Nisha had grown tired of the aches and pains from working long hours and from all the extra work she could get her hands on. Life was not easy since her husband's death.

Nisha was excited to see Kalil's youthful face. She always worried about him traveling so far away to work, and being away from home for so long.

"You lost weight," she said, a worried expression filled her face. Even if he had lost three pounds, she would have noticed.

The steam from the pot, and the sizzling from the griddle and the frying pan saturated the kitchen. The aroma from the freshly made dishes drove his taste buds wild and his mouth started to water.

Nisha scooped up the freshly made samosas from the frying pan and placed them on a tin plate for him. She opened a jar of tamarind sauce and poured some over the samosas. “Eat, eat. You need to fatten up,” she encouraged.

Kalil laughed. “Mama, this is Hindustan, there are no fat people on our land.” He paused. “Maybe—except for some sahibs and memsahibs. And where is my choti behan *little sister*?”

Nisha smiled. “Your choti behan should be home any moment.”

Kalil couldn’t resist the smell of the freshly made snacks. He reached over to the plate and picked up a samosa and took an eager satisfying bite. “Mama, this is so tasty. The best!” His mother smiled as he shoved the other half into his mouth. He took another one. Just the thought of him eating fresh homemade dishes again made her happy. Mustapha entered from the squeaky backdoor, and the two boys ate the samosas while their mother pulled out a wooden bowl and started to mix the dhania *coriander*, jeera, garlic and turmeric into her own distinctive blend of garam masala.

A creaky sound came from the front door. Juhi was now returning home from the Aminabad bazaar, also working in the company of their relatives, selling their mother’s kebabs and bakery; they had just dropped her off. Kalil reacted by crouching down, hiding in the corner as she entered the kitchen and stopped next to Mustapha; she was a few inches shorter than him.

“Assalaamu alaikum *peace be upon you*,” she said greeting everyone. They returned their salaams. She was about to ask for Kalil when he jumped out.

“Walaikum salaam *and upon you peace*,” he said.

She froze, dressed in her green salwar kameese. “Kalil! Kalil!” she screamed and ran over and hugged him.

THE CELEBRATION OF KALIL’S RETURN FROM ASSAM WAS just about to begin, while Vishnu and his relatives were having a feast with drumming and dancing. Nisha cut up and marinated the fish, which Mustapha had caught earlier in the stream, before leaving for the bazaar. Mustapha brought in a chicken from the backyard, and then he and Kalil went back outside to light the tandoor, a clay oven built into the earth, used for baking tandoori fish, tandoori chicken and naan bread.

In the kitchen, Nisha reached up and grabbed a handful of garlic and onions from a basket hanging low from the ceiling. Juhi peeled and sliced the garlic and onions into smaller pieces, while Nisha rubbed the garam masala paste over some of the fish and chicken to make curried fish and curried chicken. She then rubbed on the tandoori sauce over the remaining fish and chicken. She started to prepare murg kebabs as Kalil and Mustapha went back out into the yard and placed the fish and chicken in the tandoor.

Fifteen minutes went by. Kalil headed to the wooden shower stall in the backyard and took a bath using the water from the wooden barrels. Another fifteen minutes passed. He exited the stall. He walked through the yard whistling, and entered the kitchen with the towel wrapped around his waist. His stomach started to growl as the aroma from the curry, tandoori, and murg kebabs filled the air. He hurried into the small bedroom, which he and Mustapha shared, and changed into his clean purple kurta shirt and white pajama pants.

Dinner was ready. Kalil and Mustapha sat cross-legged on the Persian rug rolled out on the wooden floor in the small living room next to the kitchen. Kalil felt nothing but love, as his mother and sister placed the dishes in front of him on the rug. There was no place like home; not even the British mansions and their cantonments hidden behind the fences across Hindustan had appealed to him. At home, he was the king, Mustapha the prince, Juhi the princess, and Moti the knight. And for them, their mother was the queen—the one and only queen; nobody was as beautiful as her. They had never noticed the strands of grey hair trickling down her head and the tiredness in her face. To them everything was beautiful about her. Her kindness, caring and smiles were too big for them to even notice her tired face. She had done everything for her

children, but nobody really understood her pains and aches. She always said that her duties were for her children. But over the years, work had taken a toll on her, and her health was not the best, even at the age of thirty-five.

"Mama, this is so delicious. I always miss your cooking when I'm away," Kalil said, gratefully. His mouth was full, chewing voraciously with bulging thin cheeks, enjoying every bite. He licked his fingers; nothing went to waste. With his mouth filled, he got up and walked over to his backpack and brought it back to the Persian rug.

He reached in. "Mama, you will like this—all the way from China," he said, pulling out a ceramic pot. Nisha's face brightened up. He had never failed to surprise her. She carefully took the pot and held it as her eyes glanced over it, admiring the designs. She loved art. She was an artist, and she was inspired by the designs etched out on the surface of the pot. She glided her fingers gently over the texture.

"Can I feel it?" Juhi asked. "Oh, can I touch it, Mama?" She moved closer to her mother and rubbed her fingers over the design. "Oh, it's so nice," she said with a broad smile, "and so smooth."

"Mama, I know you always wanted a ceramic pot."

"But it looks so expensive," she replied.

"Vishnu made a good deal for me and I couldn't refuse it. I always tell him how much you wanted one, and he haggled with the merchant until he brought the price down, really low—less than half the price."

Nisha smiled. "Then you must thank Vishnu." She knew Vishnu was from the Hindu faith, and although their beliefs were different, Kalil had always spoken highly of him. He had told her that Vishnu was the best traveling companion he could ever asked for and that their religions could never come between their friendship. And when Juhi had blurted out that she wanted to meet Vishnu, Mustapha also wanted to meet him, having heard so much about him. Nisha was grateful that Kalil was in the company of a very good friend during his journeys away from home. She insisted that Vishnu come over to visit.

Mustapha showed their mother the chain. She admired it and praised Kalil for being so thoughtful. Kalil noticed Juhi was pouting.

"Choti behan, you're next."

Juhi continued to pout as he reached into his bag and pulled out a chain with a map of India carved out in jade, with the name Bharat etched out on it. He reached over and placed it around her neck.

Her face brightened up as she held the map, admiring it. "Oh, it's so beautiful! A map of Hindustan! Oh, it's so beautiful. Oh, how beautiful it is." He knew how curious she was about places, and wanted to learn about traditional Indian healing medicine. She knew some Indian history, and always reminded her friends that the motherland was not only called Hindustan, Bharat, and India, but it was also called Arya-Varta thousands of years ago, meaning the abode of the Aryans.

"You like it, choti behan?"

She nodded cheerfully. "Bhaiya, it's so beautiful. Oh thank you bhaiya, oh thank you bhaiya Kal, it's so beautiful." She placed her little hands around his shoulders and hugged him.

During dinner, Kalil talked about his adventures and encounters at the bazaar. Mustapha and Juhi's favorite story was the boy and his monkey. Kalil pulled out his old faded book and handed it to Mustapha. The boy flipped it open to the creased page.

"She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty," the boy read.

"Bhaiya, what does that mean?" Juhi asked, always curious about things.

"Guiana is El Dorado, the city of gold," Kalil said with a bright smile.

"Ohhhhhh! The little girl cried. "A city of gold! You mean like the Golden Sparrow?"

A puzzled expression emerged on Mustapha's face. "Golden arrow?"

Juhi stifled back her giggle. "No stupid!" she blurted out.

“If you call me stupid again—”

“What are you going to do about it?”

“Children, cut it out!”

“Do you not know your history? Hindustan is known by other names—Bharat, India, Arya-Varta, and it was also called the Golden Sparrow,” the little girl said, proudly.

Kalil exchanged glances with Mustapha. “Well that makes two of us that are stupid.” He placed his hand around Juhi’s shoulders and said, “Yes, the golden city of Manoa is just like the Golden Sparrow.” *El Dorado was also known as the golden city of Manoa.* An image of what El Dorado should look like formed in his head.

Their conversations continued late into the night as the kerosene lamp grew dim in their small living room. That night Kalil slept like a log, while Vishnu was home in his bed tossing and turning throughout night, tired from the long celebration.

