

DIVERSE CITY

Magazine

Valentine Edition 2025



IN A SPECIAL WAY

Valentine's gift of the heart

ISLAM

The fastest growing religion in the U.S. A look at Predestination, Free will, Déjà vu

CAT STEVENS (YUSUF ISLAM)

Now age 76, and still plays popular music, and recently performed at the Glastonbury Festival in 2023

ACOUSTIC JAM 2025

F. Ally original songs played on an acoustic guitar
To listen, www.allymedia.ca, click 'Music-Books'



BLACK HISTORY MONTH

A Look at the genius, Lewis Latimer

INDIA TO THE AMERICAS, 1838

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, four novels, plus study guide, on the first groups of Indians to enter the Americas as indentured laborers starting in 1838 and their hardships and hopes. See Chapt1 book1(part1),Chapt1 book1(part 2)

THE MASTERMIND

Jack and his colleagues, on how to steal a book, a song, change it and harass his victims. He uses AI.



DIVERSE CITY

World Magazine



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Edition 1.0 published on February 12, 2025 with updates, at 6:15pm; also on February 11, 2025 at 9pm

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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



IN A SPECIAL WAY, VALENTINE'S GIFT OF THE HEART



On February 14, around the globe, couples celebrate their love for each other. Romance in the air. And if your celebration is about friendship instead of romance, a yellow rose signifies friendship, and a red rose signifies love.

Valentine's for everyone

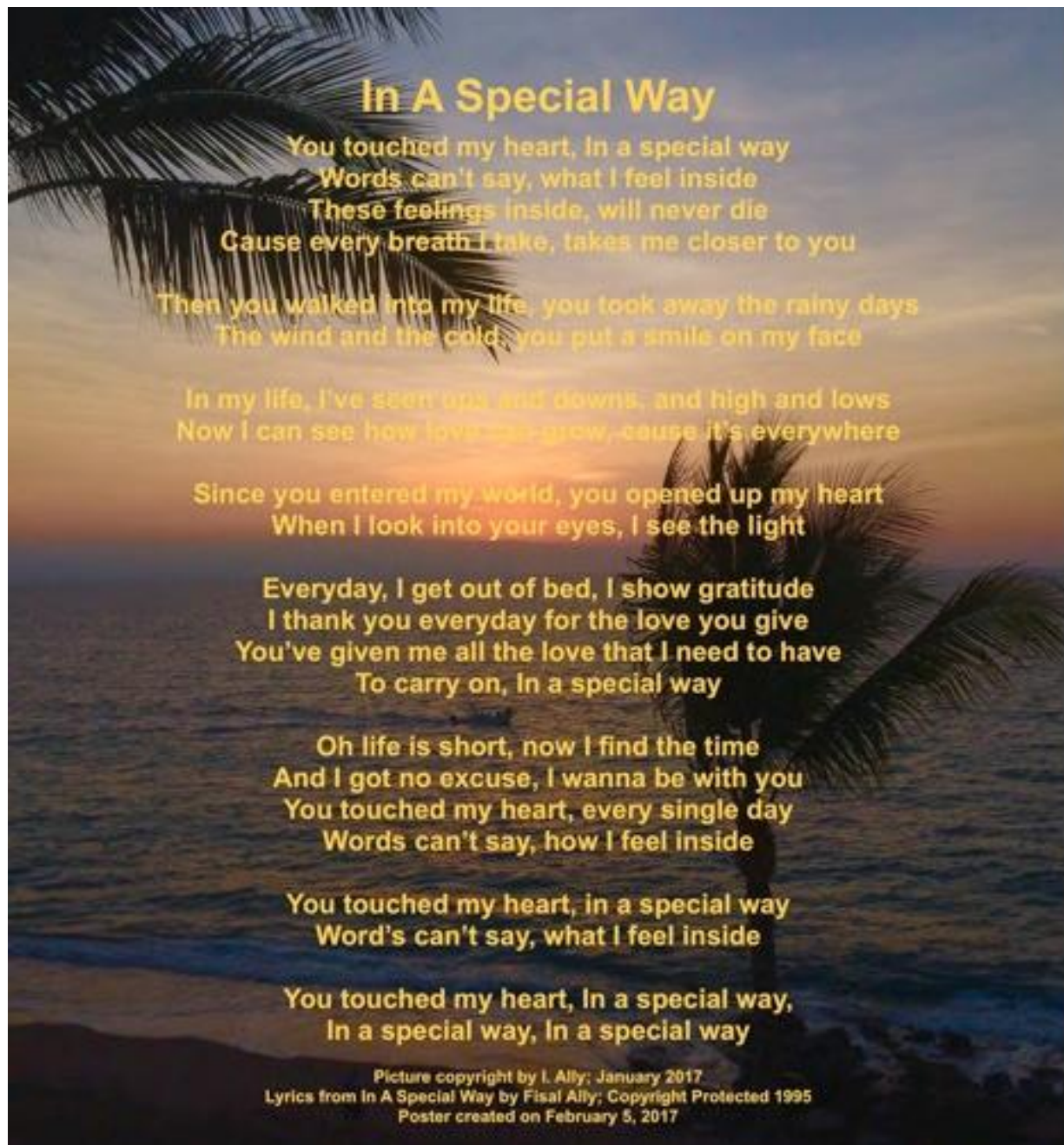
The best gift for valentines is your kindness, thoughtfulness and most of all your heart. Valentines' for everyone. It's important to give to the elderly, your parents, and people that have

nobody. Kind words are important, or you can give a hug and or a kiss to the ones in your lives, and don't forget A Kiss Goodnight, and These Feelings (Estos Sentimientos).

Whether it's a kiss goodnight or a hug or kiss, valentines should be everyday and not just one day out of the year.

Valentine is a time for romance. But it's much more than romance. It's a time where people spend time together and share precious moments, whether its over lunch, dinner, or even at the movies. Cards, flowers, chocolate and diamonds are often given as a sign of this love and friendship. Although a valentine has its roots in pagan traditions, most people are not aware of it, nor think of valentines as a pagan celebration, but as another celebration.

In A Special Way, Original song; music, lyrics by F. Ally



HUMANITY ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION

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

**GIVE PEACE A CHANCE
JOHN LENNON**

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



Fisal Deen Ally

SHARE LOVE

**SHARE
THESE
MAGIC
MOMENTS**

**CREATE
MAGIC**

On February 14, around the globe, many are celebrating valentine, a time for romance, a time for friendship, a time to show love. Couples celebrate their love for each other where romance is in the air. Regardless of its pagan origin, also some do not celebrate, valentine can be for everyone, where friendship celebrated, love and caring for others such as the elderly are a part of it. Thus valentine is special to many, regardless of its pagan origin. Happy Valentines to the ones celebrating their love, and make it every day, and if you are not celebrating valentines, you can still make this day a very special one 'In A Special Way' and make every single day a special day.

Original love songs by F. Ally for valentine, an acoustic guitar version:

A Kiss Goodnight (2 versions), Nobody Wanna Say Goodbye, These Feelings (Estos Sentimientos), Candle That Burns (two versions), True Love. If you wish to listen to my independent songs, please visit www.allymedia.ca and click the 'Music-Book' tab...F. Ally.

All 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 for commercial use or for profits. No modification of songs and books allowed. Support independent artists by sharing with others. All songs and books are copyright protected. I have been an independent artist since age 13/14 and that continued throughout my life, along with independent reporting...F. Ally

**TRUE LOVE COULD NEVER PART
IT'S LIKE MAGIC IN THE AIR
LIKE MAGIC IN THE AIR**

Take some time out and enjoy each and every day because we are living in the most dangerous time ever in history, but most people cannot see what's taking place because they are too busy with their cell phones and social media, although social media has brought many truths and exposed many lies.

However, the fact is many around the world are facing major illnesses and destruction and thus will not enjoy valentine. The way things are going today with lots of children and adults having cancer, heart problems and many other medical conditions, many will not see their retirement. I know of and heard of many that have died within the last five years. Let every moment, every day count, as the future seems more and more bleak as the days go by. This year 2025 is the where mass destruction will take place. Look at all the plane crashes, destruction to homes whether by fires or bombs.

Monthly and bi-weekly editions

I plan to put out bi-weekly editions, so please continue to check the website, as I only send out about 4 notifications in the year during the bigger celebrations such as Valentines, Christmas, spring and Summer.

Islam is the fastest growing religion in the United States

The whole world has witnessed through Social Media what has been taking place in Gaza, where the homes of the Palestinians have been demolished in their historical homeland where they have lived for thousands of years. Many across the world became curious as to why the Palestinians continues to say Alhamdulillah (All praises are for Allah (God)) while they are being attacked,

many killed, and their homes destroyed. Many in the West began looking into Islam and learned the truth about Islam and have converted to Islam where for them Islam is the truth, and thus Islam continues to be the fastest growing religion in America and many countries in the West. Some had already converted to Islam after 911, when they became curious about Islam and learned the truth about Islam, very different from what the Mainstream media portrays Islam to be.

The Month of Ramadan

As the months of Ramadan approaches and starts at the end of February or March 2025, I'm writing on a few topics such as predestination, free will, déjà vu, and prayers, and also a look at music where for example some Muslims continues to engage in popular music, such as Yusuf Islam, a convert to Islam. This edition has a short write on Yusuf / Cat Stevens where he performed his song, Wild World, in front of one hundred thousand people at **the Glastonbury Festival in 2023 at age 73.**

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, India to the Americas – many assisted in editing, proof reading and providing feedback.

In the past I had added samples of some books I had written. Starting in this edition, I will be including chapters from The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, India to the Americas. This also gives me an opportunity to read some of these books again. In the past, many had assisted me in editing and proof reading these novels, thus many knows who wrote all of these novels, who did all the research etc...This is a historical fiction recreating history which includes many real events, real people, real places, along with fictional places and people

I also provide a glossary, and a list with historical people's names, fictional people's names, and a list with historical places and fictional places.

To Read some chapters of The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, India to the Americas, p.21

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

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

Credits p.24

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List of characters p.69

Historical places p.72

Glossary p.74

My original songs – decades ago, many provided feedback and heard my songs

Many also did the same for all of my songs decades ago, where they listened to my songs and provided feedback, so they all know who wrote each and every one of my songs, and back in those days there were no similarities to any of my songs, else those similarities would have been pointed out. However, after 2010 I began hearing many similarities and samples of my songs. Also many of my songs were recorded in professional studios decades ago with professional players.

Tough times ahead

We're living in a world of disasters and a lot of this is coming in 2025 and has already came in early 2025. There has been plane crashes one after the other, where many are probably wondering if they should be traveling. In a recent past edition, I had mentioned that by 2029, their plan is to stop all travel, however there will be some business travels.

Short News

80,000 children were found, but where are they? Why aren't we hearing about this on the Mainstream Media. It's always reported that hundreds of thousands of children goes missing every year. I have seen reports stating that hundreds of thousands of children goes missing every year. Why? And where are these children?

The destruction of Gaza, Canada to become a part of the U.S or a greater region

If Gaza can be taken over by the United States, what about Canada and Mexico? Recently, we saw two maps of Canada as part of the United States? However, the plan is to divide the world into TEN REGIONS with of course a One World Government; this government already exists and have been in existence for decades for the whole world. They are restructuring as it takes time to get change the laws people have lived by for a long time. We are heading for mass destruction, but most cannot see it coming. The Palestinians will now have no choice but to leave their historical homeland. The buildings are all falling apart, and the ones left partly standing can fall anytime.

Vaccinations

I recently viewed a report that stated concerning the U.S that they are getting 2 billion injections. In the past I heard that a Moderna plant was being built or already built in Quebec, Canada to produce 100 million injections a year.

News will be discussed in the upcoming March 2025 edition

Some upcoming events

Trinidad Carinival 2025 – February 26 to March 02, 2025

Rio Carnival 2025 – February 28 to March 8, 2025

Jamaica Carnival April 25, 2025

Guyana February 23

Toronto Caribana July 31 to Aug 4

Cariwest Aug 8 to 10, 2025

Carifest Calgary Aug 15, 16, 17

Easter Sun, Apr 20, 2025

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

Holi Fri, Mar 14, 2025

Chinese New Year 2025 Wed, Jan 29 to Feb 12

Black history – Feb 1 to Feb 28, 2025

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

LIFE'S JOURNEY

by F. Ally



STRESSED AND YOUR MIND RAMBLING?

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

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

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

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

A LOOK AT ISLAM

By Faisal Ally

After watching a video called ‘No More Confusion: Destiny (Qadar) Explained in Full!’ on the Youtube channel called Towards Eternity, and read a specific comment, I decided to write an article predestination. In the comment section of the video, someone had commented that he wanted to convert to Islam, but decided not to because he did not believe in predestination.

After watching the video, I still didn’t understand how free will was possible if our destiny was already written for us. However, after pondering on this topic for about a week or two, it all began to make sense to me, and I became very thankful for this knowledge which is very beneficial to challenges in life, which I will discuss in the next edition. The following topics are discussed below.

- 1) Fastest growing religion
- 2) Clarifications on prayers
- 3) Predestination, Déjà vu, Free will
- 4) Is music allowed in Islam

Some terms and information:

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, where as the word Allah is unique. This report uses the word Allah for different reasons. God can be changed into Goddess, god gods and other works, whereas Allah can never be changed to male, female plural. Also in the Middle East, the word Allah by Muslims and Christians. 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 passed down throughout the generations

Pbuh – Peace be upon him

Information from Google:

-Earth is 4.543 billion years old

-The Universe is said to be ‘13.7 billion years old with an uncertainty of 200 million years.

-Also says the Big Bang took place 13.8 billion years ago.

-The Arabic word yaum translate to both days and periods, thus in this article I will be using periods and not days.

Islam, The Fastest Growing Religion in America and many places in the world

According to ‘Los Angeles: The Glittering City That Became a Symbol of Islam’s Rise in America’ ; Abot Story, published on January 27, 2025, Islam is the fastest growing religion in the United States, and many wants to know why anybody would want to be a part of this religion. This topic is not new. Many have become curious about Islam because of the bad press on the Mainstream Media. After researching, almost everyone concluded that the Mainstream Media is spreading lies about Islam. A comment from the video is, “Islam changed my life, I not only felt closer to God but closer to myself.” People are looking for the truth, spiritual nourishment, a way to connect to God, and a good way to live, and they are finding that in Islam,

according to them. The person sent on the mission now sees the beauty of Islam after his investigation. You can watch the video at the reference link below.

Reference

Los Angeles: The Glittering City That Became a Symbol of Islam's Rise in America
Abot Story; January 27, 2025

[Youtube.com/watch?v=ebiwwhnP0Vg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ebiwwhnP0Vg)

Some clarifications on Islamic prayer

by F. Ally

The section below was taken from the March 2018 edition and is slightly modified

When translating the Arabic words Salah (Salat) and Dua used in the Quran, the translation is often prayers for both words. However, Salah and Dua are very different.

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 has different meanings.

Dua is always referred to as praying, such as praying to Allah and asking for help, to make life easier etc... and thus Dua can be done anytime during the day and night, and as many times as you wish.

When it comes to Islam, we always hear about the five daily prayers. The classical Arabic word, 'salah' does not only translate to the word prayer, although prayer is a part of 'salah,' but it's much more than prayers. A big part of it is connecting to the creator and focusing on the inspirational verses and phrases are all a part of 'salah,' whereas Dua is often praying and asking for something.

Salah has a format such as standing, bowing, prostrating, and reciting verses from the Holy Quran. Dua is often also done within Salah. However, a person can do Dua while standing, sitting, lying and just bringing their palms together.

During salah, verses from the Quran are recited, there is 'dua', there is also worshipping where you only praise Allah (the creator of the Heaven, the Earth and all things), then there's dīkr (zīkr) which is actually closer to a meditation practice where worshippers repeat a phrase such as 'subhannallah' over and over during salah and this is rejuvenating in the way meditation is - in fact, salah purifies the heart and soul where worshippers should attain calmness, release stress, quiet their busy minds etc... and that's healthy for the body, soul and mind, and the goal is to become an enlightened being. For me, the word Salah means rejuvenation, where Allah sends us tranquility, rejuvenation, blessings and improvements during each salah. And the word Dua means prayers.

A few things I'm engaged in Some as Ramadan approaches:

Start fasting a few times a week, cut out some stands. I remember that during fasting our stomach shrinks, thus to eat less. 1/3 of the stomach for food, 1/3 liquid, 1/3 nothing

Start cleaning up, so when fasting begins, your home is clean

Learn the Eid Takbir

Disclaimer: No advice is given, expect the writer is sharing his experiences. Seek professional advice and assistance on health and diets

ISLAM – PREDESTINATION, DÉJÀ VU, AND FREE WILL

By Faisal Deen Ally

Disclaimer: Most of the information in this report came from the reference videos. The writer also provides his own views which helped him to understand these topics better; thus the writer is only sharing his view and encourages to continue with knowledge.

This report was posted in a blog called Islam on www.allymedia.ca – for this report there's been some modification, reordering, and also more information and views added.

References video for this article

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fTpxLqv7h84>

No More Confusion: Destiny (Qadar) Explained in Full!

Towards Eternity

Islam speaks of five pillars which are Imaan (faith), charity, prayers, Hajj and ,,,,but there's lots more to Islam. An important topic is on predestination and free will. Islam is much more than these pillars. These pillars are the basic to the practice. The practice is much more.

The report below is modified from its original, written and posted as a blog at allymedia.ca/f/islam posted Jan 24, 2025, and was also posted in the reference link video comment section. Below was modified and updated for this report. While watching the reference videos I normally make notes. Some of the notes will be added to widen the scope of this report.

Introduction

Some may or many maybe confused as to how Allah (God) can write down all destiny, our future, our actions and choices, and then it is said that everything is from Allah.

My approach to writing this report was to use numbers used in Science to keep track of when Allah wrote down our destiny and when our freewill came in. This is my way of simply understanding this topic, as the host in the reference video mentioned that it's not that easy to grasp. The host did a great job and had covered lots of information. In the future I may look at different ways of explaining this topic, but for now this works for me.

I had watched the reference video, but at first I did not fully grasp predestination and freewill until about one to two weeks as I tried to internalize it all, and began using the time periods used in science.

Topics covered in the video is Predestination, Free will, Déjà vu

Section I

We are looking at timelessness, and 'time' or 'time and space' or 'time, space, material'

It's important to remember some attributes that always apply to Allah where Allah is All knowing, All hearing, All Seeing. Allah can see the future and he can hear and see everything taking place in the future, including people's actions. Allah is not bound by time, whereas people are bound time.

We are looking at Timelessness, time (space-time-matter), free will

I will use the terms from the video: Involuntary destiny, voluntary destiny. In the next edition, I will expand this report by bringing in other terms. For now, I want to keep it simple.

Timelessness only applies to Allah. Allah will create a time-space-matter universe where people and other beings, plants and other life will exist in; Allah exists outside of this. Allah does not exist in the world we exist in.

I had worked as a Computer Programmer in the past, and thus I will relate some of Allah's creation to computer science to show the complexity, which we really cannot even imagine.

Let's look at history – Allah commanded the Pen to write down everything

Although not in the Quran, but in the Hadiths where the Prophet Muhammad (Pbuh) of Islam said 50,000 years before any creation of time, space, matter, Allah had created the Pen and commanded the Pen to Write. The Pen asked 'What should I write.' Allah told the Pen to write down everything in details from the beginning of creation to the Hour; the Hour is when Judgment day begins. However, the Quran does mention our destiny and free will.

The Preserved Tablet

Every details to take place within creation to the hour is stored in a preserved tabled called Al lawn al mahfooz, known as the mother of all books and is stored in a structure in the seventh Heaven call Al Batul Al-mahmur.

If we have free will, then how was this all written down 50,000 years before any creation?

The beginning of space-time creation is when Allah caused a tiny mass to be blown asunder. This is the creation of space-time. Remember that Allah is outside of this tiny mass that began expanding. This was stated in the Holy Quran 1400 years ago. Many Muslims say that this is the beginning of the Big Bang where Science has claimed for decades now that creation began with a Big Bang. In the Quran it states that the Heaven and the Earth was one mass and Allah caused it to break apart. The Quran states that Allah continues to expand his creation, and according to Science the Universe continues to expand. Muslims claim that what Science has recently discovered with the advancement in technology, was already stated in the Quran 1400 years ago. **There are also many other discoveries by Science in recent times which Muslim scholars says were already in the Quran 1400 years ago. In an upcoming article, I will be looking at at some of these.**

Allah is All Knowing, All Hearing, All Seeing

Since Allah is outside of time and is timeless and is not bound by time and or space, Allah can see the present, the past and the future all at the same time. As this tiny mass expanded creating space and time, Allah caused it to create neutrinos, protons, electrons, dark energy, atoms, molecules and much more that we cannot even imagine. So, lets keep it simple.

