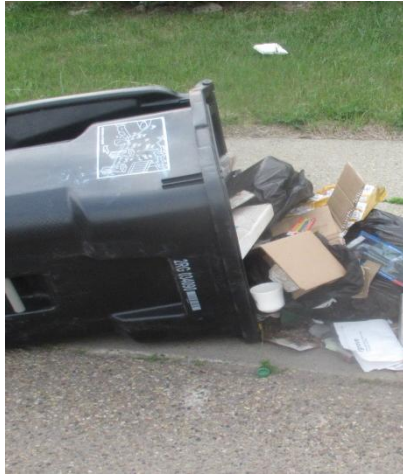


# ***DIVERSE CITY***

**Magazine**

**Summer Edition 2025**



## **ORIGIN OF THE SINGING ENGINE KITE**

A glance at Palestinian kites

## **PORTUGUESE IN THE CARIBBEAN**

In memory of Dave Anthony Martins from Guyana, South America, of Portuguese ancestry, from the famous Trade Winds Band, and prior played in the Latins, and The Debonaires... p.28

## **FREE NOVELS DOWNLOAD**

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden (A historical fiction by FD Ally...Read Chapter 3 of Book1(Part1) in this edition...p.52



## **INDEPENDENT ARTISTS**

### **Acoustic Jam 2025 - Practice Sessions**

FD ALLY TAKES YOU DOWN MEMORY LANE BACK TO THE 1990s INDEPENDENT MUSIC SCENE - SIMPLE FOLK STYLE PRACTICE SESSIONS WITH AN OLD ACOUSTIC GUITAR, A HARMONICA AND HIS VOICE... p.7

## **CEMETARY PLOT VANDALIZED**

I arrived mid week to the cemetery to visit my dad's plot in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. I returned on Saturday with an artificial rose only to find the vase now knocked to the ground, a vase which has been in good condition since 1983. Two weeks prior, our home property garbage bin was also vandalized. Am I surprised? Of course not!...FD Ally p.39



# **DIVERSE CITY**

## **World Magazine**



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**Contact: ALLY Media**

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

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**Disclaimer:** *The opinions conveyed in this magazine are those of the writer(s) and do not reflect the opinions of the publisher, others posting information such as advertisements, pictures etc...*

*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...*

-----  
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.

Anyone can have a copy or copies of my songs and books, however, if anyone tells you that you can sample my songs, books etc... for commercial use and rewrite to make it better according to your taste thinking it's better, those are again fabricated lies as part of their scam, as I have never signed a contract with anyone to sample any of my songs and books or to use any of my songs/music and books commercially. In this industry scams and tricks can be played on you and you can easily be mislead pulling you into a scam and or situations you will regret. Beware of people pulling you into their scams and having you take the blame for them! They will set you up, frame you and make you take all the blame, while they're on their beach getaway enjoying their paradise on earth, and they are well protected by a system that protects them, but scam people like myself for their gains and benefits. People on our email lists have been getting spams with the subject 'Ally Production(s)'; I never use this name in the subject line - those emails are not from me...F. Ally



# ***WHAT'S THE ORIGIN OF THE SINGING ENGINE KITE***

## **GUYANA'S FAVORITE KITE**

**Kites below designed and made by F. Ally  
F. Ally's view on the origin of the Singing Engine Kite...p.17**



**Canadian flag**



**Guyanese flag**



# FREE BOOKS DOWNLOAD

(5 NOVELS BY FD ALLY)

**ALSO SEE PAGE p.52 FOR SAMPLE CHAPTERS  
THE LAST TWO EDITIONS ALSO HAVE SAMPLE CHAPTERS**



## THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN

**FREE NOVELS DOWNLOAD WRITTEN BY FD ALLY**

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS 1838 (Part 1)

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS 1838 (Part 2)

BOOK 2 – THE ESCAPE FOR TRUE LOVE

BOOK 3 – REBELLION & REUNION

### **MORE FREE BOOKS**

SIGNATURE WITH LOVE BY FD ALLY

NEISHA'S KITCHEN BY NAZMOON NEISHA ALLY

Can be downloaded from [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)

Click on 'Music-Books' tab

Scroll all the way down to where the other free book downloads are  
and there's a PDF FILE WHICH YOU CAN DOWNLOAD

To download The Trilogy, click on links and it will take you to a publishing website  
for you to log into.

# NEISHA'S KITCHEN

By Nazmoon Neisha Ally

Can be downloaded from [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)

Click on 'Music-Books' tab

Scroll all the way down to where the other free book downloads are

**FREE DOWNLOAD**

**ENJOY ETHNIC CUISINES OF GUYANA, SOUTH AMERICA  
BY NEISHA (NAZ ALLY)**

## Neisha's Kitchen



***Recipes  
by Neisha***

# ACOUSTIC JAM 2025

## THE PRACTICE SESSIONS

**Folk Style – Just a guitar, harmonica and my voice to tell my story, down on memory lane**

**The 1990s Independent Music Scene  
There were many. I am one. This is my story...F Ally**

Visit [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) to listen to the practice sessions under 'Music-Books' Tab



Acoustic Jam 2025 practice sessions by Independent artist, F.D. Ally are **being upload to [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)** under the 'Music-Book.' Also checkout some recordings from the 1990s.

*Songs and books can be downloaded for personal use. Songs and books cannot be use commercially nor for profit. Songs cannot be sampled and or changed in any way shape or form nor used commercially nor used for profits. No modification of songs and books are allowed. Support independent artists by sharing with others. All songs and books are copyright protected; it's important to respect the copyright laws.*



# **7 Simple Curry dishes recipes**

## **Made by F. Ally using an instant pot**

**P. 34**



**Egg Curry**  
**Chickpeas Curry**  
**Okra curry**  
**Bora (String bean) Curry**  
**Bolanje Curry**  
**Chicken Curry**

Recipes on p.34

# SOMETIMES

**Song (Lyrics / Music) written by FD Ally**



**Just relaxing**



**Just chilling**



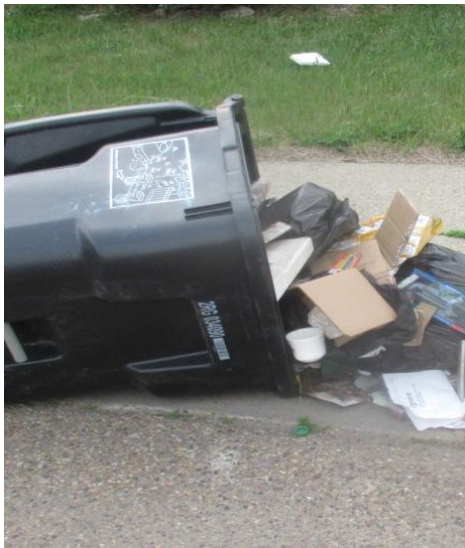
**Just taking it easy**

**The rabbit on my left has been relaxing in that same spot almost every day. Today it was raining, and the rabbit moved close into the hedges, covering most of his body by the leaves, as he faced the direction of road. ...F Ally**

# VANDALISM AT THE CEMETARY, AND GARBAGE DUMP

at our property in  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

See page 39







**JUST RELAXING**

# **CARIBBEAN OUTDOOR FESTIVALS**

**Although Guyana is in South America,  
Guyana is always a part of the Caribbean festivals**



**Photo taken and copyright by FD Ally  
of a masquerader, DeFreitas from the GUYANA BAND in  
Calgary holding The Cariwave Magazine founded  
by FD Ally back in 2002**



# 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*

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

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

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



*Photo taken and copyright by FD Ally*

## TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO, & RIO CARNIVALS

Trinidad and Tobago Carnival is also one of the most famous carnivals on Planet Earth that takes over the island with masqueraders dancing down the streets to its loud and vibrant music. Many brought their traditions and celebrations to places like Toronto, and Edmonton and Calgary.

Its origin lies in calypso music, but in recent decades loud and vibrant soca music and its addictive dance beats have taken over the scene, although calypso and other genres are still famous during the celebration. The music competition is grand as bands compete for ‘Band of the Year Title.’

The famous Rio carnival is the world’s biggest carnival celebration which in February where the streets were crowded with floats and people dressed in vibrant and exotic costumes as they move and dance to the beats of the intoxicating samba music. The Rio and the Trinidad and Tobago carnivals always send vibrant waves across the world, spreading carnival fever across the world, with upbeat samba music, calypso and many other flavors.



# **CARIWEST 2025 - STREET PARADE**

## **SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 2025**

### **EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA**



*Pictures by F Ally from the 2024 Cariwest parade in Edmonton , Alberta, Canada.*



*FD Ally*

**L**et every moment, every day count, as the future seems more and more bleak as the days go by. This year 2025 brings mass destruction, starting off the year with many disasters, plane crashes, destruction to homes whether by fires or bombs, genocide, war crimes and starvation in Gaza where some are also calling it a holocaust. The whole world is witnessing this terror and barbarism daily due to the internet, yet its high tech involved in the slaughter of Palestinians driving them from their homes and land.

We need peace and harmony more than ever now, as we are living in the most dangerous time ever in history.

Kites. Many would like to fly away like the birds and sail the sky like the kites flown by the Palestinians. I briefly wrote about a 12 year old Palestinian kite flying. Sail away, fly away to sweet paradise. But the pain and suffering, the terror and barbarism being portrayed as many of the Palestinians, and two Israelis who are also facing starvation, along with others across the world.

*I have recently uploaded my mom's recipe book, Neisha's Kitchen, along with my recent Acoustic Jam 2025 practice sessions (Down on Memory Lane back to the 1990s) on [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca), under the tab 'Music-Books' telling my story.*

*There has also been some noticeable vandalism at my dad's cemetery plot and two weeks prior to that our property's big black garbage bin was also vandalized and after that some garbage along the sidewalk every few days.*

**Where are we heading? Where is the world heading?  
Where is humanity heading? Is this our fate to live in  
this destruction age, it's what man has create!**

**Henry Kissenger said who controls the money controls the world.**

*And we see what's happening in Gaza and the West Bank.*

**Klaus Schawb said we will own nothing and we will be happy, and build back better.** *No doubt this is being planned for Gaza, as the world has witnessed the almost complete destruction of Gaza, with the destruction of historical places, and the bulldozing of their homes, and as violent settlers continues to throw out the Palestinians of their historical homeland.*

**Recently Musk said that in the year 2300 the Earth's population will be only 100 million people.** *He also used the words 'the great dying off', referring to basically all countries in Europe where the birthrate has dropped to just over 1. The George Guide Stone stated a world's population to be 500 million.*

*Aside from the depopulation agenda, America's perimeter of 100 miles around the entire US that contain 2/3 of America's population is going under surveillance. The world soon to be a world of surveillance, where our every steps are watched.*



# ***WHAT'S THE ORIGIN OF THE SINGING ENGINE KITE***

## **GUYANA'S FAVORITE KITE**

**Kites below designed and made by F. Ally**

**F. Ally gives his view on the origin of the Singing Engine Kite...**



**Canadian flag**



**Guyanese flag**

## **GUYANA'S FAVORITE KITE DANCING AND SINGING OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ON THE LONG EASTER WEEKEND EVERY YEAR?**

I had watched a Youtube video called 'Surviving war: A day in the life of one of Gaza's 20,000 new orphans; Oct 25, 2024; Channel 4 News, where a twelve year old Palestinian boy was taking care of his younger sister as they swam in the Mediterranean Sea. About 100 meters back is their tent amongst many. Their parents and other siblings were murdered by the IDF soldiers.

His faith gives him hope. Their faith keeps them together. At time 7:45 into the video, kites soar the sky over the Mediterranean Sea. He was flying a kite that has long tails and frills, sailing high up. The kite reminded me of an almost identical kite which I had seen in a video about 10 years ago and where from what I recall the kite was being flown in Syria, a moment of realization for me, which I already wrote about in a previous edition. That was the first time I had seen a kite similar to the 'Singing Engine Kite' which is very popular in Guyana, South America and which soars the sky above the Atlantic Ocean during the long Easter weekends

every year in Guyana. The difference is, the Singing Engine kite has a nose and a paper below the nose that's glued around the string which spins and sings as the singing engine dances in the sky with its long tail swaying back and forth. Even the reel of string used by this Palestinian boy to fly the kite reminded me of what Guyanese uses.

Immediately, I had concluded that the Syrians that arrived in Guyana back in the 1800s brought their kites to Guyana and where in Guyana their kite was modified. I had even wondered if my great grandfather who was Syrian was involved in creating the 'singing kite' which is so popular in Guyana.

In the tiny South American country, Guyana, although Easter is a Christian celebration, people of all faiths, races and colors, celebrates Easter by flying kites and taking part in kite flying competitions, bringing people together.

It is said that the Chinese indentured labourers in Guyana back in the 1800s had begun the kite flying tradition, when the plantation managers had asked them why they were flying kites, they said that the kite flying represents the rising of Jesus Christ, and thus the plantation managers was happy to hear about the celebration and allowed them to fly their kites.

### *Savitri's Garden*

#### *The Continuation...1895*

*The Syrians have been arriving starting in the 1880s to work as merchants. The word Syrian was used, however from my research, it's stated that most of the Syrians were from what's called Lebanon today. However, as a guess the Syrians could have been from different areas; perhaps from even Palestine, Damascus, Beirut etc...*

*Let the story begins, reminiscing of my great grand father who was Syrian and whom I do not know anything about, except that his last name was most likely Ali. They had entered a ship that took them to France and from France they sailed into the Americas, landing in different places in South America and also at Ellis Island in New York.*

*Ali along with the other Syrians were working as merchants, selling items, across Guyana, while the Indians, Portuguese, Chinese and other indentured laborers were working on the plantations producing sugar and rum. They were hang out at the sea wall, along the Atlantic Ocean. They spoke their own languages and picked up some English, as English was now the language of Guyana, where prior it was Dutch and also French. They spoke with slangs and accents.*

Ali walked up to Pereirra: I see you flying a kite.

Pereirra: Ya. Me get dis kite from Chung.

Chung walked up to them with a few more kites and introduced himself. Ali spoke of the kites they flew in Syria. He and some other Syrians made some kites. They bonded and came up with the nose for Ali's Syrian kite, and when it soar the sky, it sang and dance over the Atlantic, and they called it the singing engine kite.

Ali was in a café with some other Syrians.

Ahmad from Beirut said, "I'm heading to New York."

Malik from Palestine said, "I'm heading to Columbia and then back to Syria."

"What's your plans, Ali?" one of them asked, knowing that Ali has fallen in love with an Indian

girl and wanted to get married to her.  
Ali: I'm staying.  
Ahmad smiled. I don't blame you, he said.  
  
To be continued...

## May God give the people of Gaza strength to carry on...

My Home, is an original song written by F.D. Ally, as a teenager, while reminiscing on back home Cotton Field in Anna Regina, Essequibo, Guyana, South America





# **HUMANITY ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION**

**PEACE IS THE ONLY BATTLE WORTH WAGING  
ALBERT CAMUS**

**THE MORE WE SWEAT IN PEACE, THE LESS WE BLEED IN WAR  
VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT**

**EACH ONE HAS TO FIND HIS PEACE FROM WITHIN. AND PEACE TO  
BE REAL MUST BE UNAFFECTED BY OUTSIDE CIRCUMSTANCES  
MAHATMA GANDHI**

**KEEP THE PEACE FOR EVERYONE  
F. ALLY**

**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 GREAT**  
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

# KEEP THE PEACE

*Music and Lyrics by Faisal (Fizal) 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



# DIVERSE NEWS

*Disclaimer: There may be errors in the URL addresses below. If there are then you can do a search in YouTube for the title description. The information stated in this short report are mainly quotes from publically available News reports and readers can view the full videos and or full transcripts at the links provided. There are different views and I am not here to dispute views. I'm only presenting information that's out there. If there are any errors, discrepancies, when brought to my attention, I will investigate and research more and provide any necessary corrections.*

*Many reports and or information are on blogs on [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca)*

**Starvation, ethnic cleansing, war crimes the Palestinians are facing in Gaza and the West Bank. Netanyahu and some other says there's no starvation, whereas Trump acknowledge that there is starvation and most are saying that starvation exists and famine coming if the situations are not relieved immediately. The war crimes continue and the ongoing slaughter of Palestinians continues.** There's a short video of a big brown dog walking, no doubt have almost starved to death, with its skeletal from its back to its legs almost sticking out of its body. Thus, how can anybody say that there's no starvation when even pets are being starved....**FD Ally**

Reference:

@MiddleEastEye

Youtube.com/shorts/30nA6oL1Irs

August 16, 2025

'Israeli forces target school sheltering displaced Palestinians in Gaza'

Lots of noise. Women, children, men in the area. A man carry a child that looks around 10 years old in his arms.

Zeitoun Under Fire: Relentless Israeli Strike Devastate Gaza Neighborhoods

Al Jazeera English

August 16, 2025

Youtube.com/watch?v=IOIRdtKIigg

This took place on Friday August 15, 2025

*The bombing continues by the IDF. The destruction of lives, complete families are being wiped off the earth. You can see many that looks like sticks and bones. Many can barely get a meal as bombs rock the area.*

Excerpt: 'We're seeing houses, schools, public facilities, government buildings – everything in Zeitoun is being destroyed. Still, there are Palestinians who are staying put. They don't want to leave because they believe they will be targeted if they do.

Host: Defying global outcry, defying close allies, and defying international law, the Israeli military is laying waste to Gaza City, an area Israel's prime minister has said that he wants to seize. The city is one of the last urban areas left in the strip where up to a million Palestinians are

believed to be sheltering. Israeli forces have already destroyed hundreds of homes and displaced dozens of families.’

‘And starving Palestinians have again been targeted as they tried to access food aid. At least 16 people have been killed while trying to access aid on Friday, including at a site in the south of the strip run by the notorious Gaza Humanitarian Foundation. The group’s distribution sites manned by US contractors with the support of Israel has been described by the United Nations as death traps.’

*In other videos the spokesman for the GHF says that there’s been no death at the GHF, and that they are not responsible for starving anyone and that they are doing their job. However, the facts remains that there are only four sites, when there used to be four hundred operated by the UN. There has been many reports that Palestinians were being shot on their way to the GHF and when they are leaving to return home.*

Headline: Israeli forces have demolished over 300 homes in the Zeitoun neighbourhood killing entire families’ – ‘Israel’s Genocide In Gaza’

Headline” ‘Israeli army approved plans to seize Gaza City last week and ordered residents to evacuate the area. ‘Israel’s Genocide in Gaza’

Reporter says: ‘Palestinians who live very close to the area they’re saying that the explosions did not stop and what is actually happening is Zeitoun neighbourhood is being wiped out of the map because this is the same exact scenario that took place in Rafah, in parts of Khan Younis, in Jabalia, in Balah, Beit Hanoon, where the Israeli forces concentrates and focuses in that area. We are seeing residential houses being wiped out, public schools, public facilities, residential houses, governmental places...what we need to know is that there are Palestinians that are still resisting this all of this artillery shelling and they believe that they do not want to go and do not want to leave because wherever they are going go they’ll still be targeted.’

*As we have witnessed from countless videos, the people are told to move from one place to the next and then some of those places are bombed. How can the people trust the IDF when they are under constant bombardment.*

‘We’re seeing some people fleeing, we’re seeing some trucks holding furniture and holding mats coming towards the middle area....but a lot of Palestinians still chose to stay in Gaza City. There are lots of Palestinians resisting and refusing to leave...’ The Palestinians say that they do not trust the Israeli forces. Wherever they go, they’re going to be targeted and there’s no safe zones across the Gaza Strip...’ ‘There are lots of Palestinians that are still trapped under the rubble because civil defense teams, paramedics and the medical teams are not able to reach any area in Zeitoun and this is what’s driving Palestinians to evacuate...”

Reference:

Palestinians have no choice but to see their children die of malnutrition

Al Jazeera English

[Youtube.com/watch?v=TtxRM9djMcA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TtxRM9djMcA)

August 16, 2025

Time 4:55 Why is the starvation happening the reporter said.? Because distribution points where most of Gaza’s population are completely relying on are not operating. Hot meal kitchens where most of Palestinians are getting their daily meals are not operating anymore. Most of the

Palestinians are risking their lives going to the notorious Gaza Humanitarian Foundation being killed or being shot because they want to feed their families. Whatever is coming into the Gaza strip is not enough. Most of the trucks that are entering are COMMERCIAL TRUCKS where Palestinians are unable to afford cash, money, and everything is very expensive. So despite the fact that yes, food is coming in, but how much of the Palestinians are able to purchase and buy this food....Palestinians do not have any other choice than seeing their children die due to malnutrition and starvation. (Hind Khoudary; Dier Al Balah, Gaza)

Excerpts:

‘At least 1,898 people killed trying to get food, most near Gaza Humanitarian Foundation sites, since May.’ ‘Genocide by starvation.’

‘Palestinians are unable to get food are putting their lives at risk to try to feed their children.’

‘The latest to have died from hunger were siblings, aged 16 and 25, who died on the same day.’



# KNOW THE COPYRIGHT LAWS

## KNOW THE COPYRIGHT LAWS

A reminder from FD Ally

Anyone can have a copy or copies of my songs and books, however, if anyone tells you that you can sample my songs, books etc... for commercial use and rewrite to make it better according to your taste thinking it's better, those are again fabricated lies as part of their scam, as I have never signed a contract with anyone to sample any of my songs and books or to use any of my songs/music and books commercially.

In this industry scams and tricks can be played on you and you can easily be misled pulling you into a scam and or situations you will regret. Beware of people pulling you into their scams and having you take the blame for them! They will set you up, frame you and make you take all the blame, while they're on their beach getaway enjoying their paradise on earth, and they are well protected by a system that protects them, but scam people like myself for their gains and benefits.