A FEW WEEKS WENT BY AND VISHNU AND KALIL WERE traveling back to work. By then Kalil had read his book, *Paradise in El Dorado*, a few times. He told Vishnu that he had been thinking about El Dorado a lot, worried that the tea plantation could be closing down.

“El Dorado?” Vishnu asked. “It’s that book we bartered for, isn’t it?”

“Yes. *Paradise in El Dorado*. There’s a place called Demra. It’s a place beyond the sea where I could make five rupees a month with no expenses—paid in dollars. And I will save all my earnings and return to Hindustan.”

“I’ve heard of traveling to Mauritius to work, but not to Demra,” Vishnu said.

“And there’s a place called El Dorado, a place abundant in diamonds and gold.”

“Diamonds and gold?”

“Treasures, bhai.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. Why not gold? Demra is my ticket to El Dorado. Why not gold, bhai.”

Vishnu started to laugh. “It’s that book, isn’t it? It’s that book you’ve been reading. Bhai, you’re a true dreamer.” He pondered for a moment and whispered, “You’re right bhai, why not gold?”

Kalil turned to him and smiled. “Dreams could become reality.”

Vishnu nodded. He took the book from Kalil and looked through it. He stopped at a page and tried to pronounce the name Demerara. “Demra—Demrrrraliiya in Guiana, South Amerrricaaaa.”

A MONTH LATER, THE TEA PLANTATION CLOSED DOWN. IT was one of the experimental plantations that didn’t go as planned. Many lost their jobs, including Kalil, his uncle and other relatives. Kalil packed his belongings and he was on his way home. He stopped off at the Maya bazaar and sat down underneath the tree thinly covered with leaves, eating a chapati. From where he sat, he was observing the pretty dark haired girl, standing next to the desi Englishman as they carried out their business.

Shortly after, he boarded a bullock cart and continued his journey home.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, VISHNU AND HIS BROTHER, NILESH, visited Kalil in Lucknow. Nisha and Juhi cooked, and they got to know Vishnu and Niles. Juhi and Mustapha asked Vishnu about the monkey business at the bazaar, and Vishnu told them his version of the boy and the monkey. For the rest of the evening, Mustapha and Juhi chanted, “Monkey

business, more monkey business.” Mustapha started to leap around, swinging his arms like a monkey. Their mother laughed at their playfulness.

Vishnu and Nilesh spent the night, and the following day, after lunch with naan, aloo gobi *potatoes and cauliflower*, kebabs, tandoori fish and stuffed paratha, Kalil, Mustapha, Juhi and Moti accompanied Vishnu and Nilesh to the main junction where they boarded a bullock cart heading east towards Faizabad.

Day after day, Juhi and Mustapha would ask about Vishnu and when he was coming back for another visit. Kalil promised them that they would meet Vishnu again, but he wasn’t sure when.

THE DAY ARRIVED WHEN KALIL KNEW HE HAD TO BREAK the news to his mother. He held back for weeks, but he and Vishnu had already made their future plans. Nisha was in the kitchen cooking when he walked up to her, trying to remain calm.

“Mama, I could earn the high Demra silver currency if I work in British Guiana. We will get this kitchen fixed up, and rebuild this old shaky house into a bigger, sturdier and nicer home.

Immediately, Nisha’s face morphed into sadness, cast in worries. She knew something had been on his mind for weeks, but she never really knew what it was until now. He tried to reassure her that the British would take good care of him in Guiana.

Nisha stirred the pot, nonstop. “You are not serious about traveling across the Indian Ocean to heaven knows where? Mauritius is closer to home than Ghana,” she reasoned.

“Mama, it’s Guiana, a South American country once ruled by the Dutch and French, and then the British took full control of the land now called British Guiana.” His eyes scanned the faded wooden walls. “Mama, just think of the money I could earn to fix up this house—we will repair our home with new boards, and the walls will be painted with fresh paint. I will be paid in the high Demra currency instead of rupees.” For Nisha, the house was fine as it was; she was concerned about him, and not the house or the money.

Kalil opened his book looking at the letter, which the Spaniard, De Berrio, had written to the council of the Indies on January 1, 1593. “Mama listen to this letter which De Berrio wrote.” He started to read:

“If God aids me to settle Guiana, Trinidad will be the richest trade centre of the Indies for if Guiana was one twentieth of what it was supposed to be, it would be richer than Peru.” (2)

Nisha continued stirring the pot, feeling uneasy. Her mind occupied, her thoughts nagging at her. Mustapha entered from the backdoor. Moti darted through the door, barking. Juhi entered, stomping on the earthen floor, chasing Mustapha and Moti. Nisha had an unsettled feeling with a frown on her face, knowing how much Juhi and Mustapha needed their older brother around. Mustapha and Juhi sensed something was wrong; they exchanged glances, standing a few feet away from their mother.

Kalil walked over to the kitchen window, gazing out. “Mama, how long could we live on this land that’s so poor, much poorer than it was when Papa was alive. There’s little food to feed the people. The bazaars are swarming with beggars and malnourished children. There’s no steady work. Things are getting worse by the day. The famine has crippled us. Thousands upon thousands are dying from cholera, starvation and other diseases. The British say they are creating jobs for us, yet there are no jobs. Where are the British? They say they’re here to help us. Mama, can’t you see—it’s impossible for the British to create

jobs for so many Hindustanis.” He paced around and then continued, “I will work in Demra on a five-year work contract and return with a good sum of money.”

“Five years!” Nisha felt a sudden dizziness, not being able to accept Kalil traveling so far away from home, where they would not see him for five years. When he was away in Assam for even five days, it seemed like five years. Mustapha stood with a frown. Tears fell from Juhi’s eyes.

Kalil continued, “They will give me a wage-advance as an incentive, but I’m not sure how much. I heard its lots of rupees. In British Guiana, I will live and work in the same place. I won’t have to travel for weeks and weeks and walk for miles and miles. I’m so tired of it. Mama, I’m so tired of traveling on those shaky bumpy carts. I get splitting headaches and back pain. I hate it.”

“Bhaiya, why five years? Why, bhaiya?” Juhi cried, shaking. “But why, bhaiya?”

Kalil walked up to his siblings and placed his hands around their shoulders. He told them that he would return with enough money to rebuild the house and send them to school to get a good education. He turned to his mother and his face grew brighter. “Mama, it’s an opportunity of a lifetime—it will never come again. An opportunity like this only comes once in lifetime and I just can’t let it slip away. Mama there’s nothing to worry about. I will be amongst our people in Guiana. Vishnu and some of his friends are also going. We’ll take care of each other.” He swallowed deeply. “I will write home, but, but, I must get on the boat while I can—”

“Oh dear!” his mother cried. “A boat!” her voice quivered.

Juhi’s face crumpled like ripples growing in the stream. “A boat!” she cried, not being able to hold back her emotions.

“A boat?” Mustapha questioned with furrowed eyebrows.

“No! No!” Kalil caught himself.

“A boat in the ocean! You will drown!” Juhi cried. Since the death of their father, Juhi and Mustapha had looked up to Kalil as a father figure. He always looked out for their best interest.

“Ship! I meant a ship!” he corrected himself. “I’m going on a big British ship, not a boat! I will travel on a big British ship!”

Their mother was shaking, her face flushed. She avoided anymore discussions about Kalil working away from home, and told him that he was of age to start a family, and that she wanted him to get married immediately.

Kalil turned to his mother with a confident glance. “Mama, as soon as I return home, we will rebuild and extend the house, and I will get married.” His mother told him that she had already picked out a girl for him. In the past, they had discussed marriage, but he was not aware that she had gone ahead and arranged someone for him. It was only within the last two weeks she had started looking for a girl for him, hoping he would settle down and remain at home in Lucknow. It was a common practice for parents to seek out spouses for their children. He swallowed nervously with an uneasy glance. “Mama, marriage can wait until I return. How could I get married and not have a job to support a family? We can barely make ends meet. How will I put food on the table for a wife and children? I was away working in Assam. Now I’m without work. The few remaining jobs went to the manager’s favorites—the people of his own background. What would be the point of having a wife and children, if I’m working away from home all the time, or have no job to support them? Mama, I’m so tired of the way things are. This home will be too small for all of us. I will make some good earnings, and Mustapha and I will rebuild and extend this house, and I will get married.”