Let's go with numbers from Science

I will use numbers such as 13.8 instead of 13.82 to keep things a bit simple. Science states that this Universe has been in existence for 13.8 billion years now, and that Earth was created 4.6 billion years ago. Thus the Earth was created 13.8 minus 4.6 billion years which equals to 9.6 billion years from the time creation began. Thus it took 50,000 years plus 9.6 billion years for the Earth came into existence from the time Allah ordered the Pen to start writing down every details in creation until the hour. The sun, trees, flowers, grass, clouds, rain, bacteria, bugs, crickets, bees, etc... came into existence, where every detail is recorded in Al Lawh Al Mahfooz, thus preordained or destined by Allah. *There are discussions as to what came first, the earth or the sun, along with other discussions; this report does not get into this, but is only to explain predestination and freewill.*

Allah can hear, see into the future, he is All Knowing, All Hearing, All Seeing

It's important to remember that the details of space-time creation was being written 50,000 years before any creation had taken place, and while it was being written down, Allah can see into the future when his creation will come into existence in different stages – he is All Knowing, All Hearing, All Seeing. The Pen continued to write. Now let's move to about the 50,000 years plus 13.8 billion years into the future, where Allah will then create humans where the pen continues wrote what a person's features will be such as skin color, color of hair, when the person will be born, die, parents, family members, the person will be destined to do certain things such as go to a mountain etc... Those are all destined and cannot be changed, and according to the reference video, this is called involuntary destiny. Allah also created people to have freewill to make choices and choose our actions which is called voluntary destiny. As Allah sees the future, he orders to Pen to write down all of the choices we make such as our actions, and this this was all recorded into Al Lawh Al Mahfooz 13.8 billion plus the 50,000 years before humans came into existence, because Allah can see the future and he already knows what will happen in the future. He sees the future and the Pen wrote down the actions we will take in the future. The religious texts were also written down. This is how I personally relate to Predestination and freewill based on watching the video and other videos.



What is our purpose in life, why are we here – we have free will

Islam says that each person is here to be TESTED, thus for a person to be tested, the person must be able to choose his her actions, thus the person must have **free will** to make decisions while being tested. **Will the person choose good, bad etc.. this is called voluntary destiny.** We made these choices based on our own free will; we volunteered to do so. Will we pass the TESTS. We learn, grow and better ourselves, or will we FAIL the tests and harm each other.

In the future when we come into existence

Now it's over 13.8 billion years after the Pen began to write down Allah's creation. So now when we read the Quran, the Quran says everything is from Allah, and thus some people believes that they do not have free will, if everything is from Allah and everything about them and their actions were already written down 50,000 years before any creation, or lets say 13.8 billion years plus 50,000 years ago; some or many will say well this was written down billions of years ago

before we even came into existence, therefore Allah was the one who chose all my actions and not us. They will say so if everything was written down over 13.8 billion years ago then everything was destined and we do not have any freewill and we are just going through the motions like a movie playing. THIS IS WHERE THE CONFUSION COMES IN ABOUT FREEWILL.

Let's look at this again

Lets go back 50,000 years before any creation as Allah commands the Pen to write. As the Pen wrote about the creation of the Earth with every details, Allah can see the future because Allah is timeless, and he can see the past, present and future all at the same time, so he sees the Earth being created because he is looking into the future, even though this was all written down billions of years in the past.

One way I imagine this is, Allah created space-time, so I draw a half circle that looks like a dome or maybe like a half of a bun. Allah is outside of that dome and everything else is in the dome along with the billions of people, and he can see into the future 13.8 billion years into the future inside the dome where time, space and material exists, and while witnessing our choices, he tells the Pen to recorded all the details into Al-lawh Al-mahfooz, the tablet that contains all things that will happens from the beginning of creation to when the hour starts. There has to be a good reason for Allah recording everything details before humans even come into existence. One thing we do know is that the Angels have to know the time of our death, so how would they know that information? My guess is they get the information from the Preserved Table. I will look at this later and provide my own views. Thus all of our actions and choices were written down over 13.8 billion years ago, while Allah looked into the future to witness our choices and actions. The above explains how all of our actions and choices we chose were written down over 13.8 years ago before we came into existence and thus our destiny was already written out for us.

Déjà vu

Many of us have experienced something where it seems to us that we have already experienced it already.

The host says that Déjà vu can be given as proof of destiny. He said “you know how sometimes we say wait, I have lived this moment before.” He says that “because in the realm of the SOULS, Allah allowed us to see that specific even in Law Al-Mahfooz.

The original blog for this article written by Fisal Ally, January 27, 2025...10:50 Edm time... We will never be able to know everything about God and how he creatd us, so my explanation above works for me, just simple and clear. However, I will continue to delve more into all of this and a lot more.....Jan 24, 2025...

Is Music Allowed In Islam

I heard of two situations where a small girl or boy was playing a drum. Someone complained and the Prophet (Pbuh) said it was okay and let them continue. There was another incident where the Prophet prohibited the playing. Think about this what if at that time the child was playing a violin or flute.

Most of my songs are folk, country style, and soft. The lyrics are clean, and all of my songs can be sang without any musical instruments, or even just strumming a guitar. Some of my songs are

My Home, A Kiss Goodnight, True Love, The Birds Won't Come My Way, Keep The Peace, and many similar songs. I do not see anything wrong with singing such songs.

There are countless Muslim musician/singer. One of the biggest singers in India was Mohammed Rafi. In Albania there are many female singers singing what can be called Islamic songs where the music is heavy with guitars, bass, drums, orchestra, but where the audience is in an auditorium sitting and listening. This is known throughout the Muslim world.

I continue to get videos in my view where it states that musicians have given up music for Islam, and no doubt I had people coming up telling me I can't sing, and no doubt they are after my songs. If someone wants your songs they will send in people to harass you and tell you can't sing and music is prohibited for Muslims.

The question remains does Islam say to avoid music. There's nothing stated in the Quran. In the Hadith I read of two incidents. One is for music the other opposes music.

To be continued...This report will be expanded with more topics. I did not want to provide too much at once. Take a few weeks to ponder over Predestination (destiny) and how we still have free will within what was destined. Go back and forth, from the beginning before creation and see how Allah can see into the future, and then go forward 13.8 billion years into space time to see how you have free will to make all of your choices, except for a few which was already destined, and to know that you are responsible for all of your actions...Fisal Ally

SPRING FESTIVALS

**Chinese New Year – Year of the Snake is celebrated on Wednesday, January 29, 2025
And is celebrated for 16 days.**

Wed, Jan 29, 2025 to Wed, Feb 12, 2025

Chinese in many countries around the world will be enjoying this celebration. Chinese New Year also marks the Arrival of Spring for the Chinese, celebrating the arrival of the warmer spring weather as the colder weather drifts away.



BLACK HISTORY MONTH

Black History Month in America and Canada takes place in the month of February. .

Carter G Woodson had started the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History (ASALH) back in 1912 to recognize 'Black Scholars, Historians and son's of former slaves.' On February 12, 1962, he started Black History Week, which later, in the 1960s, became Black History Month.

Black History Month educates people on many 'Blacks' and their contributions to the world.



Lewis Latimer, the electrical pioneering genius

Back in the 1800s, Lewis Latimer had worked with inventors such as Alexander Graham Bell, and Thomas A. Edison. He had invented the carbon filament light bulb in 1897, where he had spent hour after hour and day after day carrying out thousands of tests that led to the use of the electric light across the globe. He had also worked in New York, Philadelphia, Montreal and London supervising the installation of public electric lights. He had worked with Bell and had also drawn up the diagrams for the patent of the telephone. He was on Edison's research team and was a witness in court for Edison's patents. He had contributed greatly to the development of the United States with his many inventions. His patents were: Water closet for railroad cars, improvement on electric lamp, process for manufacturing carbon filament, arc light glove support, patent for apparatus for cooling and disinfecting, device for locking hats, coats, and umbrellas on hanging racks. He also wrote 'the first book on electric lighting called Incandescent Electric which was a technical engineering book and thus became a guide for lighting engineers.

Disclaimer:

The two photos may not have anything to do with Black History months, but were licensed from www.depositphotos.com for writing this article. The small boy in this photo is not Lewis Latimer.

*References and quotes: 1) Article: Black History; Reference: Cariwave Magazine, 2017 Valentine's Edition, p.4
2) Article: Black History; <https://asalh.org/african-americans-in-times-of-war/>*

RIO, AND TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO CARNIVAL EXTRAVAGANZA

The biggest Carnivals in the world are taking place

Trinidad Carinival 2025 – February 26 to March 02, 2025

Rio Carnival 2025 – February 28 to March 8, 2025

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.

Like valentines and other celebrations, carnival also has its root in paganism.



RIO CARNIVAL

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.



TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO CARNIVAL

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.

Street parade in February

This carnival has its origin 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.'

Disclaimer: The pictures does not necessarily represent these particular events but were licensed from www.depositphotos.com for illustration purposes and for writing the article.



THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN

NOVELS BY FISAL (FIZAL) DEEN ALLY

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS (Part 1)

BOOK 1 – INDIA TO THE AMERICAS (Part 2)

BOOK 2 – THE ESCAPE FOR TRUE LOVE

BOOK 3 – REBELLION & REUNION

In the Diverse City Magazine from here on I will be posting two chapters, one from Book1 (Part 1) and Book1 (Part 2). The reason for posting from two different books, is Book2 is the arrival in Guyana. Whereas Book1 takes place in India and goes into how the Indians were kidnapped and or lured on the two ships, The Whitby, and The Hesperus.

TO LEARN A BIT ON THESE NOVELS

DEAR READERS p.25

CREDITS p.24

PROLOGUE p.26

READ CHAPTER 1 FROM BOOK1 (Part 1) p.30

READ CHAPTER 2 FROM BOOK1 (Part 2) p.46

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

**MY PLAN IS TO HAVE ALL THE CHAPTERS OF THE FOUR NOVELS
IN THE UPCOMING EDITIONS. IF ANYONE ON MY EMAIL LIST WOULD LIKE A
COPY OF ALL THE NOVELS, PLEASE SEND ME AN EMAIL AND I WILL SEND YOU
THE PDF FILES...FISAL ALLY**



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

A Story & A Study

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

Ally Publishing

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

www.fisalally.com
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*

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

*Special thanks to:
The contributing editors*

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

Contributing proofreaders

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

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.

PROLOGUE

Demerara, British Guiana, South America—Monday, August 7, 1837

THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO SET BELOW THE CLOUD-DAPPLED sky, as a light ocean breeze wafted through the Lighthouse Diner filling the air with an aroma of exotic dishes. The atmosphere was lively, customers dining out and enjoying the striking view of the Atlantic Ocean; some engaged in business discussions.

The Governor of British Guiana, Sir James Carmichael Smyth, stood up at the table to greet two men clad in suits. James Mathews and Frederick Smith joined him out on the portico overlooking the ocean. "I'm glad you came down from Berbice," the Governor said as they shook hands and sat down. There were four vacant chairs.

"Georgetown certainly is a paradise for many," Mr. Mathews said. He was the attorney for Plantation Bellevue in West Demerara.

"Yes. A paradise," the Governor replied, as the waiter approached them and took their orders. A few minutes later, Sheriff Whinfield of Berbice joined them. He removed his wide brim hat and shook hands with his acquaintances and then sat down.

The descending sun surrounded by hues of orange and purple clouds seized Mr. Mathews' eyes. "Soon a new face shall be rising on the horizon," he said.

"India," the Governor replied, ready to embrace the changes to come.

Frederick's eyes reluctantly shifted to the horizon and steadied on a ship, as the sun slowly sunk into the ocean. He leaned back in his chair with a questioning glance, tapping his fingers on the table as the Jewish harpist began to play softly. The thought of unexpected changes were daunting to him. He pulled out a cigar and lit it.

During the week, plantation attorneys and managers from across British Guiana *Guyana* were attending meetings at the Parliament Building in Georgetown, concerning the abolishment of slavery in the British Empire, which had become effective on August 1, 1834, where the enslaved Africans were freed from bondage—yet they were still not free; they were placed on an apprenticeship program, scheduled to end in 1838 for some and 1840 for others, where forty and a half hours of their labor a week were still free to the plantation owners, and where they had an option to work up to an extra thirteen and a half hours a week for wages. They were also discussing the debates that were taking place in the British Parliament on the proposal to fully terminate the apprenticeship program in 1838, where all of the African apprentices would be fully emancipated.

A sudden panic filled Frederick's chest, his throat went dry and his gaze returned to the three men, as a puff of smoke from his mouth burst into the air. He tried to remain calm, but his uneasiness rose through his body and he started to flinch subconsciously. "If—if," a staccato cough from the smoke made him stammered. He puffed again and cleared his throat. "If the apprentice period ends in 1838 and the Negroes abandon plantation life, that's only months away," he said with disapproving eyes, knowing that Plantation Smith, which he was a co-owner of would suffer tremendously. "I will not have the supply of laborers to upkeep production."

"As we are all aware—" Mr. Mathews began and then sipped on his drink. He cleared his throat. "The supply of labor through our existing intercolonial slave trade from Antigua, Barbados, St. Kitts, Curacao and the surrounding islands has diminished considerably. It has been an ongoing struggle for the planters to get laborers to fill the gap."

Frederick leaned forward with an eager inquiry in his gaze. "What happens now?" he asked in a low voice, as customers were enjoying their dinner and conversations, mesmerized by the breathtaking view of the ocean and sunset.

Governor Smyth saw the fear in Frederick's demeanor. He reached into his briefcase and pulled out some papers. "Let me read you this short passage from John Gladstone's letter written on January 4, 1836, addressed to the shipping agent, Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company of Kolkata:

You will probably be aware that we are very particularly situated with our Negro apprentices in the West Indies, and that it is a matter of doubt and uncertainty how far they may be induced to continue their services on the plantations after their apprenticeship expires in 1840. (1)

The waiter brought out their meals, and they were delighted with the aroma fanning through the diner.

"Smells good," Frederick commented.

Mr. Mathews nodded. "Looks delicious."

The Governor gestured with his hand and said, "There's nothing like the exotic tastes of Amerindian, British, Dutch, French, African, Portuguese and German cuisines in this prosperous colony."

"I heard the taste of India shall soon be mingling in the air," the waiter said with an eager smile. His name was Rudy.

The Governor smiled. "You heard right. Curry shall soon be the new flavor of the colony."

Rudy's smile broadened. "Then the chef and I shall come up with an intoxicating curry dish for the menu."

"You mean curry with rum?" Mr. Mathews joked.

The others laughed.

"I mean hot and spicy," the waiter replied with a broad smile.

"Hot and spicy is intoxicating, isn't it?" Mr. Mathews said. "Who needs rum?"

"One thing I know for sure—curry is addictive," the sheriff chipped in. "It will be a good addition to the colony. I've certainly had my share of curry back in India before I arrived in the colony five years ago."

"I'm certain you will do us a great honor with the new flavors to come," the Governor praised the waiter.

"You shall be pleased. Gentlemen, is there anything else?"

"We're fine for now," Frederick replied.

"Gentlemen, enjoy your dinner."

"We will," Mr. Mathews said, as Rudy hurried over to another table. Two customers were pointing at the birds gliding from the top of the Demerara lighthouse, plunging towards the ocean.

"Friendly waiter," Frederick commented.

"He's of Scottish and Indian ancestry, born in Agra," the sheriff revealed.

"An Anglo-Indian?" the Governor said.

"Yes," the sheriff replied. "His family owns an indigo factory in the manufacturing district of Kishnaghur where many of the hill people known as the Dhangurs are employed in agriculture. I knew his family very well. He's an adventurous young man and had once journeyed to China, but ended up in this colony three years ago, escaping the pressures from the family business."

"Interesting," Mr. Mathews said and sipped on his rum.

"He's a free soul in this colony," the sheriff added. "You could tell from his tan that he's enjoying the tropics."

"Speaking of the Dhangurs, John Gladstone, also a Scotsman living in Liverpool, is one step ahead. He's expecting a batch of Dhangurs next April or May," the Governor reminded them.

"In India, I had worked amongst some of the Dhangurs," the sheriff said. "They are the hardy agricultural laborers living in the hills and could match the labor of the Creole Negro in the fields."

"Then the Dhangurs are just what we need in this colony," Mr. Mathews said.

"I'm interested in employing the coolies from China," Frederick said candidly.

Governor Smyth swallowed. "Then you may not have heard—"

"Heard what?"

"We approached the Chinese back in 1834, but they were not interested in coming to this part of the world. As a matter of fact, since back in 1811, there have been talks of employing the Chinese. The Chinese had a good opportunity to settle in the Americas by the thousands, tens of thousands, making their presence known in the New World. For sure we need a hundred thousand laboring in our booming Guiana sugar industry. The Chinese could have become the majority of this colony and in many colonies in the New World. They could have been the new face of the Americas."

Mr. Mathews considered for a moment. "Just imagine that."

"Then curry it shall be," Rudy said as he passed by and smiled.

Frederick was tensed and anxious. He chomped on his cigar and then breathed in deeply and exhaled slowly, his fingers started to tremble. A cloud of smoke veiled their table. "I thought for sure the apprentice period for the Negroes would end in 1840 as scheduled, buying me lots of time to carry out my plan, bringing a thousand coolies from Fukien and Kwangtung in southern China. They can eat rice all day, a cheap means of feeding them. I will even import the chop sticks." A murmur escaped him. "Thinking about this is nerve wracking. I thought I had it figured out."

"I guess chowmein and chopsuey could have been the new tastes of the colony, but it shall be curry," the Governor said with anticipation. "Frederick, may I suggest you send a letter to Kolkata immediately to either Mr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Haworth or Mr. Dowson for a batch of Dhangurs."

Frederick gave it a moment of serious consideration. "Then I guess no chopsticks? It shall be curry."

"Did I hear you say chopsticks?" Rudy said as he passed by again. He stopped, balancing his tray with hot meals for another table. "I've journeyed to China once before. I will give you a run down another day." An inspired gleam filled his eyes. "I've also been thinking about a chowmein dish for the menu." The four men gave the waiter their full attention.

"And chopsuey?" Frederick asked.

The waiter smiled. "Yes, of course. Let's start with curry, and in a few weeks add chowmein to the menu. And not to worry, I shall import the chopsticks. Chowmein is never the same without the chopsticks." He winked. The four men exchanged laughter as Rudy continued to the next table.

"Gentlemen, I will do as you say," Frederick said and leaned back with satisfied eyes. "My son, Richard, is in India engaged in business with the East India Company. I shall send him a letter first thing tomorrow," he said, as two men waved through the smoke walking towards them.

The plantation manager, Mr. Sanderson, of Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop located in West Demerara, and the attorney, Mr. Cameron, of Plantation Highbury in Berbice joined them. A few minutes later, the General Manager and co-attorney, Mr. Turnbull, also from Plantation Highbury joined them. They were also attending the meetings at the Parliament

Building concerning the proposal for an early termination on the apprenticeship program for the Negroes. They greeted each other as the soft melody from the harp resonated through the diner. The customers were enjoying their dinner and the exotic Atlantic Ocean view, as a ship in the near distance sailed by under the twilight making its presence in the darkening sky.

India to the Americas

Book 1(Part 1)

Chapter 1 - Maya bazaar

Awadh, India—September 14, 1837

THE SUN'S RAYS CASCADED OVER THE NORTH INDIAN trading route, bathing the Maya bazaar in the brilliant colors of the rainbow. It was Saturday midmorning and vendors were busy getting ready for a bustling day. Exotic items and scarce goods from near and far decorated the stalls; even books from as far as Ethiopia and the Americas entertained the eyes. A few stalls flaunted the best silk, porcelain and pearl, the envy of many. Other stalls laden with inexpensive fabrics: cotton, linen, low-grade cloths, affordable to many. By noon, the trading post was lively. Vendors and buyers haggled over merchandise. The intense heat was everywhere, only a burst of dry air brushed through the impoverished land. Relief came, when patches of grey clouds drifted high up above the bazaar, but only for an hour.

Crowds of scantily dressed bystanders captivated by a play became distracted when a voice from a bullock cart burst into the air. "Bazaar day! Bazaar day!" The driver's hands gripped the rope and his voice rose, "Yaaaaa! Yaaaaa! Bazaar day! Bazaar day!" His grip tightened and the wheels screeched. The cart jerked to a stop and a passenger was thrown from the back of the cart, landing on his feet. He lost his balance and fell in front of a donkey caravan, where the raw stench of garbage stifled the donkey and tainted the sweet aroma of exotic perfumes, which lingered in the air. The donkey frolicked, kicking up dust in the teenager's face. He coughed and scrambled to his feet, escaping a kick from the animal. He began to sway as if he was intoxicated and stumbled into a crowd, spellbound by the play. The spectators scattered. Some stared at the seventeen-year-old as he landed on the ground, unscathed. Abashed by the incident, the teenager forced a fake smile and grinned for his audience. Another passenger jumped from the cart, gripping two backpacks. The bags fell from his hands as he jerked forward and into the crowd holding onto his turban with his left hand. The onlookers scattered as he bumped into them with his right arm outstretched.

Kalil reached up from the ground. Vishnu gripped his hand and pulled him to his feet.

"Bhai brother, you all right?" Vishnu asked. He was one year older than Kalil. "You took a hard fall."

"I'm okay—just a little bump," Kalil's voice slurred, brushing the dust from his pajama pants, feeling light-headed. His eyes became fixed on the bullock cart driver, who was sitting sprawled out on his cart laughing at him. The driver's cheekiness angered him. He let out a shriek and reeled up to the cart, raising a tight fist at the driver's face. The lanky twenty-two-year-old driver lifted his hand to strike back, but Vishnu stepped in between them and placed a grip on Kalil's hand.

"Let's go!"

"Not until I teach that rascal a good lesson!" Kalil was ready for a match, ready for the audience to place their bets on him, ready to pound his antagonist into the ground, ready to take his bows. The driver and the teenager exchanged antagonizing words, as Vishnu pulled Kalil away.