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# PORTUGUESE IN THE CARIBBEAN AND IN GUYANA, SOUTH AMERICA

By FD Ally

## A History of Sugar from Portugal to the Caribbean

*This article was first published in Cariwave, The Caribbean Magazine, Spring/Summer 2003 edition. There are additions to this article.*

This article is dedicated to the late Dave Anthony Martins of the famous Tradewinds band who was of Portuguese ancestry and was from Guyana, South America had passed away at age 90 in Guyana on Sunday, August 18, 2024. He was born in 1935. He arrived in Toronto in 1955 at age 19. Before the Tradewinds was formed out of Toronto, Dave Martins played in The Latins which was formed in 1960 and then renamed to The Debonaires, and then in the famous Tradewinds band which was formed in 1966 in Toronto. It was not until Martins was in his 30s when he became famous, leaving his mark in Guyana, the Caribbean and places around the world. There were many hits.

Dave Martins ancestors came from Madeira, an island in Portugal, where the Portuguese arrival to Guyana, began in 1834, and where there was a considerably size Portuguese population in this small South American country in the 1800s, where the Portuguese were at one time the second largest back in the 1800s. The Portuguese to Guyana also came from the Azores Islands of Portugal. He was born in Hague, Guyana to Joseph and Zepherina Martins, and at the age of ten he and his family then relocated to Vreed-en-Hoop in Guyana.

Although today in Guyana, the Portuguese population is very small as compared to the descendants of Indians and Africans, the contributions of the Portuguese in very big as back in the 1800s, many Portuguese left the sugarcane plantations and went into retail business and other areas such as farming, while many of the Indians remained on the sugarcane plantations working. The legend, Dave Anthony Martins of Guyana, has left an everlasting contribution in Music in Guyana, the Caribbean and across the world.

## A History of Sugar from Portugal to the Caribbean

The European had a love for sugar and before Columbus brought the sugarcane to the New World, sugar was grown successfully in the **Islamic world**, in places like **Morocco**, as the Muslim world had a monopoly on the sugar industry. The Europeans, fearing Islamic expansion, explored lands in the Mediterranean such as Italy for sugar cultivation but was unsuccessful. In the fifteenth century as the **Portuguese** continued to explore lands for sugar planting, they found that **Madeira, Cape Verde and Canaries** on the coast of Africa were good for sugar cultivation. By the 1500'S, the **Portuguese** island of **Madeira** became the world's largest sugar exporter, which meant that the Europeans would not have to depend anymore on the **Islamic world** for sugar.

After **Columbus** brought the sugar cane to the **New World in the West Indies**, today known as the **Caribbean**, the Spanish who had taken away the lands from the Native Indians in Mexico, Cuba and Hispaniola, successfully grew sugar, initially using the Native Indians and later the en-

slaved Africans to continue on with the work.

As the **Spanish** had more interest in the gold mines in the Caribbean, Central and South America, their sugar production, which had grown larger than Madeira's soon became the sole provider of sugar to Europe.

The **Dutch** and the **English** wanted some of the wealth and also got into the sugar industry and by the 1640's, the English colonies had also gone into sugar planting. **The English colonies in the Caribbean and in Guyana in South America had en-slaved Africans for free labor as sugar became king. After emancipation, other races such as the Portuguese, East Indians and Chinese came as contract laborers to continue with the sugar production.**



**BATOCHE, SASKACHEWAN, CANADA - PHOTOS BY WM PETRYK**

















# SEVEN RECIPES



**Neisha's (Naz) Kitchen**

## **Curry dishes made by F. Ally using an instant pot**

Egg curry

Chickpeas curry

Okra curry

Bora (String bean) curry

Bolanje curry

Chicken curry

*Safety: Use cooking gloves when handling anything hot. When using an instant pot or pressure cooker, take precaution when opening. It's important to release pressure completely before opening a pressure cooker, to avoid any kind of harm to face, eyes, etc...*

### **Quick and simple curry dishes by F. Ally**

Dishes were made in an instant pot to avoid the curry fumes in the house, as curry leaves an aroma. Once the pressure is released from the instant pot, there's a spray of fumes into the air, along with the curry smell. To avoid the fumes and aroma, you can take the instant pot to the basement or in the garage.

## ***INSTRUCTIONS & PREPARATIONS***

All curry dishes are prepared with onion and garlic. You may omit one or both if you prefer to. You can either place the cut up onion and garlic in the instant pot at the same time the curry dishes, or you can do what I prefer to do and that is I would fry the onions and garlic separately in olive oil on the stove until it's a bit brownish. After the curry is completed in the instant pot, I would then mix the onion and garlic with the curry dish in the instant pot, or I would add the onions and garlic to the dish when serving.



### **Instructions for frying the onions and garlic**

All dishes are prepared with onions and garlic. I used extra olive virgin oil. You may use olive oil or a different oil such as coconut, canola oil etc... Add approximately 4 to 5 Tbl oil in a pot. Note: when frying with olive oil, this must be done on low heat. Add onion and garlic to pot. Fry until a bit brown or the way you prefer it to be. You will later mix this into the instant pot after the cooking is completed in the instant pot, or you can add to the plate when serving.



### **Meals are served with rice or roti.**

You can make roti at home, or purchase from someone you know, or from a grocery store. You could also use a substitute such as pita bread which can also be purchased from a grocery store.



### **Ingredients for each curry meal:**

Spices: Madras curry powder, salt to taste, black pepper, virgin olive oil used or you may use the oil of your choice. If you like your curry to be hot, then you may add some pepper to the mix in the instant pot, or you can add pepper later when having your meal. You can use a different blend of curry powder.

### **Cooking instructions:**

Add 2 ½ to 3 Tbl madras curry powder to the instant pot. You can also choose a different blend of curry powder. Add approx 4 to 7 cups water, depending on how much curry sauce you want. You may add more or less water. I would normally add enough water to cover the contents in the instant pot, about an inch above the contents. After cooking is completed, if you find that you need more curry sauce, then add more water and mix in. If you find that the curry sauce is too thin then add for example add another ½ Tbl curry powder and mix in to thicken the curry sauce.

## THE COOKING BEGINS

### EGG CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 30 to 45 minutes.

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper.

**Preparation:**

Boil 7 to 10 eggs. Peel 5 to 7 potatoes and cut into pieces and wash. Peel one onion and cut into pieces. Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7

**Cooking instructions:**

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add eggs and potatoes to instant pot. Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Add enough water to cover contents. Plug in instant pot. Select Beans & Chilli (or a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions to begin cooking.



*Note: I would cook the egg curry with extra potatoes, such as 10 potatoes peeled and cut up, as the potatoes with the curry sauce can also be ate separately and is known as Potato curry.*

## CHICKPEAS CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 30 to 45 minutes.

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper.

**Preparation:**

Place 2 to 4 cups of chickpeas in a bowl filled with water and let it soak for at least four hours or overnight for the peas to expand.

Peel one onion and cut into pieces. Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7

**Cooking instructions:**

Drain water from chickpeas.

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add chickpeas to instant pot. Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Add enough water to cover contents. Plug in instant pot. Select Beans & Chilli (or a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions to begin cooking.



## OKRA CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 20 to 30.

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper. A pack of fresh whole okra (not frozen)

**Preparation:**

Wash whole okra and cut off ends.

Peel one onion and cut into pieces. Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7



**Cooking instructions:**

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add okra to instant pot. Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Add enough water to cover contents. Plug in instant pot. Select Beans & Chilli (or a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions to begin cooking. Don't overcook, else okra will get too soft and will burst.



## BORA (STRING BEAN) CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 25 to 30

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper.

**Preparation:**

Cut off ends of the string beans. Cut into pieces about one inch in length for each piece. Wash pieces.

Peel 5 to 7 potatoes and cut into pieces and wash. Peel one onion and cut into pieces. Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7

**Cooking instructions:**

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add bora (string beans) to instant pot. Add potatoes. Add spices.

Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Plug in instant pot. Select Beans & Chilli (or the a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions. Cook for approx. 30 minutes.





## BOLANJE (EGG PLANT) CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 25 to 30

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper.

**Preparation:**

Cut egg plant into pieces. Wash pieces.

Peel 5 to 7 potatoes and cut into pieces and wash.

Peel one onion and cut into pieces.

Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7

**Cooking instructions:**

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add egg plant to instant pot. Add potatoes. Add spices.

Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Plug in instant pot. Select Beans & Chilli (or the a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions. Cook for approx. 30 minutes.



## CHICKEN CURRY



**Cooking time:** Approx 30 to 45

**Preparation time:** 15 minutes

**Ingredients:** Madras curry powder, onion, garlic, salt to taste, black pepper.

**Preparation:**

Cut a whole into pieces (or you may purchase chicken pieces). Wash pieces.

Peel 5 to 7 potatoes and cut into pieces and wash.

Peel one onion and cut into pieces. Peel 5 to 7 cloves of garlic and cut into smaller pieces

**Serves:** 7

**Cooking instructions:**

Add approx. 3 Tbl madras curry powder to instant pot. Add 4 to 6 cups of water and mix. Add pieces of chicken in the instant pot. Add potatoes. Add spices.

Add spices: black pepper, salt to taste. You can add onions and garlic now or cook it separately and add later as per instructions above. Plug in instant pot. Select Meat (or the a similar setting on your instant pot) on instant pot and follow instructions. Cook for approx. 30 to 45 minutes.



# Neighborhood watch

**VADALISM AT THE CEMETERY, AND TWO WEEKS PRIOR OUR HOME'S BIG BLACK GARBAGE BIN WAS ALSO VANDALIZED, AND AFTER THAT AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE GARBAGE BEING DUMPED ESPECIALLY BEHIND THE SMALL FENCE WHERE SOME MAY BELIEVE THAT NOBODY CAN SEE THEN, AND ALSO BEHIND THE HEDGES WHERE THEY PROBABLY ALSO BELIEVE THAT NOBODY COULD SEE THEM.**

## **VANDALISM AT THE CEMETERY**

**I went to visit my dad's grave in July 2025 when I noticed there were no flowers, whether real or artificial. But on the other side of the cemetery where my grandmother was buried in the year 2000, and an uncle in 1997, both of the graves had artificial flowers.**

**The vase has been there since 1983. I visit the grave every year and the vase was always secured to the tombstone. Why all of a sudden it was knocked from the tomb stone after I visited the grave?**

**I made a note next to my computer at home which was a reminder to buy flowers for my dad's grave. I purchased some artificial roses and kept them at home. On the Saturday, I returned to put the flowers and to my surprise, my dad's grave was vandalized, where the vase from the tombstone was knocked off, that is broken right off, and was lying in the center of the grave.**

**I looked around and nowhere else in the surroundings were there any kind of vandalism. I took some pictures, left the vase sitting exactly where it was, and wrapped the flowers around the base the vase was sitting on and left. I returned on Monday and went to the office and spoke to an employee. She said that they would look into it and see if they can repair it, and if they couldn't then I would have to get a contractor to come in, fix it and pay the cost. She called a few days later to say that they used a big washer inside the vase, along with strong glue.**

**I returned to my dad's grave in the morning on August 16, 2025 and the vase was there fixed and glued down and with the flowers falling out of the vase, so I fixed the flowers and took some pictures.**

**See pictures on the following page.**





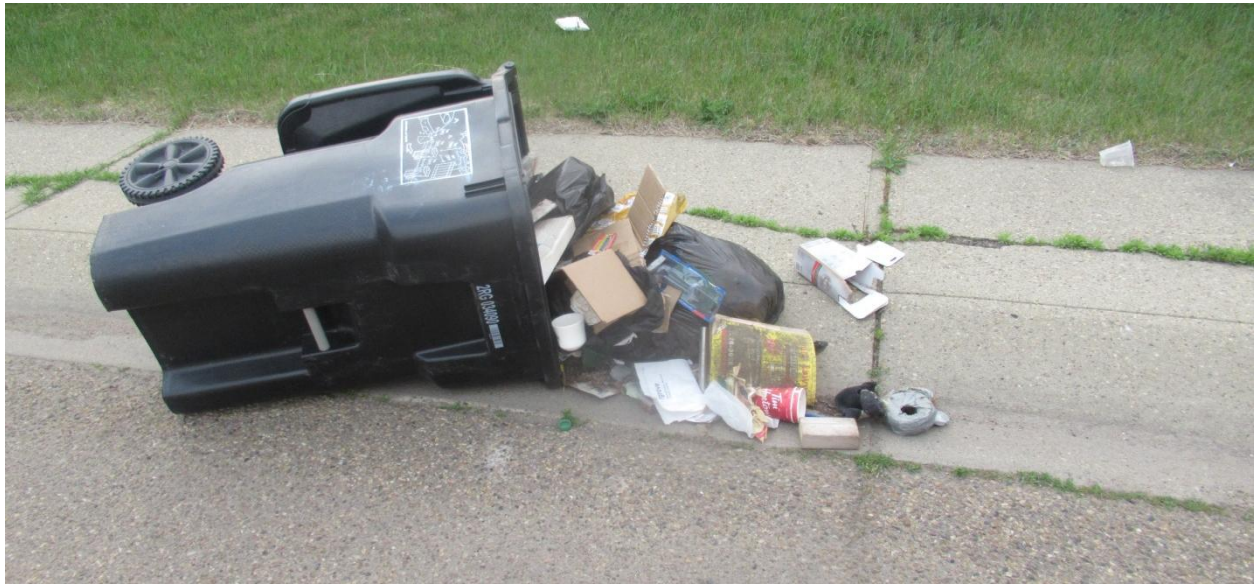
**July 26, 2025, 11:30am**  
**Picture taken with vase knocked**  
**off its base, whereas a few days**  
**before the vase was on the base.**



**Picture taken on August 16, 2025,**  
**42 years since the passing of my**  
**dad in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.**  
**Vase once again secured on its**  
**base.**

## HOME PROPERTY'S BIG BLACK GARBAGE BIN VANDALIZED

It was Thursday in June 2025, garbage day pickup. I looked out the kitchen window around 7am and saw the garbage bin was knocked over. That has never happened before. There was no wind or rain.





## **DUMPING GARBAGE AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE**

Most of a vehicle was hidden by the area fenced off. I can see the back of the vehicle. The vehicle left about half hour later, and what I saw that was left behind was a Mary Browns chicken box and also a wrapper rolled up and toss on the road. This was in June 2025.



Picture taken on June 23, 2025

## **SAW GARBAGE ON LAWN AFTER THREE PEOPLE PASSED BY**

Three vehicles pulled up at the side of the house. A gray pickup truck with a trailer, a white car, and a blue pickup truck.

From the kitchen window, I watched as the three vehicles pulled up at the side of the house and people got out. I saw a neighbor coming out of a truck carrying some things in her hand, then two other men coming out from their vehicles, and they met at the hedges on the lawn close to the front. As they walked away and disappeared

**from my view, all of a sudden there was garbage on the lawn. From the front window, I would not have seen the garbage as a hedge on the lawn blocks the view, but from the kitchen I could see some of what's behind the hedge.**

**It was a brown square plastic about two feet by two feet on the lawn next to the hedge. I went out in the yard, picked it up and placed it on the driver's windshield, incase it just fell by accident. I had no clue what it was.**

**Back at the kitchen window, I then saw a big plastic. This could have all been an accident. I am just making a comment on sometimes how garbage is found flying around.**

**Note that the person did not drop these plastics on the road or on the sidewalk, but behind the hedges and they were both found on the lawn.**



**When I went out later to check the garbage bin to see if garbage was picked up, I saw the big brown plastic tossed into the big black garbage bin, meaning that it was garbage.**

**A few days later, relatives visited, and brought flowers which had the exact same wrapper and a plastic one. See pic below.**



## **YELLOW PLASTIC BALL DROPPED ON THE SIDEWALK**

**A few days later, next to where the person had dropped the two pieces of big plastic garbage, behind the hedges and near the fire hydrant, now a yellow plastic ball was placed in the area, but on the sidewalk and at the corner of the grass. I just left it there. I don't have time to be cleaning up everyone's mess. About a week later, the rain came and the plastic ball sailed away or blew to the front road next to the gray car.**



**July 28, 3:06 pm**



## CHOCOLATE WRAP DROPPED ON THE SIDEWALK

A day or so later, I saw this Chocolate paper down the same sidewalk on the other side of the driveway.

Picture taken July 29, 2025 at 3:24 pm

These began showing up on the exact same side on the sidewalk, in the corner next to the grass. Not in the middle of the sidewalk, or on the grass, or on the road, but exactly on the same side and in the corner.



A few days later, tissue paper folded up found on the otherside of the driveway also in the corner of the side walk. The ball, chocolate paper and tissue paper were not placed on the grass but on the sidewalk right next to the grass.



**The yellow plastic ball was now on the road in front of the house a few feet away from the parked gray car. It looks like the road workers may have removed the ball.**

**I went to Tim Horton's next to the T&T Market in the evening. Early next morning around 5am, I saw a red paper cup sitting exactly where the yellow ball was sitting next to the gray car which was still there. I did not get a chance to take a picture. Then the workers began their duties. I got up and looked out the window around 8am, and the gray car and the red paper cup was gone. I figure the car had to be towed or moved so the workers can work in the area, and thus once again they may have cleaned up the red paper cup.**



# THE COFFEE SPILL

## INTERESTING COFFEE SPILL TO LOOK AT

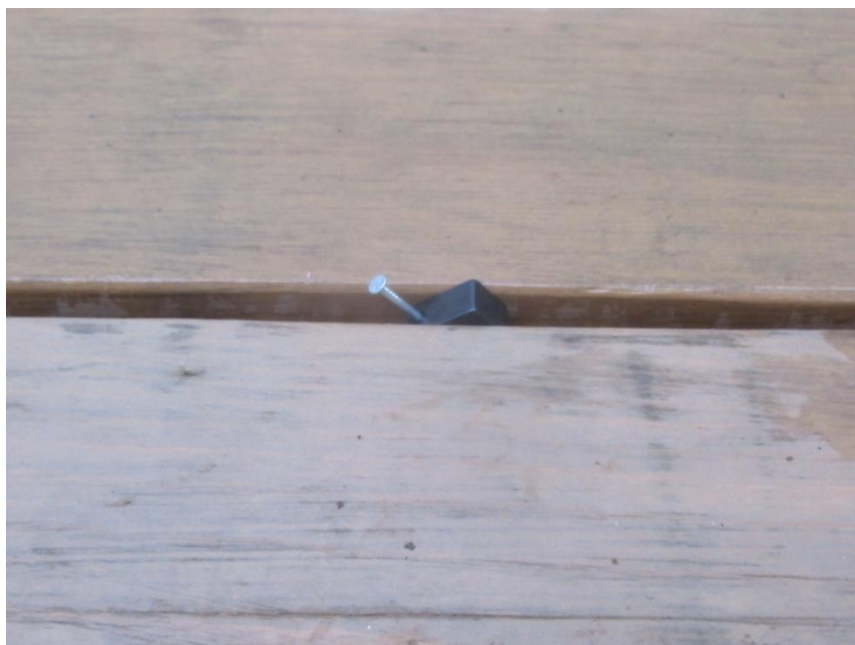
I've spilled coffee before and it was nothing like this spill in the pictures below by one of my sisters. When coffee is spilled it's a blotch whether big or small, and not small drips with spots all over two steps as seen below in the pictures, and then a big dump on the welcome mat and on the concrete as seen on picture. She only had one cup of coffee, which was for herself.





## **STAPLES ON A TABLE INSIDE THE CLOSED PATIO ENDED UP OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND POUNDED IN BETWEEN THE BOARDS ON THE DECK**

There were about ten staples sitting on a table in the enclosed patio near the door which leads to a part of the deck which is not enclosed. A male relative came to stay with my mom, while I went out. After the relative was gone, I later saw some of the staples pounded into one of the creases between deck boards. I emailed the relative and asked him if he did it, and he said no. But he was the only one over while I was out. Note the shape. Its pyramid shape or triangle shape which they've been making shapes out of paper and other objects.







**THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN**

NOVELS BY FD 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

I have been posting chapters in the Diverse City Magazine. This edition includes Chapter 3. See previous editions for chapter 1 and 2.





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

*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  
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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  
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[www.allypublishing.ca](http://www.allypublishing.ca)

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Cover designed by Fisal 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*

*(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 with the editing of this novel.  
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

Dear Readers,

IN THE FIRST NOVEL OF THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN, India to the Americas 1838, the story cites historical events, timelines, real people and places to deliver a sense of authenticity. During the voyage on the Whitby and Hesperus in 1838, there were many errors and discrepancies with the records, and people's stories were not written down. Hundreds of stories could have been told on this first group of Indian laborers that journeyed to British Guiana *Guyana*, which is located northeast on the South American continent.

My goal in writing this novel is to take the readers on a historical journey where the readers will witness the unfolding of history. By recreating historical events and blending it with a love story, I believe the readers will delve into the novel, while at the same time learn important facts on the first group of 437 Indians to emigrate from India through the Port of Kolkata to British Guiana in 1838. These Indians were pioneers to the New World of the Americas. I also wrote a study guide called 'Debunked the use of the label coolie in Guyana' as a supplementary guide to the Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, which shows how I have gathered information to discredit the use of the label, coolie. For example in Chapter 8 in the first novel, India to the Americas 1838, I came up with three definitions, to help resolve the misconceptions of who the Indians were.

The story interweaves history, real people and real events with fictional dialogues and characters to recreate the lives and experiences of that period, and which the first group of Indians had endured during the recruiting process, while boarding the ship at the

Port of Kolkata, during the voyage across the oceans from India to the Americas, and during their lives in British Guiana.

I have utilized the historical embarkation and disembarkation ships' lists, many books, documentations from the Anti-Slavery Society, many papers and books from the House of Commons from that time period, and some reliable articles from the Internet, as I brought the Trilogy of Savitri's Garden to life. My goal was to write a historical fiction revolving around this historical period based on my research and using my imagination to create an interesting story and an interesting journey to take the readers on. Any deviation from history was deliberate and intentionally made by me for various reasons in creating this story.

Included at the back of this novel is an intensive glossary, a character list that identifies real people and fictional characters. There's also a memo on history, footnotes, further reading material, further acknowledgements, other samples from the Trilogy, and a list of some of the projects which I have completed over the years, and the author's profile.