THE DAYS PASSED AND NISHA'S NIGHTS WERE CURTAINED in worries. She started to enquire about British Guiana from friends at the Aminabad bazaar while selling her homemade kebabs and bakery. That was when she learned that many Africans were abducted and forced into slavery in the Americas, and were treated with cruelty. The thought of Kalil traveling so far away from home, across the oceans to a land where slavery was rampant had left her in fathomless despair, sending her blood pressure high and wrecking her nerves. Her dreams and hopes for her children had collided with her son's dreams for his family. She swallowed feeling uneasy, knowing that he was determined to go. And when he spoke of Guiana or the high Demerara silver currency, she would become more distraught.

"Mama, I've thought about it for months." He went on to explain that the shipper, Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company in Kolkata was recruiting laborers to work on the sugar plantations in Demerara and that the work was light and easy.

Nisha's eyes were glued to a crack in the earthen floor, gazing intensely. The room was silent, except for their thundering heartbeats. After a long pause, Kalil cleared his throat. He knew he had to let it out. His heart had a fast and irregular beat, and his eyes flicked from Mustapha to Juhi and back to his mother.

"Ships—the ships are coming!" Kalil bellowed. Murmurs crescendoed in the kitchen. Moti started to groan. The dog sensed something was terribly wrong. He continued, "The ship will be at the Port of Kolkata *Calcutta* in a few weeks and I—I."

Juhi started to cry as Kalil's throat muscles tightened, cutting off his speech. "I—I." He was tense and incoherent, and his facial muscles started to twitch. "The ships are coming." His throat blazed with pressure. He tried to stop his voice from quivering. He began to shiver and his voice broke, "The ships are coming! I—I must leave at once!" He stifled back his silent cry.

Juhi's cry amplified. Her skinny legs buckled and she almost fell. Mustapha's jaw dropped and their mother was left in shock. Kalil had finally let out the unexpected. He couldn't look his mother in her eyes. Feeling scared, his eyes darted from the floor and out the window.

Nisha was consumed with worries, question after question surfaced in her mind. *How will we survive without Kalil? Five years is a long time. Will I still be alive? What will happen to Mustapha and Juhi?* She felt hopeless and helpless, not knowing the answers. She said her salaah silently. Then she started her remembrance of Allah—known as dhikr—by repeating "*La illaha ilallah There is no God but God,*" over and over like a mantra, trying to calm herself. And the more her mind burst with worries, the more she became engaged in dhikr and prayers, focusing on God.

THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS WENT BY AND KALIL contemplated his future—their future. Reality started to sink in and he became half-hearted about traveling across the oceans. But he was confident that he was making the right decision to take advantage of the high Demerara currency as advertised by the duffadars. He assured his family that he will be okay, and that their friends and relatives in the vicinity would look out for them. He was young and adventurous, and he saw hope in working in Demerara—hope for him and his family.

Over the next couple of days, Nisha spent hours and hours reflecting on the past—from Kalil's birth to the present—reminiscing on all the moments they had shared. She could not accept her son leaving for five years. She had lost her husband, and for Kalil to be gone for five years would seem like forever. And in the same way she could not stop the unexpected when her husband was killed in the Agra construction accident, she knew that all she could

do was to pray for her son's safety and for his safe return. The next couple of days dragged on. She spent hours upon hours wrapped up in silence, baking, cooking and salaah, trying to calm her nerves.

*Lucknow—Saturday, December 26, 1837*

TWO WEEKS LATER, THE MORNING OF DEPARTURE ARRIVED, and Kalil's eyes slowly opened from a restless sleep. Nisha and Juhi were up early preparing dishes for his journey to Kolkata. The sound of birds chirping, ducks quacking, and goats bleating in the backyard caught his attention, and at that very moment he wished that birds had never existed; the sounds were too beautiful and harmonious, whereas the thoughts swirling through his head had only made him anxious, restless, sad, confused and depressed. He now wished that his desires to journey to British Guiana were nothing more than a dream; he was now consumed with worries, wondering how his family would manage without him.

A groan escaped from his mouth, and he rolled from his cot and stumbled towards the wooden window, rubbing his eyes. He unlatched the lock and pushed open the window. Dawn was slowly drifting away, and the sun was beginning to paint the horizon in a harsh orange color. He was skilled at telling the time from the position of the sun. It was just after six o'clock and he stood at the window gazing blankly into empty space. He had to get an early start to meet up with Vishnu at the Maya bazaar. He grabbed a towel and hurried out from the room. He walked through the kitchen quietly with his head down, while his mother and Juhi were busy preparing dishes to last him a few days. He pushed open the backdoor and headed towards the wooden shower stall in the backyard, while his mother and Juhi packed a bag with chapatis, samosas, pakoras, naans and cakes. They prepared enough curry and kebabs, which had to be consumed by the end of the day before turning rancid.

After showering and brushing his teeth, Kalil returned to his room and got dressed. He entered the small living room and sat down on the Persian rug next to Mustapha and Juhi, as their mother poured masala chai in their cups. She dished out their food and then sat down cross-legged.

The room was silent. Not too many words were exchanged as they ate. After eating, Nisha got up and went to her room. She returned with a silver chain with surah Al-Fatiha—a verse from the Holy Quran—engraved on the silver pendant. She placed it around Kalil's neck for good luck and reminded him to say his salaah everyday. The chain used to be his father's; she had kept it in a wooden box under her bed for many years. Kalil's eyes became fixed on Yusuf Ansari's name etched out on the pendant. A smile grew on his face. The necklace matched his round silver earrings, worn on both ears. He was dressed in his white kurta pajama pants and shirt, with a blue scarf tied around his waist. He pulled on a dark blue vest—with elegant designs—over his kurta shirt, and then pulled his blue bandana around his forehead and tied the two ends into a knot; his mother had made the vest and kurta for him.

The room was silent and his mother, Mustapha and Juhi watched as he pulled on his curved-tip juttis and then picked up his taanpura—a small four-string instrument—and slung it across his back. He reluctantly walked towards the front door, followed by Mustapha carrying his backpack. Moti got up from the porch and walked next to him, followed by his mother and sister. It was a cool misty morning, as Kalil stood in the yard glancing around. Two birds were in the yard flying from one tree to the next. He breathed in deeply, listening to the birds tweet. He turned to his mother and hugged her as tears flowed from her eyes.

Nisha's voice quivered as she spoke. "In five years, when you return, I will arrange a girl for you to marry." She tried to catch her breath. She continued, "We'll be waiting and looking out for you. Say your salaah everyday, especially before you go to sleep and when you get up in the morning—it will keep the shaitan *devil* away." He promised her that he would, and that he would also get married as soon as he returned home; it was a promise for his mother to hang onto. Juhi broke down crying. She knew he would be gone for a long time, much longer than the four months to the Assam tea plantation, which she could have barely tolerated. He bent down and hoisted her into his arms, and she hugged him tightly. He became emotional, but at the same time, he wanted his mother to see that he was strong and ready to brave the oceans. He held back a tear. It was time to depart. He wiped the tears from Juhi's face and kissed her. He knelt and let her down, and then gave her another tight hug.

Nisha embraced the son who was always there for them. She still could not believe that he was about to venture across the oceans on a five-year indentured labor contract. He reassured her that he would return with a good sum of earnings, so they could lead a comfortable life. She lifted her right hand and caressed his face affectionately.

"Always say your salaah. Never forget your salaah. May Allah always guide you and always be with you," she said as her voice trembled.

On that cool and misty morning, they stood in the yard holding onto every moment, embracing each other. Their emotions were high. Moti reached up to Kalil, whimpering; he was still a growing pup.

Kalil stroked the dog's back with his hand and said, "Let's go." His mother reminded him to eat the curried chicken before it spoiled.

They departed as Nisha and Juhi stood outside the rotted out fence watching. Kalil, Mustapha and Moti continued up the grassy slope. A man waved from his hut and within seconds, his whole family was outside waving at them. Kalil's relatives in the vicinity were on the lookout. They came out and hugged him. They wished him the best and reassured him that they would lookout for his mother, Juhi, Mustapha and Moti, which eased his mind a little.