"Last call!" the driver yelled contemptuously and spat at the teenager. Kalil dodged. He broke loose from Vishnu's grip and grabbed onto the cart with one hand. The driver's whip

landed on one of the oxen as Kalil hoisted his right leg onto the cart. The crowd clapped as the performers in the play began another scene in the epic love story of Majnun and Layla. The driver kicked the other ox with his calloused foot bottom. “Yaaaaa! Yaaaaa!” his high-pitched voice screeched, disrupting the audience. The oxen kicked up, stirring up a thick dusty fog, smothering Kalil’s face in dust, while his left side jutti *curved-tip shoe* dragged on the ground. “I will teach you a lesson!” the driver bellowed, lashing out at the teenager. Kalil’s grip broke and he fell from the cart. Vishnu rushed up to Kalil and pulled him up, as the driver laughed at them.

“My bag!” Kalil shrieked and started to run after the cart, but the cart sped up.

“Over there! Our bags are over there!”

Kalil stopped. He turned around breathing heavily, veiled in a thin dusty fog. His white clothes were now dusty brown. He staggered back towards Vishnu, clenching his stomach. Dizziness assailed him and he fell to the ground, doubled over, coughing. He rolled onto his back, sprawling out. Vishnu reached down, clutched Kalil’s hand and pulled him to his feet again.

“I grabbed our backpacks and jumped after you fell from the cart.”

“Fell!” Kalil started to cough, trying to catch his breath. “I—I jumped!” He looked annoyed. “I lost my balance and jumped when that rickety cart jerked.”

Vishnu cackled. “Well pardon me, but I’m sure you were thrown.” He reached into his backpack and pulled out a canister. He twisted off the cork and handed it to Kalil. “Drink like a donkey.” He brayed, jokingly. “You need this more than me.”

Kalil brayed back mocking Vishnu. “I jumped!” He untied the knot from the yellow bandana wrapped around his forehead and wiped away the dust smeared all over his face. He then untied the yellow scarf from his waist and opened the buttons on his kurta shirt, airing out his body from the intense heat. He grabbed the canister from Vishnu and took a gulp. “I jumped.”

“Okay, so you jumped.”

Kalil frowned. “Okay, okay, so I was thrown—are you happy now?”

“Bhai, I’m never happy if my best friend is upset. If you say you jumped, then you jumped!”

Kalil tilted his head back and poured more water into his mouth. He gargled. His head came forward and he spat out a thick grainy lump of dust.

Vishnu jumped out of the way. “Watch it! Is this revenge? I already said you jumped! I’ll keep it quiet! I won’t tell a living soul—only the dead.”

“Don’t rub it in! How would you like to be cremated right now?” Kalil asked.

“Then I won’t be alive to tell—”

“You got it! Start digging your grave.”

“I thought you said cremated.

“Whatever!” Kalil took another mouthful. He gargled and spat.

“Watch it!”

“Why you getting in the way?”

“I’m not a mind reader—if I were I’d be wealthy.”

Kalil took a deep breath, feeling disoriented. “Bhai, don’t talk about wealth. I’m tired of traveling all the way to the Assam tea plantation.” He drank, gargled and spat, repeatedly, almost in perfect tempo. Vishnu looked like a barefooted dancer, dancing to the rhythm of Kalil’s spitting. “Keep dancing,” he encouraged, gesturing with his hands.

Vishnu rolled up his white sleeves and his arms rose into the air, pointing his index finger as if he was dancing. He laughed and started to jump around, holding onto his turban with his left hand. His right hand rose into the air and he began to twirl his hand and fingers. Kalil joined in the laughter. He raised the canister in the air and it looked like both of them were dancing. Clapping flooded the air as the play drew more attention; some came to the bazaar just to catch the love story. Kalil tossed the container at Vishnu, as an orphan in tattered garment scooted by with a monkey. Vishnu caught the canister and took a mouthful. The monkey stopped and

grinned at them, flashing his discolored teeth, teasing them. The boy also grinned, exposing a missing front tooth as he clowned around.

The two teenagers exchanged laughter and grinned back at the boy and the monkey. The monkey reached out with his hands to hug them, but the boy grabbed his monkey and pulled him along. Vishnu extended his hand back to Kalil. "Have more."

"I'm good. Bhai, if I ever see that good-for-nothing rascal again, he will not live to see the next sunrise."

"Or sunset." Vishnu cackled. "He's long gone. Forget that weasel! I promise you will never see his ugly face again." He corked the container and slipped it back into his backpack.

The two teenagers were on their way home from work. Vishnu worked as an assistant supervisor at an indigo factory in Tirhoot that belonged to British planters, and Kalil worked as a junior carpenter on an experimental tea plantation in Assam, also British owned.

When Kalil was nine years old, he started to work on his uncle's farm in Lucknow, until the taxes imposed on the farmers had crippled his uncle's business back in 1835. A few months later, his uncle had found work in Assam on the tea plantation and had relocated with his family, and knowing how keen Kalil was about carpentry, he had gotten Kalil a job as a junior carpenter.

Vishnu and Kalil had met two years ago while traveling home from work. Since then they had become good friends, and often made plans to travel to work together, and to meet up on their way back home. They had been away from home for the past four months. On their way home, they stopped off at the Maya bazaar in Faizabad, looking for the best bargains.

They walked amongst the stalls, as soothing music filled the air with a light tabla beat in the background. Two bare chested men in short white dhotis *loincloth* and heads wrapped neatly in white turbans were sitting on the ground cross-legged, playing their tablas.

"Check this out," Kalil said, entranced by two snakes gliding up from a basket as the snake charmer played his flute. A voice caught his attention.

"And if you think Mumbai *Bombay* is paradise, wait until you get to—" the voice rose above the continuous bartering and then drowned out. Kalil squinted observing the man; he had seen him before. Except for the man's dark complexion, he had the striking appearance of an Englishman sporting a white cotton shirt tucked into his beige pants, and snugly held around his waist with a brown belt; a grey hat with a wide brim lowered over his forehead, shielding him from the torrid north Indian sun. "The riches of—" the voice rose again and was then blanked out as the crowd cheered for the actors in the play.

Vishnu nudged Kalil. "That's the desi Englishman."

"I saw him," Kalil replied with a nod as the sun raged down on them. "He looks like one of us."

Vishnu glanced around and pointed at a British man and woman. "But he wants to be like them."

"Like an Englishman?" Kalil asked

"You got it. Who wouldn't want to enjoy their status," Vishnu replied.

The monkey who was now hitching a ride on the orphan's back started to squeal, and then pulled the boy's hair.

"Didn't we just see that boy and monkey a few minutes ago?" Vishnu asked.

"We did," Kalil replied.

"Chickoo, you ugly baboon!" the boy exclaimed in Bengali, showing his missing front tooth. He flared up in a rage. He pulled off his torn upper garment and started to imitate his monkey, pushing his sweaty bare chest into the monkey's face. The monkey squealed and slapped the nine-year-old in his face. The boy slapped the monkey back, and the monkey grabbed the boy and kissed him on his lips, stealing the crowd's attention from the snake charmer. The crowd cheered as the boy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, grinning at the passersby.

The monkey snatched a banana from a lady's basket and hurled it at the snake charmer. The snake charmer caught the banana with one hand and continued playing his flute with the other hand. Vishnu and Kalil were amused; their laughter grew loud.

The lady turned to leave and Chickoo stole another banana from her basket. He ate the banana and plastered the boy's face with the banana peel. The peel fell on the ground and the monkey stepped on it; he slid, flipped and landed on his rear end. He made a face with bulging eyes, as the children's little brown feet stomped up and down, cheering and laughing.

"Monkey business!" a boy's voice pierced the air.

"Monkey business! More monkey business!" the children started to chant. Their high-pitched voices rose.

A few people tossed paisas at the boy and his monkey. A British spectator tossed a coin and Vishnu's right hand instinctively rose up into the air and caught it. He opened his palm and examined the coin that was worth fifty times the paisa.

"A fifty paise coin?" Kalil said peering into Vishnu's palm. They glanced at each other with stupefying surprise. Nothing like this had ever happened to them before.

Vishnu smiled. "That's what it is bhai, a fifty paise coin—like magic, and out of thin air."

"Bhai, with this kind of money being tossed around at the bazaar, we could go into monkey business and become rich. You think the boy is loaded from his monkey business?"

Vishnu chuckled. "Yeah, loaded with bananas." He glanced around and said, "The boy would be lucky if a few people tossed him something—maybe a paisa or two." Vishnu pointed. "It's that white man with his lady over there who tossed the money." They watched as the British couple walked through a swarming crowd of brown faces, sparsely dotted with white faces. "I'm starved. Come on, this coin will buy us two hefty meals." He glanced around. "Over there," he said pointing in the direction of their favorite food vendor.

A frown appeared on Kalil's face as they walked. Rumours were spreading that the Assam tea plantation he was working on would be closing down in the near future and he was worried about work. "Tea in Assam is still experimental," he said agitatedly. "The Company can never compete with the Chinese when it comes to tea. The Chinese have been producing tea for hundreds or thousands of years. The British brought tea from China, now farming Chinese tea in Assam."

"Bhai, we also have our own tea—for thousands of years now," Vishnu replied. "It's different from Chinese tea."

"I see what's going on in Assam," Kalil replied. "The British is now getting into large scale production of Chinese tea on our land."

"I agree, and with the British Empire upon us, I have no doubt that the Company is about to exploit tea production on our land. Wait and see—tea will boom in Assam, beating out the Chinese. There will be lots of work for you and many."

Kalil's shoulders slumped. "Bhai, when will that be? There are no guarantees. People from Assam, Bengal, Behar and the surrounding provinces are competing for those jobs. The failed monsoon has already devastated many areas in the North-Western Provinces," Kalil complained. "Companies in Lucknow are also affected. I travel for weeks to get to Assam, making three and a half rupees a month. I go all the way there because of the opportunity to work as a carpenter, like Papa used to. I want to be like my Papa, you know. I stay with chacha *father's brother* and I manage to save most of my money. I give chacha a small amount for food and shelter—he wouldn't take anymore even when I begged him to—"

"Bhai, all Hindustani chachas would do the same—"

"I know, I know, but I'm tired of the long journey, sitting on bumpy carts for weeks—many times I feel my head exploding with headaches." He shrugged his shoulders and continued as Vishnu gave him his full attention. "I'm now an experienced carpenter, but I still can't find work close to home. Look how far I have to travel—twice as far compared to you. My travel expenses are high. By the time I reach home, I don't have much left to help out Mama. I'm frustrated,

bhai—very frustrated.” Anger simmered inside of him. “When will the monsoon come to revive the land? All the crops destroyed! The flowers withered! Bodies rotting in the streets. Dead animals lying around. The air still and dry—sweltering hot! It stinks! It stinks! When will the rain arrive to cleanse the earth? Hundreds of thousands are dying! Starving! Leaving their homes!” He was blowing heavily. He took a couple of deep breaths. Pulses of shallow breaths filled his mouth and he started to calm down. “No one’s spending. Merchants going out of business. Mama has a hard time selling her bakery. How long can I live like this, bhai? Soon I will turn eighteen.” A painful thought overwhelmed him and his frustrations grew. “How will I survive a marriage with children and no job! I’ll never be able to get married and settle down. Hard times are upon us. I know a business owner in Lucknow, but he has his favorites. They will only hire me if I agree to work for next to nothing, sweating like a dog. And I did for half year, but they abused my rights so they could prosper, and they gave no thanks. I always thank chacha for his good deeds, for getting me the carpentry job. May Allah *God* bless him. Bhai, I’m tired. Tired of the struggle. It’s hard times, bhai.”

Vishnu placed a comforting hand on his friend’s shoulder. “Bhai, I know our impoverished land is being devastated by the famine that’s hitting the North-Western Provinces.” He paused, glancing around and then continued, “I’m guaranteed work for the next few years at the indigo factory. The work is steady, all year round.” Vishnu was making four and a half rupees a month, working long days, but was satisfied with his job. “I will do my best to get you in at the factory or at the indigo farm as a carpenter. I’ve been asking around, but the natives from the hills are getting all the jobs. I was lucky—Papa got me in. I know how much you want to walk in your Papa’s footsteps.” He felt sorry for Kalil, knowing that his father had died when he was only nine.

“Bhai, it would be great if you could help me out, and I wouldn’t have to travel all the way to Assam—it would be closer to home and I could save half of my travel expenses. Mama would be proud.”

Vishnu placed a hand on Kalil’s shoulder and said, “I will get you in. Sooner or later I will get you a job at my workplace.”

Kalil gave an appreciative nod and said, “Thanks.”

“This is what good friends do for each other. We look out for one another, especially when times are hard and when nobody lends a hand.”

Kalil smiled. “Then I know I have a good friend.”

Vishnu returned a smile and said, “Best friends forever.”

Kalil glanced around and his eyes barely caught the British couple as they vanished into the crowd. A sudden inspired glow beamed in his eyes and he turned to Vishnu. “Bhai, you have a monkey to go into business with?” He hesitated and then said, “Maybe luck will strike and the white man will throw us rupees.”

Vishnu started to laugh. “Wishful thinking, bhai. And yes, I have a monkey to go into business with—a very talented one that could make both of us rich.”

“You do? Why didn’t you say something before? We could have been rajas by now—

“And surrounded by chickies *slim attractive girls*,” Vishnu said with a wink. “Have you looked in the mirror lately?” He placed his palm on Kalil’s shoulder. “What happened? It cracked when you looked into it? Eh? Eh?”

Kalil’s seriousness faded and he glided his palm across his face, feeling his stubbles. “I don’t need a mirror. There’s a monkey standing right in front of me—a trained one, too.” He pushed Vishnu. He grabbed his backpack and started to run, calling out like the children, “Monkey business! More monkey business!” Vishnu started to run after him, howling. Kalil cut off a man carrying a basket on his head. “Think quick!” he shouted. The man grabbed the basket before it toppled from his head. Kalil glanced over his shoulder only to witness Vishnu slamming into the man, sending the basket flying through the air, fruits scattered everywhere. Vishnu looked back at the man apologetically, but continued running as the man scrambled around on his knees,

picking up his fruits. Kalil ran as fast as he could. Vishnu sprinted through the crowds, bumping into people. Kalil looked back, but Vishnu was not in sight. Kalil's face lit up as he reached the small refreshment stand, panting heavily. He looked back and still didn't see Vishnu. He laughed, trying to catch his breath. He was ready to celebrate his victory when a hand gripped his shoulder.

"You're late," a deep voice projected. Kalil spun around, only to find Vishnu smiling at him, already in the line-up ahead of him. "You look like you just saw a ghost—"

"I think I did."

"Not to mention you're out of shape," Vishnu teased.

Kalil grinned. "Tell me bhai, how many people and their baskets did you knock over to get here so quickly, ahead of me?"

"None—"

"Oh really—"

"Maybe a few."

Kalil writhed breathlessly, looking around. "That's what I feel like right now."

"What?"

"Starved," he said pointing at a thin black dog sitting under a half-naked tree, trying to find shade from the sizzling sun. From the corner of his right eye, he caught a glimpse of the man in British attire. He turned, looking at the man with an appraising eye.

"And if you think Mumbai is paradise, wait until you get to—"

"It's the brown Englishman," Vishnu said.

"He sure gets around the bazaar," Kalil replied.

The man's voice floated through the air as he shoved a leaflet into the hands of a bare chested man in short white dhoti and calloused feet. A preacher's voice rose, drowning out the man's voice. "Jesus loves you! Jesus loves you!" His words rained down on the dark skinned people as he preached the Gospel, handing out pamphlets, flooding the bazaar with an unfamiliar religion. Off to the side, a man was chanting, while a long-bearded man in orange turban sang, "Hari Rama, Hari Krishna." A short distance away, a Muslim man in white kurta and a prayer cap was facing west towards Macca Mecca, praying.

A lady in an orange sari and silver bangles around her wrists was busy cooking. Two oily braids dangled from the sides of her head down to her waist. She turned to them and smiled. "Masala chai?" she asked. She knew the two teenagers from their previous visits.

"And murg mussallam *chicken with spices*," Vishnu added. The lady's bare chested and barefooted husband smiled at them exposing his upper rotting teeth. He was ready to cook for them. His head started to wobble from side to side, singing a bhajan *religious song*. He moved around as if he was dancing. He was content with life at the bazaar.

The lady's eyes became fixed on Kalil. She smiled. "Four chapatis *flatbread* and dum bhindi *fried akra stuffed with potatoes*?"

Kalil smiled. "How did you guess? And extra spice on the aloo *potatoes*."

"I know, I know," she replied, smiling. She instructed her husband. He turned to the two teenagers with his head still shaking and flashed his crooked and decaying teeth at them. Vishnu pulled out the fifty paise coin and paid the lady. She handed him his change, and he gave her a few paisas as a good gesture. She thanked him with a smile.

From the lineup, the two teenagers watched as the man placed the chicken, potatoes and akra on the tawa *flat metal griddle* sitting over a slow burning fire, taking pride in his work. The lady sliced up the garlic, onions and peppers. Her husband scooped it up and tossed it onto the tawa. A sizzling steam shot up into the air clouding his face, as the smell of onions and spices spread through the air. He stepped back, and as the steam dispersed, Kalil made out the man's rotting teeth again.

As they waited to be served, Kalil's curious eyes returned to the man sporting British attire. He watched as the man dropped his cigar on the brown dusty ground and stubbed it out with his

polished leather shoes. The man then pushed his way through a small crowd with a calm look on his square face, intruding on a teenage girl talking to three young men.

Kalil observed as the girl dressed in a seductive and revealing outfit stepped aside, allowing the man to move in and hand out leaflets to the three young men. The man looked like he was in his mid-fifties and Kalil concluded he was the girl's father.

The vendor served them and they headed over to the tree to catch some shade from the intense afternoon sun. Their backpacks slid from their shoulders and they lowered their bodies to the dried up earth and started to eat. Kalil glanced at the black dog sitting under the adjacent tree. He broke a piece of his chapati and tossed it into the air; the dog sprung from his hind legs and caught it in his mouth.

Luckily another wave of grey clouds drifted above the trading route, bringing some relief to the shoppers, merchants and animals. A breeze blew through, and the branches on the half bare trees started to sway; the leaves twirled and rustled, blanking out the haggling. The chatters and laughter seemed to fall to a whisper, bringing a moment of calm, but not for long.

People clustered around the stage again. The play had stopped halfway for the performers to rest and have a meal. The performers took to the stage. Applause filled the air. Even the black dog took his spot under the tree, watching the play. The crowd grew and the love story of Majnun and Layla continued. Romantic dialogues grabbed the onlookers' attention. The love scene mesmerized Kalil while Vishnu rummaged through his backpack and pulled out a pencil and sketchpad, and started to outline the performers. The dog was enjoying the play and his chapati; he had seen the play a hundred times over, from the time he was a pup—he was born under the same tree. Vishnu continued sketching, while the dialogues filled Kalil's heart.

"Majnun, is true love eternal?" Layla asked in a soft voice.

"Layla my love, true love is everlasting," Majnun replied in a soothing tone. "Oh Layla, our love was written in the stars, from the beginning of time."

"Oh Majnun, is eternity painted in the colors of the rainbow?"

"Layla my dear, eternity is as colorful as the gardens beneath which rivers flow."

"Majnun, will I be draped in the softest silk?"

"Oh Layla my sweet heart, your attires will be as light as a feather, and filled with the fragrance of the most exotic perfumes."

"Oh Majnun, when I lose my youth, will I still be as beautiful in your eyes?"

"Layla my queen, I will always see you from my heart. You will always be as beautiful, like the very first time I set my eyes on you."

The audience applauded and the play continued for another half hour. Kalil's eyes were fixed on the back of a girl, as the audience disbanded. She turned, as Vishnu was completing the final touches of his sketch, capturing the performers and some of the spectators. He started to sketch her face. Ten seconds went by. His hand dropped and he smiled. The sketch was completed. He pointed at the sketch and said, "She's the bait."

"Bait?" Kalil focused his eyes on the girl in the drawing. "That's her! The girl standing over there!" he said with surprise.

"Yeah. The chicki that works for the brown Englishman," Vishnu replied. She was also taking in the play. She had seen the play at least twenty times. She had also seen the love story of Shah Jahan and Mumtaz Mahal. Vishnu smiled and continued sketching her face. "It's as if she's a part of the play, just standing there, displaying her beauty for the audience to witness." The girl shifted her body in another direction. He pointed at the sketch and said, "Look, I even captured the back of the brown Englishman."

The girl turned towards them with a soft smile, and her eyes met Kalil's eyes momentarily. He detected a sudden melancholy in her. She turned again as the desi Englishman approached her. Vishnu completed sketching the rest of her body.

"She's like Layla—the love, which Majnun could not refuse," Kalil said.

“That’s why she’s the bait,” Vishnu replied, “the bait the eyes cannot refuse. She possesses the beauty that attracts the fishes from the ocean. She reels them in, and the brown Englishman is the hook.”

“Hook?”

“The brown Englishman hooks the fish that cannot refuse the bait. The bait is her beauty. Then he sends the fish sailing across the ocean to labor for the British planters, making them more wealthy.”

A puzzled expression occupied Kalil’s face. “What?”

“She just got a bite.”

“And I just took a big bite into this dum bhindi and it tastes great,” Kalil replied.

“Wake up, bhai. I’m not talking about biting into your dum bhindi.”

“Then what are you yakking about?”

“The brown Englishman. He’s a duffadar *recruiting agent*, procuring laborers for the British colonies. That girl is his pretty decoy.”

“Decoy?”

“She’s exploited for her outer beauty—to attract the fish.”

“What about her inner beauty?”

“Bhai, nobody cares about her inner beauty. Her outer beauty is the bait that reels in the fish. She’s irresistible.”