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

*Note: British Guiana in South America is now spelled as Guyana. Other spellings are Guayana, Guyanna. In the next Chapter, Demerara and Guiana is often mentioned. Demerara is a county is Guyana (formerly spelled as Guiana) in South America. Guyana is known for its Demerara*

*sugar, Eldorado rum and Demerara rum. The Indians heading for South America could not pronounce the word Demerara so often they would say Demra.*

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

BOOK I, PART I  
Dreams of El Dorado

FISAL ALLY

*THIS CHAPTER BRINGS THE FOLLOWING TOPICS*

Who are the Hill Coolies, Dangurs, Boonahs.

Recruiting centers,

**Chapter 3 - The Road from Awadh to the Port of Kolkata**

*Kolkata, India—Tuesday, December 26, 1837*

THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE BUSHY SLOPE and Kalil stopped. He turned around and Juhi was waving at him. He waved back and waited. A flood of relief filled him when his mother raised her hand and started to wave. He waved back. A minute later, he placed his hand around Mustapha's shoulders and turned towards the rising sun. They continued through the valley at a brisk pace as the water from the stream rushed by.

Kalil picked up a rock and winged it into the water. "I hope you understand," he said.

Mustapha cocked his head, looking up at his older brother. He nodded and said, "One day I could work abroad, eh bhaiya?"

"One day you will. Demra is very promising and that's why I must get on the ship while the opportunity is here. El Dorado is waiting for me—there's a paradise waiting to be discovered." Mustapha shook his head, and for a moment, silence filled the air except for the sounds of nature. Kalil breathed in deeply, feeling the air moving slowly through his nostrils, down into his lungs and then slowly back up, knowing those were his last breaths of air from the valley for the next five years.

"You understand?"

"I understand."

Even at Mustapha's tender age, he had felt the hardships at home and knew how hard it was trying to make ends meet. A few times he had worked with Kalil on their uncle's farm when it was in operation, and the scorching sun had tired him out completely, within a few



hours. At home he was always busy on foot, helping out around the house, fishing and selling his mother's bakery at the Aminabad bazaar; the work was never ending.

Kalil stopped and turned around. He could barely make out Juhi standing next to their mother, her little arm swinging from side to side like a pendulum. He waved back. They continued on for another five minutes, and as they were about to exit the village, they stopped at a vendor who was already at work. Her name was Latifan, a family friend. She was medium height and in her mid-thirties. She had a stand set up under a guava tree outside her yard, drawing business from the early morning risers heading off to work. Sweets and drinks were laid out on a polished wooden table. She had already heard about Kalil's journey to Demerara. They greeted her and then picked out some of their favorite sweets, which she wrapped in pieces of brown paper for them. Kalil pulled out a coin to pay.

She smiled. "My treat son. I hear you are going to Demra."

"I am, aunty" He insisted on paying, but she didn't take the money. Mustapha chewed on a jelebi, enjoying the taste.

"This will give me lots of energy for my journey," Kalil said as Mustapha licked his fingers. Latifan packed more sweets for his trip and wished him the best. The boys continued on foot for another twenty-five minutes. On the way, Kalil talked about the golden city of Manoa, knowing how fascinated Mustapha already was with El Dorado.

Kalil placed a comforting hand on his brother's shoulder and said, "You must head home before Mama starts to worry. Go straight home and don't stop and talk to anybody—especially strangers. Remember they are counting on you, and I'm counting on you to take care of Mama, Juhi and Moti until my return."

Mustapha shook his head. "I'm coming to the trading route with you."

"You're too young to be around and about in that area all by yourself. They might recruit you."

The boy's face lit up. "Oh really! I will work with you, and we will return with double the money." His smile quickly faded remembering he had to take care of his mother, Juhi and Moti.

It was a sad moment for both of them as Kalil bent down and lifted the small dog, petting him. Moti thrust his head forward and started to lick Kalil's face.

"I will miss you," Kalil said, stroking the pup's neck. "And you take care of Mustapha." The pup barked. "And take care of Mama and Juhi." The pup barked again and then started to whimper. Kalil petted the pup a little more. He stooped down and lowered the dog to the ground. He turned to Mustapha and they embraced. "I'm going to miss you," he said, as he hoisted the boy in the air and hugged him tight. "In five years when I see you again you'll be tall, strong and a handsome young man. Time will go by fast. You promise to take care of Mama and Juhi?"

He nodded.

"And Moti too?"

"I will," his voice weakened. He took a couple shallow breaths. "I will take care of Mama, Juhi and chota Moti."

"And take good care of yourself. Understand?"

The boy nodded. He was sad, but refrained from crying. He wanted Kalil to see that he was not only a fast runner, but that he was also strong. Kalil lowered Mustapha to the ground and they bid each other goodbye and not farewell, as if their separation would only be for four months, instead of five years; neither of them could have accepted being apart from each other for five years.

Kalil turned facing the rising sun and he was on his way carrying his backpack with his taanpura slung across his back. A minute later, he looked back and waved. Mustapha waved

back. As Kalil continued his journey without Mustapha and Moti, reality started to sink in and a horrifying realization gripped him. Laced in worries, he started to gasp as doubt surged through his body. This time he was not going away for four months, but for five long years. His mind grew restless with pangs exploding in his stomach. Rumbling thoughts swirled through his head. He tried to calm himself. *Oh Allah, what am I doing? I can't leave. What am I doing?* Doubt assailed him. His lips started to twitch. Negative thoughts filled his head, defeating and overpowering him. He became distressed. *But Vishnu is waiting for me. We planned this voyage together, for months. I can't let him down.* Kalil felt trapped. All along he was okay with going to British Guiana, but he was now faced with a harsh reality. Standing all alone, his fears gripped him. He was afraid to leave his family behind. *They can't survive without me. Mustapha is just a boy. I must turn back.* His heart was throbbing and his thoughts sent shivers up his spine. Emptiness filled him. His confidence was broken and his legs started to shake. His stomach started to turn and he wanted to throw up. He broke out in a cold sweat. He was defeated. His breathing was loud and heavy. He swiped his trembling hands across his forehead, wiping away his perspiration. He panicked. He was about to turn around to go back home when a sharp whistle echoed through the air. His body froze. He held his breath. Suddenly, his breathing quieted down and he felt calm. A few seconds flashed by and he turned around, making out a tiny Mustapha in the far distance, waving at him. He could barely make out little Moti. He gazed at his brother. The whistle had its own signature; a melody only the two brothers understood and had perfected over the years, through its own evolution. Only the two brothers could differentiate between their whistles. They had four different whistle melodies. Three whistles expressed their emotions: happy, sad, and angry. The fourth whistle was their victory whistle. They knew when a whistle conveyed a message of anger, like the time when Mustapha was late coming home from the village bazaar and Kalil went searching for him, sending out angry whistle tones, and another time when Kalil had found Mustapha playing out late, he had scolded him soundly. Kalil continued gazing at Mustapha, feeling calmer, but there was still some uncertainty. Mustapha made a circle with his thumb and index finger. He placed the two fingers in his mouth and blew again, sending out another whistle, this time with a strong vibrant melody. The tone of the whistle was a sign of Mustapha's strength. It was the victory whistle. Kalil acknowledged the message from his eleven-year-old brother, and at that very moment, Kalil was convinced that Mustapha was ready to take his place as the man of the house, in the same way he had taken his father's place after his father's death. And in the same way Mustapha had to be strong to take care of their family, Kalil also had to be strong during his journey so his family will not worry about him.

He reached for the chain around his neck and he felt comforted. He raised his right hand and made a circle with his thumb and index finger. He placed the two fingers in his mouth and returned the victory whistle. Mustapha lifted his right hand higher in the air, waving. Kalil raised his left hand and waved, making a mirror image of Mustapha's hand. A flood of renewed hope filled Kalil as he regained his confidence. A few seconds went by and Kalil turned towards the rising sun to continue his journey, while Mustapha stood gazing at him from the distance. Kalil was now on his own, a traveler in his bandana, vest, earrings and instrument strung across his back, ready to travel to a new land. Mustapha stood next to Moti watching as his older brother disappeared from their sight. Kalil continued on foot for another three miles at a brisk pace, as the sun slowly and gracefully rose above the horizon. The road was dusty and the air was hot. By the time Kalil arrived at the main junction in Lucknow, his legs were tired with patches of sweat soaking through his bandana and kurta shirt. He boarded a bullock cart.

During the long hot muggy daylight hours, he was in a daze contemplating his future. The countryside painted India as an uninhabited country—abundant in land—even though the motherland was over populated. By the solitude of the dry nighttime air, Kalil gazed into the starry sky. And when the new day arrived, it peered forth with blank eyes, as if blinded by poverty, which could not escape him. The journey continued on narrow dusty roads skirting the uncultivated land, dotted with dried up trees, dried up water wells, malnourished children and animals, and the poor.

For a few days and nights, he lived off the food his mother and Juhi had prepared for his long journey, along with the sweets from Latifan. Within a few days, he ran out of sweets, craving for more, and when the bullock cart stopped at a small bazaar, he purchased more from a barefooted boy dressed in a faded kurta shirt and a pajama pants. He transferred onto another bullock cart and his journey continued. The sweets gave him a surge of energy and calmed his nerves, but his over indulgence in the sweets made him vomited, and with a force, he hurled his remaining sweets out the opening in the canvas and watched as a dog appeared and caught them. He observed as the contented dog wagged its tail, joyfully chomping on the sweets. The seventeen-year-old had a sweet tooth and relished the taste of jelebis; if he had not thrown out his remaining sweets, he would have overdosed on sugar. The bullock cart disappeared from the dog's view and his journey continued on dusty roads, stretching on for miles and miles.

For his own sanity, he wrote poems and hummed songs. Sometimes he sang softly, reflecting back on his family. He daydreamed about his return in five years with all his earnings in the high Demerara currency. He had a vivid image of himself running towards his mother and embracing her upon his return, and how surprised he would be to see Mustapha, Juhi and Moti all grown up. His daydreams continued for hours, and he fancied himself getting married upon his return, dressed in an elegant white kurta, a white turban, silver colored juttis, and riding in on a white stallion with his face decorated in the Demerara silver coins and dollar bills. Tiredness took him over, plunging him into a deep slumber.

His journey continued for another day, and upon arriving at the Maya bazaar, he got off the cart and headed to a familiar spot, looking for Vishnu. Vishnu was nowhere to be seen. He pulled off his taanpura and leaned back, letting his backpack slid from his shoulders. He planted himself under the tree and sat cross-legged on the dusty ground eating a chapati, which he had just purchased from his favorite vendor. He kept a watch for Vishnu, but much to his surprise, his eyes and the black dog's eyes met. The dog walked towards him drooling and wagging his tail, happy to see the teenager again. Kalil gave the dog a piece of his chapati. The dog sat down next to him and they ate together and watched the people go by. He turned to the dog and said, "What's taking Vishnu so long? He must be somewhere around here waiting for me." The dog groaned with his tongue hanging out; he looked around and barked.

"So you think Mumbai is paradise? The riches of—" a voice pierced the air and trailed off. Kalil tilted his head tuning into the familiar words. He focused his eyes on the duffadar. "So you think Mumbai is paradise—" the man's voice rose again. Kalil got up to look for Vishnu.

"She's a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty." This time the voice was not the anticipated voice. The voice was warm, soft and feminine. Kalil was already familiar with the same line, which often resonated in his head. He was now on his way in search of that paradise. The fragrance drifting through the air filled him. He turned around and was faced with the pretty teenage decoy, standing just a few feet away from him. His heart skipped a beat. She lowered her gaze as his eyes involuntarily became fixed on her thin exposed belly. He swallowed and quickly looked away.



She raised her eyes and said, "Are you looking for work?" Her politeness radiated with a bright smile, but he returned a reluctant smile. He was surprised by her business like manner. In the past, he had seen her from a distance, but was never so close to her before. He noticed a birthmark on her right cheek. His eyes followed her long silky hair draped down to her waist. She wore a tight light green choli, exposing her shoulders, arms and midsection. A red skirt closely fitted six inches above her knees. She was sixteen years old and stood five inches shorter than him. Her complexion was a shade darker than his and had an intriguing bronze color. He was surprised to see her dressed in such a manner, and thought that she should at least wear a shawl, like the images he held in his head of the females in his village, but she was not from his village.

She introduced herself, but the squeal from an elephant thumping by blanked out her name. "I'm recruiting laborers to carry out light work," she said firmly, but in a soft tone. For a moment, he appraised her. She continued, "Did you know that you could earn a fortune in El Dorado?"

"I certainly do."

"The road to El Dorado begins in Maya—"

"From Maya?"

"Yes, from our Maya bazaar right here in Awadh, and when you get to the end of the road, that's where your paradise lies."

"My paradise?"

"And anything you can imagine. You will even get a wage-advance."

"I've heard of the wage-advance? When will I receive it?"

She thought for a moment and then said, "My boss had mentioned it, but I do not know much about it. I leave that up to my boss."

"I should have already received the wage-advance, to leave behind with my family."

"You have a point," the girl replied and swallowed. "Some how it will all work out."

"I hope so."

"Once you get to El Dorado, which lies in Demra, it will all work out."

"And true love?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said anything I could imagine lies in El Dorado."

Her face brightened up with a smile. "Oh yes, yes, true love lies in El Dorado," she responded instinctively. "Anything is possible in El Dorado. Isn't true love worth a million rupees?"

"Oh yes, and much more. Infinite rupees," he replied. "But true love is free and is written in the stars."

Her smile widened. Both of them had seen the love stories at the bazaar. She continued, "The work is easy in Demra. You will carry out light work, turning sugar."

He shifted his body, glancing around. "I've heard of the sugar plantations."

"Sugar is sweet, and with the abundance of sugar in El Dorado, you will eat cakes that are sweeter than jelebhis and richer in sugar than gulab-jamun."

He acknowledged her with a nod and a smile, and then glanced around for Vishnu. His eyes returned to her. He cleared his throat and their eyes locked. His eyes involuntarily drifted and froze on her exposed belly. He cleared his throat again and said, "If I wasn't already going to Demra, you would have no problem recruiting me from the way you dress."

His comment stung her. He held his breath, realizing he had just blurted out the thoughts he was trying to suppress. He gasped. He slipped up. He didn't expect those words to escape from his mouth. She lowered her eyes and turned away. He cleared his throat again and turned in the other direction looking for Vishnu. He felt irritated for blurting out

those words. He returned his attention to her and said, "I'm in a hurry. Which carts are heading for Kolkata?" She hesitated and with her face down, she pointed in the direction of the carts. He stammered and then said, "I'm already destined for El Dorado and I'm running late. I must find my friend—he could be waiting for me at the carts." She turned to him with watery eyes; he swallowed deeply knowing his comment about the way she was dressed had upset her. He let out a lungful of air and said, "I—I'm in a hurry, I have to run."

"Kalil! Kalil! Let's go!"

Kalil felt a load of relief upon hearing Vishnu's voice. Vishnu hurried towards him carrying his backpack. "Bhai, bhai, I arrived early and just made myself some good buys on a drawing set, sketchpads, canvases and some paints."

"You look very happy. You must have ripped him off really good."

"Nah, I haggled really hard."

They shook hands and started to laugh as the girl watched.

"Come on, let's hurry. The carts for Kolkata are over there. Let's go!" Vishnu urged.

Kalil was relieved to see Vishnu. He would have never blamed Vishnu if he had changed his mind about giving up his four and a half rupees a month as an assistant supervisor and leaving his family behind to work across the oceans as a sugarcane cutter in Demerara for five rupees a month; that was unheard of. He sensed that Vishnu was also convinced that they would discover gold and diamonds in El Dorado, and then they would return home with their wealth to live a comfortable life in a nice home, and get into a prosperous business.

"Bhai, let's go. We cannot miss out on El Dorado," Vishnu said, eagerly. "My heart is in El Dorado."

"Your heart? What has gotten into you?"

They turned to leave, when a voice caught their attention. "You two young men will soon be on the road to riches." They turned towards the voice and a gold chain beamed from a man's neck. It was the duffadar sporting British attire. Two thick gold rings on his fingers filled their eyes. He turned to the sixteen-year-old girl and winked, indicating she had done a good job attracting them, like catching fish in a castnet. The recruiter pulled out a Demerara silver coin and flashed it at them. He pulled out a pen and some papers. "Magnificent, magnificent," he said. "Sign here and you will be on your way to reap the riches of El Dorado."

Vishnu and Kalil exchanged glances. They ignored the duffadar and hurried away. Kalil glanced back at the girl and she lowered her eyes and turned away. The recruiter's sixteen-year-old bait had not delivered; he had also failed to hook the two teenagers. The girl was filled with anxiety, knowing that the two young men were heading for Kolkata to board the ship to British Guiana, and that she could have received a commission for both of them. She was not a talker. She was not the pushy type, and she did not like the nature of the job. She received a commission for each person she assisted in recruiting. In the past two weeks, she was low on recruiting and the pressure was on for recruiting laborers for Mauritius, and now also for British Guiana. She was even too shy to realize her own beauty. She shifted her body in their direction. Again Kalil glanced over his shoulder at her, feeling guilty for his comments about the way she was dressed. She pretended not to see him looking at her.

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" a sharp voice pierced the air. The bazaar was swarming with people in dhotis, saris, salwar kameese, kurtas, turbans. "Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" The mantra continued.

"What was that all about?" Vishnu asked as they hurried towards the carts.

"What was what all about?"

"You and the decoy."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw the way the two of you were—you think I'm blind?"

"You saw something?"

"I saw something."

"I didn't see anything."

"Then you're as blind as an owl."

"Well, if there was something, it was really nothing, and by the way owls do see in daylight, but they sleep during the day so they could hunt at night."

Vishnu grinned, fixing his turban. "That makes you a night owl. You should at least open your eyes a little during the day and enjoy the beauty. It should have been something."

"It was nothing bhai. She was trying to recruit me."

"Why didn't you just let her recruit you, so you could get to know her, you fool!"

"What?"

Vishnu placed a hand on Kalil's shoulder. "It's too late, bhai. You messed up a perfectly good opportunity to get to know that beautiful girl. That opportunity will never come again. You and I are heading across the oceans and you will never see that chicki again—well maybe in five years or maybe in your dreams, but by then her beauty could fade, and she could be pregnant with her fifth child." Vishnu turned around with the crook of his arm across his forehead, blocking the sun to catch a last glance of the girl.

Kalil also turned to get a last glimpse of her. "You're right. I could still smell her perfume."

"See. You're madly in love. And that's why the brown Englishman hired her. Her beauty draws people—it's much easier to recruit them. He's one clever businessman, but sure looks shady."

Kalil shrugged. "You mean he's a cheat, a crook and a liar all packaged into —"

"That's what I mean."

"You know what I think?"

"What?"

"She should at least wear a shawl like any decent girl."

"What are you yakking about?"

"She should dress modestly."

Something was nagging at Vishnu and he made a face. "Kalil bhai, that's the way she is. Take her or leave her. Look bhai, I wish my mother could have arranged a girl just like her for me."

"A girl that dresses like that has no self respect. She's using her body to draw attention." He took a deep breath and then said, "I will be arranged to a modest girl, when my time comes to be married."

The girl was observing them as three duffadars passing by stopped to chat with the desi Englishman.

Vishnu shrugged. "Bhai, that's the nature of her job. You know looks could be deceiving. Look bhai, if her heart is good, then she's gold."

"What do you mean, gold?"

"A golden heart, what else? Bhai, don't let her clothe deceive your heart. She could have been your El Dorado, but it's too late now."

Kalil squinted glancing back at the decoy as a twenty-eight-year-old male named Boodoo hurried towards them. Boodoo had recently resigned from his job as an agricultural laborer on an indigo farm in Tirhoot, a place in Behar. It was not easy trying to feed his family and pay his bills. He was also destined for Guiana, and was visiting some relatives in Awadh and the surroundings, informing them that he, his wife and four children were emigrating to work.

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" The chanting hung in the air. Carts, wagons and donkey caravans crowded the area as the duffadars and their arkatis were busy trying to recruit laborers. "Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata! Over here! Ya yaaa! Over here! Ya yaaa!"

Kalil held his breath. He squinted observing the bullock cart driver. "It's that damn driver that spat at me back at the bazaar?"

"You mean the time you were thrown from the cart?"

"Jumped! I thought you said I would never see his ugly face again! That's him on his bullock cart!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah! I'm sure! It's time for revenge!"

"Ignore that scoundrel," Vishnu urged, "else he'll make sure we don't get to Kolkata. He could probably pull a string or two. Be careful not to cross him before he gets crazy and tries to stop us from getting to our destination. Play his game until we get to Kolkata—pretend you've never seen the bony dog before. His bullock cart has a canopy to shade us from the treacherous sun, just what we'll need on this long journey."

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" the driver's voice rose. Vishnu was in front of Kalil, heading towards the cart, and as they were about to climb into the cart, Kalil felt the presence of another person standing next to him. He could not refuse the perfume saturating the air. He turned, breathing in the scent. His eyes met the decoy's eyes and she lowered her gaze. She reluctantly raised her eyes and their eyes met again. Kalil saw the desperation in her eyes.

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!"

Vishnu was about to get in the cart when Kalil gripped his kurta sleeve. "Wait bhai, wait," he said. Kalil turned to the driver, pretending he had never seen him before. The driver was about to raise his fist at him, remembering Kalil from his past, when he became distracted by the sixteen-year-old girl; his smile broadened and his discolored teeth looked white against his dark chocolate complexion.

"She recruited me and him," Kalil said. Upon hearing those words, the girl's face brightened up with an inhibited smile. Their eyes met again, and she reached into her side pocket and pulled out a recruiting identification card and handed it to the driver. A broad grin emerged on the driver's face, almost swallowing up his entire face; his eyes glided up and down the decoy's body, smitten by her beauty, even though he was a married man. He had seen her a few times before, but from a distance. He stepped into Kalil and blocked him from entering the cart.

The decoy cleared her throat and said, "He's going to Kolkata to board the ship to Demra."