## CHARACTERS

### *Historical People*

Ally Buckus – an Indian mate on the Whitby; his name spelled as Ally Buckus on the ship's list. However, I suspect the correct name is Ali Baksh...F. Ally

Andrew Colville – the owner of Plantation Bellevue who resides in London

Anunto Ram – sardar on the Whitby and on Plantation Highbury

Betsey Ann – the sick-nurse on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop

Boodoo – An Indian laborer, whose wife was Jeebun. They had four children, and worked on Plantation Highbury

Bundoo – an Indian mate on the Whitby

Captain Baxter – the Captain of the Hesperus

Captain James Swinton – the Captain of the Whitby

Chummare – an Indian mate on the Whitby

Dr. William Nimmo – the doctor for Plantation Bellevue, Plantation Vriedestein, and Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop

Dr. Smith – the colonial doctor at the Public Hospital (Colonial Hospital) in Georgetown, British Guiana

Dr. Richmond – the surgeon on the Hesperus

Duffadars - Kissoon, Rampershad, Sankar, Hossein Baksh (Hossein Bux), Pursin Sing, Petumber Chuckerbutty

Elizabeth Caesar – A supervisor on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop, who was a former house slave

Gabriel Francis – A Christian interpreter from Madras, in Southern India, hired to work as an interpreter on Plantation Bellevue in Demerara.

Gunga Persaud – a sardar on the Whitby

Goordeal – an Indian laborer on Plantation Bellevue; he was the husband of Lukeah.

Henry Jacobs – a Christian Anglo-Indian supervisor who had traveled on the Hesperus from Kolkata to work on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop in West Demerara

Henry Light – the Governor of British Guiana

Jameer – an Indian man who was the witness to some kidnappings

Janhair Singh – a cook on Plantation Bellevue

Jeebun – An Indian female laborer; her husband was Boodoo. They had three daughters and an infant

John Colvin – an Anglo-Indian man who was the private secretary for Lord Auckland in India

John Dyer – a master Pilot for the service of the East India Company in India

John Floyd – a sergeant in Kolkata

John Floyd Jr. – the son of the Sergeant John Floyd

John Gladstone – an absentee plantation owner that lived in London. He owned Plantation Vried-en-Hoop and Plantation Vriedestein in West Demerara. He was the first planter to request Indian laborers to work on his plantations in British Guiana.

John Hughes – a recruiting agent in Kolkata. When he gets a request for laborers from the shipping agents, he contacted the duffadars to procure the laborers

John Scoble – the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society in London

Joogoroo – a sardar on the Whitby

Jummun – an Indian laborer on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop

Coda Buckus – an Indian laborer that was worked on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop in West Demerara. I suspect his correct name is Khuda Baksh...F. Ally

Lord Auckland – the Governor General of India

Lukeah – An Indian female laborer. Her husband was Goordeal. They had a four year-old-child.

Makunaima – the Great Spirit. This is the word used in Guyana for the Great Spirit for the Amerindians (American Indians). Also when I was a boy in Guyana, there was a movie made in Guyana called Operation Makanamima – I still remember the name...F. Ally

McCann – a sergeant in Kolkata

Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company – a shipping agency in Kolkata

Messrs. Henley, Dowson & Company – a shipping agency in Kolkata

Mack Carapiet – an Armenian man in Kolkata

Mr. Anstie – Mr. Scoble's friend that was with him in British Guiana during the inquiries

Mr. Arbuthnot – a part owner of Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company. He had replied to John Gladstone on his request for Indian laborers

Mr. Boaz – a minister in Kolkata (Reverend Thomas Boaz)

Mr. Boileau – a French plantation owner in Mauritius

Mr. Dias – a magistrate in Kolkata

Mr. Dowson – a part owner of Messrs. Henley, Dowson & Company

Mr. Duff – an immigration officer in British Guiana

Mr. Haworth – a part owner of Messrs. Haworth, Hardman & Company

Mr. Prinsep – the Secretary of the Government General of India and of Bengal

Mr. Russell – the general manager of Plantation Bellevue in West Demerara

Mr. Sanderson – a manager on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop in West Demerara

Mr. Sharlieb – a supervisor on Plantation Bellevue

Mr. Turnbull – the general manager of Plantation Highbury in East Berbice

Mr. William James Young – a supervisor on Plantation Bellevue

Mr. Wolseley – a magistrate in British Guiana

Muddon – An Indian laborer on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop

Musa – an ex-slave

Nandi – a ten-year-old girl on Plantation Bellevue. Her name on the ship's list was blotched. The author gave her the nick name, Nandi, in Savitri's Garden. Her mother was given the name Sudha.

Narain – A duffadar

Narrain – An Indian laborer on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop

Nertha Khan – a sardar on Plantation Bellevue. He was the first convert to Christianity, and thus had received more privileges than the Indians who were Hindus, Muslims and of other religions

Nelson Orlando – a field foreman on Plantation Bellevue

Pulton – an Indian laborer on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop, who was a Muslim and was one of the first Indians to rebel against the harsh working conditions on the plantation

Pykajee – Captain Wilkinson's writer in India, who was living in Kissenpore in a bungalow in the compound of where the Captain resides

Queen Victoria – the Queen of England during this time period

Sheriff Charles Whinfield – the sheriff of Berbice

Sir James Carmichael Smyth – He became the Governor of British Guiana in December 1836. He was deceased in 1838, and Henry Light became the Governor

Sir Michael McTurk – he was one of the commissioners during the inquiries in British Guiana

Sudha - Nandi's mother.  
Thomas Coleman—a magistrate in Demerara  
William Gladstone – an English politician, who was the son of John Gladstone. He will later become the Prime Minister of England

*Note: Many other historical characters from the ship's lists were mentioned in the book. Captain Wilkinson was also mentioned.*

### ***Fictional Indian Characters***

Annapoorna Ramdas  
Ashmid  
Ashwaria  
Baboo – a cook on Plantation Highbury  
Dharmendra  
Dara  
Eddie, the desi Englishman – referred to as the brown Englishman  
Gopal  
Harri (Harridat)  
Juhi Ansari  
Kalil Ansari  
Latifan  
Manick  
Moti – Kalil's dog in Lucknow  
Mustapha Ansari  
Nisha Ansari  
Puran  
Ramlal  
Ranibala  
Ravinesh – Savitri's younger brother  
Sarwan  
Satish – Savitri's oldest brother  
Satoo Ram - Frail old lady  
Satya  
Savitri Ramdas  
Shah (Shahrukh)  
Sharmila – Savitri's eldest sister  
Geeta  
Vishnu  
Yusuf Ansari

### ***Fictional European Characters***

Anthony  
Carlos Ferreira  
Derek  
Elizabeth Smith



Fredrick Smith  
Jack the abolitionist  
Jane  
Jonathan Smith  
Lawrence  
Leonard McNeil  
Maryanne Cooper  
Paul Smith  
Richard Smith  
Roger  
Ronald Alison – an abolitionist  
Rudy – An Anglo-Indian waiter at the Lighthouse Diner  
Ryan – British clerk at the Palace  
Simon Rosenberg  
Solomon Cooper  
Stella  
Susan Rosenberg  
Tyler George

### ***Fictional ex-slaves and other characters***

Charles Cuyuni – an Amerindian (American Indian) (Rupununi Cuyuni)  
Cooper (Coop, Coopy) – a servant who was an ex-slave  
Jamal Thomas – an ex-slave in his mid-fifties  
Johnson Gladstone – an ex-slave  
Joseph – an African driver who was ex-slave  
Lillian (Lilly) – a servant who was an ex-slave  
Paul King – a mulatto reporter in British Guiana  
Kwesi – a mulatto driver who was an ex-slave  
Victoria – a girl from St. Helena Island working in the Cape  
Victoria's mother

### ***Historical Places***

Aminabad bazaar – a market in Lucknow  
Assam – a place in Eastern India that's popular for tea production  
Brickdam – the first paved street in Georgetown, built by the French  
British Guiana (Guyana) – located on the northeast of South America. In 1831 the colonies of Demerara, Berbice and Essequibo were united to form British Guiana, under the British rule. The country is below sea level. Depending on the area, the sea level varies, but the average sea level is approximately six to seven feet below sea level.  
Bottle Café – A Dutch Café in Demerara  
Budge Budge – a location along the Hugli River in Kolkata for picking up Indian laborers

Coolie bazaar – a market along the Hugli River for picking up Indian laborers

Chota Nagpur Plateau – is located in eastern India, northwest of Kolkata. It spanned a wide area mainly of dense forests, covering Hazareebagh and other areas in Jharkhand state, along with some of the hilly surrounding areas in Behar, Chhattisgarh, West Bengal and Orissa. Many tribes lived in the hills, and the tribes' people were believed to be the natives of India. Tribes such as the Dhangurs, Boonahs and Barree-wallahs are found in these hills.