Kalil swallowed, studying the girl intently. “Yeah, and I see why,” he said, also enthralled by her looks. “Her long dark silky hair, tall, slim and—”

“Beautiful like Layla. Her outer beauty is alluring.”

Kalil acknowledged Vishnu with a nod.

“A boy’s dream,” Vishnu continued. “I may be Hindustani, but don’t let that deceive you. We may have arranged marriages, but don’t let that fool you. A boy’s eyes can never refuse such beauty.”

“A decoy, eh?”

“You got it. Her beauty entices people to her, like the love stories that draw big crowds. She gives them some sweet talk, just like Layla does to Majnun, then she steps aside and the duffadar moves in and puts on the squeeze. He hooks them and seals the deal.” Kalil gave Vishnu his full attention, captivated by what Vishnu was saying. Vishnu continued, “He’s a talker, a charmer and a liar, all packaged into one brown Englishman. But he’s no Majnun.”

“You’ve aroused my curiosity.”

“Curiosity is the word, bhai. The duffadar recruits people to work beyond the Bay of Bengal, and with a decoy like her, he gets their attention quickly. He knows how to use his words. He’s a sly dog.” Vishnu glanced around and pointed at a man in dhoti, turban and sandals. “The brown Englishman recruits people much faster than him.”

“Is he a duffadar?”

“Probably. He could also be an arkati *unlicensed subordinate agent* working under the brown Englishman or under another duffadar.” Vishnu pointed at another man in a kurta. “So is that man over there. He’s another arkati, working under the desi Englishman. The desi Englishman is licensed through an agency for procuring laborers. He hires the arkatis to assist him. The shipping agents in Kolkata need laborers to work in Mauritius, a British colony in the Indian Ocean, once belonged to the French. I heard the laborers get a wage-advance to use for themselves or to leave behind with their families, so once we board the ship, we start working on the ship to earn our wage-advance.”

“Bhai, I was also approached by a duffadar to work in Mauritius and he had mentioned a wage-advance. He said lots of rupees.”

“It’s an incentive.”

“Why so many duffadars and arkatis at this bazaar?” Kalil questioned.

"I guess the planters need lots of laborers in the colonies. Many of our people are unemployed because of the famine, and they are looking for work. The ships must be coming in soon to transport them to the colonies. Now is the best time for the ships to leave—between October and February, taking advantage of the monsoon breeze blowing off the Asian landmass, propelling the ships much faster," Vishnu explained.

"But the monsoon has been deceptive since August, and still hasn't shown its face in Doab. The famine is hitting them hard."

"Bhai, not the whole subcontinent is affected by the famine. It's raining in some areas, and the breeze is favorable for the ships."

Kalil furrowed his eyebrows. "But the rain is desperately needed in the North-Western Provinces. The drought is also affecting Lucknow. The monsoon has not come this year to shower its blessings on us." He glanced around and his eyes stilled on a merchant selling grains. "I guess work is work, whether in Tirhoot, Assam, Bengal or Mauritius." He breathed a couple of times and then continued, "Bhai, the duffadar that approached me a few months ago as I was passing through Benares was barefooted and wore a white lopsided turban and dhoti. He was scruffy looking, not even dressed in British attire like the desi Englishman, so I didn't take him seriously."

Vishnu pointed at a man in white dhoti, talking to two orphans selling tamarinds and mangoes. "He's the duffadar, Kissoon Babu. Looks like he just caught two fish to send sailing across the bay." They watched as the two orphans packed up their small shabby stand and left with Kissoon.

Kalil's attention returned to the girl. "The way she dresses—" he began. He got up from the ground to get a full view of her.

Vishnu also stood up. "It's business, bhai, all business. Not many duffadars could have a pretty decoy like her to entice men into leaving their wives, children and aging parents behind to work beyond the bay for five years."

Kalil swallowed. "Business or no business, in my village in Lucknow, a girl could never dress like that, and if she did, mockery would soon bring her to her knees, until she puts back on her salwar kameese."

Vishnu cackled. "Bhai, she can dress like that for me anytime."

"You don't mind her dressing like that?"

"No."

"Would you want your Ma or behan *sister* to dress like her?"

"Nah, but I don't mind if she dresses like that to tease my eyes a little."

"Dressing like that spoils her natural beauty. What about her heart—her inner beauty? I've never seen a Hindustani girl exposing so much of herself before."

Vishnu clasped Kalil's shoulder with his right hand and said, "Bhai, you must get out of your shell. This is a bazaar on a main trading route, and not a village hidden away from the world in some remote corner." His seriousness broke and a wide smile emerged on his face. "I like her just the way she is. With money, a man could have a girl just like her."

A questioning glance formed on Kalil's face. "Money?"

"Bhai, in Hindustan money talks—without money you're nobody."

"And there's not enough money to go around—a few have squandered most of it, especially the invaders who drain our labor, our wealth and treasures, and takes it back to their land so their people prosper, leaving us with nothing or very little, and in poverty."

"I know but—but she could easily be bought, just by flashing some rupees in front of her eyes—not even rupees, a few paisa."

"But a man's rupees could never buy love?"

For a moment, Vishnu remained silent, contemplating. He turned to Kalil. "But what's love, if your marriage was arranged and you're not pleased with the arrangement? Would you call it

love or bad luck?" Vishnu cowered and lowered his body back to the ground, a worried expression spread across his face.

Kalil sat down and said, "Bhai, arranged marriages do work."

"But not for the British."

"We are not British. The British have their way and we have our traditions." His eyes returned to the girl. "True love flourishes from the heart and not from the eyes—it's something money could never buy, and that's why arranged marriages work. When the girl loses her beauty and she's not as appealing as she once was to her husband's eyes, he starts to see her from his heart and he falls in love with her inner beauty—that's true love. And the same goes for when her husband gets bald, loses his looks, and his belly starts to sag, hanging out from his dhoti, his wife should now see him from her heart. That's what true love is all about."

Vishnu became annoyed with Kalil. "Pick one! A motti or a chicki *a fat or a slim attractive girl!*" He laughed and Kalil flashed him a weary glance. His laughter grew and then came to a stop. "The play must have rubbed off on you! Bhai, not everyone can have a Layla. There's just not enough Laylas to go around."

Kalil pondered for a moment and smiled. "The world is filled with Laylas, but many have become blinded."

"Bhai, I didn't know you're a poet."

"I dabble in poetry. I have a collection of poems at home which you could borrow." He glanced around and continued, "The eyes are easily deceived, but a true heart could never be deceived by lust and infatuation."

Vishnu took a deep breath and said, "Well, the pretty decoy could deceive my eyes anytime." Elephants in the distance distracted him. "Something is going on over there," he said, standing up.

Kalil also stood up, chewing on a chapati, his eyes fixed on the procession of elephants in the distance, beyond the crowds.

"Hurry up and eat," Vishnu said.

Kalil tossed the dog his remaining chapati and the dog jumped for it as if he had eyes in the back of his head. They grabbed their backpacks and hurried through the crowd. A few minutes later, they were in the open gazing at the procession as a dozen elephants appeared to be ascending, swaying up the trading route towards the bazaar, followed by a group of mostly Indian soldiers. A few British soldiers were amongst them. *An Indian soldier was given the name 'sepoy' during British rule.*

The two teenagers stood amongst a crowd of spectators dressed in saris, salwar kameese, dhotis, kurtas, scarves and turbans; a few even sported British attire, happily waiting for the procession to arrive at the bazaar. The elephants grew bigger and more majestic as they approached. A British band marched in front of the elephants; their drums and trumpets drowned out the sitar and tabla players, as they marched through the bazaar. Some people, majestic in appearance, were sitting and standing in the howdahs mounted on the elephants' backs. Some shaded from the torrid sun with umbrellas, protecting their sensitive light colored skin.

"Looks like the maharaja *king*," Kalil said, "but extremely pale."

Vishnu glanced at Kalil and then turned at an angle. He pointed. "Over there!" Kalil turned, looking in the direction of Vishnu's finger. "A British cantonment."

Kalil squinted with a puzzled look. "I don't see anything."

"Beyond the fences—in the far distance."

"I thought it was a farm."

"Bhai, the eyes are easily deceived, eh?" the older teenager said. "Behind the fence is off limits to Hindustanis like me and you."

"Why?"

"It's a British military base. They're all over Hindustan—across our land."

A few minutes later, the lead elephant reached the crowd, followed by eleven elephants. On the lead elephant was a British man sporting a blue turban, of no religious significance. His name was John Forbes, a Director of the British East India Company. There were other Directors amongst him: William Astell, John Cotton and Russell Ellice. They were visiting from London. A British couple and a boy were on the second elephant. The man and the boy were also wearing blue turbans. The lady was wrapped in an elegant sari, with expensive Indian jewelry around her neck, gold bangles hugging her wrists. Some of the Indian spectators thought the blue turbans were of some significance and bowed, showing their respect. An Indian man standing in the howdah on the third elephant was of some importance. Europeans of lesser importance, along with another Indian man and lady, and an Anglo-Indian teenage boy and girl were on the other elephants. There were also three Anglo-Indian men on the last elephant. Vishnu and Kalil exchanged questioning glances. Their hopes and dreams for their homeland clashed as they witnessed their new reality.

Kalil furrowed his eyebrows and tilted his head back, giving his full attention to the man in blue turban on the first elephant. The outer edges of the first howdah looked like it was covered in gold. "Is he our new maharaja?" Before Vishnu could have answered, Kalil went on, "But he's as pale as a ghost."

"They are of great importance. My guess is, he's a Director of the East India Company, probably just arrived from London, else he would have already been boasting a little golden color, a gift from our golden Indian sun."

"A Director of the East India Company from London—on our land?"

"The new Mughals."

"New Mughals?" Kalil questioned with a skeptical look on his face.

Vishnu wiped a bead of sweat trickling down his forehead. He turned to Kalil. "Bhai, you and I live in the Kingdom of Awadh *Oudh*, still controlled by the Mughals, but the Mughals are a declining empire, taking its last breath. As far as I know the Mughals now only have control over Awadh, Sind, Bahawalpur in the north and Bhopal in the central region, and in the south, Berar and Nizam. Over the years, they'd lost the majority of their northern territories like Kashmir, Punjab, Delhi and Agra to the British, and Mysore and other places in the south. The British are gaining more and more control over the princely states."

"Princely states?"

"The British refers to the states that are not in their possession as princely states," Vishnu explained. "Princely states are land still ruled by Hindu and Mughal rulers—even a zamindar *landlord* is now called a *raja prince*."

Kalil's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "A zamindar is a *raja*?"

"Yes."

"What happened to our maharajas *kings*?"

"Our land has the wealth that other nations throughout history have envied," Vishnu said. "They're not coming here for nothing. They are all here for something, and it's not to feed the poor. Our wealth has fattened up foreign eyes through out the ages—Alexander, the Persians, Arabs, Turks, Dutch, French, Spanish, British, Danish, Portuguese, and a never-ending list. No wonder our land is getting poorer and poorer by the day, the conquerors arrive and exploit us. "Even the Germans had a small settlement in Bengal."

Kalil's voice broke. "Too many people are living in poverty!"

Neither of them was oblivious to the changes taking place in the motherland.

"In the eyes of the British, we could never be maharajas again. We could never be compared to the British monarch with their king and queen. In their eyes, we can only be compared to a *raja*."

A sad expression grew on Kalil's face as the British band played triumphantly. "Bhai, there are still many maharajas on our land."

Vishnu expelled a lungful of air. “Not for long, bhai, not for long. The more I learn, the more it leaves me confused and helpless. There’s always something going on—the Zamindars and the taxes, the invasions, the new rulers taking away lands from the farmers. It’s just never ending. So many of us are living in poverty now, and when the famine hits, we are left with nothing—everything destroyed, only dirty water to drink, crumbs to eat, nothing to export.”

“My choti behan *little sister* always say Bharata *India* was the Golden Sparrow, and she insists that it’s still the Golden Sparrow.”

“I must meet your choti behan, Juhi, and chota bhai *little brother*, Mustapha.”

“You will. Soon. Bhai, our elephants look so powerful in the procession—like an army.”

“Army? Yes. Army,” Vishnu said. “The East India Company is a company with its own army?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. We are witnessing a Company parade.”

“You think?”

“What’s more powerful in Hindustan than a British parade? The Company is always expanding its territory and control, while the Mughals decline to dust.”

“A parade at the bazaar?”

“What else, but to inform us Hindustanis of the jobs at their expanding indigo factories, tea plantations and opium farms,” Vishnu said. “To exploit our labor even more. It’s all about them.” Both of them looked up as the elephants grew. Their eyes were fixed on the people in the howdah as the elephants swayed through the crowd, followed by the soldiers. Vishnu continued, “One of the British managers at the indigo factory, a good white man who talks to me sometimes, told me how the British came to rule our Hindustan.”

“How, bhai, how? I’m curious.”

“Well, the Company’s rule began back in 1757, and prior to that, the Company was called the British East India Company, or simply The East India Company, which ruled from 1612 to 1757. The East India Company trades in tea, silk, cotton, indigo, opium, salt and more. The East India Company rules Hindustan from the East India House in London, their headquarters.”

Kalil pondered for a moment. “Good memory. Aside from your white friend at the indigo factory, how come you know so much?”

“Curious bhai. Papa works for the Company and travels to Kolkata a few times a year, to attend some government meetings at the Town Hall. He got me the supervisor position in Tirhoot through his high connections. And—and I used to listen in on his conversations, especially the political ones, even though he warned me never to get involved in politics, that it could get nasty. He knows something about everything.”

AS THE BLAZING NORTH INDIAN SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE Maya bazaar, Kalil turned to see if the pretty dark haired decoy was still in sight, but he could not see her from where he was. His eyes returned to the elephants as they thumped by with their faces decorated in colored cloths, only their eyes were visible. John Forbes looked majestic in his blue turban, looking down on the dark skinned people, standing in the howdah on the lead elephant that was decorated with a British flag. From time to time he would wave his right hand as though he was the maharaja that was deservingly mounted high up—by his Indian servants—onto his golden howdah to address the people, showering them with hope. Some watched with blank stares while others were filled with curiosity.

“Our factory building plans will create new jobs, new factories and new products across Hindustan,” Forbes’ voice rose, addressing the crowd in Hindustani, in a strong English accent. He spoke vibrantly capturing the crowd’s attention. “Our factory building plans will create new jobs and new factories to employ you—here at home and abroad,” he stressed.

Hindustani was the main language spoken in Northern India, and was made up of Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, and Turkish vocabulary. Urdu was also highly spoken in some of the provinces; it was a language developed by the Mughals and contained more Persian and Arabic vocabulary as compared to Hindustani. Other languages were also native to India such as Gujrati, Awadhi, Bhojpuri, Bengali and Hindi, where some contained more Sanskrit vocabulary than others. Hindi was not commonly spoken during that time.

Two thin native men in white dhotis and red turbans rolled out a carpet; they were retired soldiers hired for the occasion. The British man in blue turban gracefully dismounted from the elephant and stood amongst the people, protected by four Indian soldiers and two British soldiers, carrying their muskets.

While some of the onlookers were cheerful with admiration, others watched with contempt knowing that their Indian cloth weaving businesses—where cloth and clothes made by Indian hands—were being replaced by British mass production, which had already ruined many Indian jobs, and plunged many areas into high unemployment. *The famine, which began in the summer of 1837, had already devastated many areas in the North-Western Provinces. The 1830's had brought about long periods of economic recessions where many were left unemployed and in poverty. Merchants couldn't sell their goods. Many died from starvation, as did the cattle. Many left their villages behind and migrated in search of work.*

“Leave Hindustan now!” A man’s voice surged with emotion. “Get out!”

A lady complained in Hindustani. “I can’t sell my clothes, not even these cheap low grade fabrics. My business is ruined.” Tears ran down her face. “Get out! Get out from Bharat!” she shouted.

A bare chested man with very dark complexion bellowed, “The famine is killing us! The famine is killing us! We’re starving and you are putting our wealth in your pocket!” He spat at them, but his spit didn’t go far, falling to the dusty ground, rolling into a dust ball, and sinking into the cracked dried up earth. “And your taxes imposed on us have put me out of business!”

“Sahib!” another man called out with his palms together in front of his chest. “Sahib, I welcome your new schemes. Sahib, I need work. I need to feed my family. Dohaaee! Dohaaee sahib!” he cried. His watery eyes drifted to the British female in the second howdah. “Memsahib, welcome to my land. Welcome, welcome, memsahib.” The lady waved at him, looking elegant in her sari and affable smile. *During colonial times, the words, sahib and memsahib were used in a respectful manner to address the European male and female.*

John Forbes continued to address the crowd with persuasive friendliness, capturing the hearts of many and gaining more support for their presence in the Kingdom of Awadh, which was under Mughal control. Half hour later, he mounted the elephant with the support of the two men in red turbans. The band marched to the front of the elephants, and the procession started off again. Kalil watched attentively as the dark skinned rider poked the elephant near his right ear, directing him to turn right. As the elephant turned, Kalil made eye contact with a British man and a British woman. The procession continued and the elephants descended leaving the bazaar followed by the Indian and British soldiers, and as the trumpets and drumming faded, the sitar and tabla gradually came back to life. The crowd dispersed and business at the bustling Maya bazaar carried on as normal with Indian dialects and Indian music flooding the air.

VISHNU AND KALIL STROLLED FROM STALL TO STALL. A book called Paradise in El Dorado caught Kalil’s eyes while Vishnu walked over to the adjacent shop. He picked up the book and flipped through the pages. “She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty,” he read. It was an old history book, faded and discolored. He squinted with curiosity and whispered, “Guiana.” He turned a few more pages and his eyes became fixed on the word, Demerara. He

hesitated and then whispered, “Dem—Dem.” He paused and then said, “Demraaa.” He continued flipping through the pages. “El Dorado, the city of Manoa,” he whispered. From the corner of his eyes, he saw the merchant walking towards him.

“How much?”

“Fifteen paisa.”

Kalil reached into his pocket. “Ten paisa.”

“Twelve and it’s yours.”

As Kalil extended his hand towards the man with twelve paisas, Vishnu entered the stall, and took the book from Kalil and started to examine it.

“What are you doing?” Kalil whispered in Vishnu’s ear. “I just made a good a deal. I must have this book.”

“Watch and learn,” Vishnu whispered back. He already made himself two good buys at a nearby stall and returned in time to help Kalil with his bargaining. He had learned a valuable lesson a few years ago after purchasing a ceramic pot for his mother; he later found out that he could have haggled a little harder and could have gotten the pot for half the price. From that day on, he made a promise to himself that he would never be ripped off again. He was aware of the vendor’s venal kindness towards his customers, having haggled with him a few times before.

“Here you go,” Vishnu said to the merchant, extending his hand with the money.

The merchant laughed. “Five paisa. Are you mad? Are you stupid?” He snatched the book back from Kalil, shaking his head. He looked Kalil squarely in the face. “Ten paisa and its yours. This is more than a great bargain to be proud of, and you can brag to your friends and family on the great deal you made at the Maya bazaar.”

Vishnu looked the man straight in his face and said, “His friends and family will be more proud if it were six paisa.”

The vendor became angry. “Who the hell asked you? On your way! Get! Get!” he pointed, recalling he had haggled with Vishnu twice before. “Get out! Get out! You’re a thorn in my behind!”

“Let’s go!” Vishnu said. Kalil tugged on Vishnu’s sleeve; he wanted the book badly. He wanted the facts on Guiana and El Dorado. He was ready to pay ten paisa. Vishnu tugged back on Kalil’s kurta sleeve. “Let’s go!” He made a move and Kalil turned to follow, placing his trust in his older companion. The merchant stepped in front of them, and with a wide smile, he handed the book to Kalil, fearing Vishnu’s ability to negotiate and decided to settle. Vishnu handed the merchant six paisa.

They exited the stall and Kalil burst out laughing. “I don’t believe you.”

“Believe it!”

“You just saved me six paisa—half the price.”

“Stick around. Watch and learn.”

“You robbed him good.”

Vishnu took Kalil’s comment as a compliment. He knew how to bargain. He smiled, fixing his turban. “No bhai, I have never robbed anybody and never will,” he said, correcting his younger companion. They looked back and saw the merchant staring at them. The vendor shook his head; he spat on the ground and went back inside. “It’s how you deal with people and numbers. It’s fair business.” Kalil listened attentively as his friend continued, “The merchant thought it was fair—we made a great deal and he made a profit.”

“Really?”

“They always come out ahead, else he wouldn’t be in business. A small profit is better than nothing. He’d rather get rid of that filthy book than to fetch it to the next bazaar, or to carry it around for months or even years.”

Kalil made a face. “Watch your mouth, eh!”

“And wash your hands after reading that book.”

Kalil glanced at the book, wondering how many dirty hands had turned the pages of the old worn out book, but regardless, he still wanted it.

“Trust me. He made a profit, else he would have haggled harder.” Vishnu tapped Kalil on his shoulder. “Guess what?”

“What?”

“You get to bargain for your next purchase.”

A questioning glance appeared on Kalil’s face. “You sure you want me to bargain?”

“Of course.” He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. “Bhai, one day this skill will come in handy, and not to worry, I’ll be right by your side to hold your hands like a baby.”

Kalil grinned. “And I will show you who the real king of negotiating is.”

Vishnu smirked. “You are looking at him.”

Kalil beamed a wide smile and nodded. “Yeah, I know, I know.” They shook hands and laughed. They continued through the bazaar searching for more items. Another hour went by before they departed with some good buys.