"There's no room for him. He will contaminate everyone with his germs, and spread his disease across the oceans all the way to Demra." He made a face and held his breath. He released and said, "He will suffocate all of us." The driver gave Kalil a nasty look and said, "I have lots of connections and I will not hesitate to use my connections, so you never get to Kolkata, and never find work again, and never see the riches of El Dorado."

Vishnu and Kalil exchanged glances. The driver recognized both of them.

"Get away!" the driver shouted in their faces, his spit flying around. "Leave now!" More spit flew into the air.

The decoy cleared her throat. "I recruited him, and if you are going to do business with me, you play by my rules. I want you to get them to Kolkata quickly and safely, and if you don't, I will take you aside and have a few words with you, and trust me, you do not want to get on my wrong side—I could get tough."



The two young men were surprised that the decoy was not only pretty, but she could get tough. The driver hesitated, not expecting the girl to be so upfront with him.

She peered into his eyes and said in a calm voice, "A man is known for his deeds."

The driver smiled. He cleared his throat and flashed Kalil a harsh glance, as if he was about to choke the seventeen-year-old. His eyes rolled back to the decoy. She glanced at Kalil and back to the driver. A smile emerged on her face, and the driver surrendered to her beauty and nodded.

Vishnu was about to speak, when Kalil cut him off and said, "She recruited both of us."

Before the girl could turn around to wave down her boss, the duffadar stepped up to them with a wide smile, poking his sweaty head into their faces, ready to finalize their contracts.

"Their destination is Demra," the girl said. "Demra in British Guiana."

Kalil glanced at the girl and back to the duffadar. "She recruited us to work in Demra on a five-year contract."

The desi Englishman beamed a smile. "Then you two young men are on your way to El Dorado—to the rich and beautiful empire of Guiana, to carry out light work and turn sugar. Sugar is sweet."

Kalil looked around. "She recruited him too," he said, pointing at Boodoo.

The girl swallowed with a nervous and restrained smile.

"What?" Boodoo said, a puzzled expression on his face. He was clueless, nor does he read or write. He turned to the girl, and when their eyes met, he shook his head and said, "She recruited me. I can't read and write—just add my name. I place my trust in her."

The duffadar smiled and said, "Magnificent, magnificent. I will be more than happy to do the honor."

There was another eighteen-year-old in the cart with a dholak drum on his lap. He stood up and said, "Add me to her list." His name was Shahrukh from Meerut, a place north of Delhi, in northern India. He was also traveling to Guiana. A wide smile grew on his face and his eyes made contact with the decoy. "Call me Shah. I was told that Demra has many teaching jobs, so I'm going to Demra to work as a teacher."

"Of course, of course," the desi Englishman said with a crafty smile. You will have your pick."

The decoy smiled shyly, showing her appreciation.

"And him too!" Shah announced, pointing at another man age twenty-two, sporting a tight black turban. His name was Janhair Sing from Rajpoot, Lucknow. "He was promised a job as a cook on the ship and in British Guiana—big money, big money." Shah glanced around. "And her too," he said and then pointed at a man, "and him too."

The duffadar grinned and flashed his decoy a wink. "Good job girl, good job. Pay day is today and you will be paid very well." The decoy received a commission for recruiting Kalil, Vishnu, Boodoo, Shah, Janhair, the lady, and a Pandit *priest* onboard the rickety bullock cart. It was a record-breaking day for her; she was elated.

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" the driver's mantra grew melodic, trying to impress the decoy, his eyes plastered on her. "All onboard for Kolkata! Yo yohhh! All onboard for Kolkata!" his voice rose like a wailing elephant. "Last call! Last call! Yo yohhh! Let's go! Let's go!"

Kalil avoided a confrontation with the driver and climbed into the cart. His body thrust forward and he tried to balance as his backpack slid from his shoulders. He pulled off his taanpura and landed into an empty spot on the long shaky bench next to the opening in the canvas; the bench was padded with sponge and a canvas. Vishnu's bag slid from his shoulders and he planted his body in the seat across from Kalil. The cart started to rattle as if it was about to flatten out on the dried up ground. Kalil's body jerked forward and he

pushed his backpack under the bench with his feet. He pulled off his bandana and kicked off one of his juttis and then the other, relieving the pressure from his aching feet. Diagonally from him was the Pandit, staring at him with bulging eyes; a strong smell of prayer scent sprung from him. His name was Mohan, a twenty-nine-year old Brahmin priest with a thick bushy moustache and beard. He was promised a job as a clerk in British Guiana. Kalil's eyes drifted from him to the lady, who was observing them. Trying to be polite, Kalil smiled at her, but she turned her face away.

The driver had no choice but to deliver Vishnu and Kalil to Kolkata; he was outnumbered, and now pretended that he had never seen them before. The bullock cart was congested with seven people for the long journey.

The duffadar signed some papers and handed them to the driver and said, "When you arrive in Kolkata, turn these papers over to the under agent for the shipper. His name is John Hughes. If he is not there, then give the papers to a policeman that's recognized by the East India Company. Sergeant McCann is normally in that area."

The driver nodded and replied, "Yes, sahib. I know Sergeant McCann."

The duffadar returned a smile, his head swelled being referred to as a sahib, feeling like an Englishman.

KALIL TURNED HIS HEAD, LOOKING THROUGH THE OPENING in the canvas. The area was busy. A wagon pulled by horses took off leaving a cloud of dust. As the dust settled, Kalil watched as the decoy approached an elderly lady and a teenage boy. *She's trying to recruit them*, he thought. *It must be difficult for her to lure people into leaving their families behind for five years.* In spite of what Kalil had thought about the way the girl was dressed, he now realized that she probably didn't have a choice, like many who were desperate for work. He regretted judging her. His eyes were fixed on her. He observed, as a bright smile appeared on her face. She reached into her skirt pocket and pulled out the commission she had earned. She handed the money to the lady. The lady took the money. She counted it and hid it between the pleats of her sari. The girl turned towards the bullock cart, and her and Kalil's eyes met. Their eyes locked, and her smile faded. A few seconds went by and she shifted her body away from him.

Kalil swallowed deeply wishing he could apologize to her for his earlier remarks and behavior towards her. Because of her, he was allowed to board the bullock cart to Kolkata. *We learn when it's too late*, he thought. *Because of her, I'm on my way to Kolkata in search of my destiny.* He continued staring at her. She turned back towards the cart and their eyes locked again. The cart pulled off as they stared at each other. A cloud of dust filled the air, and the girl's eyes were fixed on the cart as it departed, leaving the Maya bazaar behind.

It was an incomplete story. *Some things are better left unsaid*, Kalil thought. But in another way, he was relieved from his guilt and felt good that the girl had received credit for recruiting everyone onboard the bullock cart destined for Kolkata. *Maybe I will see her again in five years upon my return*, he thought. *Vishnu is right, but by then she could be pregnant with her fifth child.*

Vishnu cleared his throat. He was half-awake, also looking through the opening in the canvas. "What was that all about?"

"Huh—"

"What was that all about?"

"What?"

"You and the decoy."

Kalil glanced at Vishnu, and then back out the canvas. "Nothing. Just looking." He swallowed deeply and continued, "Before you arrived looking for me, she approached me and tried to recruit me, but at the time we just didn't connect."

"Bhai, you didn't connect because you were hung up on the way she's dressed, without even knowing why she's dressed that way. I would not have hesitated the way you did. I wish my mother had arranged someone with her beauty for me to get married to."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a long story—an unfinished one."

Kalil pondered for a moment as the shaky cart picked up speed. "I guess there are lots of unfinished stories, eh?"

Vishnu hesitated and then said, "I will update you later." The dark circles around his eyes became more apparent. He yawned. "I hardly slept over the past few days. I need some sleep badly."

"Ouch!" Kalil shrieked. His head jerked backwards and banged on the shaky wooden wall behind his head." The driver looked back and started to laugh. He grinned as if it was revenge time.

"I'd be better off sitting on a camel!" Shah bellowed.

"How about I make you walk!" the driver shouted.

"Even a camel gives a smoother ride!" Shah shouted back.

"I feel like throwing up," Kalil said frantically. "This cart rattles like a dozen drums playing out of rhythm, pounding loudly in my head."

A slow, calm and steady beat from the dholak began and the lady started to hum; her name was Ranibala. Kalil picked up his taanpura and started to play softly.

THE BULLOCK CART HEADED SOUTHEAST TOWARDS Benares on long narrow dusty roads. The driver stopped every couple of hours to let the oxen rest. The passengers would get out, stretch and walk around. A day later, the driver turned onto the Silk Road winding through the ancient city of Benares. The passengers watched with curious eyes as they journeyed along the famous route, which traders from distant lands had traversed throughout history. They became curious of India's colorful and vibrant saga, realizing that their land was once very rich.

A few hours later, Janhair Sing exited the cart and entered a wagon pulled by four horses, traveling at a much faster speed. He wanted to get to the ship as soon as possible to commence his cooking duties.

The journey continued along the Silk Road, and on the way through Benares, they caught a glimpse of the water cascading from the mountain range and into the Ganges. They continued on, and as they reached the Ganges, Vishnu started to sketch the worshippers, noticing a small naked boy with a six-inch *churki strands of hair in the middle of the head* cupping water in his palms, washing his face. The driver stopped so he could cleanse himself in the holy water. Everybody got off the cart and the driver led the oxen to a well to drink water. He then joined the worshippers converged on the steps descending into the Ganges. He made it to the bottom and stepped into the holy water, letting his body submerged. The Pandit was also bathing and praying amongst a crowd of worshippers.

Under an asoka tree, Vishnu was busy sketching the worshippers, while Kalil was lying down, resting and writing a poem. After a good rest, everybody got back into the cart and they were on their way. They continued on the Silk Road. They played and sang, and as Vishnu sketched the people in the rickety bullock cart, a light beat from a tabla began. They glanced around to see who was playing the drum, but saw nobody. Vishnu's drawing continued to evolve when he started to sketch a small barefoot sticking out from

underneath the bench; he held his breath, exchanging a glance with Shah, and before another blink of the eye, Shah grabbed the foot and pulled. The tabla stopped, and a small boy popped out from underneath the seat. The cart came to an abrupt stop.

"How the hell did you get on my cart!" the driver shouted. "You're a stowaway! Not on my bullock! Get the hell off!" It was the same boy with the churki who Vishnu had captured in his sketch. The driver's blessings gained from his cleanse in the Holy Ganges was already diminishing due to his ominous conduct. He jumped from the front of the cart and entered the passengers' section with his right arm out, pointing his index finger. He grabbed the seven-year-old by his churki and pulled him to his feet, and then pushed him off the cart before anybody could have stopped him. The driver jumped from the cart, as the boy crashed into the bushes and screamed. The passengers hurried off the cart as the boy stumbled and fell on his face. He got onto his knees, looking at the others, crying with dirt all over his hands and face.

The driver gripped the boy by his churki again, pulling him. Ranibala reeled up to the driver and slapped him hard in his face. "How dare you treat a child with such cruelty! I'm sure you have children!" she shouted. The boy broke loose.

The driver was stunned. Vishnu and Kalil exchanged cautious glances, not wanting their foe to turn on them. The driver was about to grab Ranibala when Vishnu clutched the driver's arm and twisted it behind his back and shouted, "Surrender now you rascal!" He let go and the driver stumbled to the ground.

"Rascal?" the driver retorted as he got up trying to catch his breath.

Kalil stuck his head in the driver's face. "Yes! Don't be so cruel!"

Ranibala lurched forward and shouted, "How dare you treat a child with cruelty!" and then pushed the driver. The man stumbled and fell again. He looked baffled, slowly getting up.

Everybody threatened the driver with tight fists, pleading with him to let the orphan ride on the bullock cart.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED BY DAY AND NIGHT ON THE SILK Route. The passengers marveled at the prestigious homes and castles of the wealthy British and the few well-to-do Indians, with long gazes. The captivating ruins reminisced on the history of the motherland. Hindu temples and Muslim masjids inspired them during their journey.

Overshadowing the beauty of the Indian subcontinent were naked trees and shanty homes dotting the landscape. Narrow congested dirt roads stretched on for miles and miles. Countless people in rags, barefoot, bony cheeks, and ribs protruding from their half-naked bodies came in and out of view. Sometimes goats, cows and elephants blocked the dusty roads. Children with varying shades of colors—beige to chocolate brown—ran around and played freely, while hungry dogs looked for their next meal.

A heavy downpour began and Ranibala started to bawl. She hadn't seen rain in months. The famine had taken her family away from her. And although the famine continued to devastate the North-Western Provinces, the rain was coming down heavy on a small area in eastern India, cooling them down as the wobbly cart headed towards the foothills of Chota Nagpur Plateau. The Pandit started to chant, "Om shanti shanti" and Ranibala calmed down. The journey continued and they kept each other entertained. Some told riddles and jokes, livening up the ones who were disheartened about leaving their families behind. Vishnu's sketch of the travelers onboard the cart was almost completed. As Shah, the orphan and Kalil played their instruments, Ranibala sang, filled with tears and emotions. She was twenty-eight years old and had become one of the many forgotten widows of India after her husband and two children had died from cholera and starvation during the famine.



During her husband's cremation, she was placed on top of his pyre, sacrificing herself. *The practice known as 'sati' or widow burning was outlawed by the British in 1829, but still practiced by some.* A group of British and Indian soldiers had caught the act and stopped it just in the nick of time, where Ranibala was quickly removed as she was about to go up in flames, and was taken to safety.

Ranibala was from Doab, a region in the North-Western Provinces affected by the famine. She had no one left to turn to. She was left all alone, filled with emptiness, bitterness, hurt and anger. She had forsaken all hope and was desperately seeking a way out, and instead of committing suicide or having to live with the horrible memories of the famine, where hundreds of thousands continued to perish, she had decided to leave the motherland, taking her happy memories of her children, husband and some of their belongings with her. She wanted to share the beautiful stories of her children and husband with the rest of the world, and felt some measure of happiness amongst the people in the bullock cart, something she had not felt since losing her family a few months ago. The downpour lasted for almost a day.

THEY WERE NOW TRAVELING ON NARROW DUSTY trails skirting through the lower hills of Hazareebagh. Trees with sunbaked leaves lined both sides of the route, as clusters of huts with thatches emerged and disappeared. The cart continued for another hour climbing through the lower slopes, speeding through patches of dense forests and the wide-open meadows as the hill people went about their lives. For hours, the slowly trotting sun played hide and go seek with them, appearing and disappearing, until once again sunlight and the azure sky were everywhere. *The 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. Hazareebagh is the Persian word meaning City of a thousand garden, where hazaree means one thousand and bagh means city.*

A group of about one hundred people laboring on a farm with animals caught their attention.

"Barree-wallahs!" the driver called out. "Hill-coolies."

"The Barree-wallahs make good shepherds," Boodoo chipped in as some of the natives went about grooming the sheep, goats and horses.

The bullock cart continued through the slopes and they came across a gang of approximately two hundred and fifty people coming down from the upper hills.

"Boonahs!" the driver called out. "More hill-coolies."

"How do you know they are Boonahs?" Shah questioned.

"I know these hills inside out."

"Why hill-coolies?" Shah asked. "Why do you keep calling these people hill-coolies?"

"Are you an idiot or a fool?" the driver bellowed. "They are the coolies from the hills! They do work for cheap. They're labeled as coolies—hill-coolies."

"The Boonahs also live in these hills amongst many other tribes," Boodoo said. "They are skilled in indigo cultivation."

Shah pointed. "Where is that group of Boonahs heading with those children?"

"To work," Boodoo answered. "The wives and children are accompanying the men. The women are loyal to their men. They are heading down to Kolkata, where they will board a ship heading further north towards the manufacturing area in Kishnaghur, or they travel to Jessore not too far from Kolkata. They will carry out indigo cultivation for the

season, and then return home with their earnings, enough to keep them going for a while, until the next indigo season."

The driver continued through the hills and passed another group of people, mainly men, being led by other some men.

"More coolies," the driver's voice rose. "Hill-coolies."

"Dhangons," Boodoo said.

"You mean Dhangurs?" Vishnu asked.

"Yes. Some say Dhanga, some say Dhangons," Boodoo clarified. "The Dhangurs are the skilled agricultural laborers. The Dhangurs and Boonahs work for cheap in the British factories and indigo farms in places like Tirhoot and Assam.

"Which caste are the Dhangurs from?" Mohan asked.

"They have no religion," Vishnu replied. "Many sees them as outcasts. If they do have some kind of religion, it's not the same as our Hinduism. Many of them do not mix with Hindus and Mussulman *Muslims*."

"We're in the upper country—the hill country. These hills are a country in itself, cut off from the rest of Hindustan," Boodoo explained.

Shah scratched his head with a puzzled look. "I didn't even know such a place like this existed."

"You northerners know nothing!" the driver exclaimed. "You're a bunch of lazy clerks, Brahmin priests, stonemasons and merchants!" He turned to Shah and grinned. "And lazy good for nothing teachers." The people in the bullock cart exchanged careful glances not wanting to get into a fight with the driver.

Boodoo continued, "Hindustan is a big country—a country in riches, poverty, famines and wars. There's not enough work to feed everyone and this is why I'm emigrating."

"I'm leaving for more than one reason," Vishnu interrupted. Kalil gave Vishnu a questioning glance. Vishnu continued, "I will miss my job, supervising a group of Dhangurs at the indigo factory in Tirhoot." Groans and hums filled the air as the travelers wondered why Vishnu would give up a good position, leaving his family behind.

"The Dhangurs and Boonahs are in demand by the planters that runs the indigo factories and farms in Tirhoot and Assam because of their agricultural skills and experience," Boodoo explained.

"Why them?" Shah asked.

"They have the skills and stamina to get the agricultural work done," Boodoo answered.

Vishnu nodded his head in agreement. "They are dependable and reliable," Vishnu added.

"Cheap pay!" the driver exclaimed.

"True. Cheap pay," Vishnu agreed. "They work for the British for low wages, so do many of us across Hindustan—some of us work and don't even get paid. The Boonahs and Dhangurs are quiet, obedient, and never complain about anything."

"That's how the gora *white man* likes us," Shah chipped in. "My family are clerks and merchants. One is a doctor. I'm a teacher, but the famine has ruined me and many, closing down the schools."

"Good for nothing lazy teachers from the north," the driver commented, rudely. "The famine should have killed you also."

Shah tensed up making a tight fist as the others exchanged glances with him.

Kalil made a face at the driver and said, "Many including myself became unemployed when the experimental tea plantation closed down in Assam. I was a junior carpenter. The Dhangurs have a better chance of finding work on another tea plantation because of their

agricultural experience and skills. It will be hard for me to find another carpentry job. I had to travel for weeks, all the way from Lucknow to Assam so I could work and learn my trade."

"What do the Dhangurs make at the indigo farms and factories?" Shah asked.

"Two, three, sometimes three and a half rupees a month," Vishnu answered. "The work is seasonal."

"The tea plantation in Assam pays the same," Kalil said. "I was making three and a half rupees and out of that I had to pay for my travel expenses and food."

"I was making three rupees a month," Boodoo said. "It's hard to save a paisa nowadays. You are right about the Dhangurs being in demand by the planters. They leave their homes in these hills for ten months, traveling all the way to the indigo factories and tea plantations to work. They return home periodically during the year to their families," he explained, as the others listened attentively. "At the end of the work season, they return home for two months. Some move with their families to Tirhoot and are given employment all year. From their earnings, they pay their rent, taxes, food, clothes, travel expenses and everything else. After expenses they have nothing left, not even a paisa. But they survive. The ones that find work are managing, but they'll never get ahead with such measly pay. You know how hard it is to save a rupee nowadays."

"I know," Kalil replied. "And is this why you're going to Demra?"

Boodoo nodded. "It will be a new beginning on a new land. In Demra, we'll have no expense. I'm taking my whole family. My whole family will be employed, except for the baby. The children will be paid for light work. We will work hard and save every paisa and return home, well off. A decade ago, I wanted to work on the ships traveling to England, but then I got married and had to take care of my wife, and a baby was on the way. Today, the New World is my destination. It's an opportunity to rebuild."

"You will become a raja in Demra, saving all your earnings," Shah said.

"With a wife and so many children laboring in Demra you will become a maharaja! Not a raja, but a maharaja," the driver corrected Shah.

Boodoo continued, "I already made arrangements with the driver to stop on the way to pick up my wife and children." He hesitated and said, "I have four small children—one is a baby. Will everybody fit?"

"We'll make everyone fit," Vishnu said positively.

"I will hold a child on my lap," Ranibala said, engulfed in her memories of her children and husband that died during the famine. The others agreed to help out.

The bullock cart continued, and a day later, the driver stopped and picked up Boodoo's wife and their four small children. The cart was now crammed. One of the girls sat on Ranibala's lap. Ranibala held her cozily, remembering her children. Another girl found a spot on the floor, and the parents held the two smaller children on their laps.

They were squished together like sardines as the shaky cart continued through the Chota Nagpur Plateau, leaving a dust trail, as the hill people went about their lives.

Early next morning, they reached a town called Kissenpore. Elegant homes behind the fences, which belonged to the British and other Europeans, dotted the area. The Indians occupied the mud and wooden huts, with thatches. The driver continued until they reached a small park and stopped. Some barefooted and bare chested children in short white dhotis stopped and stared, looking scared. A small boy picked up a stone and hurled it at the driver and ran; it skimmed the driver's head. The driver became angry and started to curse the boy. A man tending cows stopped to observe them, his mouth started to twitch; he shrugged his shoulders and hurried away. A lady carrying a basket in each hand glanced at them, and then started to walk as fast as she could, keeping her distance from them. Four wagons, two elephants, and five donkey caravans were parked in the area.

"Yoh, yoh, yohhhhh!" the driver's voice rose. "Get out and refresh!" his voice echoed, as he jumped from the cart and started to untie the oxen. "There's a bazaar down the road," he said, pointing. "Be back in two and a half hour, else you'll be crawling on your knees all the way to Kolkata."