Hazareebagh – Hazareebagh is the Persian word meaning City of a thousand garden, where hazaree means one thousand and bagh means city (*Source: Wikipedia*)

Kedgerie – a port town along the Hugli River for picking up Indian laborers

Maya bazaar – a market located in Faizabad, Awadh, India

Parliament Building (the Public Building) – in British Guiana

Plantation Highbury – the first plantation located in Berbice to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Waterloo – the second plantation located in Berbice to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Bellevue – a plantation in Demerara to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Vried-en-Hoop – a plantation in Demerara to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Vriedenstein – a plantation in Demerara to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Anna Regina – a plantation in Essequibo to receive Indian laborers

Plantation Success – a plantation in Demerara also owned by John Gladstone

St. George's Church – this church later became the St. George Cathedral

Tirhoot – a place in Behar with indigo factories

Union Chapel in Kolkata

*Note: Field Goldenvue was a name the author made up for the field which the Indian laborers were cultivating. The Lighthouse Diner, Pereira Diner and the Water Café are fictional names. Plantation Smith was a fictional plantation.*

## GLOSSARY

Abolishment of slavery – took place in 1838 in the British colonies, while slavery continued in other places such as America, Brazil and Cuba and was not abolished till after 1860s

Agra famine – famine in Northern India in the 1830's with Agra being the last place to be affected. This famine that began in the summer of 1837 in the North Western Provinces of India and would later be known as the Agra famine

Alhamdulillah – The (this) praise is to Allah.

Allah – Arabic word for the One God.

Allahu Akbar – Allah is the greatest

Aloo – potato

Aloo gobi – potatoes and cauliflower

Akra – ochro

Apprenticeship period – after slavery was abolished on August 1, 1834, the Africans were placed on an apprenticeship program, where the agricultural workers would work for six years, and the non-agricultural workers would work for four years, but the work was harder and the hours were longer. During the apprentice period the Africans worked forty and a half hours a week with no pay, and they were given the option to work for wages for thirteen and a half hours or they could have used this time to work on their own provision ground. The Apprentice period had ended on July 31, 1838 for all apprentices. (*Source: The West on Trial by Cheddie Jagan*)

Arkati – an unlicensed subordinate agent working under the duffadar

Awadh – the original name for Oudh

Baghwan – Sanskrit word for God

Bake and saltfish – a British Guianese meal

Baji – spinach

Barree-wallahs – a tribe in the hills of Chota Nagpur Plateau. These tribes people make good shepherds. They were labeled as hill-coolies, meaning coolies from the hills.

Bay of Bengal – the world's largest bay, located in the north Indian Ocean

Bazaar – a shopping area

Beta – son

Between deck – *the between deck was called the 'tween deck for short; it was the space between the cargo hold and main deck with a steerage area of six to eight feet high.*

Beti – daughter

Bhai – brother

Bhaiya – big brother

Bandana – a cloth worn around the head; bhandana

Bhajan – religious song

Bhariat – wedding party made of males, usually the groom's friends

Boonahs – a tribe in the hills of the Chota Nagpur Plateau. Groups of these tribes' people were often hired to work on the indigo farms and factories in India, in places such as Tirhoot. They were labeled as hill-coolies, meaning coolies from the hills.

Brazil – Indians arrived in Brazil in 1877 to work. One hundred and eighty four Indians from French Guiana in South America had boarded the Jean Pierre ship to work in Rio on Viscount de Mawc sugar plantation in February 1877.

(Source:<https://sharresearch.files.wordpress.com/2011/07/Indian-indentured-labour.pdf>)

(Source: Archives CO 384/ 113)

(Source: <http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk>)

(Source: [http://www.migration.amdigital.co.uk/Documents/Details/Emigration--and-Coolie-Immigration---1877--Volume-1--Eastern--Australian-and-Miscellaneous-Colonies/TNA\\_CO\\_384\\_113](http://www.migration.amdigital.co.uk/Documents/Details/Emigration--and-Coolie-Immigration---1877--Volume-1--Eastern--Australian-and-Miscellaneous-Colonies/TNA_CO_384_113))

British Guiana – a country located at the northern tip of South America

Buckra – White man (a word used by the Africans)

Bullock cart – a cart pulled by oxen

Bumboats – carrying supplies to the ships that are not at shore

Burkendauze – guards that often worked for the duffadars

Camphor and high wine – used for putting on whip cuts

Canal – an aqua duct, a water flowing trench

Cantonment – British military compound in India

Chai – Indian tea

Chapati – flat bread

Chapatis and dum bhindi – fried akra stuffed with potatoes.

Cat-o’nine whip – the cat-o’nine whip consisted of strands of whips tied into a bundle, and was used during the days of slavery.

Chulha – cooking pot

Chittack – an Indian measure where 1 chittack is approximately equal to 1 ounce

Charkha – spinning wheel

Chicki – slim and attractive female

Chokedar – watchman. Another word used for watchman or guard is Burkendauze; often worked for the duffadars. Some of the chokedars had supervisory skills; for example a police chokedars. There were also chokedars that worked for the duffadars and other agencies.

Choli – tight fitted short sleeves top exposing the midriff

Chota bhai – younger brother

Choti behan – younger sister

Churki – *strands of hair in the middle of the head*

Colonial Hospital – is the Georgetown Hospital

Columbus – sighted Guiana in 1498, as he was sailing along the coast of Guiana, during his third voyage to the New World of the Americas.

Coolie (culi) – the common term for coolie refers to a class of people that carried out tedious unskilled labor for the settled communities and others in India, where some were baggage carriers, porters, doorkeepers, cleaners etc. The author of this novel, Faisal Ally, realized that when the term ‘coolie’ was used for laborers emigrating from India to work in the colonies in agricultural, the term ‘coolie’ was only referring to the skilled agricultural laborers, and not baggage carriers or laborers that did unskilled labor. Often, the planters were requesting the hardy race of agricultural laborers known as the Dhangurs, leaving through the Port of Kolkata, to cultivate their sugar plantations; this hardy race was labeled as the hill-coolies, meaning the coolies from the hills of the Chota Nagpur Plateau, or simply as coolies. The author used the first two definitions to explain the different ways the term “coolie” was used; he also came up with a third definitions to make further clarifications as to who the Indian laborers were that had boarded the Whitby and Hesperus in 1838, emigrating to British Guiana. The third Definition is ‘Indians of various classes’ or ‘Indian laborers of various classes’ meaning people of all classes and backgrounds where many also had skills such as priests, clerks, cooks, musicians, tailors stonemasons etc...In this

category, there could be beggars, 'coolies' that had done menial unskilled labor and 'coolies' such as the hill-coolies that are the skilled and experienced laborers.

Corilla – a bitter vegetable found in British Guiana

Creole Patois – an unrecognized language made up mainly of English words, along with other words derived from English, French, Portuguese and Dutch.

Cuffy – the first slave hero in British Guiana

Curry – a blend of Indian spices

Dada – father's father

Dadi – father's mother

Demerara Slave Rebellion – slave rebellion that took place in British Guiana in Demerara in 1823.

Depot – a shelter for the Indian laborers emigrating before going down to the ghat to enter a boat which would take them to the ship

Desi – a person from Hindustan / India

Devil's Island – Devil's Island was a penal colony located on the island known as Royale in French Guiana; its original name was L'Île du Salut. Prisoners were shipped there to carry out the work once done by enslaved Africans.