THEY BOARDED A BULLOCK CART HEADING WEST through Awadh. The land was wide and open. Shacks, cottages and leaning rotted out fences painted the landscape, while the long narrow and dusty roads trailed off in different directions. The cart continued as the shacks and cottages appeared and disappeared from sight. Sparingly, Hindu and Buddhist temples, and Muslim masjids appeared, capturing their attention. At other times, the sight of an extravagant house or building caught their eyes. Majestic mountain ranges loomed in the far distance.

A day later, upon arriving at the main junction, Vishnu and Kalil bid each other goodbye. Vishnu dragged his body off the cart and continued on a donkey caravan heading a few miles north of Faizabad, while Kalil continued west towards Lucknow, the capital of Awadh. The ride was bumpy and tiresome.



India to the Americas
Book 1(Part 2)

Savitri's Garden
India to the Americas, 1838

BOOK I, PART II
India Rising on the Horizon of the Americas

FISAL ALLY

Ally Publishing

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden
India to the Americas 1838, Part II
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Plantation Bellevue, West Demerara—Monday, May 14, 1838

AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, KALIL'S EYES SLOWLY OPENED to the sounds of faint wisps. The sun was beginning to surface at the horizon, and as the faint sounds emanated from the wake of the cooing and tweeting of the early morning birds coming to life, Kalil came to a semi-conscious state. His eyelids were slightly open, and from the corner of his right eye he caught a blurred glimpse of a small object next to him. For a moment, he tuned into the sounds of the faint voices. His eyes slowly focused, morphing the small object into a small dog stepping into his view. He moaned, struggling to lift his head. "Mot." He groaned forcing slurs from his mouth. "Mot." The small dog started to whimper. "Moti."

Kalil struggled to move his head and the small brown dog began to lick his face, but his body was numb and remained glued to the earth. He struggled for words. "Mot, it's you. Moti? I—I so, so hap—happy to see you. Where, where is Musta-tapha?" he mumbled. "Mustapha," he called in a low breathy voice. He started to groan. "Mustapha—why, why is Moti still so small? Why, why isn't he growing? Did—did you feed Moti?"

The small dog licked the teenager's face. The dog's little tongue slapped back and forth, bringing some life back into him. Kalil struggled for words. "Mot, I—I was having a bad dream. It seemed like I haven't seen you in months—you're still so small. Where—where is Musta-tapha? Mama—Juhi—bring me my masala chai." He wheezed. "Mot, but, but why isn't Mustapha with you? Someone could kidnap you." He tried lifting his hand to pet the small dog, but his hands were heavy. He tried to move his legs, but his legs were numb as though paralyzed. He shrugged. He still couldn't move. He gasped for air. He started to puff. He took a deep painful breath and rolled from his side and onto his back, sprawled out. His narrowed eyes grew wide, and instead of waking up in his bed or to a valley of trees back home, he woke up in a field of twelve-foot tall sugarcane.

His eyes followed the leafy sugarcane stalks stretching up into the bluish orange sky, gazing blankly. After a short while, his eyes became heavy and gravitated back down to the sugarcane. He was in a dreamlike state, and with a strong desire to fall asleep, he closed his eyes and started to lose consciousness again, but the little dog went back to work with his little tongue slapping back and forth, licking the lanky teenager's face again. The dog started to bark. Suddenly, Kalil felt a burning sensation on his right leg. He started to regain consciousness and the burning began to spread through his back, shoulders and neck, as though the ocean waves were charging towards the ship and lashing out at the Indians. He started to moan, sucking in shallow breaths, gasping for air, trying to move his head. He felt the fiery sensation inside of him intensifying, spreading through his entire body. He raised his right hand to his face and gasped in horror at the sight of the dried bloodstains on his fingers. A horrifying realization gripped him. His white kurta pajama pants were torn, bloodstains all over. His kurta shirt shredded, stained in blood. His head was heavy and tilted to the right. His fear intensified and his eyes became fixed on his left side jutti, sitting between the shrubs a few feet away.

He was almost lifeless with high fever, having spent the night out in the sugarcane field upon his arrival at the plantation. He wanted to sleep, but the small dog would not let him go back to sleep and started to bark at him. The dog placed his front paw on Kalil's shoulder, poking at him and licked his face again. Kalil rolled on his side gasping for air as the puppy licked back more life into his body, but he was still helpless, falling back into a semi-conscious state.

Just like Frederick Smith had said, *work starts at the wisp of dawn, six o'clock in the morning*, and so it did, as the drivers scurried around on horseback ringing their bells in the

African quarters. The Indian laborers were drained, almost lifeless from the long harsh voyage; many were sound asleep in their living quarters, while the African apprentices, a few Portuguese, two Dutchmen and a Frenchman were heading out into the fields to commence their workday. Frederick had given the orders to wake up the Indians assigned to him at nine o'clock—ten the latest.

The attorney, James Mathews, was counting on Mr. Russell to step up production immediately. Mr. Russell had called a meeting in his office half an hour ago. Frederick, Nelson Orlando who was a field foreman, Ford Colville an engineer, James Milligan who a supervisor, Mr. Young, Mr. Sharlieb, Nertha Khan and some of the other supervisors had attended. They had discussed the urgency to increase production and to get two or more orders filled immediately for their European clients.

Kalil could make out the faint voices rising through the humid air. He was beginning to regain his senses, as his pain clutched him. To him, his new surrounding was surreal. The galloping from horses caught his attention, and his eyes zoomed wide open gazing at the golden rays spewing from the horizon, as if East Demerara was on fire. His fingers dug into the dirt, pushing his body and trying to get up. He forced a groan from his throat and rolled onto his side. His eyes caught a glimpse of a mansion beyond the sugarcane field. He held his breath. It was the manager's house, standing tall and elegant. Guest homes and the homes for the overseers and their families were behind the mansion.

Kalil gazed blankly at the mansion, sugarcanes and trees. His eyes lowered again, gliding down the sugarcane stalks and became fixed on a shoe lying next to the tall sugarcanes; it was his right side jutti. He started to groan and the small brown dog darted out into the open and started to bark.

It was nine o'clock. Kwesi and Joseph entered the Indian living quarters calling out the names of laborers that were assigned to Frederick Smith. Mr. Young, Mr. Sharlieb and Nertha arrived at the Indian quarters, and began to assist Kwesi by identifying the laborers. Nobody answered to their names and Kwesi started to bang on the wall, which startled many out of their sleep. Mr. Young began to call out their names loudly and Kwesi shouted, "Put on y'all clothe and out to wok! Gwan! Gwan! Out mi seh!"

Joseph's voice echoed as his whip cracked the air, "Get up! Mi seh get up! Now! Y'all guh wok like a dag dis marnin!" Even the ones that were sick, dehydrated and malnourished were driven out of their new living quarters. Twenty-five Indian laborers were ordered over to the eating shack adjacent to the mansion—next to the cooking house—for breakfast, which Janhair and another cook had prepared. After a fifteen-minute breakfast, they were ordered into the field. Janhair and the other cook headed back to their living quarters to rest.

The Indians were complaining in their mother tongue as they headed into the field, but for each complaint, the whip stung the muggy air, instilling fear in them. They were divided into the cane cutting gang, weeding gang, shovel gang, and the jabbing gang. Cutlasses, rakes and shovels were placed in their hands, and they were directed towards their workposts.

"There you are!" a boy's voice rose sharply in Bengali. The boy had seen the puppy last night upon arriving on the plantation. "There you are!" The dog darted back between the sugarcanes, moaning and barking in short spurts. The boy ran after the dog. "Where are you?" the boy called out. Suddenly the boy's jaw dropped, wide open. A loud scream proclaimed from his mouth. The scream drew attention. Some of the Indian laborers heading into the field ran over to see what the commotion was all about, and a loud cry of betrayal flooded the surroundings. The small boy recognized the wiry teenager's face. Another loud scream broke from his mouth, filling the air.

"Jahaji bhai! Jahaji bhai!"

Kalil looked at the boy, blankly.

"Kalil! Kalil! It's me, Harri bhai," the boy called in Hindustani.

Upon hearing the boy's voice, Kalil began to gasp for air. A lady became hysterical at the sight of bloodstains and torn clothes. It was Lukeah. She clutched her hands fearfully and screamed. "Help us Baghwan!" she cried.

On the way to their workpost, Goordeal, Shah and some of the other recruits heard the boy's scream and ran in that direction. Shortly after, they arrived and were stunned and terrified, witnessing Kalil's condition.

"What the hell!" Goordeal shrieked as his wife sobbed; he was still recovering from the beating, which Richard had given him on the ship.

"Kalil! Kalil!" the orphan cried out.

Goordeal reflected on how Kalil had risked his life back on the ship to save him and Shah from the thrashing from Richard, which their weak bodies may not have recovered from. Kalil shifted his head slightly, getting a glimpse of his friends as he lay lame and helpless with a glazed stare. He tried to force a word from his mouth, but his mouth was numb. Harri read his lips. Kalil was trying to call the boy's name, "Ha—Harr." He glanced at Goordeal and uttered, "Goo—Goo." His eyes shifted to Shah and whispered, Sha—Sha." A tear escaped from Shah's eyes, remembering how Kalil had helped save his life during the horrific storm.

News traveled quickly and within minutes, the other Indian laborers arrived. Upon witnessing the teenager lying in the field, more screams burst into the air as the golden orange rays blazed above the horizon, and as British Guiana was coming to life with the galloping of horses rising through the sugarcane fields, like elephants rising at the Maya bazaar.

Goordeal pointed. "Horses heading this way!"

Shah's legs buckled. He gasped, "What the hell!" He picked up a stone and gripped it.

The new recruits found themselves in the midst of chaos. The picture painted the continuation of a gruesome reality—from the kala pani to the sugarcane fields of Demerara; they had not expected their welcome to the New World to be filled with such cruelty and disappointments.

Harri stood up—bewildered, gazing as the horses galloped towards them from the distance. Kalil's head rolled to his left, breathing laboriously, but the tall sugarcane blocked his view. He listened, as the charging grew louder. Goordeal, Shah, Manick and Harri exchanged fearful glances. The horses looked majestic as they approached. Kalil barely caught a glimpse of the horses through a narrow opening. Instead of a dozen elephants ascending at the Maya bazaar, a dozen horses were mounting through the sugarcane fields of Plantation Bellevue. The riders in wide brim hats and boots bounced up and down in their saddles as their horses sped through the field, stirring up dust. The indentured laborers heading off to their workpost, stopped and watched, baffled by the horses charging towards them. Nertha ran towards the laborers, as the galloping grew loud; news had already reached him that one of the laborers was beaten, but he didn't know who it was.

A horn sounded and a gun was fired into the air. Seconds later, the horses came to a dead stop. Harri's legs were shaking. Kalil was trembling, observing the men on their majestic looking horses, secured in their saddles. Shah's heart started to race, nervously analyzing the managers and their drivers. He dropped the stone he had picked up to use in self-defense.

Frederick Smith raised the brim of his hat, exposing his face. Over the decades, the tropical sun had tarnished his pale skin with a tan, and his reddish burnt cheeks flared when he became angry, setting him on fire. He was in a white cotton shirt, light brown

pants and brown boots. Kalil started to gag, horrified seeing the manager's face in plain daylight. On the other horses were Richard, Derek, Frederick, James Milligan, Kwesi, Joseph, Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb. *A plantation consisted of a general manager, managers, overseers, drivers, field laborers, factory workers, engineers and now sardars known as team leaders; approximately thirty laborers were assigned to a manager or overseer. An overseer was a supervisor, but did not possess the power to hire or terminate a worker.*

Sitting snugly on his saddle, Frederick raised his hand demanding the immigrants' attention. All of the laborers assigned to him were now in the field. The groups assigned to the other managers were allowed to rest for the day, except that Frederick had convinced Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb to have ten laborers assigned to them in the field at noon.

"I want production up immediately and there will be no idling," Frederick said. Nertha translated. Frederick continued, "There will be no exceptions. You will serve Plantation Bellevue for the next five years and you will do as I say. Production must be up immediately. Nelson Orlando and Ford Colville are getting the factory ready for processing." He glanced at Kalil and then back at the other immigrants. "You are the skilled robust agricultural laborers from the hills, which the shipping agent has prescribed to John Gladstone, Andrew Colville and the other planters for our ailing sugar industry. There's lots of work for you on this wealthy land, and this was the main reason you have chosen to come to this land—to exploit the riches of El Dorado. Welcome to El Dorado."

Nertha translated, and the laborers' rumbling voices echoed. Someone cursed Frederick in Hindustani. Nertha hesitated and stopped translating.

Frederick turned to Nertha. "Translate!" he commanded.

Nertha panicked. "I'm not sure what he said! His dialect is different!"

"You're an interpreter! If you cannot translate, I will sentence you to field work!" He glanced at Mr. Young.

"I also missed what he said," Mr. Young replied, stepping in to save Nertha, who was now shaking. "It's the dialect, which I'm also not familiar with. As you know Hindustan has a thousand dialects and a thousand religions."

"What I do know is these people pray to a thousand idols and they better not have those idols on this plantation!" Frederick warned.

Richard understood the curse that was meant for his father. He was already boiling up on the inside, wanting to strike the laborer that cursed his father. He whispered below his breath, "I will teach you bunch of wild coolies a good lesson later." He knew how angry his father would become if he knew that he was called a nasty name by his new laborer. Frederick would have beaten the laborer with the cat-o-nine, the same whip, which he had used in the slaying of some of the en-slaved Africans during the days of slavery, for rebelling against slavery on Plantation Smith and for cursing him down.

"When the next bell rings, that's your indication to take a break," Frederick said. He turned to Kalil with an owlish look on his face. He shook his head and then looked around. He signaled for Kwesi and Joseph to get the teenager to work. "There will be no waste of labor today! Weak and strong are treated alike in the field! You are here to work and there will be no exception to the rule. Welcome to El Dorado, the land of riches."

"Looks like everything's under control now. I have to get a few things in order," Mr. Milligan said and galloped away, heading to another field where the Negroes were.

Kwesi jumped from his horse gripping his whip. "Get to work now!" his voice rose. "Mi seh get to work now!"

Derek got off his horse and started to push Harri towards his work area. Joseph swung his whip in the air, chasing Shah towards his workpost. Shah's dreams were shattered, realizing his aspiration to become a teacher in British Guiana was just another fable, another lie told by the duffadars back in India, like the fables of El Dorado that were told to

the Portuguese in the prisons and streets of Madeira which had encouraged many to journey to the colony in search of wealth.

"Gwan! Gwan before mi use dis whip on y'all backside!" Kwesi yelled. The Indians had no clue what the driver had just said. Kwesi started to swing his whip in circles, buzzing like stinging bees, and the Indians reluctantly dragged their weak and tired bodies to their workpost.

Kwesi turned to Derek. He pointed at Kalil and said, "We must get he to di sick house."

"The sick house is packed with coolies," Derek replied. "There's no room for the sick, and this is no time to be sick. He has no choice but to work—the slaves never had it easy, why should our new slaves." The sick house was emptied to accommodate the Indians. The Indians were packed into the four rooms in the sick house, including the women and children.

Frederick turned to Kwesi and Joseph. "Get that hill-coolie on his feet. Now!"

"Coolie! Get up!" Kwesi shouted. "Get yuh tail up now! Mi seh up now!"

The two drivers grabbed Kalil and pulled him to his feet. Kalil was about to fall, but Kwesi held him in an upright position. Derek placed a cutlass in the teenager's hand.

"I want production up and there will be no excuses—no exception to the rules," Frederick declared. Kalil could hardly stand up and stumbled to the ground. Richard trotted up from behind and lifted the brim of his hat, glaring at the seventeen-year-old.

Frederick trotted up and stopped a few yards from Kalil. "Remember one thing," he began, as the lines on his forehead deepened like cracks in the dried up earth. Nertha translated with a tremor in his voice. The manager continued, "Let this be a lesson to you. I am your master and you shall obey every word I say. Do you know what the outcome will be if you do not do as I say?" Frederick waited for an answer. "Answer me, boy! Do you understand what I am saying?" Kalil muttered, but only gibberish came out from his mouth. "Speak up!"

His words were incoherent, and his eyes slowly rolled towards the sky with his three fingers curled inward, except for his index finger that was left pointing up to the sky.

Frederick got off his horse and walked up to the teenager, gripping his whip. "And I am that master." Frederick knew exactly what Kalil meant with the gesture of his fingers. He had seen the same gesture in the past from many of the enslaved Africans—that were once Muslims—indicating that God was the master. "I am your master and you remember that. Look me in the eyes and speak!" Frederick commanded, but Kalil remained silent, his heart was pounding heavily as he gasped for air. Frederick glanced at Richard and then back to Kalil. "If you ever lay your paws on any of my relatives again, you will not live to take another breath. I could make you rot in this sugarcane field!" He wanted to get a reaction from the young man, but Kalil remained staring blankly at the sky.

Now Kalil understood why the plantation manager had unleashed the whip on him upon his arrival at Plantation Bellevue, welcoming him to the colony. Upon entering the ship at the Port of Georgetown, Frederick was eager to see his son, whom he had not seen in over a year and a half; he was appalled to see the bruise on his son's face. After Richard had explained to what had taken place in the between deck, his father had vowed to take revenge, but little did he know that his son had started the brawl by beating up on Goordeal and Shah, who were already sick and defenseless, and that was when Kalil had stepped in to stop the fight, but blows were exchanged. Although Richard had deliberately changed Kalil's destination from Plantation Highbury to separate him from Vishnu by sending him back up the river and all the way to Demerara, so he could get even with Kalil, he did not expect his father to take revenge for him; he could have handled it himself. Revenge was the name of the game played by many plantation managers. When it came to revenge and scheming, Frederick was the master at it. Managers often took revenge on the laborers that

were disobedient to them, or had not stepped up production, or had failed to complete their assigned tasks. Frederick had deliberately placed Kalil on the last wagon with him, so he could start his revenge by tantalizing the teenager, while guzzling down his rum on the wagon. After they had dropped off Anthony and Jacques, and then arrived at Plantation Bellevue, Frederick had commanded the two drivers to tie Kalil to a post at the bottom of a guesthouse, and then told the drivers to put the horses in the shed. He had then stuck a cigar in his mouth and lit it and started to puff with blazing scarlet cheeks. Anger had already consumed him. Lawrence was there for the thrill. He was already drunk and had lit his cigar, blowing smoke rings into the air, watching as Frederick gripped his whip and unleashed it on the teenager. The whip had dug into the teenager's back. Two lashes with the single whip was only a warm up. The teenager was moaning, trying to hold back his cries. Frederick had then reached for the cat-o-nine tails, the same whip that had slayed some of the enslaved Africans on Plantation Smith. He unleashed the cat on the teenager. The whip came down leaving cuts all over Kalil's body. As the whip was coming down for the second time, Richard, Kwesi and Joseph had entered and stopped the whipping. *The cat-o-nine whip consisted of strands of whips tied into a bundle, and upon contact with the flesh, it was as though the person was clawed by a tiger cat, but magnified in size and pain.* Frederick wanted to teach Kalil a lesson that an Indian had no business laying his hand on a British, regardless of whose fault it was. Even though slavery was partly abolished in 1834 when the Africans became apprentices, cruelty had prevailed. Frederick had branded the teenager like a runaway slave. It was the tail end of slavery, and Frederick still could not fathom the difference between slavery, indentureship and being a free emigrant. He saw the Indian laborers as the new slaves of the colony. After the whipping, Richard was angry with his father and left. Frederick had then commanded Joseph to take the seventeen-year-old over to the Indian living quarters, while Kwesi locked the gate and took the horses to the barn. Joseph had led Kalil to the housing area carrying a kerosene lamp. He had opened the door and looked in, getting an orangey glimpse of the Indians lying on the few cots, and the rest sprawled out on the ground, sleeping. He had then told Kalil to get inside, and he left. Kalil was disoriented and stumbled backwards and fell on the ground outside as the light breeze blew in the door. A few minutes passed by and he had struggled to his feet. It was pitch-black and he had begun to stumble around and ended up going in the wrong direction. He fell, and he had gotten up trying to find his way, but he had ended up in the sugarcane field. He continued stumbling through the field, groaning. The field was a maze and he couldn't get out. He started to groan with tears trickling down his face. He kept stumbling through the field, trying to get back out. Half an hour later, his pain and tiredness had consumed him, and he had lowered his body in the sugarcane field and passed out.

AS THE SUN ROSE INTO THE SKY and the noise emanated through the air, Kalil shifted his body, trying to keep his balance.

Frederick turned to Kwesi. "Keep an eye on the hill-coolie and make sure he's producing. Give him six lashes if you must, so the work gets done. Do you understand?" Production must be up today! There are no exceptions to the rules."

"Yeh, suh!"

"If he has the strength to instigate so much havoc on the ship, then he should also have lots of strength to get his work done. Do you understand?"

"Yeh, suh! Mi undastand!"

Frederick glanced at Joseph. "You understand."

"Yeh, suh! Mi undastand, suh!"

From behind the tall sugarcanes, some of the new indentured laborers watched with

fearful eyes as Frederick headed for his horse. He hoisted his right foot onto the stirrup of the saddle. He reached over and grabbed the front of the saddle and swung his left leg over the horse, landing on its back, looking majestic in his wide brim hat and boots. He glanced at Richard and pulled his brim down low. He pulled out a cigar and stuck it in his mouth and lit it. He inhaled deeply and blew out a thick stream of smoke, calming his nerves. He spun around and galloped away, heading to another field to check up on the African apprentices. Richard, Derek, Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb followed him, racing through the field.

