

DIVERSE CITY

Magazine

May 2017



EAST INDIANS IN THE AMERICAS 1838

On May 5, 1838 the first group of 419 Indians arrived in the New World to aid a declining sugar industry in British Guiana, South America by Fisal Ally

SHANGHAI

Not What I Expected by Arooka

SERVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW

A Street Child's Dream by Solomon Singh

DIVERSE ARTIST

Arooka - Travel and Technology books

Solomon Singh - Poems from "Hand of Love"

Fisal Ally - Drawings of Savitri's Garden



MOTHER'S DAY

A Kiss Goodnight, a song for our mothers

QUANTUM UNIVERSE

Is death the end of our journey

QUANTUM HEALTH

'Change your thoughts, change your life'

LITERATURE REVIEW

A look at some inconsistencies with the movie "Lion" and the novel "Lion", and some similarities with "The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden", "Signature with Love", and the movie "Jeene Ki Raah"



DIVERSE CITY World Magazine



ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE *IT'S LIKE MAGIC IN THE AIR, JUST LIKE MAGIC IN THE AIR*

Index:

- 3 - *East Indians in the Americas 1838*
- 4 - *Celebrating Indian Arrival to the Americas*
- 6 - *The Trilogy of Savitri Book Sales*
- 7 - *Who were the Indians that arrived in Guyana*
- 8 - *Diagrams of the ship's route (p. 8 - 10)*
- 11 - *Mother's Day, A Kiss Goodnight*
- 12 - *Shanghai - Not what I expected by Arooka*
- 14 - *Serve Today For Tomorrow*
A Street Child's Dream by Solomon Singh
- 16 - *Diverse Artists (p. 16 to 25)*
 - Arooka - *Travel and Technology books*
 - Solomon Singh - *Hand of Love*
 - Fisal Ally - *Drawings of Savitri's Garden*
- 27 - *Quantum Universe*
A shift in view with breakthrough thinking!
 - *Is death the end of our journey*
- 28 - *Quantum Health*
Change your thoughts, change your life
- 29 - *Literature Review: Lion, Savitri's Garden*
- 48 - *Business Directory*

Contact:

Email: allyproduction@yahoo.com
Website: www.allypublishing.ca
Edition 1.0 published on May 2, 2017

**SERVE TODAY FOR
TOMORROW**

REACHING OUT

**A KISS GOODNIGHT
FOR MOTHER'S DAY**

**AROOKA'S NOMINATION
FOR AMBASSADOR OF
ARTS AWARD**

**SHARING OUR
STORIES**

EAST INDIANS IN THE AMERICAS 1838

On May 5, 1838 the first group of 419 Indians arrived in the New World to aid a declining sugar industry in British Guiana, South America, celebrating 179 years by Faisal Ally



The East India Company master pilot in India, John Dyer, was busy collecting Indians in the Whitby ship for South America

In January 1838, the East India Company master pilot, John Dyer, had piloted the Whitby twice up and down the Hugli River in Kolkata *Calcutta* collecting batches of laborers from the bouys, Coolie bazaar, Fultah, Mud Point Budge Budge and other stops along the river. As the ship sits in the murky Hugli River, already twenty-two Indians were sick and the numbers kept rising. The Hesperus ship had also arrived, collecting laborers; 437 laborers boarded the two ships.

The photos are of the talented New Yorker, Alliyah Kassidy Azeem, whose parents are originally from Guyana. This amazing student has a knack for Indian dancing

Photos provided and copyright by W. Azeem

The British Guiana Planters, mostly residing in Britain, were expecting the Hill Coolies from the hills northwest of Kolkata, known as the Dhangurs to labor on their plantations in Guiana, South America because they were the experienced and skilled agricultural laborers that could get the job done, as proven by their work on the plantations in Mauritius

But a famine had already devastated the North Western Provinces of India and many were migrating looking for jobs in places like Kolkata and wanting to work for the government on the roads, gardening and other government duties. The duffadars *recruiters* and their arkatis brought hundreds of people from the North to Kolkata and kept them in their homes and depots and then placed them on the Whitby and Hesperus ships, telling them they were going on a one-day voyage, and then held them below in the ship. But the Indians were about to journey on a brutal three and a half months voyage...



CELEBRATING INDIAN ARRIVAL TO THE AMERICAS

A glimpse of life in India and the Indians on their voyage across the kala pani *black waters*

The samples below are from the novels “*The Trilogy of Savitri’s Garden*” by Faisal Ally, painting a picture of life in India and the journey of the first group of Indians to leave India on the *Whitby* ship to labor and to help save a declining sugar industry in British Guiana in 1838.

Meet some real people in India and on the ships: The cook Janhair Singh, Pykajee, Mack Carapiet, the duffadar Kissoon, John Hughes, Sergeant McCann, Captain Swinton, the Anglo-Indians Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb and John Colvin.

Maya bazaar, North India, 1837

As the blazing North Indian sun beats 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.



Both of them (*Vishnu and Kalil*) 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.