Dhangurs – a tribe in the hills of the Chota Nagpur Plateau, often referring to the hills of Chota Nagpur, the hills of Hazareebagh, and the hills of West Bengal. These tribes' people were a hardy race of agricultural laborers and were labeled as hill-coolies, meaning coolies from the hills, or simply coolies. They were the ones many of the planters were requesting to cultivate their sugar plantations because

Dhikr – remembrance of God meditation. The Muslims engage in dhikr, by repeating short phrases with the word God, such as Alhamdulillah, Allahu Akbar, remembering God, and would be the same as a mantra, and engaged in a meditation.

Didi – sister

Diwali – festival of lights

Dhal – pea soup

Dhangars – natives from the hilly region on Kolkata

Dhania – coriander

Dhoti – male lower garment. A loin cloth, wrapped around the waist. Worn by males.

Dua – intentions made by Muslims

Duffadar – a licensed recruiting agent

Dutch Guiana – Surinam, located in northern South America

El Dorado – a place thought to be abundant in gold. Also known as the city of Manoa

Emancipation – full freedom from slavery, which took place on August 1, 1838

Famine – drought and no rain causing starvation

Ferme ta bouche, je vous remercie – shut your mouth, thank you

Ferry station – a building on the other side of the river where the ferry stops to pick up and let off passengers

Fifty paise – India's fifty paise coin

French Guiana – a country located in the northern part of South America

Gal – girl

Gangway – passageway

Ghana – a country in West Africa

Gobi – cabbage

Guiana – an Amerindian word meaning land of water. The name was given to the area that spanned Western Venezuela, British Guiana, Dutch Guiana, French Guiana, and northern Brazil.

Government House of Kolkata – the Government House in Kolkata, which boasted the architecture of a palace. It had begun construction in 1799 and was completed in 1803

Guinea – a country in Africa

Gulab Jamun – Indian sweet

Guyana – a country in the northeast of South America. Formerly known as British Guiana. The name was changed from British Guiana to Guyana in 1966 when the country had gained independence.

Fula – a short name for Fulani Muslims. A false name given to the Indian Muslims in Guyana

Fulani – Muslims from the Fulani tribe of northern Nigeria that were enslaved in the Americas, including places like British Guiana

Hatches – The opening to go down the lower deck and to the cargo hold

Heera – diamond

Hesperus – the second ship to leave Kolkata with Indian laborers on January 29, 1838

Hindu – a name given to the people of India by the Persians. Hindu was derived from Sindhu, for the people beyond the Sindhu river

Hindustan – a common name used for India. Hindustan was mainly comprised of what's known today as India, Pakistan, Kashmir, Bangladesh and Nepal

Hindustani – a name used for the people of the Indian subcontinent

Hugli River – a river that branched off from the Ganges and ran along Kolkata before emptying into the Bay of Bengal

India – other names, Hindustan, Bharat, Sind, Hind, the Golden Sparrow India, Hindustan and Bharat, but it was also called Arya-Varta thousands of years ago, meaning the abode of the Aryans. The name India was derived from Sindhu and Indus. In those days Pakistan was a part of India. On some of the ships there were also Afghans.

Indentured laborers – laborers that entered British Guiana to work for a period, usually on a five-year contract.

Indian laborers – the correct name for the Indians emigrating to British Guiana, as seen on the documents from the Government of India

Indian laborers of various classes – meaning people of various classes, religions and castes of Indians were emigrating from India to work in the sugar plantations in the colonies. *(The author Faisal Ally came up with this title to identify the Indian laborers that had entered British Guiana in 1838.*

Jahaji bhai – Ship brother. The word Jahaji was derived from the Urdu word Jahaazi, meaning ship.

Jahajin behan – Ship sister.

Jeera – a spice commonly known as cumin

Jebebi – Indian sweet

Jutas – shoes

Jutti – shoe; curved-tip juttis

Kai falls – now known as the Kaieteur Falls

Kolkata – Calcutta

Kurta – Indian clothes

Laddu – Indian sweet

Lash – hit

Lord Auckland – the Governor General of India

Madras – called Chennai today

Maharaja – king

Makah – the holy place in Arabia where Muslims make their Hajj Pilgrimage; in the West known as Mecca

Manoa – the city of Manoa is also known as El Dorado

Mantra – words or short phrases chanted or repeated silently over and over during meditation or prayers

Memsahib – used in a respectful manner to address the European female

Masalla chai – Indian spice tea

Masjid – a place where Muslim worship. Known as Mosque in the West.

Masajid (Masjids) – Masajid is the plural for Masjid. A place of worship for Muslims. For English readers I added an ‘s’ to the end of the word Masjid to show its plural

Middle passage – the journey between Africa and the West Indies which the enslaved Africans had journeyed, and now the Indian laborers after having traveled across the Indian Ocean and then beyond the Cape through the Atlantic Ocean.

Moti – pearl

Mofussil – the villages in the hilly forests of the Chota Nagpur plateau where the Dhangurs live.

Motti – fat

Mughal Empire – ruler of India before the British

Mumbai – Bombay

Mussulman – the Urdu word for Muslim

Murgh kebab – chicken kebab

Murgh mussallam – chicken with spices

Nana – mother’s father

Nani – mother’s mother

North-Western Provinces – a region established in 1836 under the control of the British, which included places such as Meerut, Delhi, Aligarh, Agra, Mainpuri, Etawah, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares, and Azamgarh. At the time, the Kingdom of Awadh, which included Lucknow and Faizabad were under Mughal rule.

Overseer – an overseer was also manager, but did not hold the power to employ or terminate a worker.

Oxen – plural for ox

Paisa – India’s coin. A small unit

Paise – 50 paise coin. Is equivalent to 50 paisa coins

Pakora – battered vegetable

Pickney – child. The word pickney, pickiney, pickinini was derived from the Portuguese word, pequeno and pequenino meaning small, and was originally used to refer to an African child during the days of slavery.

Paratha – battered flat bread

Plantation – an estate such as the sugar plantation for growing and producing sugar. There are also banana and coconut plantations.

Polori (Philouri) – a snack mixed peas battered into a small ball.

Portuguese Indentureship – Portuguese indentureship began in 1835 when four hundred and thirty Portuguese immigrants had landed in the colony. Indentureship was immediately suspended due to the high deaths of the Portuguese, and the suspension was lifted in 1841. Another ban took place in 1848, around the same time when another ban from India in 1848. The Portuguese arrived from Maderia, and also later from the Azores.

Puja – a Hindu religious prayer

Quamina – the second slave hero of British Guiana



Raja – prince  
 Ramayana – a Hindu sacred book  
 Rass – a light curse meaning ‘your ass’ as in r’ass, but most people uses the term loosely, not knowing what it means, but is used when someone is a little angry, or more many it’s just used as a part of speech but with no meaning attached.  
 Roti – flat bread (roti is also called chapati)  
 Rupees – India’s currency  
 Salwar kameese – female suit  
 Sari – a fabric worn by females, usually six yards long  
 Sahib – used in a respectful manner to address the European male  
 Sardar – also written as sardar, Indian team leader  
 Scalawag – rascal, monkey, good-for-nothing  
 Sick house – a place on the plantations where the laborer was placed when sick  
 Stelling – a place where the ferry picks up passengers and drops them off.  
 Switch – a flexible stick made from a stem of a tree and was used for punishing the laborer.  
 Sydney – A group of forty-two Indian laborers and a child arrived in Sydney, Australia around December 23, 1837 to work. They were hired for gardening, digging up roots, brewery, cultivating tobacco and tending sheep.  
 Tandoor – clay oven in the earth used for baking  
 Tandoori – a flavor normally used on chicken  
 Taanpura – small India string instrument  
 Tawa – flat metal griddle  
 Trans Atlantic Slave Trade – was abolished in 1807  
 Trench – See canal  
 Turmeric – Indian spice  
 West Indies - includes many islands in the Caribbean. Not all islands in the West Indies are a part of the Caribbean. Also Bermuda is not a part of the Caribbean, nor a part of the West Indies, but is often considered to be a part of the Caribbean or West Indies, in the way British Guiana (Guyana) was because of a similar culture to the islands in the Caribbean.  
 Whitby – the first ship to left Kolkata on January 13, 1838 with Indian laborers  
 Zamindar – a powerful position appointed by the British. Landlord, supervisor, tax collectors from landowners