"Like we're not already crawling," Shah remarked.

"What!"

"Nothing! I didn't say a word!"

The passengers got off the cart and dragged their tired bodies toward the bazaar. Vishnu saw a guava tree and plucked a ripe guava from a low hanging branch as Kalil sluggishly walked ahead of him. Vishnu snapped his fingers twice. Kalil turned around yawning and Vishnu tossed the fruit at him.

"Think quick!" Vishnu said loudly.

Before Kalil could have raised his hand, the fruit hit him on his chest and fell to the ground. "Watch it!" Kalil bellowed. Shah and Boodoo looked back and laughed.

Vishnu grinned. "That will hopefully wake you up!" He hurled another guava. Kalil tried to catch it, but the fruit cut through his fingers and burst. Kalil licked his fingers. Vishnu plucked another one and launched it at him. He caught it and took a big eager bite.

Upon hearing some laughter, they turned their heads.

A light-skinned man in British clothes was resting under a mango tree observing them. "The guavas are tasty," he said in Hindustani. "I had a couple earlier. Good catch. I bet you two young men play cricket."

"I've never played cricket before," Kalil responded. "Cricket is a white man's sport."

"My friends, cricket is for everybody, and I'm sure both of you will make good cricket players."

"I'm sure we will one day," Kalil said with a reassuring smile.

"Are you two young men interested in some work?"

A curious expression spread across Kalil's tired face. "We're always interested in work."

"Then let me explain the work contract. The first thing you must understand is, the job I'm referring to is a five-year labor contract, where you must leave your home and family behind, and travel beyond the sea to work in the Mauritius for five rupees a month on a sugar plantation. Do you understand this part of the contract?"

Kalil nodded. "Yes. It's the same deal for Demra."

"Then you have some knowledge of working beyond the sea, away from home?"

"Yes we do," Vishnu answered with a nod.

"And you don't mind leaving your families behind?"

Kalil hesitated and then said, "With the famine and starvation upon us in the north, we have no choice but to leave our families behind for five years. The sacrifice is worth it. We will return with our wealth so we could have a much better life. Time will fly."

"Are you married?"

"Neither of us are," Vishnu answered.

"Are you Dhangurs from these hills?"

"No. We're traveling through," Vishnu replied. "We're on our way to Kolkata. I'm from the north, from a village just north of Faizabad in the Kingdom of Awadh, a good distance from here."

"I'm also from the north but farther west in the Kingdom of Awadh, in Lucknow."

"I didn't think you were Dhangurs. I'm familiar with the features of the Indians from different parts of the country. I've also traveled to Lucknow and Faizabad. The man extended his right arm. "I am Mack Carapiet."

They shook hands.



"I'm Vishnu."

"I'm Kalil."

"Are you English?" Vishnu asked.

"I'm Armenian. Along with the British, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Danish, Turkish, Arabs and many others, the Armenians have also made India a place for business." He hesitated and then said, "It's all about the spice trade and a wealth of cheap labor, and the control of territories. He glanced around and continued, "As you know, the Port of Kolkata is swarming with businessmen from across the world, all coming here to carry out business. I am recruiting the skilled agricultural laborers from these hills for the Mauritius."

"The Dhangurs?" Kalil asked.

"Yes," Mack replied. "And you said you are going to?"

"Demra," Vishnu answered. The Armenian man looked puzzled. "Demra is in Guiana. From what I heard, this is the first exportation of Hindustanis to New World."

Kalil smiled and said, "To find El Dorado."

"To find El Dorado?" Mack asked with a questioning expression.

"Yes. Have you not heard of El Dorado?" Kalil questioned. "Demra is in El Dorado."

"Yes, I've heard of El Dorado. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote about the discovery of El Dorado in Guiana—and you mean Demerara in British Guiana in South America."

"Yes, yes, Demra—Dem, Demraliya," Vishnu stammered.

"Demerara is not an easy word to pronounce," Mack said.

"Demeyaraaaa," Kalil said, trying to pronounce the word.

"That's close," Mack said.

The two young men took a moment to get their pronunciation right, laughing at each other, calling out, "Demivarara. Demvariya. Demwaarara. Demiiiiirarira. Demilariya! Demivawara!" Mack burst out laughing. He helped them. They continued, "Demeraaayaaa! Demeraara! Demra—Demraliya! Demera—Demerara!"

Mack clapped. They finally got the pronunciation of Demerara right, but it was still a tongue twister for them.

"And how did you hear about emigrating to Demerara in South America?"

"From the duffadars and their arkatis at the Maya bazaar," Vishnu replied.

"Over the last ten years, the duffadars have recruited thousands of the skilled agricultural laborers from the hills for Reunion, the Mauritius and Bourbon," Mack informed them.

"And now they are recruiting for Demraliya. I mean Demera—Demerara," Kalil said. "And we want to explore El Dorado—for the gold."

"For the gold," Vishnu's voice echoed quietly.

"For the gold?" Mack asked with curiosity, "and to work?"

"Yes, for the gold," Kalil said in another soft echoing voice. "We're going to El Dorado. For the gold and to work."

"For the gold," Vishnu replied softly again, shaking his head.

Mack's face brightened up and he started to laugh listening to their excitement. "Well, young men, I wouldn't blame you at all if there's gold to be found." He tilted his head and then said, "So it looks like the duffadars are beginning to recruit from the north, and not just from the hills of Chota Nagpur."

Kalil nodded. "I've seen them hanging around at the Maya bazaar."

Four carts passed by packed with young men. Brown hands reached out, waving. An array of rattling tin sounds filled the air. Mack's eyes stalked the cart as it continued through the woods, slowly disappearing. The clattering of tin sounds faded. "Those four carts are heading for Kolkata with Dhangurs to be exported to the Mauritius."

"How can you tell?" Vishnu asked.

"I got a glimpse of Petumber—"

"Petumber?" Kalil questioned.

"Petumber Chuckerbutty. He's from the town of Kolkata and is always in the villages in the mofussil with his arkatis. He's good at recruiting laborers in the hills. I also caught a glimpse of Rampershad—the king of deceptions and trickery in the mofussil. He's a big time duffadar and also has a reputation for recruiting the hill-coolies to work in the Mauritius. I barely got a glimpse of Kissoon, Sankar, Hossein Baksh and Pursin Sing."

Kalil and Vishnu exchanged curious glances listening to the Armenian man.

Mack cleared his throat. "I arrived early this morning in Kissenpore so I could visit with Captain Wilkinson for a while."

"Captain?" Kalil asked with curiosity.

Mack pointed. "Captain Wilkinson lives ten minutes from here by wagon. He works for the sheriff department, and looks after one of the districts."

"Sounds interesting," Kalil said.

"I'm on my way to see Captain Wilkinson. Would you like to meet him?"

The two teenagers turned to each other and shook their heads.

"I would," Kalil replied.

Vishnu nodded. "Count me in."

"But we have to be back before the driver leaves without us," Vishnu said cautiously.

"He'd be happy to leave us behind, so we never get to El Dorado, just to spite us," Kalil added. He's leaving in two and a half hours."

Mack laughed. "Then I will make sure you are back in time. Come on." They followed him over to his wagon. He patted the two horses on their backs and said, "Looks like both of you have had a good rest and lots of water to drink." As they were about to enter the wagon, Mack said, "It's early, but a Captain is always up early."

The two teenagers turned to each other and smiled as they climb into Mack's wagon.

### *Kedgerree—Saturday, January 6, 1838*

AS THE SUN ROSE, the Whitby sailed down the Hugli River in Kolkata and anchored at Kedgerree. Over the past week, a master pilot for the service of the East India Company, John Dyer, had been piloting the ship up and down the river twice, collecting batches of emigrants for British Guiana. He was skilled at maneuvering ships through the river and crowded harbors. Captain James Swinton entered a boat at the ghat and the oarsman rowed towards the ship. A few minutes went by and the Captain entered the ship as a light breeze fanned through, filling the air with scents.

"Something smells good!" James said in a loud raspy voice, speaking Hindustani.

"Dhal and rice, Captain," a cook known as Baboo from Bengal responded. *Baboo was a word used to show respect when addressing another Indian man.*

"I would love to have some dhal and rice," the Captain said.

"Give me ten minutes," Baboo replied.

Four Indian cooks were assigned for preparing meals for the emigrants during the voyage. They were up early cooking over two large chulhas *cooking pots* sitting over a fire. Smoke clouding up the cooks' faces, as the sizzling of onions burst into the open air.

Across from the Whitby, the Hesperus now sat in the river, having anchored early in the morning at Kedgerree while making its way up the river, collecting laborers for British Guiana. Captain Swinton waved and Captain Baxter who was having a discussion with the surgeon of the Hesperus, Dr. Richmond waved back. Two ships bound for Mauritius and Bourbon were also collecting their last batch of laborers. Two cooks on the Hesperus were also busy cooking for the emigrants that had already boarded.

As Baboo stirred the dhal adding more jeera, Janhair Sing was happily carrying out his duties and singing a bhajan as he added salt to the boiling rice. He was picked up from Budge Budge a few days ago while the pilot was coming down the river with the Whitby, collecting recruits for British Guiana.

"How about some juicy roast pork for lunch?" an Irish cook, named Lawrence, asked with a grin; he was a thirty-two-year-old, bony, pale-skinned, five feet five inches tall with short light brown wavy hair, a couple rolls of wrinkles under his eyes had made him out to look ten to fifteen years older than his age. He was the head cook for the European crew, supervisors, and the few European passengers on the ship. He had already made breakfast for them. He was also an officer during the voyage due to his eight years of experience on ships. Lawrence wanted a change in life after having lived an unhappy and unfruitful life in Ireland. His destination was West Demerara to work as a cook and as a bookkeeper on Plantation Bellevue. After leaving Ireland, he had spent a year in India carrying out business in Kolkata, but things had not worked out the way he had wanted it to.

"Roast pork sounds perfect for lunch," the Captain replied.

"I'm sure Baboo and Janhair will join us for a treat," Lawrence said loudly in Hindustani for the Indian cooks to hear him.

"None for me," Baboo replied.

"I've never touched pork and never will," Janhair said. "Not for a thousand rupees."

"How about a million rupees? You will love this tasty delight," Lawrence pressed on. "You need a change in menu. You must try it. It's addictive. Try it once and you will not want to live without it."

"It's against my practice. You know that," Janhair responded with a sick look on his face. "I'll stick to dhal and rice." Lawrence laughed seeing how Janhair became defensive from the mention of pork.

Upon boarding the Whitby, the emigrants commenced their five-year labor contract, carrying out ship duties. Some had boarded on December 29, 1837, and the rest in January 1838, on different dates as the Whitby was sailing up and down the river. The emigrants on the ship were divided into groups and assigned ship duties: cooking, scrubbing, sweeping, spraying.

The Captain joined the pilot and the officer of the morning watch. They were introduced to each other a few months ago at a banquet held at the Palace in Kolkata for the Directors of the East India Company that were visiting from London. While James ate his ham, eggs and potatoes, along with the dhal and rice from Baboo, the pilot, the officer of the morning watch and the crew were also having their breakfast, indulging in ham, eggs and potatoes.

"The cooks for the emigrants cook once a day," the officer of the morning watch said. His name was Anthony, a six-foot tall slim built man with short dark hair.

The pilot shrugged his shoulders. He hesitated and then said, "There's not enough to cook."

The Captain sniffed a little and said, "Make sure the cooks prepare enough to last the emigrants throughout the entire day, so they don't go hungry." He glanced around at the recruits. "How many emigrants to feed so far?"

"About a hundred and seventy," the pilot replied.

"That's not even close to meeting the quota for Guiana," the Captain replied, looking frustrated.

"I've taken the Whitby down the river twice, picking up groups from the buoys, Coolie bazaar, Fultah, Mud Point, Budge Budge and other stops along the river," the pilot said as the two ships bound for Mauritius and Bourbon, packed with over six hundred

emigrants, were beginning to crawl through the Hugli River heading towards the Bay of Bengal.

James swallowed. "The Whitby departs in a week. What's the hold up?"

"As you know, emigration to the Mauritius, Bourbon and Reunion have been draining the Dhangurs from the hills, and John Gladstone and some of the other Guiana planters are expecting these same Dhangurs to cultivate their sugarcane fields," the pilot answered.

"If we're short of Dhangurs, why not recruit other Indians from the lower land in Bengal?"

"The sugarcane fields can only be conquered by a dedicated group of skilled agriculturists, and not by just any Bengali from the lower land of Bengal, or anyone else," the pilot replied. "As you know, the Dhangurs, whether from the hills of West Bengal, Hazareebagh, or from other parts of the Chota Nagpur Plateau, they are the ones that possess the agricultural skills which the planters are demanding. Thousands of these Dhangurs have been toiling in the fields of the Mauritius, Reunion and Bourbon for over a decade now and are working out well. Oh by the way, did I mention that Kissoon had dropped by early this morning with some emigrants?"

"No."

"He and some of the other duffadars will be back soon with more recruits."

"Look, I'm very worried that we're not even close to meeting the quota, and the Whitby set sail in a week?" the Captain complained.

"James, when it comes to greed, nothing could stop the duffadars and their subordinate agents from delivering," the pilot remarked. "It's big money for them. They'll come through. They always do."

Noise filled the ship.

"What's all the noise?" the Captain asked.

"Sometimes the emigrants get restless, not being able to leave the ship after boarding, but they are getting used to it." The pilot hesitated and continued, "I've been on the ship for just over a week now, and fifteen emigrants are already sick, and the journey has not even begun."

"That many sick already?"

"Maybe more."

"Were they in good health when they boarded?"

"They were in perfectly good health when they boarded. Fever and other illnesses keep rising. The surgeon has been on the ship tending to them. I suggest letting the sick ones off the ship so they could recuperate, but the duffadars would not allow it."

"Why wouldn't they allow it?"

"They said that the planters residing in London have already paid a six-month wage-advance for each recruit, and they fear that the recruits would run off with the wage-advance if they are let off the ship for a break." Four chokedars *watchmen with supervisor skills* were on the ship keeping a watch on the emigrants to ensure they didn't leave while the ship was anchored. The shipper provided the chokedars; one of them was a police chokedar.

More noise spread through the ship as the dockworkers entered carrying bags of rice. A group of emigrants were assisting them.

"Take the rice down to the cargo hold," Anthony said, directing the workers.

Anthony turned to the Captain. "James, half of the rice cargo was loaded during the stop at Coolie bazaar. We're loading the rest today, here in Kedgerree. The rice cargo is causing the ship to heat up. Do we need that much rice on the ship?"

James turned to the pilot. "And you said there's not enough to cook?"



"As far as I'm concerned there's not enough," John Dyer responded.

"Rice is their diet," the Captain reminded them. "This rice cargo is necessary for the long journey, until we get to the Cape for restocking." Noise filled the air as the workers carried out their duties. "And the water for the journey?"

"We'll be loading the water right here in Kedgerie in a couple of days," Anthony answered.

The Captain had a concerned look on his face. "We still haven't reached our quota."

*Kissenpore—Sunday, January 7, 1838*

THE WAGON BOUNCED UP AND DOWN AS MACK CARAPIET sped along the winding trails. Vishnu and Kalil were laughing, enjoying the fast ride. They couldn't wait to meet Captain Wilkinson.

"I sure wish I was traveling on a wagon like this one from Awadh to Kolkata," Vishnu said, as they conversed in Hindustani.

Kalil agreed with a nod. "Me too."

"I'm glad you two young men are enjoying the ride," Mack replied as the horses galloped through the woods.

Ten minutes later, Mack pulled up in front of a large compound in Kissenpore. They got off the wagon and Mack looked over the fence. A big two-storey house with a verandah on the second floor stood beyond the fence. Trees dotted the yard.

"An elegant home," Vishnu commented.

"Captain Wilkinson is a busy man," the Armenian man said as they entered the gate to the compound and walked up to the house. Mack knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again.

A voice came from behind, speaking English. "Captain Wilkinson is away in Chinbassah, eight days travel from here."

"When will he be back?"

"He's gone until February."

"I was hoping to visit with him, while on my trip through the hills procuring the hill people for the Mauritius. I am Mack Carapiet."

"I am Pykajee, Captain Wilkinson's writer."

"Please inform the Captain that I was here. I will drop in another time."

"I will let the Captain know that you were here to see him." He switched to Hindustani. "You must be tired from your travels. Please join me for breakfast. Anybody that's a friend of the Captain is a friend of mine."

"Then we cannot refuse your offer."

"I'm making chai, fried aloo and chapatis. Anything else you would like?" Pykajee asked, as they walked over to a bungalow in the compound, which he lived in, and belongs to Captain Wilkinson.

Everyone agreed that Pykajee's choice for breakfast was perfect. They entered the bungalow.

"Please make yourselves comfortable as I prepare breakfast. And you said you are procuring coolies from the hills?"

"Yes," Mack answered. "Mr. Dowson, a partner of the recruiting agency, Messrs. Henley, Dowson & Company had asked me to come up to the hills and recruit the Dhangurs for him, using his new method."

"His new method?" Pykajee asked. "How is this new method working?"

Mack laughed a little. "Well—over the past few weeks, I've visited many towns and villages in the mofussil. It's been a long tiresome and unproductive journey."

"Unproductive?"

"I couldn't even recruit one Dhangur, not even one."

"Not even one? Then if the old method works in recruiting the coolies, then stick with it," Pykajee advised. "Petumber alone could drain the hills," he added.

"So I've heard. I stopped over at Jheeko, Baujpore, Khuttungah, Nurvulle, Bancoora, Lohardagah and many other places for a day or two, explaining the contract to the Dhangurs and letting them know that the work entails leaving their families behind for five years to work beyond the sea, and that they will return with their savings. But after explaining the contract, as I was asked to do by Mr. Dowson, it has been fruitless."

"You told the truth—"

"Yes. The truth must be told. The truth shall set us free. But I could not even convince one Dhangur, not even one when the truth is told. Mr. Dowson will not be pleased. For sure he will go out of business with his new recruiting method. The Mauritius is expecting a shipment of two hundred skilled agricultural laborers immediately from Mr. Dowson. You know the sugar industry is big in the Mauritius, and the Europeans cannot live without sugar."

"I know. I know. Sugar is sweet. Then I suggest you stick with the old system. If it's not broken then don't try to fix it," Pykajee counseled. "It's the only system that prevails in the hills. John Hughes, who is the under agent for the shipping agent Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company have many of his duffadars scouring the hills for the skilled agricultural laborers as we speak, recruiting thousands and depleting the hills of the young."

"Which duffadars?" Mack asked.

"Petumber is always in the hills procuring recruits to carry out menial—unskilled labor for the British settlers in Kolkata. Rampershad, Sankar, Kissoon, Hossein Baksh, Pursin Sing and many others, along with their arkatis, are cleaning out the hills of their best, experienced and skilled agricultural laborers as we speak, to ship them across the oceans."

Mack nodded his head. "Rampershad is the king of the mofussil. I also saw him, Petumber and some of the other duffadars earlier on their carts, packed with the hill people."

"Mr. Dowson will lose the shirt off his back if he tries to introduce a new system in the hills and the surroundings," Pykajee warned as he poured them some chai. They helped themselves to the chapatis and fried aloo.

"Excellent," Vishnu said.

Kalil agreed. "You're a good cook."

Pykajee blushed. "Thank you."

Mack sipped on his chai. "I like it. Pykajee, you are correct. I have a very strong feeling that Mr. Dowson will have to abandon his new system and resort back to the existing corrupted system if he wants to remain in business."

Kalil cleared his throat and a chuckle escaped him. Vishnu flashed him a strangled look as if to smack him across his head. Kalil chuckled again and said, "Mack, if I had known you before, you could have recruited us by telling us the truth, and that would have kick start things for you. Vishnu and I are aware that we will be traveling beyond the sea and working away for five years."

Mack smiled and said, "Thank you for your thoughtfulness, young man."

Kalil burst out laughing. Mack and Pykajee joined in his laughter.

Vishnu tugged on Kalil's kurta sleeve and whispered, "This is no laughing matter, bhai."

"I can't help it, something funny popped into my head," Kalil replied.

"Please share with us," Pykajee said, curiously.

"She was a pretty decoy who recruited me and Vishnu and all the people onboard the bullock cart to find our riches in El Dorado," Kalil said and laughed again.

Vishnu snickered. "It was her beauty that reeled us in—we couldn't say no to such beauty. Her beauty will attract many from the hills."

"You say a pretty decoy?" Pykajee queried with some excitement in his voice.

Kalil nodded. "Yes. A pretty teenage decoy at the Maya bazaar. But I didn't get her name."

"Because you're a fool!" Vishnu exclaimed.

Everyone laughed, including Kalil. He continued, "She is a seductive looking bait."

"A bait?" Mack asked.

"She knows how to catch a fish and the duffadar knows how to reel them in with his conniving and deceitful lies," Kalil replied. "She was the bait that hooked me. Mack, I'm sure the decoy could give you a lesson or two for recruiting in the hills. You could employ her as your pretty decoy."

Pykajee was fascinated by the story. "And you said she works at the Maya bazaar?"

"That's where we swallowed the bait and got hooked, but we were already destined for Demerara," Kalil replied as Pykajee laughed, cheerfully. "We gave her credit for recruiting us." He had a flashback of the decoy when their eyes had met for the very first time at the bazaar, during the love story of Majnun and Layla, while Vishnu was sketching her into his drawing.

"Then my friends, the next time I'm at the Maya bazaar, I will lookout for the beautiful decoy and take some lessons from her," Mack said.

"I must also visit the Maya bazaar," Pykajee said. "Perhaps she will reel me into her heart."

Everybody laughed.

They enjoyed their breakfast. Another half hour went by and it was time for them to depart.

"Breakfast was delicious. I must get these two young men back so they could continue their journey to El Dorado."

"Please come again."

"I certainly will when I'm in the area."

"I will inform Captain Wilkinson on your visit."

"Please let him know that I will drop by in a few months."

"I certainly will. By then he will be back."