Kwesi motioned with his hand, commanding Kalil to swing the cutlass. "Massa seh wok!" Kwesi yowled.

The teenager held the cutlass with a weak grip, gasping for air, with unbearable pain. The cutlass fell from his hand and he slowly bent forward, holding his stomach, crouched over.

"Massa seh wok! Pick up di cutlass!" Kwesi commanded, and flicked his whip into the air and as it came down towards Kalil, a cutlass was hurled into the air, skillfully cutting the whip in half. The cutlass riveted into a sugarcane stalk. Rama swiftly walked over and yanked his cutlass from the sugarcane. Although Rama had lost a lot of weight during the voyage, he still looked rugged, like he was ready to start a brawl. He was ready to protest the beating of Kalil, and he turned towards Kwesi with a tight grip on his cutlass, staring down the driver. A flow of nervousness shot up Kwesi's spine, holding half of a whip. Kalil was about to fall, when a medium height slim-built twenty-four-year-old Portuguese man named Carlos Ferreira ran up to him, held him, and slowly lowered him to the ground. Carlos arrived from Madeira, Portugal in 1834 as an indentured laborer. He was a fisherman in Portugal and was sentenced to life in prison for the death of another fisherman back in 1833. He had always maintained his innocence and that it was an accident. And when words of El Dorado started to spread through the streets and prisons of Madeira, he was offered his freedom if he had agreed to work in South America as an indentured laborer. He had quickly accepted the offer, and in 1834, forty Portuguese from Madeira had landed in the colony. In 1835, another four hundred and twenty-nine Portuguese also arrived from Madeira. The Portuguese were dispatched on Plantation Canje in Berbice. Two years ago, Carlos and another Portuguese man had broken their contract and escaped to Georgetown, having heard that many Portuguese were opening up shops and stores. They had found work in a shop owned by a Portuguese family, but after six months, business had slowed down and they lost their jobs. Carlos and two other Portuguese men had ended up working on Plantation Bellevue as free laborers after they were promised to be paid in the Spanish dollars, which had a high exchange value on the market.

Not long after, the Government of Portugal had suspended emigration to the colony after having learned of the high Portuguese death rate due to tropical diseases such as yellow fever, small pox, and the harsh working conditions. Carlos knew the hardships of plantation work. He had already suffered greatly on Plantation Canje and on Plantation Bellevue. But he wanted to keep working on Plantation Bellevue for another five years so he could save his money and then return to Portugal, get married and then return to the colony and start up a sawmill in Georgetown. He saw the opportunities in the colony. He had seen how many Portuguese were prospering in Guiana by opening their own shops and stores, which many could not have done in Portugal. He had signed a five-year contract in early 1838, where he would be able to save enough money to make his dreams come true.

An ex-slave named, Jamal, also arrived at the scene. He walked up to Kwesi and said, "Put down di whip." Kwesi hesitated. He had great respect for the fifty-five-year-old ex-slave who worked on the plantation part-time. Jamal stared down Kwesi. "Mi seh, put down

di whip." A jolt shot up Kwesi's spine, not wanting to disrespect his elder, but at the same time he had to carry out his duties. Jamal continued, "Yuh see notin *nothing*, yuh hear notin, yuh know notin." Jamal knew Kwesi and his family from the days of slavery. He hurried towards Kalil, limping. He stooped down shaking his head. "Oh meh modda *oh my mother*, yuh gat it good wid di whip, just like a slave." He started to brush away the dirt from Kalil's face, speaking Creole Patois. *There were different spoken versions of Creole Patois. Under the British rulers, Creole Patois was an unrecognized language derived mainly from English words, and contained a lot of slang; some words originated from French, Portuguese, and other languages, and when spoken locally, it sounded like a completely different language.*

Jamal was born and raised on Plantation Success in East Demerara, owned by John Gladstone; it was the only life he had known, and the deep lines on his face revealed the hardships he had endured. His appearance was rough and his unshaven face was covered with white stubbles. He had witnessed the slaying of his father, who was captured and hung right after the 1823 Demerara Rebellion was put down, where over ten thousand enslaved Africans had revolted, fighting for their rights and freedom and to put an end to slavery. Jamal was involved in the revolt. He was wanted dead or alive, and to be hung in public outside the front gate of Plantation Success. But he and some of his friends had fled to the county of Essequibo and hid in the woods for a few weeks. Another ex-slave had allowed them to live on a piece of his land, and they raised chickens and sold them to earn a living. While Jamal was in Essequibo, he was communicating with his family in Demerara through friends. Three years later, he had moved to West Demerara and ended up on Plantation Bellevue working in the sugarcane fields. Two years after, his family had joined him in West Demerara. Jamal's name was originally James Gladstone, and after escaping from East Demerara, he had adopted his grandfather's name, Jamal, who was a Fulani that was kidnapped from West Africa.

Jamal resonated with a calm and peaceful aura wherever he went. He made a hissing sound looking at Kalil. He had seen enough blood in his lifetime. "He losin conscious. He guh die from di infections," he warned. He placed his palm on Kalil's neck. "Yuh feva too high."

"We tek he to e home," Rama urged, having learned some English in Mauritius and on the ship.

Jamal turned to Rama. "He losin nuff nuff blood. He could die on di way, di sick house too crammed." He had already learned that the sick house was emptied of the sick and was made into the Indian living quarters, and that there was not enough room to put him in amongst all of the Indians that were packed into the four rooms, and then have to treat Kalil's injuries.

Guh get di salted pickle," Jamal said, pointing to the African quarters.

"Di wuh?"

Jamal pointed at the African quarters again. "Go yanda—tell dem Jamal send yuh fuh di salted pickle."

Kalil's body was becoming too limp and Jamal was doing everything he could to keep the teenager awake, and to stop him from becoming unconscious.

Kwesi turned a blind eye; he had lots of respect for Jamal.

Harri jumped out from behind the ginnip tree, gripping a sugarcane stalk and ran towards Kalil. The plantation was dotted with fruit trees, including some coconut trees. All along, the boy was hiding behind the tree, waiting for an opportunity to help his friend. He was also ready to protest the beating of Kalil. He stood in a fighting stance, glancing around to see if anybody had followed him. The boy still couldn't figure out why he was standing in a sugarcane field being forced to weed and rake when the British back on the ship had promised him that he would carry out his show in Guiana and Brazil. He was told on the

ship that as soon as they hear from Captain Baxter of the *Hesperus*, that they would find out more about his monkey. He frowned, feeling a pang in his stomach.

"I must take care of my friend," Harri said in his native tongue. His survival skills on the street of Kolkata had matured him before Nature's calling for a boy his age.

Rama became angry at the boy. "Get back to work before you get us in trouble!" he shouted in Hindustani.

"My Chickoo vanished. I—I refuse to labor in this field for the gora. White duffadars kidnapped Chickoo. I'm a clown, a joker. I was born to make people laugh, not rich. I've never labored in my life before. I've been a performer since I could remember—since I was crawling. I used to play with snakes when I was a baby." His eyes focused on Kalil. "Jahaji bhai, at one time I used to beg in the streets of Kolkata, but my monkey brought me fame." His eyes swelled with tears. "They promised me and my Chickoo that we would do our show and become rich and famous on this new land. Jahaji bhai, I'm an artist, not a laborer." He fell on his knees next to Kalil, terrified. His tears burst and he cried, "Jahaji bhai, oh Jahaji bhai, they lied! Jahaji bhai, Jahaji bhai, they lied about El Dorado. They lied! I don't have my Chickoo to do my show. Jahaji bhai, they lied!"

Some life was returning into Kalil's almost lifeless body, hearing the orphan's voice. He raised his hand and gripped the boy's hand, trying to comfort him. He tried to speak, but his words could not come out; a groan escaped from his mouth instead.

Rama turned to Harri. "Back to work before you get caught and flogged!" He got up and pushed the boy away. "Back to work!"

Harri's legs buckled and he bent down and picked up Kalil's juttis and placed them next to him. Rama pushed the boy again. "Go! I said go!"

"Kalil bhaiya, I coming back," the orphan said, referring to Kalil as his older brother. He spun around as though he was on the streets of Kolkata amongst the homeless—legs sprawled, arms out, ready for battle. He made a dash and jumped back behind the ginnip tree as if he was hiding from his foe. He glanced around to see if the managers and their drivers were in the vicinity. The area was clear and the boy sprang out from behind the tree and ran through a pathway carved out between the tall sugarcane, and he disappeared.

Carlos pulled out a bottle of rum and took a sip. Rama reached out with his right hand and Carlos handed him the bottle.

Rama gulped down some rum. "I needed that," he said in Hindustani. He glanced around as beads of sweat slithered down his forehead.

Jamal pointed at the African quarters again. "Hussle, hussle *hustle*. Get di salted pickle. Hurry!"

"Mi cova *cover* fuh yuh," Carlos said. He and Rama had briefly met half an hour ago at their workpost, and had already shared some Demerara plantation rum, instantly becoming friends—rum being their bond.

Rama looked around and then dashed into the aisle between the tall sugarcane, and started to run heading towards the African quarters. He kept low to avoid drawing attention, as the African apprentices were busy cutting the sugarcane in one of the fields. Carlos headed back to his workpost.

Kalil lay on the soil of the small South American country, helpless, losing consciousness as Jamal helped him. "Yuh guh be alright, man—mi seh yuh guh be alright." Jamal reached into his back pocket and pulled out a handkerchief and brushed away the dirt from Kalil's face. "Yuh must obey dem bassman *managers* and overseers," he warned, making a hissing sound with his mouth. Kalil started to groan and his body began to shiver. High fever had already spread through his body. "Try and relax, man. Mi guh help yuh."

Jamal tried to uplift Kalil's spirit, but the teenager was almost lifeless; he started to drift off again. Jamal shook him hard, trying to stop him from falling asleep and slipping

into unconsciousness. "Wake up man! Stay awake! Keep yuh eyes open!"

HARRI WAS AT HIS WORKPOST PRETENDING TO WORK, pulling his rake over the shrubs. The boy spotted Savitri. He dropped his rake, and in a burst of energy, he ran towards her, panting.

"Savitri! Savitri!" the boy called out, groaning and breathing heavily.

Savitri had lost her will to live. She was almost lifeless, fragile, bony and weak from the harsh voyage across the kala pani. She had ended up on Plantation Bellevue on an earlier wagon with Ravinesh, Harri and Ashmid, before Kalil had arrived. Nobody had seen or heard from Vishnu and Indira after they had stepped on land at the back of Plantation Highbury in Berbice.

Ravinesh was placed in a work gang with the older boys and men, while Savitri, Nandi, Harri and Ashmid were assigned to a work gang with the females and other small children, to carry out light duties: weeding, raking, jabbing, trimming, cleaning.

Savitri barely lifted her head upon hearing Harri's voice. Her feebleness had caused her to stumble as she turned towards him. She looked haggard with her hair dangling, partly kept in place with a bandana tied around her head.

"Savitri! Savitri!"

Harri rushed up to her, sweat dripping from his face. "Savitri! Savitri!" the orphan called out, holding his stomach, feeling nauseated. He looked like he had just seen a ghost, ready to pass out.

Savitri stopped what she was doing. "Harri, what's wrong?" she murmured in a weak voice. "Why—why are you breathing so hard?"

"It's Kalil."

Upon hearing Kalil's name, Savitri's palms opened and her rake fell from her hands. She felt a shooting pain in her chest. "Kalil?" she said with a questioning glance, holding her chest, panting.

"It's Jahaji bhai, Kalil!" the orphan cried.

"Harri-dat, what—what's wrong?" she asked in a fragile voice.

"It's Kalil bhai." His bony legs buckled and he stumbled to the ground with a bellyache. Savitri became anxious, as images of Kalil and Vishnu helping her back on the ship started to roll through her head. Her voice quivered, "Kalil? What about Kalil? Where is Kalil?" Hearing Kalil's name gave her some hope.

Harri lifted his frail body off the ground, as Savitri held her breath sensing the worst, but she could not fathom what could have been so wrong from the horrific look on the orphan's face. She thought she had already seen the worst across the kala pani. She placed a weak grip on the boy's shoulders, wanting to shake the words out of him.

"Kalil is here?" she questioned. She held her breath. The boy became inarticulate and she sensed something was seriously wrong. "What's wrong, Harri?" The boy mumbled, his mouth twitching. "Tell me! Tell me!" she demanded.

Harri broke down whimpering. "Kalil bhai is dying!" his voice broke.

"Dying?" she questioned, looking confused.

"He was whipped, beaten by the gora." The boy jumped around holding his stomach—he peed his pants.

Savitri's body froze, consumed by fear, the same stifling fear she had felt when her mother had collapsed on the ship's deck. She gripped Harri's shoulders again. Earlier she heard people screaming, but didn't know why. Nelson Orlando and James Milligan passed by and warned her and the others to get their work done. James headed off in another direction and Nelson monitored what they were doing. They pretended to be working, as

the field foreman continued on; he was assessing the sugarcanes in the fields for the next harvest.

"Whipped?" Savitri asked quietly with pangs exploding in her stomach. Nelson was now out of their view as he headed to another field. "Dying? You're a liar! Stop your lying, Harridat! You're scaring me."

"I'm not lying. Kalil bhai can't move. He was beaten."

"Kalil beaten? You're a liar!"

"I'm not lying! Jahaji bhai is dying!" the orphan sobbed. The gruesome expression on his face sickened her. The orphan stuttered, "He—he's blee—bleeding. He's dy—dying." Her grip weakened from the boy's shoulder and she clutched him tight, trying to comfort him.

Nandi was listening. She was on her knees, pulling out the shrubs. She became scared and started to cry. Her mother came over to see what was going on and hugged the girl. Lukeah also arrived.

"Take me to Kalil. Baghwan will help us," she said as the familiar fear rose throughout her feeble body. "Baghwan will help us." Her body started to shake and the orphan held her from falling. Life was returning to her frail almost lifeless body. She had not shown any signs of strength over the past few weeks, until now. She tried to comfort the orphan, his skinny legs were still shaking. She wanted to help Kalil in the way he had helped her during the harsh voyage. Nandi wanted to go with her.

"Nandi, stay here," her mother said.

"Sabitri, we tek care of she," a Dutch woman named Klara said, incorrectly pronouncing Savitri's name.

"Go Sabitri. Hurry."

Savitri and Harri held hands, rushing through a narrow aisle as the new indentured laborers swung their cutlasses against the tall sugarcanes, knocking them over. Her lifeless body was now in motion as they ran.

"Harri, Harri, what—what happened?" she gasped.

"I—I don't know. Blood—"

"Blood!"

"Blood is everywhere. It's the cat."

"A cat?"

"A cat with nine claws—like a tiger cat," the boy explained, as they scurried down a pathway. "People said the cat clawed Kalil bhai." The news were spreading that the cat-o-nine was used on Kalil. The boy started to groan. "I will kill that cat when I get my hands on him!" he cried. "I will skin that cat alive with my cutlass!" He barely made out two drivers in the distance. "Wait! Wait here! They will beat us if they catch us. They are slave catchers and they think we are the new slaves. Hide, hide." They hid behind the sugarcanes. Harri pointed. "This way." Savitri followed him through a narrow aisle peeled away between the tall sugarcanes. The boy led the way. He stopped. He turned to Savitri with a terrified look on his face. He pointed. "Jahaji bhai is over there." From where they were, Savitri's eyes steadied on a body sprawled out in the field. Jamal was next to Kalil. Savitri's body began to tremble. She could not make out the person's face, which was at an angle. She choked when she saw patches of blood. The sight of blood sickened her.

"It's Kalil bhai," Harri said.

"You're lying." She was in denial. She could not fathom Kalil's youthful body in such a horrendous state, looking dead.

"It's Kalil bhai." Harri clutched Savitri's hand and they slowly walked towards the body.

"Stay awake, man. Keep yuh eyes open," Jamal begged. Kalil was in a semiconscious state lying helplessly.

Harri dropped on his knees next to Jamal. Savitri's heart was pounding, her body wet with perspiration. She crouched down, still not accepting that the person lying in the field was Kalil.

"Open yuh eyes, man." Jamal started to shake Kalil's body. He had seen a few people die in the same state Kalil was in, and was worried that the teenager was about to meet the same fate. The ex-slave shook him and his face rolled towards Savitri.

Savitri froze. "Kalil!" she cried. Her hysteria escalated and she turned away in tears. Upon hearing Savitri's voice, Kalil's eyes slowly opened.

"Jahaji bhai!" the boy cried.

Terrified, Savitri turned towards Kalil. "Kalil," she whispered, gasping for air as tears escaped from her eyes. Kalil groaned and she leaned towards him, looking scared. "Kalil," she whispered, her lips trembling.

He groaned again and started to breathe deeper. She called his name again and he sucked in more air, slowly and deeply, expanding his rib cage. Jamal felt a flood of relief. For a while, he could not stop Kalil from falling asleep and he thought the young man was going to die.

"Kalil!" Savitri tugged on his arm, and his body started to shake as if life was being breathed back into his body. He felt an intense throbbing throughout his body. She called his name again and he started to gasp for air. Harri placed his bony hands on Kalil's shoulder, and he and Savitri started to shake him again. As they shook him, Savitri kept telling him to wake up, and he started to take deeper and longer breaths, filling his lungs with the humid Atlantic air.

Kalil moaned, trying to lift his head. "Sa—ah. Sav," he mumbled. His eyes slowly opened and he became anxious looking at her through his narrowed eyelids. He tried to say something, but his words came out in slurs. He gave off a dull continuous groan, trying to lift his head as she watched in horror with tears running down her face. He was in agony and in pain. He was helpless, but her beauty could not escape his narrowed eyes. A moment ago, he had felt helpless and hopeless in the El Dorado he had voyaged halfway across the world to be in, but now he saw a sign of hope. His eyes shifted to Harri. "Har," he whispered.

The orphan grabbed Kalil's arm with both hands. "I'm here, Jahaji bhai. Bhaiya, I'm here—it's me, Harri."

His eyes returned to Savitri as life was returning into his youthful, but battered body. For a moment, his thoughts of helplessness became thoughts of hope. He started to breathe sporadically, cutting off his breath. His eyes closed and his body became relaxed.

"Wake up Kalil, wake up!" Savitri cried.

"Jahaji bhai, Jahaji bhai—wake up!" Harri begged. "It's me, monkey business. Bhaiya, bhaiya, it's me, monkey business." The boy got to his feet and began to make monkey sounds. He started to swing his arms back and forth, legs sprawled, jumping around in circles like his monkey used to. A chuckle escaped Kalil's mouth and he tried to speak.

"Hush, hush. Keep it down," Jamal warned. "Yuh will attract dem overseers an dem drivaz. Hush! Hush!"

For a moment, Savitri gazed at Jamal. She thought he was a native of British Guiana—a savage buckman as Lawrence had referred to the Amerindians *American Indians* of Guiana back on the ship. The word, buck, was a derogatory word used by some to address the Amerindians, but Savitri did not know that. She had never seen an Amerindian before. She glanced away and then glanced back at Jamal. *He seems friendly*, she thought, but she wasn't sure if she should look him in the eyes. She had another flashback of the sailors joking and laughing about the savage beasts of the South American country and how they would not hesitate to shoot an arrow between the eyes of a stranger.

"He will be alright. Nuh worry yuhself. Back to wok, else buckra *white man* will flog y'all," Jamal warned in Creole Patois. "He guh be alright. Ayodeez *everybody* back to wok, mi seh—back to wok! Ayodeez gwan! Gwan! Gwan! Back to wok!"

Savitri wore a blank stare on her face, not understanding a word the ex-slave had just said. She had learned some English from Maryanne back on the Whitby, but Creole Patois sounded like gibberish to her. He motioned for her and the boy to return to their workpost. "Mi will tek care of he. E guh be alright. Gwan! Gwan—mi seh back to wok," Jamal urged. A puzzled expression appeared on Savitri's face and she remained on her knees next to Kalil. She still didn't understand a word he said.

Jamal reached for his lunch bag and pulled out a coconut. He sliced off the top of the coconut with his cutlass and then carved out a hole at the top with the pointed tip of the cutlass. He lifted Kalil's head and motioned Savitri to move closer. He rested Kalil's head on Savitri's lap and slowly poured the coconut water into the teenager's mouth. "Swallow, swallow," Jamal said. Kalil didn't understand him, but he automatically swallowed the coconut water. "Swallow mow, man." Kalil kept swallowing the coconut water, some escaped down the sides of his mouth. After the coconut water was finished, Kalil licked the sides of his mouth. Jamal held the coconut firmly on the ground with one hand and struck it in the middle with his cutlass, splitting it into two halves. He sliced off a piece of the hard coconut shell with his cutlass and used it to scoop out the white jelly and fed Kalil. He handed the scoop to Savitri and she began to feed Kalil. She continued scooping out the jelly, feeding him until it was all gone.

From a distance, as the sun rose into the sky, Rama hurried through the tall sugarcanes keeping low to avoid drawing attention as he made his way back with the salted pickle, a sheet, some old clothes and a small bucket half-filled with water. He was uncertain of the exact spot he had left them in.

It seemed as though at least half an hour had passed, but only twelve minutes had elapsed. It would have taken at least forty minutes to help Kalil back to the Indian living quarters, which was overcrowded, and if Frederick had caught them, Kalil would have been worse off; some of the managers couldn't care less if Kalil was left to rot in the field; it was the tail end of slavery and many in the colony still had the mentality of slavery—revenge and using the whip.