### ***Creole Patois Phrases***

Le abideez guh – Let’s go  
 Modda - mother  
 Oh me modda – oh my mother.  
 Pickney – small child, derived from the Portuguese word pequeno  
 Rass – light curse  
 Schupit - stupid  
 tief – to steal  
 tiefman – a thief  
 Y’all guh wok like a dag dis marning – You will work like dogs this morning  
 Wan mow - one more.  
 Woka - worker

## FOOTNOTES:

- (1) History of British Guiana, from the Year 1668 to the Present Time: 1782-1833  
By James Rodway; p. 7.
- (2) No. 1. J (No. 720.) Correspondence Between The Government of India and Court of Directors Relating to the Hill Coolies; p. 92.
- (3) Extract from Correspondence Between The Government of India and Court of Directors Relating to the Hill Coolies; p. 144.
- (4) Extract from (No. 6.) Correspondence Between The Government of India and Court of Directors Relating to the Hill Coolies; p. 3.
- (5) The West on Trial by Cheddi Jagan; p.40
- (6) The History of British Guiana by Henry G. Dalton; p. 468.
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By Henry G. Dalton; p.472.

## *The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden*

India to the Americas, 1838

### **BOOK I, PART I**

Dreams of El Dorado

FISAL ALLY

Ally Publishing

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden  
BookI, Part I: India to the Americas 1838  
Copyright 2000 to 2016 by Fisal Ally

The first version of Savitri's Garden was published in 2005/2006  
Copyright through the Canadian Intellectual Property on May 3, 2013, March 17, 2016,  
April 20, 2016  
First Edition (A special edition) published on June 9, 2014  
First Edition of Book1 (Part I and Part II): India to the Americas published on January 10,  
2016  
Second Edition of Book1 (Part I and Part II): India to the Americas published on March 17,  
2016

A Story & A Study

References to real persons, places, and private and government organizations are meant to provide a sense of realism. While certain historical occurrences are reflected in the book, all the other characters, dialogues, and fictitious events were created through the author's imagination.

Ally Publishing

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THIRD EDITION - Published on April 20, 2016  
May 5, 2016 Edition (Revision 3.1)

[www.fisalally.com](http://www.fisalally.com)  
[www.allypublishing.ca](http://www.allypublishing.ca)

Photo images from Depositphotos  
Cover designed by Faisal Ally

*FOR my mother, Nazmoon Neisha Ally,  
and my father Mohammed Deen (Din) Ally who had departed  
from this world on August 16, 1983*

*For all their love, sacrifices and values  
they had instilled in me, and for always encouraging me  
to persevere and to transcend beyond life's challenges*

*(It's important to note that the correct spelling for Nazmoon is Nasmun or Nasmin,  
in the way the correct spelling for Ally is Ali, and also the correct spelling for Fisal / Fizal is Faisal.  
Often Guyanese do not spell or pronounce Arabic names correctly)*

*Special thanks to:  
The contributing editors*

*Special thanks to W. R. Boodhoo for all his inputs and  
for being the first to assist in the editing.  
As the novels grew with more facts, others also assisted  
W. R. Boodhoo, Nagy Nageswaran, Fisal Ally, Imran Ally*

*Contributing proofreaders*

*W. R. Boodhoo, Fisal Ally, Imran Ally  
Famie Chand, Nagy Nageswaran  
Rafena Ally, Muntaz Ally,  
Ray Bacchus, Shane Mennen*

*As of June 2014 to April 2016*  
Fisal Ally was the sole editor and proofreader for the new updates in this novel

*For reading one of the first versions of the novel around 2003 to 2005*  
Muntaz Ron Ally, Sheriza Khrushed

*For their discussions on India and the Indian culture*  
Nagy Nageswaran and Herat Joshi

*For their discussions on punts, plantations, cricket etc...*  
Mohammed Hassan, Shameer Haniff, Nazim Rahman

*For sharing many back home stories*  
Nazmoon Ally (my mom), Ashar Ally, Noor Jahan Ali Jaleel, Shirley Subraj  
My grand mother Hamidan Haniff, deceased on October 17, 2000  
My uncle Mohammed Mustapha, deceased on December 25, 2011

See Valentines Edition  
Dear Readers (my reason for writing these novels)  
Characters (also included in this edition below chapter 2 of Book 1, Part 1



## FURTHER READING MATERIALS:

- The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: India to the Americas 1838 (Book 1, Part I) by Faisal Ally
- The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: The Escape for True Love (Book 2) by Faisal Ally
- The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden (Book3: Rebellion and Reunion)
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- Hindu Aarti: Om Jai Jagdish Hare.
- Chota Nagpur Plateau, source: Wikipedia 2015
- Hazareebagh (info), source: Wikipedia 2016
- Archives on Brazil: See internet
- article <https://sharresearch.files.wordpress.com/2011/07/indian-indentured-labour.pdf>

## *Diverse*

# ENTERTAINMENT

## FIZAL (FISAL) DEEN ALLY



AcousticJam2025 – Singing original tunes written decades ago while strumming on an acoustic guitar



AT AGE 16, PLAYING HIS COPY OF A LES PAUL, AND STILL PLAYS THIS SAME GUITAR TODAY, BUT RECENTLY SOMEONE THAT HAS NOTHING BETTER TO DO ENTERED HIS HOME AND BROKE THE BRIDGE ON THE GUITAR WHERE 3 STRINGS WERE IN FRONT AND THE OTHER 3 STRINGS ON THE SIDE; THAT DOES NOT HELP FOR AN ANTIQUE GUITAR.

### **All of Fisal (Fizal) Ally's songs are copyright protected.**

F. Ally have never given anyone permission to use any of his songs or books to profit from, nor to use commercially, nor to sample, change and rewrite. Many songs and books can be downloaded from [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) for listening and reading. Over the years many recordings were handed out for people to listen to and to share with others to listen to. Many were also done in professional recording studios with other players contributing to the production.

## **2025 ACOUSTIC JAM**

*Playing and singing his original songs mainly from the 1990s*

I am doing an Acoustic Jam with 25 to 35, sitting on the stairs and playing an acoustic guitar

with original song, singing and using a small camera I bought about 10 years ago for about \$300. There's really no rehearsing. Just getting some of the lyrics and some of the chords together and then let it go. However, as I become familiar with some of my old songs, I plan on doing better recordings in this AcousticJam2025

Some of my original songs for the Acoustic Jam are:

A Kiss Goodnight, Candle That Burns, True Love, Estos Sentimientos / These feelings, Lisa, No Perfect Man, Gia Carangi (The Italian Super Model), New Clear Society, The Birds Won't Come My Way, Reaching Out, Out of Control, They Party Till They Feel Alright, Missing You Going Crazy, Nobody Wanna Say Goodbye, Sometimes, That's Crazy Love, Christmas Day, Precious Holidays, Keep The Peace, Keep Mae Fire Burning, Blue Caribbean Sea, Wide Eye Innocent, So Crazy 4u, Insensitive and a few more...

From what I recall, songs like New Clear Society, My Home and many others were written when I was a teenager. There are many more, probably about another 50 songs written as a teenager. Unfortunately in those days I did not have any recording equipment but I used to try bouncing tracks from one tape deck to the next which did not work well.

## SOME MUSIC PROJECTS BY FISAL (FIZAL) ALLY



**Looking Back on 100 songs by Fisal Ally; Part I** with 8 songs was completed on Aug 19, 2015 (This CD included the song True Love)

**ALLY - Original home grown music (February 18, 2012);** Nine songs recorded - ALLY - All instruments played by F. Ally. Drum machine used Recorded at Ally Studio (February 18, 2012). Unauthorized use is strictly prohibited.

Songs are: All He Wanna Do, Wide Eyed Innocent, She's Off Limits, Champs, New Clear Society, In A Special Way, The World's Online, Action Speaks, Space & Time

**ALLY - 2011 RECORDINGS OF** Christmas, That's Crazy Love, No Perfect Man, The Birds Won't Come My Way, A Kiss Goodnight, Sometimes (instr), True Love, Sometimes, Happy New Year, Nobody Wanna Say Goodbye, Lisa, Happy New Year (instru). Unauthorized use is strictly prohibited.