They thanked Pykajee for his hospitality as he accompanied them to the gate. They shook hands and bid each other goodbye. Pykajee waved at them as the wagon took off. A smile grew on his face as he walked back to his bungalow. He sat down at his writing desk and started to write an article on his latest encounter.

Within ten minutes, Mack arrived back at the park.

"I've enjoyed our time together. All the best with your journey to Demerara."

Vishnu and Kalil thanked Mack for his time and for the trip to Captain Wilkinson's home.

The lanky driver's voice rang out, approaching them as the recruits headed back towards the cart. He stopped to admire Mack's horses. "What beauties. Oh, what beauties. One day I will have two or three just like these, for a bustling business," he said.

Mack acknowledged him. "Sounds like a plan."

"I will expand in five years, once I have enough money saved," the driver said.

"I'm sure you will do great business."

The driver grinned. "And hopefully become rich like a maharaja." He laughed. "Let's go! Let's go! All onboard for this unforgettable journey to the Port of Kolkata, and then to El Dorado. Let's go! Let's go!"

"Unforgettable all right," Kalil commented.

"Let's go! Let's go! El Dorado is waiting for us! "Let's go! Let's go! El Dorado is waiting for us!" The bony man's mantra continued as Vishnu and Kalil shook hands with Mack, and bid each other farewell. They headed for their transportation and entered. They waved at Pykajee as they headed back.

*Hugli River, On the Whitby—Wednesday, January 10, 1838, 6am*

NOISE SPRUNG FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE WHITBY. The Captain and the pilot were observing the emigrants as they entered the ship.

The pilot pointed. "That's the duffadar, Kissoon, entering the ship." Four burkendauzes *guards* that worked for the duffadars accompanied them to ensure the recruits arrived safely to the ship.

The Captain and the pilot approached them. James introduced himself and Kissoon handed him the contracts for the emigrants.

"How many are boarding?" James asked in Hindustani.

"Fifteen," Kissoon replied in English and switched to Hindustani, throwing in some English words. "More are coming."

"Why not all at once, so we could get this business over with?"

"It's easier to handle smaller groups. A few always get greedy and try to escape after receiving their wage-advance. This is why I bring them in small groups, guarded by our burkendauzes, so nobody escapes with their wage-advance. It's also much easier to control them early in the morning and late in the evening when the area is quiet."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot delay this trip, nor will I travel across the oceans all the way to South America with a half empty ship," he warned.

"There will be no delay," Kissoon quickly responded with confidence.

"The planters will not be pleased if I do not deliver the specific class of laborers from the hills that they've been sending to the Mauritius to cultivate the fields. Have I made myself clear?"

"You certainly have, Captain. This trip will not be delayed. I'm a successful businessman and I know what it takes for a business to succeed. And you don't need to take the blame for anything. Gladstone and the other planters will be pleased with our pick from the hills. Leave it to me. We will make the quota for the Whitby and the Hesperus."

The pilot grinned. "I'm sure they'll deliver. Greedy bastards," he whispered to the officer of the morning watch who just joined them.

"Who, what?" Anthony asked.

"The duffadars," he said, pointing at them. "Greedy bastards."

As more emigrants entered the Whitby, the surgeon who was also the scribe and kept records of the emigrants, was calling out the emigrants' names according to the contract, but most would not answer. Each recruit was given a tin cup, a tin plate, two blankets and two outfits—dhotis and shirts for the males, and saris for the females.

James walked up to the scribe. "Doctor, are their names confirmed with the contract approved by the police?" They often referred to the surgeon as Doc or Doctor.

The surgeon turned to the Captain and frowned. "They are not answering. I called their names twice—not everyone is answering—they couldn't care less."

"They must answer to their names."



"Sometimes I have problems pronouncing their names, but I make sure I record something."

"Each emigrant must answer to his or her name," the Captain made clear. "Get the emigrants to line up, and make sure they answer to their names, else we'll end up with a big mess for the immigration officers in Guiana, and if we provide them with incorrect information, they may not allow us to enter the colony."

"Yes, Captain. I will make sure they answer to their names," the surgeon replied.

The emigrants were rounded up into a line, and the scribe told them to answer to their names.

Lawrence walked up to them. "Answer to your names!" he shouted in their faces, disrespectfully. "If you do not, each one of you will receive a dozen lashes with the rope." Lawrence sat down and began to assist the scribe, calling out the emigrants' names. Some were still not answering. The Captain walked up to the emigrants and commanded them to answer to their names. The emigrants started to answer to their names, and the scribe recorded the following names according to his own pronunciation:

Juggun  
Boobun Sing  
Poorun  
Bucktowar  
Bundoo  
Chummare  
Juggoroo  
Gunga Persaud  
Anunto Ram (3)

The place they came from was already recorded on their contracts. Kissoon stepped away. A staccato cough escaped the surgeon as Lawrence lit a cigar.

The surgeon continued to scribe the names, keeping records of the emigrants.

"Your name?"

"Ali Baksh."

Someone called out for the surgeon to assist an emigrant who was vomiting.

"I will continue," Lawrence said, and the surgeon left.

"Spell your last name."

Ali cleared his throat and spelled his last name as 'Baksh.'

Lawrence scribbled down Ali's last name. He pondered for a moment, staring at the spelling. "Ba—ksh," he said pronouncing Ali's last name with two syllables instead of one. "I got it. Ba-kish or is it Ba-kush. Or is it basket?"

"What? I said my name is—"

"I heard you. You may continue on, Ali Ba-kus."

"Unless you prefer to be called Ali Baba," Lawrence said jokingly. The surgeon wrote down Ali's name as Ally Buckus.

Two Indian mates, Bundoo and Chummare, who had been working on the ship since it had arrived, spotted Ali, another mate that just entered the ship, and waved at him. Ali saw them and headed towards them.

Kissoon hurried back to the scribe and said, "Ali, Bundoo and Chummare are hired as mates, at six rupees per month."

Lawrence grinned. "A fifth of what a white crewman makes."

Kissoon cleared his throat and pointed at three other men and said, "Anunto Ram is hired as a sardar *Indian team leader* at seven rupees per month, so are Juggoroo and Gunga Persaud. Each one of them is capable of managing a gang of thirty for ship duties."

Lawrence grinned and said, "Then they'll be working for their paisas."

The Captain and the officer of the morning watch walked up to them and welcomed Ali to the crew; they were expecting Ali. Kissoon stepped forward. "These three mates have piloted ships through the rivers, crowded harbors and beyond the bay. You will be pleased. Many Hindustanis are excellent lascars *seamen*."

"I know, I know. Some of my voyages had all Indian lascars as the crew," the Captain replied. "The crew on many British ships is all Indian lascars. Bundoo has been overlooking the cargo and Chummare is involved in some ship's maintenance." He turned to Ali. "I will have you overlooking the deck and the gangway to ensure everyone's safety."

"Yes, Captain," Ali responded.

"Many ships are fully manned by Indian lascars like these three mates," Kissoon said. "You will need their assistance through the high seas and also in Guiana for incoming ships, and for the ships going out to sea."

"I'm counting on their piloting and navigational skills," the Captain said. The three Indian mates acknowledged the Captain.

"I hope they are good at climbing ropes during the storms," Lawrence remarked.

The three mates exchanged glances and continued on their way through the ship to carry out their duties.

The Captain and Anthony departed.

"Next! Your name?" Lawrence called out.

"Nertha Khan."

"Hill-coolie?" Lawrence asked. "Hill-coolie?"

"What?" the emigrant questioned.

"I asked, are you a coolie—a skilled agricultural laborer?"

"Coolie? Agriculture laborer?"

"You know what I mean—a Dhangur?"

"No. I'm not a Dhangur," Nertha answered in English. "I'm from Allahabad, located in the North-Western Provinces. I teach and translate English."

"Ah, so you do," Lawrence said, scrutinizing Nertha with impatient eyes. He wrote down his name and said, "Nuthaw Khaw from Allahabad."

Nertha's body stiffened. "Cow? What do you mean cow?"

I said, "Nuthaw Khaw."

"Did you say, not a cow?" Nertha questioned with a baffled look.

"Moooo!" one of the sailors taunted Nertha.

"That's exactly what I said—Nuthaw Khaw."

Kissoon stepped up to Lawrence. "Sahib, let me clarify. This man is from the interior country in the north. He will assist in translating for the emigrants. He speaks, Hindustani, Urdu, Bengali, Persian and some other languages."

"I already have his name down!" Lawrence said. He got up and walked away as the surgeon returned.

Kissoon left to assist the recruits entering the ship.

From a short distance, a man clad in a wide brim hat, white short sleeves shirt, short beige pants and sandals was listening and paying close attention to what was taking place on the ship. He and James Swinton had met a few months ago at the party at the Palace for the Directors of the East India Company. He walked up to them and said, "I'm impressed." His eyes stilled on Nertha Khan. "You speak English well."

Upon hearing those words, Nertha smiled. "Yes, I do," he replied eagerly. "I've taught many British to speak and read Hindustani. I speak Hindustani, Hindi, Urdu, Awadhi, Persian, Bhojpuri and Bengali, and of course English perfectly well, and some Arabic and Portuguese."

"What don't you speak?" the man joked. "You're exactly what we need in Demerara," he said and then turned to the surgeon. "We need people like him to assist in translating on this ship and in Demerara." His attention returned to Nertha. "I'm hired to work as a supervisor and interpreter on Plantation Bellevue in Demerara. I am William James Young. You may address me as Mr. Young. There are good benefits for a man with your talents. I may even consider you for a sardar position on Plantation Bellevue. I will think about it during the voyage." Mr. Young was a twenty-one-year-old Anglo-Indian, fluent in Hindustani and English, and was hired as a supervisor to work in Demerara at sixteen rupees per month, equivalent to eight dollars.

A broad smile emerged on Nertha's face. "Benefits and a good life are why I'm emigrating to Demerara," he replied. "Once I make a small fortune, I shall return home."

Mr. Young turned to the scribe. "Put his name down under James Mathews for Plantation Bellevue in Demerara."

"Done."

Nertha was pleased with Mr. Young's offer.

Kissoon and two other duffadars approached them with another group of emigrants, guarded by four burkendauzes.

"Looks like we will make the quota after all. Let's get all their names recorded! Make sure they answer to their names!" the Captain commanded.

"Yes, Captain," the surgeon replied and began to examine the policeman's signature on the contracts. He recorded the following names:

Mohun from Lucknow  
Govind from Cuttack  
Sewlol Sing from Cunga  
Munee from Benares  
Takoore from Lucknow  
Soojoo from Patna  
Dookee from Azimghur (4)

A DAY LATER, ON THE HESPERUS, CAPTAIN BAXTER AND the surgeon, Dr. Richmond, were having a serious discussion with three chokedars. Two chokedars were complaining about another chokedar to the Captain.

Captain Baxter's face reddened and he shouted, "The hatches *flap entrance* should remain open at all times unless it rains, or unless the Captain or a senior officer order them closed!"

"Captain, I am not sure what happened, except that an emigrant died on the 'tween deck," one of the chokedars confessed.

"He died from suffocation," the other chokedar claimed.

"From suffocation?" the Captain questioned. "How the hell did he die from suffocation?" his voice rose, angrily. "He was obviously not allowed to come up on deck! It's bad enough the emigrants are getting sick! We cannot have dead men on our hands! Not on this ship! Not on this ship!"

Some of the other emigrants were also complaining about the incident. The chokedars had already taken the dead body off the ship.

"Make sure you report this incident!" the Captain exclaimed.

"I will write a letter to Mr. Arbuthnot to inform him," Dr. Richmond said.

*Chota Nagpur Plateau—Thursday, January 11, 1838*

AS THE BULLOCK CART SPED THROUGH THE HILLY TRACTS of forest, a deer dashed across the route. The driver slowed down. A gun was fired, and they watched as two Englishmen, hunting wild animals, ran towards the deer with their muskets.

"Many white men live in their nice bungalows in these hills, and they hunt wild animals," the driver remarked. "Living the good life! A paradise in Hindustan for the white man!" They watched as the two Englishmen picked up the deer, carrying it back to their bungalow. The driver continued on, heading for the lower slopes of West Bengal. They stopped near the Hugli River to rest and eat. The driver took the oxen for water, while the passengers ate and relaxed under the trees, shading from the torrid Indian sun. They watched as a ship passed by heading north from Kolkata, packed with nearly three hundred people. They waved and some of the people on the ship waved back.

"You remember the Boonahs we passed?" Boodoo asked.

"Yes. The men, their wives and children," Kalil answered, as some people on the ship continued to waved.

"That's another group of Boonahs, heading north to the indigo manufacturing district in Kishnaghur."

A few hours later, after the oxen were rested and had enough food and water, the driver continued on. On the way, they saw another group of natives from the hills, heading down to Kolkata, to carry out menial unskilled labor for the settled communities in the vicinity.

*Kedgerie Depot—Saturday, January 13, 1838, 6:10am*

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE QUIET HOURS OF THE MORNING, the packed bullock cart came to a slow stop. The driver started to bang on the cart. Kalil's head was braced against the wooden wall when his heavy eyelids slowly opened and an elephant in his dream started to fade; he could still see an image of himself trying to run from the elephant, which was an obstacle that stood in his way. Still half asleep, his eyes became fixed on a woman and a man sitting at the front, next to the driver. On the way, the driver had picked up his wife and then made a detour into the northern tip of Orissa, just south of Bengal, to pick up his brother-in-law. He had then headed back up into Bengal and then towards Kolkata. Another day went by. Upon arriving at the Port of Kolkata, he was told that they had missed boarding the ship for Demerara at Coolie bazaar and at the other stops, and that the ship was now anchored at Kedgerie. Without hesitating, the driver had lifted his tired body back onto his bullock cart and continued towards Kedgerie, overworking his oxen.

"Oy yohhh! Let's go! Let's go!" the driver's voice echoed loudly. "Kedgerie! Kedgerie drop off! At Kedgerie! Kedgerie drop off!" He banged on the cart a few more times, but the passengers were tired and nauseated from the long journey. He pointed at the ships. "Demraliya! Going to Demraliya!" The driver's brother-in-law untied the overworked oxen and led them to a well for water.

Kalil yawned with narrowed eyelids as the morning dawn crept in, etching out the land that stretched on for miles and miles, merging with the Bay of Bengal. The barren hilly land outlined the glow of the vague orange horizon coming to life for another day. Kalil's eyes



were fixed on the ships sitting quietly in the murky Hugli River, a river that branched off from the Ganges and ran along Kolkata, before emptying into the Bay of Bengal, the world's largest bay.

Kalil observed the people, scantily dressed, starting out their day as darkness slowly diminished. A boy in dhoti riding a goat entered his view. His eyes shifted from the boy to a lady balancing a big round basket on her head, while carrying a bucket in each hand; five small barefooted children in tattered garments running behind her. He glanced around and noticed a group of white bulls and white cows sitting around like maharajas, as the goats and sheep scampered by, bleating.

The under agent, John Hughes, entered Kalil's view, carrying a kerosene lamp, walking towards them. Over the past week, he had been checking up on the recruits for the six plantations in British Guiana.

Kalil watched as the driver and the British man exchanged words."

The driver handed the under agent the contracts, which the duffadar had asked him to deliver.

John Hughes examined the contracts. He looked into the bullock cart and counted the emigrants. "I do not see a police name on these contracts. According to the Act of 1837 for procuring laborers, a police approved by the East India Company has to explain the terms of the contract to each recruit. I do not see any evidence of that."

"I see nothing. I know nothing. I hear nothing. I'm just a stupid dumb driver delivering these people. I was paid to bring them from the Maya bazaar in Awadh to Kolkata, and upon arriving in Kolkata, I was then told that the ship was at Kedgerree and for me to head down to Kedgerree to board the ship. And here we are."

"Are they aware that they are leaving their families behind for five years and traveling beyond the sea?" the under agent asked.

The driver nodded his head. "I'm aware of traveling beyond the sea for five years. Yes, yes, this group is aware that they are leaving their families behind for five years to work beyond ocean."

The under agent returned a nod. "I still need a police signature, signing off that the contract was fully explained to each recruit."

Mr. Young rushed up to them, also carrying a kerosene lamp, looking flustered.

Mr. Hughes turned to Mr. Young and said, "This group is aware that they are leaving their families behind for five years, traveling beyond the sea. This group will travel with you on the Whitby."

"Perfect John! Let's get them on the ship. Quickly! Quickly!" Mr. Young urged. "We still haven't met our quota!"

The under agent turned to the driver and switched to Hindustani. "Get them off the cart and into the custom-house. Sergeant McCann will read them the terms of the contract. Hurry! Hurry! Else they cannot board the ship. Hurry!"

"Yes, sahib." The driver started to bang on the cart. "Everybody, get off my cart! Now! Now!"

Gopal became startled. He jumped from the cart and started to run.

"Get back here!" Mr. Young exclaimed. "You've been recruited for Demerara! Stop that fugitive!"

The orphan stopped. He turned around and thwacked his tabla. He blew Mr. Young and Mr. Hughes each a kiss and then turned and ran with his churki bouncing up and down.

Kalil was slumped over with his eyes closed. The driver banged again.

Vishnu's eyes popped open as the other recruits dragged their bodies off the cart. He tugged on Kalil's kurta sleeve, and then reached under the seat and grabbed his backpack.

Kalil groaned. "Where is Mustapha?"

"What?"

"Mustapha."

"Mustapha is home."

"Moti was barking."

"Moti is home. You were dreaming"

"There's an elephant in my way. Where are we?"

"Kedgeree—to board the ship. Get up!"

Kalil reluctantly opened his eyes, only half awake. Shortly after, he stumbled from the cart with his backpack and taanpura, and landed on the dusty ground. "Ouch!" he bellowed. His instrument flew in the air and Vishnu caught it.

"You pig!" the driver crowed, feeling contempt for the teenager, still holding a grudge.

The others started to clap, slowly coming back to life, after a long arduous journey to Kolkata.

The driver laughed. "That's my revenge you pig!" He made a motion to spit on the teenager, but stopped. He stepped back and walked towards his wife and handed her his earnings; she slipped it into the folds of her sari.

"Looks like you're fully awake now, eh?" Vishnu said as he reached down and pulled Kalil from the dried up earth and handed him his taanpura.

Kalil slung his instrument across his back and said, "That rascal just called me a pig! I'm glad I—I won't be seeing his ugly face ever again, and, and hopefully not in my dreams. I—I will get even with the scrawny dog in five years upon my return. I'll be rich and he'll still be running around in his old squeaky bullock cart. I'm glad I'll never see his face again, and will never have to step into his bullock cart again, never!"

A loud horn sounded from the Hugli River. The driver and his wife embraced as the emigrants were directed towards the custom-house.

KALIL AND VISHNU STOOD OUTSIDE THE CUSTOM-HOUSE with their eyes fixed on the bold ships lurking in the river. They watched as two ships crawled out from the river heading towards the Bay of Bengal with hundreds of emigrants for Mauritius, while another ship sailed towards the port, packed with laborers returning from Mauritius. Another ship was leaving the harbor after dropping of the mails, now heading north up the Hugli River towards Kolkata.

"Let's make a move," Vishnu said.

Kalil's eyes reluctantly drifted from the ships, and they followed Ranibala, Mohan, Shah, Boodoo, Jeebun and their children.

Before entering the custom-house, a small one level square shaped wooden building for checking the emigrants bags and testing them, Kalil stopped and turned around breathing nervously, gazing back at the stretch of land and the winding dirt roads that had led them to Kedgeree. He was engulfed with regrets. Doubts surfaced in his head again. He was unsettled, knowing that as soon as he set foot in the custom-house that he would be severed from the world he had known all of his life.

"Hurry! Hurry!" John Hughes said. "Get your contracts approved by the police and get tested, else you cannot board the ship." He pointed. "Go over there to Sergeant McCann."

"So you think Mumbai is paradise? The riches of El Dorado is waiting for you," a faint voice echoed.

"The Whitby is about to sail," Mr. Young warned.

Vishnu and Kalil hastily entered the custom-house. John Hughes directed them to the area for a physical checkup as a soft voice came to life singing the Aarti, a Hindu prayer:

Om jai Jagdish hare  
Swami jai Jagdish hare  
Bhakt jano key sankat  
Das jano ke sankat  
Kshan men door kare  
Om jai Jagdish hare (5)

A frail old lady sitting on the earthen floor with a three-year-old child—tending a small area with fruits and some small items—reached out with her bony hand. The two young men exchanged a questioning glance and then stopped. Their eyes became fixed on the three-year-old girl as she sang the Aarti, pouring her little heart out as the custom-house became busy.

“Don’t go, beta,” the old lady said in a fragile voice. “You can’t come back out,” she warned. Her health was poor and her body was shaking. Vishnu raised an eyebrow, noticing Kalil’s puzzled expression. “Beta, once you enter you can’t come back out.”

The child stopped singing and grabbed onto Vishnu’s dhoti with her right hand; her other hand reached for Kalil’s kurta sleeve and put a grip on him. Vishnu and Kalil exchanged nervous glances as the girl latched onto them, not letting go. The aged lady looked at them grimly as they were about to continue. “Beta, the ship will take you away and you can’t come back,” she warned. She took a deep breath as if she was running out of oxygen. She continued, “My beta entered the ship to work and has not come back. Don’t go beta, don’t go.”

Upon hearing those words, Kalil felt a tremor shoot up his spine, gripped by a sudden fear. A tear fell from the lady’s eyes and he had a flashback of his mother. He swallowed acutely, looking at the deep lines etched into the lady’s face and forehead. He exchanged a fearful glance with Vishnu.

The lady wheezed and said, “My beta was loading the boats down at the ghat, then he entered a ship to work for two days loading cargo, and he never came back out. We’ve been looking out for him, but he’s not coming back out. Four days passed.” Kalil hesitated, thinking her son must have made the choice to work abroad on a five-year contract, like they were doing. “This child is waiting for her Papa to come back out from the ship.”