Jamal caught a glimpse of Rama. He stood up and waved. "Ay, by *boy*—ova hay, by."

Rama saw Jamal waving and hurried towards them. His eyes lit up upon seeing Savitri; he had seen her a few times on the Whitby. Although Savitri looked lifeless with her dangling messy hair, her natural beauty could not escape Rama's eyes.

"Gi mi a hand," Jamal motioned. "We put e in di shade."

Nertha returned. He made out what Jamal had just said and translated for Savitri. Everybody was eager to help Kalil.

Rama handed Savitri the sheet and Harri helped her spread it in the shade. Rama and Jamal lifted Kalil onto the sheet, and Jamal carefully rolled Kalil onto his stomach, exposing the open wounds on his legs, shoulders and back. Savitri gasped in horror at the site of Kalil's torn flesh. The stench rising from his body stifled her.

Jamal soaked the cloth in the bucket and wiped away the bloodstains and dirt from Kalil's back. The teenager let out a loud scream as his fingers dug into the earth, while his body shivered. He was now fully conscious and felt as though his body was in flames with sharp stabbing pain surging through his legs and throughout his body. Rama got up and swung his cutlass against a sugarcane stalk. He grabbed the sugarcane with his vacant hand and peeled away the outer layer with the cutlass and then skillfully sliced down the middle of the fibrous stalk into halves and then into quarters.

"Open your mouth," Rama said, gesturing with his fingers. Kalil's mouth opened slowly

and Rama stuck a piece of the sugarcane between his teeth.

"Bite dung on di sugacane," Jamal said.

Nertha deciphered the English words and translated into Hindustani. Jamal was ready to rub on the salted pickle to fight the infections.

"It guh bun yuh," Jamal warned.

"It will burn," Nertha interpreted, trying to make sense of the words, which he didn't understand.

Jamal applied the salted pickle and Kalil's body tightened up. His teeth gripped the sugarcane, crunching through the fibrous stalk as the juice poured into his mouth while some slithered down the sides of his mouth. Groaning sounds escaped from his mouth, and the expression on his face painted the ugliness of the whip. Harri grabbed a piece of sugarcane from Rama's hand and stuck it in Kalil's mouth. Kalil's jaw clamped down tight, crunching and chewing on the sugarcane as Jamal continued to apply the salted pickle.

A few minutes went by and the pain on Kalil's face diminished. He wanted to cry, but chuckled instead. "Sugacane good," he said in a low breathy voice, in English. On the ship, he had picked up some English words and sentences while carrying out his ship duties and taking orders from the crew. Savitri and Harri were paying close attention, picking up a few more words as Nertha translated. Savitri was relieved to see that Kalil's will to live wasn't completely shattered.

Kalil groaned. He chuckled and said, "Sugacane sweet."

"He will be alright, man. Gi e mow suga," Jamal said.

Nertha translated.

Harri took another piece of sugarcane from Rama and placed it in Kalil's mouth. Although Kalil's body was still shaking, the juice from the sugarcane gave him some energy. A dim and thankful smile emerged on his face. He thought that if Savitri could have survived the loss of her mother to the ocean and the punishment of the kala pani, then he could endure the pain. She smiled. She now felt that she had a reason to live for. She thought that if she gave up on life then Kalil, Ravinesh, Harri and the others would also give up, and if Kalil could have survived such cruelty, then she could survive the plantation life for the next five years, and then join her older brother and sister in Mauritius.

Rama reached into his pocket. He pulled out a bottle and popped the cork. Carlos had given him a bottle of rum, while he was on his way back with the salted pickle. He wiped away the perspiration bubbling out from his forehead. He cocked his head back and poured rum into his mouth. Within seconds, he swallowed quarter of the rum and then his head came forward. "Try some," he said holding the bottle near Kalil's mouth. "This rum was processed from sugarcane," he said in Hindustani. He laughed. "Rum is my best friend." The smell of rum sickened Kalil; he turned his face and started to groan. Rama knew everything there was to know about rum. In 1830, when he was eighteen years old, he was duped into boarding a ship to work in Mauritius on a five-year contract with a group of Indians, mostly Dhangurs from the hills of the Chota Nagpur Plateau. His French manager, Mr. Boileau, had beaten him badly for speaking up after he had learned that he was being robbed of most of his pay. He continued to speak up, and one day, he had tracked down his manager in the field, took away his cat-o'-nine whip, grabbed him by his throat and threatened to beat him with the whip. He clutched the manager's neck hard until the manager shouted in French, "I surrender!" Rama had warned the manager that next time he would beat him with his own cat-o'-nine tails until he was dead. From that day on the manager had begun to pay Rama his five rupees per month, along with some back-pay, not taking a chance that one day he would end up dead in the field. After Rama's contract was up in Mauritius, he had returned to India with his savings and invested in a small farm in Etawah, located in the North-Western Provinces. The farm was destroyed in October

1837 during the famine and he had lost everything. After hearing about El Dorado, he wanted a taste of gold and diamonds. He was willing to take another chance searching for a better life, and had boarded the Hesperus on January 29, this time of his own free will, and had ended up on the Whitby during the stopover at the Cape. His experiences in Mauritius and across the kala pani had hardened him up. His thick moustache, dark skin and stocky build had made him out to be strong and fierce.

Jamal reached into his lunch container, filled with mettagee *provisions cooked in coconut milk*. He placed some in Kalil's mouth and said, "Eat." Kalil, Savitri, and Harri understood the English word *eat* having heard the word over and over on the ship. "Yuh guh like di mettagee, man. Eat up, by." Savitri and Harri exchanged a nervous smile as Kalil ate. He was beginning to feel stronger, but not strong enough to work. He was in a lot of pain and agony.

"Le e rest now," Jamal said.

Nertha translated and then took the rum bottle from Rama and swallowed some rum. Rama took the bottle back and started to pour rum into his mouth and said, "Well come to El Dorado. Rum is sweet!"

Harri's eyes became fixed on the galloping horses in the distance. "White man a com! White man a com!" the boy bellowed. "Gora a com! Gora a com!"

"Buckra a com—y'all run!" an African lady warned as she passed by with a Creole Negro teenage girl, both of them fetching a bucket filled with water. The lady's name was Tallulah. She was sad for the new comers, being a new comer to the colony herself. She arrived in the colony three years ago, after she was kidnapped from West Africa. The girl was also new to the colony; she arrived from Barbados two days ago with twenty-five other Creole Africans through the inter-colonial slave trade that had been going on for decades amongst the planters in British Guiana and the West Indies.

Although the slave trade was abolished on August 1, 1807, that had not stopped the slavers from kidnapping and trafficking Africans into the colonies in the Americas. In the 1800s there was a high demand to increase sugar production and many Africans began to enter British Guiana, mainly through the intercolonial slave trade that existed. In 1823, according to a survey, out of 74, 418 Africans in the colony of Demerara and Essequibo, 39,956 were Creole Negroes, and 34,462 were African-born. Due to the complete abolition of slavery planned for August 1, 1838, the plantation owners were looking at the West Indies for tens of thousands of new laborers, to enter British Guiana. The planters were also looking at Freetown, Sierra Leone for thousands of new Africans to enter the colony as indentured laborers. (Source: British Guiana by Raymond T. Smith, p. 28)

Jamal got up and tiptoed trying to look over the tall sugarcanes to see if the overseers or drivers were in the area.

"Y'all back to wok," Jamal urged, "else all ov a we guh get whipped wid di cat-o-nine. Mi seh, y'all back to wok. Ayodeez bak to wok! Gwan! Gwan!"

Savitri panicked as the horses approached. Her frail body could hardly move.

"Ayodeez back to wok!" Jamal urged. "Mi seh, back to wok!"

Nertha translated. "Back to work."

"Mi tek care of e," Jamal insisted.

Nertha agreed with Jamal, and he, Savitri, Harri and Rama hurried away and disappeared into the tall sugarcanes. The laborers quietly ran towards their workposts, while the sardar and the supervisors were instructing the laborers on their duties. The plantation managers, overseers and drivers were also checking up on the new laborers, checking off their names and their assigned chores; anyone missing from their workpost would be reported, hunted down, and punished.

JONATHAN STOOD AT THE OPEN WINDOW OVERLOOKING the sugarcane fields from the second floor of the elegant mansion, while his mother and his aunt sat at the table in the living room having breakfast, catching up on old times. A stretch of glass windows snaked along the sidewall overlooking the plantation. Another set of windows on the opposite side overlooked the road stretching towards the nearby plantations and villages.

"The new laborers that arrived last night needs time to recuperate," Jonathan said. He was Elizabeth's second son. He had just arrived on horseback from their ocean view home in East Demerara. Since the temporary closing down of the family's sugar plantation, Frederick had agreed to assist Mr. Russell a few days a week with the Indian laborers, while his brother, Westley, was managing the family's banana plantation in East Demerara. Jonathan worked as a supervisor on the banana plantation a few days a week, and also assisted Mr. Russell a few days a week. He had decided to miss work at the banana plantation and traveled to Plantation Bellevue to be with his brother, aunt and uncle. Mr. Russell and Mr. Mathews were spending most of the day in Georgetown at the Parliament Building attending meetings concerning the early termination of the apprenticeship period for the African apprentices.

Jonathan turned towards his aunt. "Aunt Maryanne, I'm surprised you have so much energy. We know how harsh the voyage from England to Guiana is, but to travel all the way from India to Guiana for almost four months is brutal."

Maryanne laughed a little. "Well, Jon, I'm eager and ready to learn more about this amazing colony, and I don't have to work in the field under the intense tropical heat, so I will be fine, my dear."

"Mummy, what's the rush?" Paul questioned, having heard that some of the new recruits were driven out into the field in the morning with very little sleep, while the others were allowed to sleep and rest, and didn't have to work. Paul was Elizabeth's youngest son; he was nine years old.

"Well, Paul, today is a workday. Your father said this plantation could lose two of its main contracts if we don't get the factory producing more sugar, molasses and rum immediately. Ford Colville and Nelson Orlando are getting the factory up and running and is busy deciding which fields should also be burned immediately. Paul, we must stay on top of things before we lose out. The Brazilians would love to get their hands on our contracts, not to mention that we can't even compete with the Cubans who are the top sugar producer in the world." Elizabeth breathed in deeply trying to calm down. She exhaled and continued, "Your father had no choice, but to get some of the hill-coolies into the field immediately to get production up and fill those orders—it's the nature of field work. It's not as if all of the hill-coolies are out in the field. The slaves never had it easy, therefore nor will the hill-coolies."

Maryanne got up from the table holding her tea. She walked over to an open window, and breathed in deeply as the Atlantic Ocean breeze rushed in caressing her face. "The air is refreshing," she said, looking out into the fields. She could barely make out the few Portuguese, Dutch, French and Irish laborers in a section of one of the fields working. She shifted and her eyes steadied on another field with over fifty African apprentices.

Paul walked up next to her. He pointed and said, "The new laborers are over there. Way yonder." He kept point as Maryanne glanced around, her eyes finally focused on a group of Indian laborers.

"Jonathan is right," Maryanne said, turning to Elizabeth. "The Indian laborers need to regain their strength. Even I am so drained of energy that I could hardly move. I cannot fathom how it's possible for them to be working in the condition they're in. If field work was easy, the fields would be flooded with English, Irish, Scottish and German workers, but

cousin field work is not easy.”

“It’s the nature of plantation life. That’s how it’s been since the Dutch conquered this land from the Amerindians,” Elizabeth said, defensively.

Jonathan cleared his throat. “Mother, the times have changed. Slavery was outlawed on August 1, 1834.”

“Abolished,” Maryanne assured them. She cleared her throat and then said, “So we’ve thought.”

The butler and the maid came rushing in.

“Lilly why all the rush?” Elizabeth asked. The maid was panting. She hesitated.

“Coop, you look like you just saw a ghost.”

“I tink so ma’am. Ma’am, a new woka *worker* was found beaten in di field dis marnin.” Kwesi just updated Cooper on the brutal beating of the seventeen-year-old after his arrival on Plantation Bellevue.

Maryanne gasped in horror. “What?”

“I hear there’s blood,” Lillian said.

“Blood? What?”

“Massa jus went back out in di field to check up on di new woka dat was beaten,” Cooper said.

“Beaten? But they just arrived,” Maryanne said. “How is that possible? A new recruit already beaten and put to work in that scorching sun with hardly any rest?”

“Jonathan, you know about this incident?”

“No mother. I just arrived.”

“Coopy do you know anything about it?”

His shoulders tightened up. “Ma’am, mi hear it happen on di estate.” He hesitated and then said, “Mi hear massa Smith had a hand in it.”

Lillian panicked. “There’s blood.”

Elizabeth held her breath for a few seconds and released slowly. “Well, I’m sure the laborer was misbehaving,” she said defending her husband. “When the laborers choose not to listen, anything could happen out in the field. That’s the way it has been for two hundred years. The slaves had the same treatment when they refused to work.”

Maryanne held her breath, exchanging glances with Jonathan and Elizabeth. Before Elizabeth could have uttered another word, Maryanne spoke up. “Jonathan, you better see what your father is up to and stop him from doing any more harm. Strong and healthy workers are more productive than weak workers. They need ample rest to regain their strength.”

Jonathan rushed towards the door, followed by Cooper. “Coop, hurry, get my horse, it’s at the front.”

“Yeh, Jon.”

Jonathan was proactive and was ready to take charge, implementing the new laws, but his father’s resistance to change kept getting in their way, and as a result, Plantation Smith was temporarily shut down, not being able to attract an adequate labor force to upkeep production.

Maryanne, Elizabeth and Paul watched from the window.

“Cousin you should have slept in. You’re here on vacation,” Elizabeth said, changing the topic, not wanting Maryanne to see the reality of plantation life in the British colony. It was Maryanne’s first visit to the South American continent.

“Well, I couldn’t wait to be up and about. I was sick on the ship for a good month. I just don’t want to be lying around anymore.”

“Sick for a month?”

“It was horrible. We were hit with deadly storms. Many became ill—some died at sea.

Wait until I update you on the kidnappings that's taking place in India, and on the horrible deaths on the Whitby and Hesperus."

Elizabeth swallowed. "I don't think I could stomach this right now. Cousin, I'm so glad you made it safe. And how is your writing coming along?"

"Oh that history stuff, you know—boring. I would like a tour of the sugarcane fields and the factory."

Elizabeth was happy to give her cousin a quick lesson. "Cousin, it takes six months for the sugarcanes to mature and ready to be burnt."

"Burnt?" Maryanne asked, a puzzled expression on her face. "If it's burnt then how—"

"Burning is a part of the process for removing the sharp leaves from the sugarcane stalks, along with the weeds and insects from the field."

"What? They also murder those poor tropical insects by burning them."

"Dear, it's the process. How would you like to be bitten by a snake? This is Guiana—you know the Amazon rainforest is a part of this jewel." *The Amazon rainforest bridged nine South American countries: Columbia, Venezuela, British Guiana (Guyana), Dutch Guiana (Surinam), French Guiana, Brazil, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador.* Elizabeth continued, "After the burning, the sugarcane stalks remain intact. It's much easier to cut the canes when all the sharp leaves are burnt off."

"I heard about the process, but never really understood it."

"You will observe the next burning."

"But I may not be here that long."

"We just burned two fields last week. With the hill-coolies laboring on this land, Freddy said according to Mr. Orlando and Mr. Milligan, some of the other fields will be burned next week, and the canes shall be cut and transported to the factory for processing, so nothing sits around and becomes rancid. Our European business partners will be very pleased with us. Could you believe some were even thinking about ditching us and getting their sugar from the Cubans?"

"Well, the sugar industry is competitive, and the Cubans are big players when it comes to sugar, producing twenty percent of the world's sugar," Maryanne replied.

"Cousin, now that India has granted this colony permission to recruit thousands of their hardy agricultural laborers from the hills, soon many ships from India shall be rising on the horizon of the Americas to conquer the competition and knock them out, like playing a game of chess."

"And you play chess?"

"Of course. And the pawns—that is the hill-coolies—shall also reap some of the benefits of this prosperous colony. Cousin, we shall observe these historical voyages from the verandah of our ocean view home in East Demerara."

Maryanne smiled. "Then cousin, I cannot wait to witness the exotic view of the ocean from your home on the coast. It seems very exciting."

"And it is. It certainly is exciting—it's a paradise, dear." A broad smile grew on Elizabeth's face. "It's our paradise, our dream. With these robust agricultural laborers working for us, we shall continue to prosper. And as you know, anything that rises on the horizon shall soon become reality, in the same way I saw a ship on the horizon yesterday, and it turned out to be the Whitby with the hill-coolies we've been looking out for over the past month. There has been lots of news from the British Parliament on these hardworking coolies from the hills. Let them work, cousin, let them work. I was told they love to work in the fields. And cousin, we are very optimistic that sugar production on Plantation Bellevue will not only peak soon, but soon Plantation Smith shall be up and running again and—and Freddy won't be as grumpy. Cousin, Freddy is planning a huge business expansion—Guiana has made us very wealthy," she said gloating.

"And I see that. Cousin, tell me more about the sugar process that has made you so wealthy."

"Well, for one thing, the punts are loaded with bundles of sugarcanes. Then the punts transport the bundles to the mill for processing. From the raw sugarcanes, we not only produce sugar, but also rum and molasses."

"I must see this process for myself."

"And you shall."

THE GALLOPING HORSES CAME TO A DEAD STOP. Frederick remained on his horse glaring at Kalil. Aside from the revenge for Kalil laying his hands on his son, the only thing that mattered to Frederick was getting production up before the plantation loses two or more major contracts. And like the slavery days, there was no room for compassion. In the minds of many, slavery was not over.

"Get him on his feet!" Frederick commanded. "As long as his eyes are open and he's not dead, he will not be left idled. His labor is required. Isn't that why he chose to come to this colony? If he's strong enough to start a brawl on the ship, then I'm sure he has lots of energy to fulfill his duties. There will be no exceptions. All he got was a well-deserved scratch. He hasn't seen anything yet!" Kwesi and Joseph jumped from their horses as Kalil rolled onto his knees, holding his stomach. Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb also got off their horses, observing.

"He is sick," the ex-slave warned. Jamal's words meant nothing to the plantation manager.

"Get the hill-coolie on his feet now!" Frederick commanded. "He needs to produce. Now! There's no time for idling!"

Joseph grabbed Kalil's hand.

"Easy on him," Kwesi said in a quiet tone as they pulled him up.

"Give him the cutlass!" Frederick commanded.

Kwesi swallowed. He flicked a quick glance at Jamal, and then picked up the cutlass and reluctantly placed it in Kalil's hand.

"Grip it!" Joseph ordered with a gesture.

Kalil gripped the cutlass. He over balanced and Kwesi held him.

"He doesn't need help," Frederick said. Kwesi flashed Frederick an uneasy look and then glanced at Jamal.

"Swing!" Joseph commanded, motioning with his hand.

Kalil's eyes darkened with fear as he lifted his arm to take his first swing in the sugarcane fields in the Americas, producing labor for the British planter, Andrew Colville, who lived in London, enjoying the fruit of the colony. He was slowly regaining his strength as though the sugarcane juice was still flowing through his body, reviving him with energy. His cutlass came down and struck the sugarcanes, as Frederick and Richard watched from their horses. In the distance, Jonathan was galloping towards them. Kalil raised his arm again, gripping the cutlass tighter. And as the cutlass came down, his momentum increased striking the sugarcanes.

Frederick and Richard exchanged glances, as Kalil swung the cutlass back and forth, knocking over the sugarcanes as the oppressive sun beat down on his back, drying off his fresh wounds.

Jonathan's horse stopped next to his father and brother. He was angry, disgusted at the condition the Indian laborer was in.

Joseph whispered to Kwesi, "How much yuh want bet dis hill-coolie is dead by tamarrow."

Jonathan trotted up to Kalil. He pulled off his wide-brim hat and said, "You will need this to protect you from the heat." Richard and his father exchanged uneasy glances, as Kalil's swing stopped in midair. He raised his head at the sound of Jonathan's voice. Jonathan trotted up closer and handed him his hat. Kalil reached out with a weak right hand and took the hat.

Frederick was not pleased with Jonathan's actions. He spun around on his horse and sped away. Richard twisted his mouth and beamed Jonathan a probing stare. Their eyes met. Jonathan was now seeing his older brother for the first time since his arrival back in the colony. He swallowed deeply at the sight of the bruise on Richard's face and watched as his older brother turned his horse around and galloped away.

Jonathan turned to Kalil. "Put on the hat and rest as much as you need to," he said, going against his father's commands. Kalil slowly placed the hat on his head, gazing at Jonathan as he rode away, disappearing into the field. The cutlass dropped from Kalil's hand, and he slowly fell to his knees crouching over, shading under the tall sugarcanes as the equatorial sun blazed down on them. Kwesi turned a blind eye. He got on his horse and trotted away, followed by Joseph. Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb also got on their horses and sped away.

AN HOUR LATER, OVER AT THE MANAGER'S MANSION, Frederick called Jonathan into his office. Jonathan had a lecture coming to him for overstepping his bounds earlier in the field, but he was more upset by his father's actions. He was ready to face his father. He was a rebel and a peacemaker, and like the abolitionists he always stood up for the underdog in the colony. Richard entered, and before Frederick could have spoken, Jonathan spoke up.

"Father, it shouldn't have gone this far. Slavery is abolished," the nineteen-year-old said, but his father could not see that his son was trying to avoid an uprising. "Father, people can only be pushed so far before they start rebelling. Whipping is against the law, and the laborer that was whipped should have been in his the sick house recovering—and not out in the field. And nobody should be beaten with the whip!"