**Archive of 22 songs (2011);** Songs written by Fisal Ally; instruments played by Fisal Ally

**Fyzal Deen, Sweet Paradise (September 1994 - on cassette)**

New Clear Society, Sweet Paradise I, The Birds Won't Come My Way, SoCrazy4U, 2CanPlay, Rain Go Away, ReggaRock, Out of Control, Wide Eye Innocent, New Clear Society (music), Sweet Paradise II

**Fyzal, Candle That Burns (June 1995 - on cassette)**

New Clear Society (music), Lisa (music), Rain Go Away, Candle That Burns, Dance Baby Dance, Only A Fool Breaks His Heart, Sometimes, Modern Day Gypsy, Moon Child (music), True Love, Wide Eye Innocent, Planet Earth, Lisa, Little Magic Wand, Reaching Out, Estos Sentimientos (These Feelings), Return To Kashmir, Moon Child (music)

**Fyzal Deen Ally (December 1995 - on cassette)**

I'm Running, Missing You Just Like Crazy, Keep Mae Fire Burning, A Kiss Goodnight, Blue Caribbean Sea, Gia, Love Is Strong, Blue Caribbean Sea (Instr. 1), Keep Mae Fire Burning (Instr), Wild Wild Wild, Love Has No Religion, On Christmas Day, Keep Mae Fire Burning (Instr.2), Hope You Never Will, Say No (Instr)

**FYZAL DEEN (1990s - on cassette)**

Christmas Day Rock, A Kiss Goodnight, We Party Till We Feel Alright, SoCrazy4u

**FYZAL DEEN, CHRISTMAS (1999)**

Songs on this CD: A Kiss Goodnight, True Love, Christmas, Keep the Peace

**LOOKING BACK ON 100 SONGS BY FISAL ALLY (Part 1 - 8 Songs)**, Original songs, Lyrics and Music written and composed by F. Ally. The songs are: *That's Crazy Love, True Love, The Birds Won't Come My Way, No Perfect Man, Sometimes, Nobody Wanna Say Goodbye, A Kiss Goodnight, Story of my life (2010), Reflect and Celebrate, Precious Holidays*

*(All songs copyright Protected by Fisal Ally. All Rights Reserved)*

**Websites:** [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) / [www.signaturewithlove.com](http://www.signaturewithlove.com)

**FISAL (FIZAL) DEEN ALLY'S INDEPENDENT ORIGINAL MUSIC & BOOK TOUR**

A TOUR of songs and books written by songwriter/musician/writer Fisal (Fizal) Deen Ally who is originally from Guyana, South America  
**PLEASE VISIT [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)**

**Free digital books download** Written by Fisal Ally

**Copy link and paste into your URL to begin your historical journey with Fisal Ally**  
**PLEASE SHARE WITH OTHERS**

\*\*\*Ebooks can be read or downloaded from: <https://allymedia.ca/fisal-ally-books>

\*\*\*Ebooks can also be read or downloaded from: [www.smashwords.com](http://www.smashwords.com); do a search for Fisal Ally

\*\*\*First 3 ebooks can also be read through the Edmonton Public library

(Links are subject to changes)

BOOK 1 PART 1 (*Historical Fiction, recreating history with a love story*)

**The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: India to the Americas 1838, (Book1, Part I) - India Rising on the Horizon of the Americas**  
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/634521>

BOOK 1 PART II (*Historical Fiction*)

**The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: India to the Americas 1838, (Book1, Part II) - India Rising on the Horizon of the Americas**  
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/634522>

BOOK 2 (*Historical Fiction*)

**The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: The Escape for True Love (Book2)**  
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/634528>

BOOK 3 (*Historical Fiction*)

**The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: Rebellion and Reunion (Book3)**  
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/634530>

BOOK 4 - A SHORT STUDY GUIDE

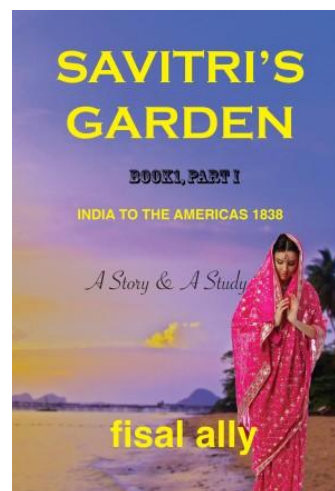
**Debunked The Use Of The Label Coolie In Guyana**  
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/647830>

*A true love story about Mustapha & Salima and their cats in Guyana and in New York. Copy and paste link into URL for free download*

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/914439>

First Edition published on December 25, 2012

Second Edition – December 25, 2018



## The Continuation of Savitri's Garden – The Garden

By Faisal Ally

### THE GARDEN WHERE MANY HAVE LOST HOPE

Jack is using AI to read his wife's thoughts, along with her new found love, and his employees. He reads her thoughts 24 hours a day to find out what she is thinking, and then he would post some images of her thoughts in her emails and in commercials. Jack has gone mad in a world gone mad. He hears a voice said, Jack I am your master.

I am the master Jack replies.

You are the slave.

I am god.

You are nothing, but my politician.

I am the boss.

You are nothing. I tell you what to do, but little do you know.

I am in charge Jack said.

No you are not. You have gone mad. You have destroyed your society.

I have not.

Yes, you have. I have been watching you.

You cannot see me.

Yes I can. I know what you do 24 hours a day Jack. That AI technology is old school.

You are mad.

No you are mad.

*More to come....*



## PEPPERPOT CLUB

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA)

### UPCOMING COOKOUT AND KITE BUILDING

The Chinese laborers of Guyana have made kite flying popular in Guyana at Easter. But where did the singing engine kite originate from?

*Pepperpot Club*

*These magazines are all a part of the club, including some books, original Cariwave, The Caribbean Magazine (40 page printed magazines)*

*The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden*

*Signature with love*

*The Cottonfield Kids series*



*Pepperpot Club,*

# ***GLOSSARY***

**What does Islam say about the devil? See below.**

## **TRICKS OF THE SHAITAN (Satan / Devil)**

They are tricksters

He turns people against you to make you give up on your practice and work. He'll go and whisper to your cousins, to your friends, to the people around you

'...the shaitan means literally in Arabic, anyone who deludes someone from truth to falsehood and anyone who deludes someone from good to bad, from benefit to destruction.

## **HOW TO QUIET THE MIND**

You must first catch yourself in these moments of when the mind is very active or restless, else it can go on for hours, days, months, years. Once you catch yourself, you can apply tools such as meditation where you focus on a mantra (or in Islam focus on dhikr), or focus on your breathing, or spend time in prayers focusing on the words. There are many other relaxation techniques which you can use.

## **STILL CAN'T LET GO**

Letting go is not easy. How do we let go? Even during meditation and prayers it's not easy. It takes a great deal of practice.

One technique is to Keep a notepad and pen next you and write down whatever it is that you are trying to remember, recall or bothering you and now let go of them. Now that you know it's written down, **YOU CAN DEAL WITH THEM LATER, ONE BY ONE NOW OR OVER A PERIOD OF TIME AND LET THEM GO, LET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. NOW FOCUS AND TRY TO BE IN THE PRESENT MOMENT, NOT IT THE PAST OR FUTURE, BUT PRESENT MOMENT AWARENESS.**

## **WHO CONTROLS THE WORLD?**

And I give you this quote again so you know who is actually in control of the world and our lives.

Henry Kissinger stated who controls the food supply controls the people, who controls energy can control whole continents, who controls money can control the whole world.

## **WHAT DOES THE PROPHET MOHAMMED SAID**

He said there's a cure for every disease. Mel Gibson now says the same 1400 years later. How did the Prophet know all of this?

## References:

# DIVERSE CITY MAGAZINE

ALLY MEDIA

Contact email: [allyproduction@yahoo.com](mailto:allyproduction@yahoo.com)

This magazine was published on March 14, 2025 at 10:20pm

This magazine can be shared and downloaded from [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca).

The location of the magazines is subject to changes.

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**Diverse City Magazine**  
**DIVERSE CITY MAGAZINE**