“Papa,” the girl said. She pointed. “Papa in ship. Papa in ship. Papa come back, come back out Papa.” She started to sing the Aarti again.

The old lady continued, “Her Mami died in child birth. She needs her Papa.” The lady, her son and grand daughter lived together in Kedgerree.

“I want Papa!” the little girl cried. “I want Papa!” her voice echoed.

Kalil cleared his throat. “What’s your Papa’s name?”

“Puri, Puri!” the girl cried. “Puri in ship! Puri in ship! Come back out Papa!”

“My beta’s name is Puran,” the lady said in a hoarse voice. “This is my beta’s child. Her name is Ashwaria. My beta entered the ship four days ago and has not come back out.”

“Hurry! Hurry! What’s taking you so long?” A man sporting British attire rushed over to them, directing them towards Sergeant McCann to read them the terms of the contract.

Vishnu and Kalil froze upon seeing the man’s face. They exchanged glances with furrowed eyebrows, surprised to see the desi Englishman at the custom-house, when they thought that they had left him back at the Maya bazaar recruiting laborers. They turned to the lady, sorrowfully.

“Ignore this crazy old woman,” the duffadar said harshly. “She’s senile. She has lost her marbles.” He turned to the lady as though he wanted to ridicule her for trying to turn away his recruits.

"My beta went on the ship to work for two days and never returned!" the lady cried in a weak voice. "Four days passed. Four days passed."

"Didn't I tell you she's senile," he said and sneered at the woman. "You are mad—you only think your beta went on the ship." He turned to the two young men. "Head towards the police. Sergeant McCann will read you your contract and you must agree to the contract else you will not be allowed to board the ship. The ship is leaving soon. Hurry! Hurry!"

Ashwaria was still holding onto Vishnu's dhoti. "He's a coconut—a ripe coconut," she said crying and pointing at the duffadar with her other hand. Vishnu and Kalil exchanged glances. They knew what the little girl meant—the duffadar was pretending to be an Englishman, brown on the outside and white on the inside. Ashwaria and her grandmother had seen the desi Englishman many times before, escorting the emigrants down to the river to board the ships to Mauritius, Reunion and Bourbon.

The lady spoke again, but the duffadar cut her off. "The ship is leaving. You must board at once if you want to see the golden city of Manoa and taste the riches of El Dorado." Vishnu and Kalil's eyes reluctantly drifted from the old lady and her grand daughter. "Hurry! Hurry!" the desi Englishman urged, encouraging them to proceed towards the policemen, knowing that the lady was doing her best to change their minds about boarding the ship. He was becoming impatient. His jaw muscles tightened. "Hurry! Hurry! El Dorado is waiting for you! El Dorado is not for the procrastinators!"

Ashwaria reached over and held onto Kalil's kurta pants, her grip tightened on Vishnu's dhoti, pulling both of them back.

"Don't go, don't go," the frail lady started again. A tabla started to tap lightly in the background as the custom-house became busier. "Don't go, don't go," the frail lady repeated over and over, chanting.

"If you think Mumbai is paradise, wait until you taste the riches of El Dorado," the desi Englishman preached.

Vishnu turned to the lady and said, "We will be all right. It's our choice to go. We must get to El Dorado."

The wailing of a distant horn punctured the air as darkness waned.

The desi Englishman's head started to wobble. "If you think Mumbai is paradise, wait until you taste the riches of El Dorado," he continued to preach.

"Don't go, don't go, don't go inside the British ship," the old lady's mantra resonated. Vishnu and Kalil had puzzled looks on their faces.

"Hurry! Hurry! You are about to become rich," the desi Englishman said in almost perfect English, rolling his tongue heavily on the "r" sounds. He switched back to Hindustani. "Your family will be proud." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a Demerara silver coin and flicked it into the air. He caught it and held it in front of their eyes, moving it in a circle, as if to hypnotize them. "This is only a smell. Wait until you taste it, you will become addicted. Sweet El Dorado. Oh, sweet El Dorado. El Dorado will not wait for the procrastinators. Hurry! Hurry!"

Vishnu and Kalil exchanged nervous glances and then stepped forward as Ashwaria's fingers broke loose from them, crying, "Papa! Papa! Papa! Papa!" They followed the duffadar towards the police. "Come back out Papa!" The child ran after them. "Come back out Papa!" she cried, and kept calling for her father. A few minutes later, she returned to her grandmother, still calling for her father. She lay down and her voice slowly faded. She fell asleep on the earthen floor with dried tears staining her face and little fingers.

THE PILOT OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY WAS GETTING ready to leave the ship, having completed his duties maneuvering the ship up and down the busy river twice, collecting the emigrants. Captain Swinton was ready to take command of his ship and crew.

"I've been on this ship for two weeks now and the sick has increased, almost doubled—now twenty-five or twenty-six and keeps rising," the pilot warned.

The Captain glanced around and called over the surgeon. "I heard twenty-five sick and growing?" he said as the surgeon arrived.

"Correct. It's high fever—nothing that will kill them. The problem is, the rice cargo below is heating up the ship and the ventilation is poor. It's sweltering hot below."

"We're sailing soon and as the rice is used up, the ventilation will improve," the Captain explained. "We don't have a choice. We'll have to put up with it for a while."

The pilot shook his head. "For the tonnage of this ship, it's now crammed—too many people."

"I agree," the Captain admitted. "The odor is horrible." He waved down Anunto Ram and told him to get the ship sprayed again. Anunto acknowledged him and hurried away. The Captain continued, "The shipping agent, Mr. Arbuthnot, is in the area keeping an eye on us to ensure the quota is met for Demerara with the maximum emigrants. And beware of Mr. Young, he's been keeping an eye on us like a hawk."

The surgeon squinted and said, "And is Mr. Young traveling to Demerara on this sweltering ship?"

"He certainly is, Doc," James replied.

"Then I hope Mr. Young survives the heat below, keeping company with the livestock," the surgeon joked. James laughed. The surgeon continued, "But I'm sure Mr. Young will be enjoying the sea breeze in his comfortable cabin up on deck with his good friend Mr. Sharlieb."

"I'm most certain of that," the Captain replied.

AS THE SUN ROSE, THE KEDGEREE CUSTOM-HOUSE WAS becoming congested. Kissoon arrived with fifteen more recruits. Mr. Young rushed up to him, and before a word could have escaped his mouth, the duffadar spoke in English with a strong Hindustani accent. "We will make the quota. Leave it to me. My associates, Rampershad and Sankar, are assisting me. My good friend, Eddie, is also delivering some recruits. We're close to meeting the quota."

"I knew I can count on you," Mr. Young replied.

John Hughes walked up to them. "Did a police recognized by the East India Company explain the contract to this new batch?" He wanted to confirm that the rules set by the East India Company for procuring and exporting laborers from the Port of Kolkata for the British colonies were being followed.

Kissoon swallowed deeply. He hesitated and then handed the contracts to Mr. Hughes. "Of course, sahib. That was already taken care of in Bhowanipore a few weeks ago." *Bhowanipore was a village south of Kolkata.* He pointed at the contract. "That's the police. His name is McCann."

"Good job," John Hughes replied. "I know Sergeant McCann very well, an honest man he is. He's here in the custom-house today. Get the recruits down to the river immediately."

"Stop! Hold on!" Lawrence exclaimed, walking up to them. "And who the hell are these old people in this group?"

"Their parents," Kissoon answered. "They insist on going with their children. Their children will not leave them behind to starve."



"We will travel on this ship only if our parents are traveling with us!" an emigrant declared. "We want to work in the rich British colony, but not without our parents—they must go with us. They are older, but they are willing to work in Demra. Once our contracts are up, we will return to Hindustan together. We care for them here at home—feed them, shelter them and clothe them. We're a family and must remain together as a family."

Mr. Young pulled Kissoon over to the side. "I'm not sure how this will work out. The sugarcane fields in Demerara are only for the hand picked and experienced young and skilled agricultural laborers," he warned. "The old folks will not survive the fields."

The duffadar nodded his head niftily and said, "I understand. I go through this all the time. I will take care of it."

"We are not going anywhere without our parents!" another man raised his voice.

"Parents come with me," Kissoon said.

"Where are you taking our parents?"

"To get them extra garments and blankets for the journey, so you could care for them during the voyage. It gets cold. The rest of you proceed down to the river and keep your parents a spot on the ship. Your parents will join you shortly. Now hurry. Hurry! Go! Go! Get a spot on the ship!" Six burkendauzes started to rush them out of the custom-house. The duffadars, Rampershad and Sankar, were acting as two of the burkendauzes guarding the recruits and assisting Kissoon to get the emigrants down to the river.

SERGEANT McCANN WAS READING OUT THE TERMS OF THE contract based on Act V of 1837 to some of the emigrants. He explained that they were traveling across the oceans for three to four months and that they will not be seeing their families again for the next five years or longer if they choose to renew their contracts in the colony. Ranibala answered 'yes' to all the questions; she couldn't wait to leave the motherland and the bad memories behind.

Sergeant John Floyd was at the custom-house doing a spot check to ensure Act V was being followed for shipping laborers from the Port of Kolkata. He walked up to Vishnu and Kalil.

"Are you two young men aware that you are leaving your families behind for five years, traveling beyond the sea and that you'll be gone for five years?"

Vishnu and Kalil answered 'yes' to all the questions.

The sergeant was satisfied that the two young men were boarding the ship on their own free will and that they fully understood the terms of the contract. "You may proceed to check your bags, and get your medical tests," he said and then left the custom-house to carrying out an investigation in Kolkata.

Vishnu and Kalil had their bags checked and then entered a line up for their medical examination; their eyes shadowed the desi Englishman from the other side as he hurried over to a family whom he had also recruited from the Maya bazaar. Ashwaria reached out and grabbed the girl's hand, as Vishnu and Kalil observed, barely making out their figures. The girl stopped. She stooped down and hugged the small girl. The desi Englishman pulled them apart and led the family towards the door and into a group heading down to the river.

Kalil's eyes became fixed on a chubby arkati clad in full white garment, assisting a slender man in his early twenties with his medical test. *Wrong again*, he thought, reflecting back on the time he had told his mother that there were no fat people in India, except for some memsahibs and sahibs. The overweight arkati was one of the desi Englishman's subordinate agents assisting him.

"Your name?" the British examiner asked.

"Dara," the overly thin man with a limp answered. He was wearing a short white dhoti, and his ribs were protruding from his chest as though he was starved for weeks.

Kalil and Vishnu exchanged glances. "How could such a bony man have a name like Dara?" Kalil asked.

"Why do you say that?"

"There's a man in my village with the same name, but he's rippled with muscles. Mustapha and I have seen him hanging from a tree branch with one arm, pulling himself up and down, nonstop with bulging arms."

"I guess the bony man's mother must have thought that he would grow up to be strong."

The examiner's eyes scanned the scrawny man's body. "Where are you from?"

"West Bengal."

"Dhanga?"

"No. I'm from the lower land in Bengal, but I'm not a Dhanga. One of my great grandfathers was a Dhanga tribe's man from the hills."

"Your caste?"

"No religion. I don't practice any religion. My grandfather had no religion—he was not a Hindu."

"So you're an outcast. Are you a skilled agricultural laborer—a coolie?"

"I've never worked in agriculture. I'm a businessman."

"Why do you want to go across the oceans to British Guiana if you are not an agricultural laborer and you run a business?"

"It's an opportunity to earn my wealth in gold."

The examiner laughed. He grinned and said, "Ah, so you've heard of El Dorado?"

"Of course I've heard of El Dorado and I'm on my way to find a heart of gold. What could make a person richer than a heart of gold?" Dara replied with a broad smile, swallowing up his face. "It will help with my cleanse, to become an equal to all my brothers in Hindustan."

From behind, Vishnu and Kalil caught a glimpse of the thin man's face. Their jaws dropped. The man was Kalil's adversary, the bullock cart driver who had spat at him back at the Maya bazaar, and then transported them to Kedgerie after the attractive decoy had threatened him. On the way, Dara had stopped to pick up his wife and had then made a detour to the northern tip of Orissa to pick up his brother-in-law, who will rent his bullock cart, while Dara travel to Demerara to work; a part of the profit from the business would go to Dara's wife. The detour to the northern tip of Orissa had delayed their journey to Kolkata by a day. Being a bullock cart driver and having transported many people to Kolkata, Dara had already heard of El Dorado and the work opportunities in the prosperous colony of British Guiana; he was now setting out to earn his wealth.

Dara's head started to wobble, a big smile filled his face. "I'm on this ship because El Dorado has been whispering my name. She calls me in my sleep every night."

Vishnu nudged Kalil. "Looks like the rascal that called you a pig already knows about El Dorado."

"I don't have to wait five years to get even. I will get even right now."

"Not now. Later."

"You think he's on a quest for gold, or a spiritual cleanse to purify his heart into gold?"

Vishnu grinned. "Bhai, we'll soon find out what he's up to."

The examiner turned to the overweight arkati. "Get this skeleton out of my face! He is not fit for labor!"

Dara became vexed upon hearing those words. "I am strong like my oxen and fast like my bullock cart. I must go. Please sahib, I want to find my riches in El Dorado," he protested. "Some wealth will make me an equal in humanity."

"You should know that the sugarcane field requires only the skilled agricultural laborers and not a Bengali businessman," the examiner scoffed. "You will never survive the black waters." He turned to the chubby arkati. "There's no way this bony fish is getting on the ship to Demerara. The cat should have finished him off. Is this a joke or something?"

The desi Englishman came to his assistant's rescue, and pushed him out of the way. "Sahib, Demraliya is desperate for agricultural laborers."

The examiner became annoyed. "Demerara requested agricultural laborers, and certainly not a living dead who is after a spiritual cleanse and a heart of gold. Demerara expects the hand picked robust agricultural laborers from the hills, which Gladstone and the other planters are expecting, and not a skeleton with no agricultural skills! No businessmen! Get it! I don't understand how he was even selected for this voyage! He'll never survive the black waters!"

"Sahib, this man may be scrawny, but he is stronger than an ox and can labor like a dog. He can farm a field by himself. He has the agriculture spirit in him, just like his father."

"You bloody liar! He already said he has never worked as an agricultural laborer before! As I said, he is not getting on the ship!"

The horn went off again.

The British examiner was new to Kolkata, and the desi Englishman was aware that many Europeans were making their wealth in India, by exploiting the labor of an abundance of unemployed Indians. The desi Englishman put on a serious face, ready to do business, knowing that thousands of Dhangurs would soon be in demand to replace the enslaved Africans in British Guiana. "Sahib, this is between you and me. I will get you the best deals on grains and livestock," he said. "I will make you a wealthy man with a small investment from your pocket. I could set you up with a rice farm."

The examiner shook his head and said, "Rice? No! Besides, you seem a bit too shady for me to deal with you in business."

"Rubber?" the desi Englishman pressed on.

"No!"

"Sahib, the rubber industry is booming in southern India. Your wealth will quickly match the wealth of a maharaja's," the desi Englishman pressed on with venal friendliness.

"No."

"The best silk?"

The examiner stood up and leaned into the desi Englishman's face and said, "Indigo." He squinted and his lips started to twitch. His eyes widened. "Indigo farming in India is big business for dying cotton back in Europe and that's how I plan to make my fortune. Are you in or out?" The British man sat back down.

"What's the hold up!" another examiner exclaimed, as Sergeant McCann continued to read out the contracts to the emigrants.

The desi Englishman leaned over and thrust his head into the examiner's face and said, "I'm in. Here's the deal. The European and Anglo-Indian shippers that I obtain laborers for will soon authorize thousands of laborers for Demerara, Jamaica and Trinidad, and many other colonies in the West Indies and South America, including the Dutch and French colonies. I'm sure that one day in the future even Brazil will also be asking for a shipload of coolies. I need to act now! You will assist me by getting the recruits quickly onto the ships." His voice fell to a whisper. "Sometimes bypassing some tests. If you know what I mean—a few fake signatures." His voice grew to normal again. "I anticipate there will be hundreds of ships leaving India for the Americas soon. I will have the monopoly on the coolie trade to the Americas, sending thousands of emigrants across the oceans to save the sugar industry in Guiana, Jamaica, Trinidad and many other places, like an army of soldiers, but with sharp cutlasses in their hands, ready to swing their arms all day, enduring the tropical heat. They

will match the labor of the Creole Negroes, with no extra time wasted on training and to become accustomed to the hard field work. They will speed up production within days. I missed out on shipping the Dhangurs to Mauritius, Reunion and Bourbon. I've done okay, but I'm still not a maharaja. Not yet! Not yet! His eyes grew big. "Soon," he said. He cleared his throat and continued, "I have many recruits held in secluded areas in the outskirts of Kolkata—hundreds in Bhowanipore, ready to board the ships. Your job will be to get them on the ships quickly and I don't care how you do it. Just do it! I am sure you have connections with the police and the other authorities. Bribe them a little, if you know what I mean." He winked at the examiner.

The examiner pondered for a moment and then said, "I have some connections, but I'm not so sure about doing business with you."

The horn blared again and the desi Englishman continued, "Exporting emigrants to the British colonies is big profit. Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. Any question?"

Another examiner's voice rose, "Get them down to the river! Get the rest examined immediately."

The duffadar put on a conniving smile and lifted his hands. His head started to wobble, trying to hypnotize the examiner with his gold rings.

The examiner's eyes grew big. He smiled and shook his head. "You are one shrewd Hindustani," he said. He stood up from the chair and said, "I want to purchase land for Indigo farming at the cheapest—the cheapest. I want to get an indigo factory up and running soon, like now. Are you in? Indigo is big business for the European market. Are you in?"

The desi Englishman shook his head and said, "I can pull a few strings by tomorrow so you have your own indigo farm in a week." He pulled out his business license and flashed it at the examiner and said, "Deal."

The examiner nodded his head and replied, "Deal."

Dara's emigration papers were quickly stamped. "Dara is fit to board the British vessel for Demerara!" the examiner exclaimed.

Mr. Young rushed up to them. "Get this line moving! Get the recruits tested and down to the ghat! Quickly! Quickly! I want the Whitby packed! I'm heading back to the ship!"

Vishnu nudged Kalil's elbow, witnessing the corruption that was taking place to get the Indians to board the ships. A wide smile grew on Dara's face, exposing his missing teeth. The examiner grabbed a white sheet and handed it to the desi Englishman. "Make sure he covers his bony behind and hide his chicken ribs, and tell him to stick out his chest like a stallion else they will pelt his charcoal behind overboard for the sharks to munch on. You get it!"

Dara's head started to bob from side to side, with closed palms in front of his chest. He bowed and said, "Thank you, sahib."

"What's the hold up!" John Hughes called out. "Let's get the line moving!"

The desi Englishman wrapped the sheet over Dara's body, from his shoulders down to his feet and said, "Stick out your chest and walk like an ox, else the Captain of the ship will throw you overboard and you will miss your calling for El Dorado." Dara now looked barrel chested with his palms placed over each chest, hidden by the sheet.

"As a last precaution," the British examiner said peering into Dara's eyes, "if the Captain says anything when you're boarding, tell him you're constipated—but you let him know that you're as strong as an ox and that you are willing to work like a dog, and that you are an experienced agricultural laborer from the coolie class in the hills. And don't you dare mention that you're a Bengali businessman! Get it! And don't even mention that you are from the lower land in Bengal—they cannot labor like the coolies in the hills. Let them

know that you are going as a coolie, meaning that you are going to be working as a skilled agricultural laborer—and tell them that you're from the hills. Get it! Do not say lower land!"

"Got it!"

"Down to the river!"

Dara turned and lunged with big strides with a wide smile on his face. He stopped next to Vishnu and Kalil, and winked at them. Kalil choked knowing that he would have to face his foe across the oceans. Dara's smile widened. "I'm going to kill two birds with one stone," he said. "First—my journey to El Dorado is a pilgrimage across the oceans for a good cleanse, so I could become an equal to all of my Hindustani brothers and sisters, especially the ones from the higher castes." Dara had no religion and had faced lots of prejudices from his countrymen. "Second—I'm going to make my riches in El Dorado and then return home with my wealth to better my family and purchase a brand new carriage with two horses—better yet, two carriages and four horses." He grinned and continued on with long strides.

Kalil turned to Vishnu. "I don't think a heart of gold would cleanse the gutter out of the rogue."

"We will soon find out what the rascal's real intentions are. Looks like the desi Englishman must have filled him up with a load of crap."

"No joking, eh?" Kalil responded. "If the Ganges had failed to purify him, not even a heart of gold can."

"Come forward," the British examiner said.

Ranibala stepped forward and made it through the tests. She glanced back at Vishnu and Kalil, and started to sing a bhajan; she was content, ready to leave India behind—the motherland that had brought her so much pain. She waved at them as she joined a group of people heading down to the river. Mohan also made it through the tests; the duffadars had lied, claiming that the Hindu Priest was a skilled agricultural laborer, not letting on that the man was a priest.

Vishnu and Kalil successfully completed their medical tests and joined the group heading towards the river. Six burkendauzes kept them together, strictly guarding them as they trekked towards the ghat. They watched as a boat packed with ten emigrants rowed out from the ghat towards the Whitby. A few minutes went by and they stepped onto the ghat.

Standing on the ghat, Kalil was spellbound, fascinated by the ships anchored in the Hugli. He could make out some people on a ship. Vishnu was gazing at the ships, wondering if he was leaving his motherland behind for all the right reasons, along with a good job and a salary of four and a half rupees in exchanged for five rupees a month in the sugarcane fields.

A loud horn propagated as a ship was coming down the river heading for Mauritius crammed with Indian laborers. Shouts echoed as two Indian men plunged from the ship and into the muddy river. It looked chaotic from the ghat. The ship dropped its anchor and a boat was lowered with four European crewmen. Two men rowed towards one of the Indians as he swam. Two men reached out and grabbed the man's arms and pulled him into the boat. They rowed back to the ship, while the other man swam to shore. Another man plunged from the ship and started to swim; it looked like he was struggling. He disappeared in the muddy water. Noise filled the air. His head surfaced. They could make out his red kurta shirt as he struggled to swim.