Elizabeth cleared her throat. "Jon, we must have forgotten to mention that the sick was emptied from the sick house and was converted to the living quarters for the laborers from the hills. There's nowhere to put the sick."

"And what did Dr. Nimmo had to say about this!" Jonathan exclaimed.

A surge of anger surged through Frederick's body. "Dr. Nimmo has no say! And fights and arguments happen all the time! That hill-coolie had to be taught a lesson!"

"A lesson? That does not mean that the whip should be used!"

"He was misbehaving on the way to Bellevue! He should do as I command! I had to let him know who the boss is, so he knows his place in this colony. He was led to his home. Nobody knows why he went into the field. He must have been drunk—"

"He was not drunk! He did not smell like rum!"

"Well, it's his own bloody fault! And after what he had done to your brother on the ship, he was obviously looking for a beating and he got a taste of it to remind him who the boss is—it's a good way for him to commence his duties in this colony." Jonathan's eyes penetrated the ugly bruise on Richard's face as their father continued, "He should have ended up at the back of the field and left for the vultures. No hill-coolie, Negro or colored have any business putting their black paws on a white man or talking back to a white man. There's a price to pay—a big price! The hill-coolie should be thankful he's still alive. In the days of slavery, the slave would not have lived to tell his family his story."

Jonathan paced around as his father continued to make excuses. Richard's mouth started to twitch, and he shifted his body. He had updated his family on the brawl back on

the ship after they had enquired about the bruise on his face, but he had failed to inform them of the truth, that he was the one who had started the brawl by beating up on two weak and helpless men, and that was when Kalil had stepped in to stop the beating. His mother and brothers would have been ashamed of him, if they had known the truth.

Frederick lit a cigar and took a puff. "Mr. Russell is in parliament today with some of the plantation attorneys and general managers, concerning the Negro apprentices," he said. "I give the orders to the twenty-five hill-coolies assigned to me. It's only a small group. And I shall determine their fate. If he was a Negro he would have already been hung!"

Jonathan's face reddened, not being able to get through to his father. "Father, slavery is abolished! People have rights! The Indian laborers are not slaves!"

"Close enough!" He pondered for a moment. "Are they not the new slaves? They are doing the same work the slaves did!"

Jonathan cut in. "They are doing the same work the Portuguese, Irish, Germans and others are doing! Are you saying that the Portuguese, Irish and Germans are slaves?"

"No! I'm saying that the hill-coolies are paid less than the Europeans," Frederick said, trying to prove his point.

"In this colony everyone gets paid differently. Their savings will buy them lots in India. I'm certain in due time their pay shall increase as they stand up for their rights," Jonathan said. He paced around for a few seconds and then continued, "Father, the times have changed! Slavery is abolished and so is the use of the whip. Slavery was founded on the use of the whip, chains, hanging, and forced labor with no pay. Slavery should have never been allowed in the New World or anywhere. Never! It's inhumane and barbaric! The Indian laborers are on a five-year labor contract approved by the Court of Directors of the East India Company and by the Government of India! They are to be paid, and they have the freedom to return to their motherland with their savings. Many are here to work in the colony, save their money and return to their country. They are free immigrants. That's the difference between slavery and a five-year labor contract! These atrocities must stop! It must stop now! I do not understand how you could send a group of laborers into the field, while the other Indian laborers are recuperating in their living quarters! Father, all recruits should be resting!"

"Production must be up!" Frederick snapped. "Production must be up immediately! The hill-coolies are here to work, and not play! Each and every one of them should have been out in the field toiling. They are getting paid better than they were paid in India. They have no expenses! They get to pocket everything they earn, including all their overtime wages, draining the wealth from this prosperous colony, which they will take back to India so India thrives. What else do they want? My blood? They want my damn blood? The slaves got nothing, except food, clothing and shelter! Plantation Bellevue has not had this kind of labor force in a long time and I'm not going to waste any of it! Mr. Russell and James Mathews are counting on us to increase production immediately. We must use the hill-coolies to our advantage! Working on this plantation, assisting Mr. Russell, will also give me a good idea on how to handle the thousands of hill-coolies soon to inundate Plantation Smith, our banana plantation and our extending business." He clenched his jaw and tightened his fists. "Do you want to be responsible for losing two major sugar and rum contracts? Would you like to explain that to Mr. Mathews? I need to prove that I could set any plantation into motion and into production, bringing in huge profits! I'm a businessman! The hill-coolies are the experienced and skilled agricultural laborers and that's why we sent for them! Their skills and labor will match the Creole Negroes, without having to waste weeks, months or years training them, and this is why these skilled and experienced handpicked coolies from the hills were shipped here. Production must be up, immediately!"

Richard was not happy with his father's attitude, but he was afraid to speak up. He didn't expect his father to take revenge for him, as though he couldn't have handled it himself. "Father, Jonathan is right. We cannot do this! This is wrong," he said snappishly. His guilty conscience was beginning to bother him for what had happened to Kalil, especially knowing that Kalil was one of the best workers back on the ship, and was also involved in saving Roger's life, when Roger had fallen from the crossbeam during the devastating storm.

Jonathan felt a flood of relief seeing that his older brother was finally beginning to stand up for justice. If Jonathan had the authority, he would have made sure that Kalil was taken back to the Indian living quarters to rest, but he had to be careful about treading on his father's territory; his father had already threatened him a few times to send him back to Europe for good, and to remove his name from any inheritance.

Jonathan felt another load off his shoulder when Maryanne, Solomon, and his mother intruded on them. Frederick wanted the new laborers to work ten hours to step up production, but that was when Maryanne and Solomon had stepped in, prompting an intense discussion on the rights of the indentured laborers. And when Maryanne reminded Frederick that the Anti-Slavery Society still existed, and that the abolitionists were keeping an eye on the planters and their managers in the colony, that was when Frederick had become nervous about his decision, but Frederick had to have the last word. And so he did. The new recruits assigned to him had to work six hours, with a forty-five minute break, insisting that he wasn't going to risk losing two major contracts from their European business partners. He claimed that six hours was nothing for them and that it will be like play for them since they were the skilled and experienced laborers from the hills in India.

CHARACTERS

Historical People

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

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

Anunto Ram – sardar on the Whitby and on Plantation Highbury

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

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

Bundoo – an Indian mate on the Whitby

Captain Baxter – the Captain of the Hesperus

Captain James Swinton – the Captain of the Whitby

Chummare – an Indian mate on the Whitby

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

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

Dr. Richmond – the surgeon on the Hesperus

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

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

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

Gunga Persaud – a sardar on the Whitby

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

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

Henry Light – the Governor of British Guiana

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

Janhair Singh – a cook on Plantation Bellevue

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

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

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

John Floyd – a sergeant in Kolkata

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

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

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

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

Joogoroo – a sardar on the Whitby

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

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

Lord Auckland – the Governor General of India

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

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

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)
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*)
Correspondence on the condition of the Hill Coolies in British Guiana
Correspondence between the Government of India and Court of Directors Relating to the Hill Coolies
Parliamentary Papers, House of Commons and Command, Volume 34; p.246 – p.251
Correspondence Respecting Emigration: The Sessional Papers Printed by Order of the House of Lords or Presented by The Royal Command in the Session 1837 – 1838; p. 48 – p.50 House of Commons Papers, Volume 16 by Great Britain Parliament House of Commons (Enclosure No. 41); p. 84
Fragments of Empire: Capital, Slavery and Indian Indentured Labor by Madhavi Kala; p.47 – p.51
Journal, Volume by Agricultural & Horticultural Society of India; p. 158
Freedom, Festivals and Caste in Trinidad After Slavery: A Society in Transition by Neil A. Sookdeo; p. 292
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
The Pamphlet by the Anti-Slavery Society on John Scoble's reports in British Guiana
Cultural Power Resistance and Pluralism, Colonial Guyana, 1838 - 1900 by Brian L. Moore
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>

The Continuation of Savitri's Garden – The Garden

By Faisal Ally

THE GARDEN WHERE MANY HAVE LOST HOPE

Background

Jack have been terrorizing his victims with the use of AI, commercials and other means, as he continues to profit from the theft of people's hard work. From the theft of their songs, books, poems, lyrics, art and more. He's know as the number one back biter, spreading false news and creating fake narratives for his victims.

Jack makes sure his victims cannot get to the police or to the news to report the theft of their work. World wide

At the night club, Jack talks about how to change up someone's songs and books, and how to rewrite a person's songs.

At home, every time Jibreel types, Jack has set up the AI to capture all his work. Jack gets the work, such as unique lines and post uses them on his world-wide media.

At the café, Anwar, Sarah, Mary, Jibreel were having coffee.

Jibreel says, We have to be fast at what we are doing, as soon as we write something our work is stolen.

Anwar chipped in. They want us to have nothing. They put their names on all of our work.

Mary said, I don't put that past them. It's a shame that they have singled our certain people because of their religion, names, skin color.

Sarah turned to Jibreel. We have to stay ontop of things.

Jibreel replied. I found some good solutions in my religious text. It helps.

Mary chipped in. While they try to destroy religious practices, your practice benefits you.

Jibreel: You bet.

More to come....

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

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

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***Ebooks can also be read or downloaded from: www.smashwords.com; do a search for Fisal Ally

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

(Links are subject to changes)

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

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

BOOK 1 PART II (*Historical Fiction*)

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

BOOK 2 (*Historical Fiction*)

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

BOOK 3 (*Historical Fiction*)

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

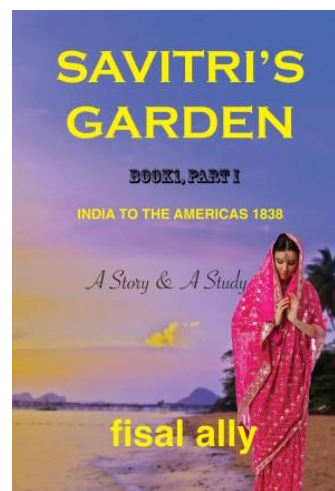
BOOK 4 - A SHORT STUDY GUIDE

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

A true love story about Mustapha & Salima and their cats in Guyana and in New York. Copy and paste link into URL for free download
<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/914439>

First Edition published on December 25, 2012

Second Edition – December 25, 2018



PEPPERPOT

**A vegetarian dish from
Neisha's Kitchen
Karela**



These dishes are often prepared with rice, or roti know as Indian bread. Roti can be replaced with pita bread as seen in the pictures below, and rice can be replaced with quoina or something else.

The dishes are prepared as a simple vegetarian dishes. Any or all of the following can be added to the dishes below: Garlic, onions, tomatoes.

Add meats if required such as beef, chicken, shrimp or others while cooking.

Some of the dishes have potatoes. You can add potatoes to any, if required.

STEPS FOR PREPARING FRIED KARELA (BITTER MELON)



*Preparation time
10 minutes.
Cooking time 20
minutes to half
hour. Can also
serve with rice.
Serves four.*



1) Fresh karela



2) Remove seeds



3) Cut into slices



4) Complete cutting



5) Add salt to taste if required



6) Add garlic and onions. Can also add tomatoes



7) Add oil to pan for frying karela



8) Add karela to pan



9) Cook on medium



10) As karela becomes slightly burned. Turn over with a spoon



11) Removed cooked ones (a little burned) and place in bowl



12) Continue frying, and removing the ones that are cooked (slightly burned)



PEPPERPOT CLUB

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA)

UPCOMING COOKOUT AND KITE BUILDING

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

Pepperpot Club

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

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden

Signature with love

The Cottonfield Kids series



Pepperpot Club,

PEPPERPOT CLUB - ARTS & CRAFT

GUYANA IS KNOWN FOR ITS EASTER WEEKEND KITE FLYING FESTIVAL



KITE BUILDING

Are you up to making a kite for this easter?

EASTER WEEKEND KITE FLYING

THE SINGING ENGINE KITE

Diverse

ENTERTAINMENT

YUSUF ISLAM / CAT STEVENS

Yusuf Islam known as Cat Stevens will be 77 years old this year 2025, and he continues to play his original songs such as the hit song, Wild World. The songwriter / musician was born in London on July 21, 1948 and give the name Steven Demetre Georgiou. He began writing songs as a teenager being influenced by groups like the Beatles during his teenage days. He became known as Cat Stevens as a teenager after his girl friend told him he has cat eyes. In the 1977, Cat Stevens converted (reverted) to Islam and changed his name to Yusuf Islam 'the following year'. In 1979, he got married to Fauzia Mubarak Ali; they have six children. (Ref 1)

'In 1979, he auctioned his guitars for charity, and left his musical career to devote himself to educational and philanthropic causes in the Muslim community.' (Ref1)

'In 2006, he returned to pop music by releasing his first new studio album of new pop songs in 28 years, titled An Other Cup.

Thus, for about two decades Yusuf had spent his time in Islam involved in Islamic literature and songs. After two decades, he then journeyed back into popular music, playing songs he had recorded that made him famous. According to Wikipedia Yusuf Islam (Cat Stevens) 'has sold more than 100 million records. His musical style consists of folk, rock, pop, and, later in his career, Islam music.'

'Presently Yusuf lives in Dubai.' (Ref 2)

YUSUF / CAT STEVENS AT THE 2023 GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL

At The Glastonbury Festival Yusuf / Cat Stevens performed 'on Sunday, at 15:15 to 16:30 (Ref 3). As he played his guitar and sang his hit, Wild World, crowds of all ages sand along, even people from thirty to forty five years younger than him knew the words.

On 'His European Tour 2023 'Yusuf / Cat Stevens performs summer shows in Berlin, Hamburg, Rome, Marbella and makes his first ever appearance at Glastonbury Festival this June. The run of performances coincides with the release of his triumphant new album, King of a Land, set for release via BMG / Dark Horse Recoprds on 16th June, 2023.' (Ref 2)

What did Yusuf have to say about performing at The Glastonbury Festival in 2023? He said, "It was something of a dream, seeing 100,000 rapturous faces stood in front of me on that huge field at Glastonbury. The love and warmth I felt was heavenly, beyond anything I'd experienced in Britain before. Our hearts were joined together, in rhyme with the historic moment..." Yusuf.

Comments (Ref 4) about his performance: From Penny Lane Helps 'You were so darn fantastic Yusuf / Cat Stevens. I'm sure not many of today's vocalists will still be loved and remembered with joy, like you are, so far on. You are a true legend and your voice still resonates like it did 50 years ago. Loved you then, love you still'

What did others have to say. There were many comments on this grand performance.
His song Wild World written in 1970

'While there is much speculation that Stevens wrote "Wild World" about his split with Patti D'Arbanville, he explained on The Chris Lsaak Hour in 2009 that the actual inspiration for the song was his return to a career in music after nearly dying from a collapsed lung due to tuberculosis in 1969... This would not be the first time Stevens has written a song that, on the surface, appears to be written about a girl while actually singing about himself. "Sad Lisa", the German b-side to "Wild World" was also written about himself.

An excerpt of the lyrics...
Now that I've lost everything to you
You say you wanna start something new
And it's breaking' my heart you're leaving'
Baby, I'm grievin;
But if you wanna leave, take good care...
(Ref 5)

References

Reference 1
Wikipedia for Yusuf Islam / Cat Stevens
Reference 2
catstevens.com/european-tour-2023/
Reference 3
glastonburyfestivals.co.uk/line-up-2023/
Reference 4
Catstevens/Glastonbury-2023
Reference 5
[Genius.com/Cat-stevens-wild-world-lyrics](https://genius.com/Cat-stevens-wild-world-lyrics)

FIZAL (FISAL) DEEN ALLY



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



AT AGE 16, PLAYING HIS COPY OF A LES PAUL, AND STILL PLAYS THIS SAME GUITAR TODAY, BUT RECENTLY SOMEONE ENTERED HIS HOME AND BROKE THE BRIDGE ON THE GUITAR WHERE 3 STRINGS WERE IN FRONT AND THE OTHER 3 STRINGS ON THE SIDE; THAT DOES NOT HELP FOR AN ANTIQUE GUITAR.

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

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

2025 ACOUSTIC JAM

Playing and singing his original songs mainly from the 1990s

I am doing an Acoustic Jam with 25 to 35, enough for 4 CDs just playing an acoustic guitar with original song, singing and using a small camera to record. There's really no rehearsing. Just getting some of the lyrics and some of the chords together and then let it go. However, as I become familiar with some of my oldies, I plan on doing better recordings in this AcousticJam2025

Some of my original songs for the Acoustic Jam are:

A Kiss Goodnight, Candle That Burns, True Love, Estos Sentimientos / These feelings, Lisa, No Perfect Man, Gia Carangi (The Italian Super Model), New Clear Society, The Birds Won't Come My Way, Reaching Out, Out of Control, They Party Till They Feel Alright, Missing You Going

Crazy, Nobody Wanna Say Goodbye, Sometimes, That's Crazy Love, Christmas Day, Precious Holidays, Keep The Peace, Keep Mae Fire Burning, Blue Caribbean Sea, Wide Eye Innocent, So Crazy 4u, Insensitive and a few more...

From what I recall, songs like New Clear Society, My Home and many others were written when I was a teenager.

In the past few years, I've done about maybe 75 cover tunes.

This year, I plan to do some cover tunes by Buddy Holly, Elvis, Benny E. King, more of a documentary, for example called, I am Benny E. King story, or my name is Benny which ever works, I am Buddy Holly story who died in the plane crash in 1959 etc...and possibly some of the others such as I am the Beatles story as I already know lots of Beatles songs, I am Elvis story who died in 1977, I am Chuck Berry Story as I do know his songs and lead guitar such as Johnny B. Goode...I've read some of their stories and some are quite interesting. Some of the other stories would be Ritchie Valens who also died in the plane crash in 1959 as I already know the few popular songs he did like La Bamba, and You're mine. And perhaps I am Paul Anka story as I do like those old 1950s rock and roll songs by Paul Anka who is Lebanese born in Canada.

This I will be busy enjoying some of the old time rock & Roll as I delve into my religious studies along with astronomy and the cosmos which I have always enjoyed from a young age and especially Carl Sagan on Astronomy.

LOOKING BACK AT MY TEENAGE YEARS

Our band used to do all cover tunes such as:

Songs such as Purple Haze (Jimmy Hendrix), All along the watch tower (Hendrix version), songs by Boston such as More Than a feeling and Peace of Mind, (I played lead guitar for all of these songs) Dust in the Wind (finger picking which I did), Stairway to Heaven, Jumping Jack Flash, Route 66, Still Rock & Roll to me, songs by Car such as My Best Friend Girl, of course Chuck Berry such as Johnny B. Goode, Roll Over Beethoven and instrumentals...songs by the Beatles or done by the Beatles such as Help, Slow down, Money, It won't be long, Twist and Shout, instrumental such as Wipe Out, Pipeline, Tequila, 12 bar blues jam and many more...So we played some heavy songs and some soft ones. And that's all we did playing cover tunes, and we were also checking out each other's original songs as teenagers.

I also played in another band for a while where we played very different songs such as: Proud Mary, Come Saturday Morning, Joy to the world and others.

Thus, I always enjoy doing cover tunes, and I probably have about 75 on tapes from the past few years. Over the next few months probably about another 30 and I tape them, such as the ones from the I am Chuck Berry story, I am the Beatles story...

For the 2024 & 2025 Acoustic Jam or original songs mainly from the 1990s, songs are posted on www.allymedia.ca under the 'Music-Book' tab.

SOME MUSIC PROJECTS BY FISAL (FIZAL) ALLY



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fyzal Deen Ally (December 1995 - on cassette)

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

FYZAL DEEN (1990s - on cassette)

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

FYZAL DEEN, CHRISTMAS (1999)

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

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

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

Websites: www.allymedia.ca / www.signaturewithlove.com

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

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

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

Free digital books download Written by Fisal Ally

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

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

***Ebooks can also be read or downloaded from: www.smashwords.com; do a search for Fisal Ally

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

(Links are subject to changes)

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

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

BOOK 1 PART II (*Historical Fiction*)

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden: India to the Americas 1838, (Book1, Part II) - India Rising on the Horizon of the Americas
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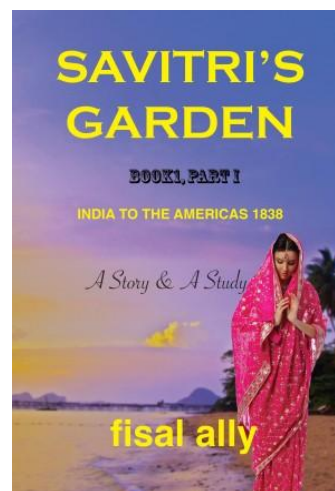
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First Edition published on December 25, 2012

Second Edition – December 25, 2018



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

GLOSSARY

What does Islam say about the devil? See below.

TRICKS OF THE SHAITAN (Satan / Devil)

They are tricksters

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

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

HOW TO QUIET THE MIND

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

STILL CAN'T LET GO

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

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

WHO CONTROLS THE WORLD?

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

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

WHAT DOES THE PROPHET MOHAMMED SAID

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

References:

DIVERSE CITY MAGAZINE

ALLY MEDIA

Contact email: allyproduction@yahoo.com

This magazine was published on February 12, 2025 at 6:15pm
An earlier version published on February 11, 2025
At 9pm

This magazine can be shared and downloaded from www.allymedia.ca.

The location of the magazines is subject to changes.

Email addresses are subject to changes.

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Diverse City Magazine is created in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

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