Ranibala cried out, "I'm glad I'm leaving this land behind! Forever! I cannot bear this pain any longer! I have no tears left! I just can't take this suffering anymore!"

"Do not panic!" one of the burkendauzes exclaimed. "Sepoys from the Company are practicing their jumps for an upcoming mission. They are hard working young men."

From behind them, up on land, an argument broke out as a batch of recruits was being brought down to the river. Rattling tin sounds pierced the air.



"Get them down to the ghat," Kissoon commanded from a short distance behind. "I have some business to take care of."

"We'll take care of business," Rampershad assured him.

"We got it covered," Sankar said.

Kissoon hurried away.

The squabbles continued from behind, and there was some pushing and shoving.

"You signed a contract! You received an advance!" Rampershad shouted in a man's face as they headed for the ghat.

"You're a liar! I received nothing!" the Indian recruit shot back. His name was Dharmendra.

"You're the liar! The six-months wage advance has fattened up your eyes, and now you want to break your contract because your pocket is full and heavy, with six months pay and no labor yet! You could live like a maharaja for a year on that advance!" Rampershad shouted. "Return the advance and you can leave!"

"I got nothing!" Dharmendra fired back. He started to leave the group, swaying as if he was intoxicated. Rampershad lunged up to him and raised his hand. Dharmendra ducked and Rampershad started to cuff him on the back of his head, shouting at him to return the advance. More rattling tin sounds filled the air as Rampershad tightened his arm around Dharmendra's neck. Dharmendra struggled to break loose. A passerby named Jameer ran up to them and tried to pull them apart; he had freed six people two weeks ago from being taken down to the river. Sankar jumped in and grabbed Jameer and started to give him some blows. Jameer broke loose and shuffled back. He ran forward and landed a kick in Rampershad's stomach. The duffadar flew backwards and fell, and Dharmendra was set free. Sankar grabbed Jameer.

"What's going on back there?" Kalil asked, as the noise about fifty yards behind them grew loud.

Bewildered, Vishnu replied, "Looks like a fight."

"Run! Run!" Jameer shouted as Dharmendra stumbled towards the woods. Jameer and Sankar continued to wrestle on the ground, exchanging blows. Another man broke away from the group and ran. Sankar got up and chased after the two men. The tin sound picked up. The two escapees reached the woods and disappeared. The tin sound faded.

Rampershad rushed up to Jameer and shouted in his face, "You planned their escape! You're in on it, stealing the wage-advance! Crooks! Thieves!"

"You're the crook!" Jameer shouted back, as Sankar returned without the two men, blowing heavily. Sankar grabbed Jameer from behind and held him in an arm lock, Rampershad started to throw punches at Jameer.

"Confess now! You plotted this theft with them!" Rampershad shouted. "You owe me thirty rupees per man! Sixty all together! You're taking their place on the ship! Get him down to the river and onto the Whitby, so he can labor in the sugarcane fields in Demraliya!" Two burkendauzes on the ghat ran up to assist Rampershad.

"Get him onto the Whitby!" Rampershad commanded. "Down to the river! Down to the river!"

The burkendauzes grabbed Jameer's arms and started to pull him towards the ghat. Jameer tried to break loose, but they held him tight, dragging him towards the river, followed by the other recruits. The emigrants on the ghat looked baffled. They couldn't believe what was taking place behind them up on land. Vishnu tensed up and looked at Kalil, as Jameer was trying to escape when the burkendauzes pushed him onto the ghat. Vishnu stuck his leg out and sent one of the burkendauzes flying into the river.

"I saw that," Kalil whispered. "What's going on?" They exchanged nervous glances.

"I don't know. I felt it was the right thing to do."

Ranibala slapped Sankar, and without hesitation, Shah pushed the duffadar into the river, freeing Jameer. Jameer started to run as Sankar struggled to get out from the river; he got out. Shah stuck his leg out and tripped him. Sankar rolled a couple of times.

"Thief!" Sankar shouted as Jameer ran as fast as he could, heading for the woods.

DHARMENDRA AND THE OTHER MAN WERE RUNNING through the woods, jumping over fallen trees, knocking branches out of the way. They came upon a group of twenty-three people, heading down to one of the buoys along the Hugli River, guarded by six burkendauzes and two duffadars.

The duffadars and the burkendauzes heard the noise and surrounded Dharmendra and the other man, threatening them with their batons. The two men tried to run, but the burkendauzes blocked them. A duffadar pointed his musket at them.

"You are being taken away on a five-year contract!" Dharmendra shouted. Two burkendauzes knocked him to the ground, while the others guarded the group carefully. The other man was held in an arm lock by a duffadar. "You will not see your family again!" Dharmendra shouted, covering his head with his hands, as a burkendauze swung his baton at him. The people in the group glanced at each other, looking confused. They were shocked to hear that they were being taken away for five years, when they were told that they were going on a one-day river voyage to work for three months.

Uproar filled the air.

"He's lying!" a duffadar shouted.

"You will never see your family again," a duffadar named Hossein Baksh whispered in Dharmendra's ear, trying to tantalize him. "Both of you are coming with us on the one day voyage," he announced. The group became frantic. "Down to the river!" Hossein commanded. The burkendauzes started to push the group towards the river, guarding them.

From behind a tree, Jameer was watching. He had stopped and hid after hearing the squabbles. He sneaked around the trees and hid again. He waved his hand and some of the people in the group saw him, realizing they were in danger. Jameer signaled again and a recruit stumbled into the burkendauzes, distracting them. Jameer sprinted forward and landed a kick on the duffadar's back. The musket flew from the Duffadar's hand. Jameer caught the gun as the group scattered.

A big fight broke out.

Sankar finally caught up to them, soaking wet, gasping for air. The burkendauzes and duffadars knew Sankar.

"You've been deceived by these crooks! Jameer shouted, afraid to use the musket, but made threatening gestures with the weapon. "You are being taken away for five years across oceans. The journey could take months. You will never see your families again!"

"They are lying!" Sankar shouted as the recruits grabbed pieces of woods and stones from the ground and started to beat the duffadars and their burkendauzes.

Jameer swung the musket and hit Sankar on his head. "Run for your lives!" he shouted as Hossein tried to grab him. Four recruits grabbed Hossein and started to beat him with their sticks, and then threw him into the bushes.

"Run!" Jameer shouted. "Go home!"

The recruits, including Jameer, started to run through the woods, heading back to their families, as the duffadars and their burkendauzes got to their feet, trying to catch their breaths.

TEN MINUTES LATER, SANKAR RETURNED, STUMBLING towards the ghat with a bloody nose, panting and holding his stomach. "The thieves got away!"

Rampershad started to throw his hands around as three boats sailed towards the ghat to collect the recruits. "And this is why everybody will get their advance only when they board the ship." He poked his head into Shah's face and shouted, "This way you cannot escape with our wage-advance, robbing us!"

"I want my allowance now!" Shah retorted.

"You will get your allowance when you board the ship!" Rampershad shouted back in Shah's face. "You think you can run off with your allowance like the other thieves and not labor for it?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out some rupees and handed it to them.

Vishnu looked into his hand. "What's this? One rupee? Are you mad! I want all of it!"

"You will get the rest when you embark, this way you do not run off with your wage advance, like the other thieves did. Is that fair!" He glanced around. "Only when you board the ship!" Rampershad declared and handed each person a rupee, as three boats pulled up to the ghat. "This will entice you for now. Everybody! Get in the boat!" he ordered. He removed the tin bangles from three emigrants and shoved them into his pocket, as the burkendauzes pushed the recruits into the boats. The boats were crowded and the oarsmen rowed towards the Whitby. A few minutes went by and the boat reached the ship. The emigrants climbed up the suspended steps and into the ship with glowing shades of orange faces, as the kerosene lamps lit the area.

IT WAS VISHNU AND KALIL'S FIRST TIME ON A SHIP. They were ready to venture into the Indian Ocean. Rampershad and Sankar handed the contracts to the Captain to verify the names of the recruits as they entered. At first nobody answered to their names. The surgeon called out their names again and nobody answered, except a few. The officer of the morning watch commanded the emigrants to form a line and to answer to their names for verification.

"Come forward," the scribe said. Maryanne Cooper, who was a historian, was assisting the scribe. She was traveling to British Guiana with her husband, Solomon, who was also a Captain, but on this voyage he was the first officer. It would be his last journey, retiring after this voyage. They had boarded the ship an hour ago, and Maryanne was asked to assist for an hour in recording the names. She assisted the surgeon in recording the following names on the embarkation ship's list:

Loll from Midnagpore,  
Shack Deeloo, Mussulman *Muslim* from Burdwan,  
Ramjaun, Mussulman from Patnah,  
Soordeen, from Serrang,  
Bhay Ressal, Bongali, Mohama, Rassik, Mohansing were recorded. (6)

The surgeon was called away to check up on an emigrant that fainted. Maryanne also had to leave and Lawrence took over.

"Next!" Lawrence shouted.

"What did you say your name is?" the male scribe asked.

"Farukh Khan."

"From?"

"Moonghur."

Lawrence recorded the man's name as Maryanne returned. She glanced at the spelling. She held her breath. She cringed at the vulgar spelling. She narrowed her eyes on Number 245 on the ship's list and said, "There is no such name." Her eyes flicked up and down the list. She became speechless when her eyes froze on Number 193, witnessing another offensive spelling of an emigrant's name, which Lawrence recorded an hour ago. She cleared her throat. "You are not spelling these names correctly." Her eyes returned to Number 245. "I heard him say his name is Farukh or Fakoor Khan, or Khanna or something similar, but definitely not the way you pronounced and spelled his name." She cleared her throat. "Please correct these spellings. These documents are historical records, and one day the spelling of these names shall be reviewed and this will not look good—not for you, nor for the British."

"I got an A in spelling," Lawrence said with a grin.

"Then sign your name next to his name, indicating that you wrote down his name."

"No chance. I'm not going to sign my name next to his name. Besides, we will not be alive in a hundred years, so why bother. Nobody would even remember this trip—it will vanish from history and these records would not even exist in a year. Let's speed up this process. The ship will be leaving soon." He ignored the historian. "Next!"

Maryanne became uptight. She couldn't put up with the man's arrogance. She wanted to slap him hard in his face, but refrained, knowing the trouble she would end up in. She took a deep breath and let her body relaxed. She had no say in the matter. Upon boarding the ship, the Captain had asked her to assist the scribe, and she was delighted to help out, since her husband was an officer on the ship. Although she was not pleased with Lawrence's demeanor, she continued to assist and they recorded the following names: Wonjun, Mannick, Khatoo, Mohun, Govind Doss, Boodoo and Jeebun and their infant and three female children, ages seven, ten, and twelve.

"And your name is?" Lawrence asked.

"Shah—Shahrugh. I'm going to Demra to work as a teacher. I couldn't pass up this opportunity."

"A schoolmaster, eh?"

"I teach children in my village. The duffadars told me that Demra is begging for teachers and that I could become a schoolmaster after two years of teaching."

Lawrence grinned. "Yeah for the sugarcane fields."

Shah shrugged his shoulders and continued through the ship.

The surgeon returned and continued recording the names, and Maryanne and Lawrence departed.

Vishnu and Kalil entered. They answered to their names and then pushed through the crowd and found a spot against the railing facing the custom-house. They watched as four ships from around the world sailed into the harbor to unload their mails at the Kedgeree post office, and will then sail up the Hugli River to drop off the passengers arriving to work and to carry out their businesses in Kolkata.

*In the year 1690, the British had made Kolkata the place to carry out their business. The Port of Kolkata was set up by the British East India Company and was located along the Hugli River in West Bengal. The British had purchased Kolkata, and in 1772, they made Kolkata the capital city of India. The port was the oldest operating port in India, where ships from around the world entered the Hugli River to carry out business in Bengal and other places in India.*

Vishnu turned to Kalil. "It's going to be a long lonely voyage."

Kalil's gaze shifted from the custom-house and back to Vishnu. "What do you mean?"

"Look around. Aside from Rani, Jeebun and her children, how many chickies do you see on this ship?"

Kalil glanced around. "None." He pointed. "There's one over there, but old enough to be our Ma."

Vishnu looked around and made out two Indian teenage girls on the other side of the ship. "There's a chicki over there," he pointed.

"Where?"

"They're now blocked by the crowd," Vishnu replied and then placed a hand on Kalil's shoulder and said, "No worries, bhai. Since Demerara is abundant in wealth, then Demerara will also be abundant in chickies. We will have our pick, as if we are maharajas."

They laughed as noise filled the air.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, MR. YOUNG AND ANOTHER nineteen-year-old Anglo-Indian man named Charles Sharlieb walked up to the Captain and started to complain about the stench. The Captain called over Anunto Ram.

"The ventilation is poor and the odor is awful," James complained. "How often are you spraying the 'tween deck?" *The between deck was called the 'tween deck for short; it was the space between the cargo hold and main deck.*

"Twice a day, including the galleries, with chlorine of lime," Anunto replied.

"Let's get the 'tween deck sprayed again. The stink from below and from the hospital is seeping up here," Mr. Young complained. "Spray it ten times if you must, but get this stink out of our faces." Mr. Sharlieb agreed with a nod; he was from Hyderabad and also of tan complexion. He was also heading to West Demerara to work as a supervisor and interpreter on Plantation Bellevue.

Without hesitating, Ali and Anunto mustered a group of emigrants, and they went around spraying the decks and galleries.

The Captain, pilot, surgeon, Anthony, Solomon, Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb were engaged in a discussion.

"The ventilation will improve with the monsoon breeze coming off the land," the pilot said. "Gentlemen, my duties are completed."

"You've done a great job, John," the Captain praised the pilot. "Even I could not maneuver a ship in the harbor the way you do, with so many ships arriving and leaving, and getting in the way. My job is to now voyage across the oceans with only a few stops, and hopefully no maneuvering around ships getting in the way."

John Dyer laughed. "Captain, you are a modest man. I appreciate your kind words and compliments. From what I see, you have a good European crew, plus three Indian mates with good piloting and navigational skills. Besides, I am certain you could have done my job, taking the Whitby up and down the Hugli and crowded harbors, collecting the emigrants and loading the cargo."

The Captain laughed. "I've had my days, but I'm not so sure that I could match your skills. Again, my gratitude to you and your piloting skills with the East India Company."

Mr. Young tensed up a little and then relaxed, exhaling a lungful of air. "I'm relieved we've made our quota. Guiana shall be extremely pleased, so shall Gladstone, Colville and the other plantation owners."

"I'm glad everything has worked out for Demerara and the rest of Guiana," John Dyer said. "Gentlemen, have a safe journey." They shook hands and bid each other farewell. The pilot departed from the ship as the sun was beginning to spew a wide ray of golden orange sunlight across the Indian subcontinent, awakening the rest of India to witness the new day. The Captain took control of his ship, crew, emigrants and the few passengers.



## Chapter 4 - Lured onto the Whitby

*Hugli River, On the Whitby—Saturday, January 13, 1838, 5:30am*

WHILE THE EARLY MORNING STARS WANED, a heavy melancholy clutched the air. The Whitby was ready to brave the oceans.

A bumboat stopped along side the ship and some of the Indians purchased dried foods: channas *peas*, choora *compound rice*, and sugar using up the few paisas and rupees they had with them. Over the past few weeks while the pilot was taking the Whitby down the river and picking up the emigrants, bumboats would pass by daily to supply the emigrants with snacks.

“Thank you, bhai,” a young man named Manick said in Hindustani, as he reached over the railing and placed some paisas into a tin cup on a stick. The man below in the bumboat took the money out from the tin cup and counted it. He then hooked a bag with channa onto a stick and a bag with choora on another stick, and raised the sticks up towards the ship. Manick took the bags, and started to munch on the channa. He turned and saw Vishnu and Kalil looking at him. “It’s a good thing these bumboats will be passing by everyday while we’re on our river voyage. I have a few more paisas to splurge on channa.”

Vishnu flashed him a questioning glance and said, “You mean sea voyage.”

“River, sea, lake, it all means the same to me,” Manick replied, as he moved closer to Vishnu and Kalil. They introduced themselves and shook hands.

*More on Chapter 4 in the next edition...*

*A GLIMPSE OF THE OTHER CHAPTERS....*

*ARRIVED IN GUIANA SAMPLE....*

*THE BEATING .....*

*THE STORM AND THE ESCAPE .....*

## 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 (For names and name explanations, reference: Khaman, Bibi H. and Chickrie, Raymond S (2009) '170 th Anniversary of the Arrival of the First Hindustani Muslims from India to British Guiana', Journal of Muslim Minority Affairs, 29.2, 195 – 222 (*Source: Internet*))

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 Napur 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.
- (7) The History of British Guiana: Comprising a General Description of ... Volume 1  
By Henry G. Dalton; p.472.

## **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)  
The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: Study Guide: Debunked the use of the label coolie in Guyana by Faisal Ally  
The Rise and Fall of the East India Company by Arooka ([www.arooka.com](http://www.arooka.com))  
Khaman, Bibi H. and Chickrie, Raymond S (2009) '170 th Anniversary of the Arrival of the First Hindustani Muslims from India to British Guiana', *Journal of Muslim Minority Affairs*, 29.2, 195 – 222 (*Source: Internet*)  
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The History of British Guiana by Henry G. Dalton  
The West on Trial by Cheddi Jagan  
Ethnic Interaction in a British Guiana Rural Community: A Study in Secondary Acculturation and Group Dynamics by Elliott Percival Skinner; p.36 – p.55  
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Gosine – Introduction, Sojourner to Settler by Mahin Gosine (*Source: Internet*)  
The Guiana Travels of Robert Schomburgk 1835 – 1844; Volume II: The Boundary Survey 1840 – 1844, Edited by Peter Riviere  
British Guiana by Raymond T. Smith  
Guiana: British, Dutch, And French by James Rodway; p. 120-p.127  
Centenary History and Handbook of British Guiana by A.R.F. Webber; p.192 – p.199  
British Guiana by L. Crookall; p. 42 – p. 103  
Politics for the Greatest Good: The Case for Prudence in the Public Square by Clarke Forsythe; p. 94  
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>

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

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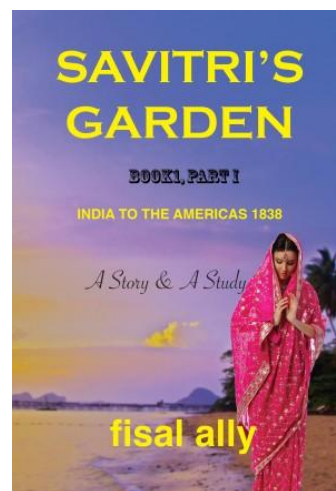
BOOK 4 - A SHORT STUDY GUIDE

**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*  
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First Edition published on December 25, 2012

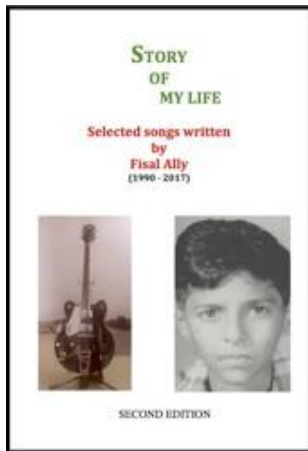
Second Edition – December 25, 2018





## *Diverse*

# ENTERTAINMENT



*I wrote the song 'Story of my life' in 2010 as I looked back on my life's journey. AcousticJam2025 is where I have been practicing some of my songs written decades ago while just strumming on an acoustic guitar and singing – Down on Memory Lane*



### **AGE 16, PLAYING HIS COPY OF A LES PAUL INDEPENDENT ARTISTS**

*It's important to note that I have never given anyone permission to sample my songs, to make changes, to rewrite, or to record any of my songs and to use commercially...F.D. Ally*

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## **2025 ACOUSTIC JAM – THE PRACTICE SESSIONS**

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

The Acoustic Jam 2025 practice sessions, and also some original songs mainly from the 1990s, are posted on [www.allymedia.ca](http://www.allymedia.ca) under the ‘Music-Books’ tab.

**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, SoCrazy4u, Insensitive more...

From what I recall, songs like New Clear Society, My Home and many others were written when I was a teenager.

**Cover tunes have always been a favorite to do**

I will also be practicing some songs by Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Elvis, Benny E. King, and a few others.

## SOME MUSIC PROJECTS BY FD ALLY



**Looking Back on 100 songs by Fyzaal 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 Fyzaal Ally; instruments played by Fyzaal Ally

**Fyzaal 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

**Fyzaal, 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*

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



# ***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 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?

## **The word Allah vs. the word God**

In Arabic speaking countries such as Iraq, the word, Allah, is also used by the Christians for God. The word God could be plural, singular, male, female, whereas the word Allah is unique. This report uses the word Allah and God interchangeably for English readers.



God can be changed into Goddess, gods and other symbols, whereas Allah can never be changed to male, female or plural. Jesus used the word Allaha which is Aramaic. Allah is Arabic.

Quran – is said to be the words from Allah, revealed to the Prophet Muhammad (Pbup) through Angel Jibreel.

Hadith – knowledge on Islam and history passed down throughout the generations

Pbuh – Peace be upon him

### **Some clarifications on Islamic prayer – Salah, Dua**

When translating the Arabic words Salah (Salat) and Dua used in the Quran, the translation is always ‘prayers’ for both words. However, Salah and Dua are very different.

There’s one line that’s translated wrongly some times saying God sends salah...God sends yoy prayers. That’s an incorrect translation.

Some words in the Quran, which is written in classical Arabic and are not easily translated to English and have different meanings in the way an English word also have different meanings.

Dua is always referred to as praying, such as praying to Allah and asking for help, or to make life easier etc... and thus Dua can be done anytime during the day and night, and as many times as you wish.

The daily prayers to reconnect, establish to the creator during the day.

## References:



## PEPPERPOT CLUB

**EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA)**

**SOMETIMES** Having a cookout, making kites,  
playing dominoes and more...

*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,*

# DIVERSE CITY MAGAZINE

**ALLY MEDIA**

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