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 murgh 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 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 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.”

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 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, as 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.

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

ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT WENT BY ON THE RUTTED dirt roads, and the following afternoon, cascading beams of sunlight pierced Kalil's eyelids, waking him from a deep slumber. His head bobbed back and forth, and from side to side for a couple more hours before the cart came to a jerky stop. It was a long tiring journey, and Kalil yawned as he sluggishly propelled his body forward. He grabbed his backpack and got off the cart.

Faizabad, India—3pm

VISHNU WAS AT HOME IN HIS ROOM, LYING ON HIS bed contemplating his future. He arrived home a few days ago, while Kalil had continued traveling towards Lucknow.

Lucknow, Awadh—3:15pm

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

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

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

"Where have you been?" Kalil asked.

"At the Aminabad bazaar," the boy replied in Urdu, chomping down a laddu *sweet*.

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

"It's a surprise."

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

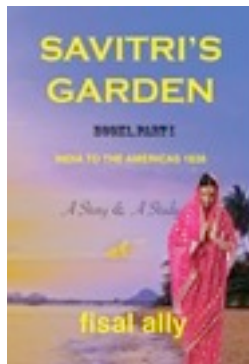
On the way through the valley, Kalil talked about the book, which Vishnu had bargained for him.

At home in Lucknow

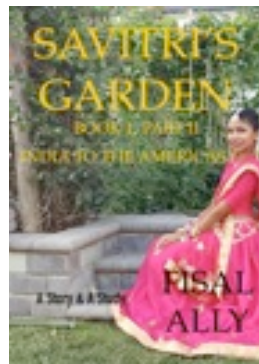
His (*Kalil*) mother, Nisha, was busy stirring a pot of curry. She didn't hear him entering the kitchen. The sizzling from the adjacent frying pan filled the air with a stream of aroma dispersing through the air. Mustapha had already updated their mother on Kalil's return, and her cooking had already begun. Kalil placed his book on a wooden ledge. He called his mother, but the stirring of the pot on the clay stove drowned out his voice.

Continues on p. 38

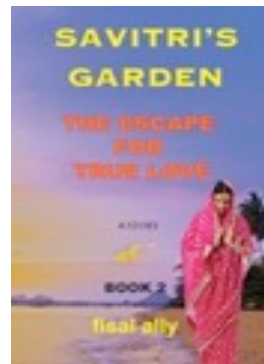
**CELEBRATING 179 YEARS OF INDIAN ARRIVAL
TO THE AMERICAS ON MAY 5, 1838, WITH
THE TRILOGY OF SAVITRI'S GARDEN**



Book 1, Part I
On Sale
\$2.99



Book 1, Part II
\$5.99



Book 2
\$5.99



Book 3
\$5.99

Category: Historical Fiction based on many real events, with many real people

Book 1, Part I - India to the Americas 1838 is on sale for \$ 2.99 during May 2017

Book 1, Part II - India to the Americas 1838 will go on sale in June 2017

Book 2, The Escape for True Love (will go on sale in the middle of June 2017 or before)

Book 3, Rebellion and Reunion (will go on sale in the middle of June 2017 or before)

A Study Guide, Debunked The Use Of The Label Coolie In Guyana - \$1.99

Signature with Love, based on a true story about cats and their owners - \$1.99

New covers are being designed for the books mentioned above

eBooks can be purchased from the following links

Barnes & Noble - <http://www.barnesandnoble.com>

Smashwords - <https://www.smashwords.com> (also gives epub book format)

Search for the author's name and or book title

WHO WERE THE INDIANS THAT ARRIVED IN GUYANA?

IN 1836, JOHN GLADSTONE OF ENGLAND HAD REQUESTED laborers for his plantations in British Guiana because slavery was coming to an end and there would be a shortage of laborers to upkeep production on his plantations. Below is a sample of the letter from the Kolkata shipping agent, Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co. to John Gladstone:

“The tribe that is found to suit best in the Mauritius is from the hills to the north o Calcutta, and the men of which are all well-limbed and active.... **The Hill tribes, known by the name of Dhangurs...**In sending men to such a distance, it would of course be necessary to be more particular in selecting them....

(Source of sample: Copy of letter from Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co. To John Gladstone, Esq. Calcutta, 6 June, 1836, also see appendix in The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden for a copy.)

It had been long known to many of them that there was a tract of country in India to the north-west of Calcutta between the 23rd and 25th degree of north latitude, **inhabited by a race of hardy agriculturists called “hill coolies,” Dhangons or Boonahs. These “culi,”** as they are termed by Dr. Prichard, “are found in the hill countries of Guzerat,” and **accustomed to agricultural pursuits**, had not sufficient scope for their exertions, and **it was supposed that they would willingly travel to the richer and more prosperous shores of Guiana.**

(Note: Do not get the name Guzeral in Eastern India mixed up with Gujarat in Western India)

DID THE REQUESTED LABORERS BY THE PLANTERS ARRIVE?

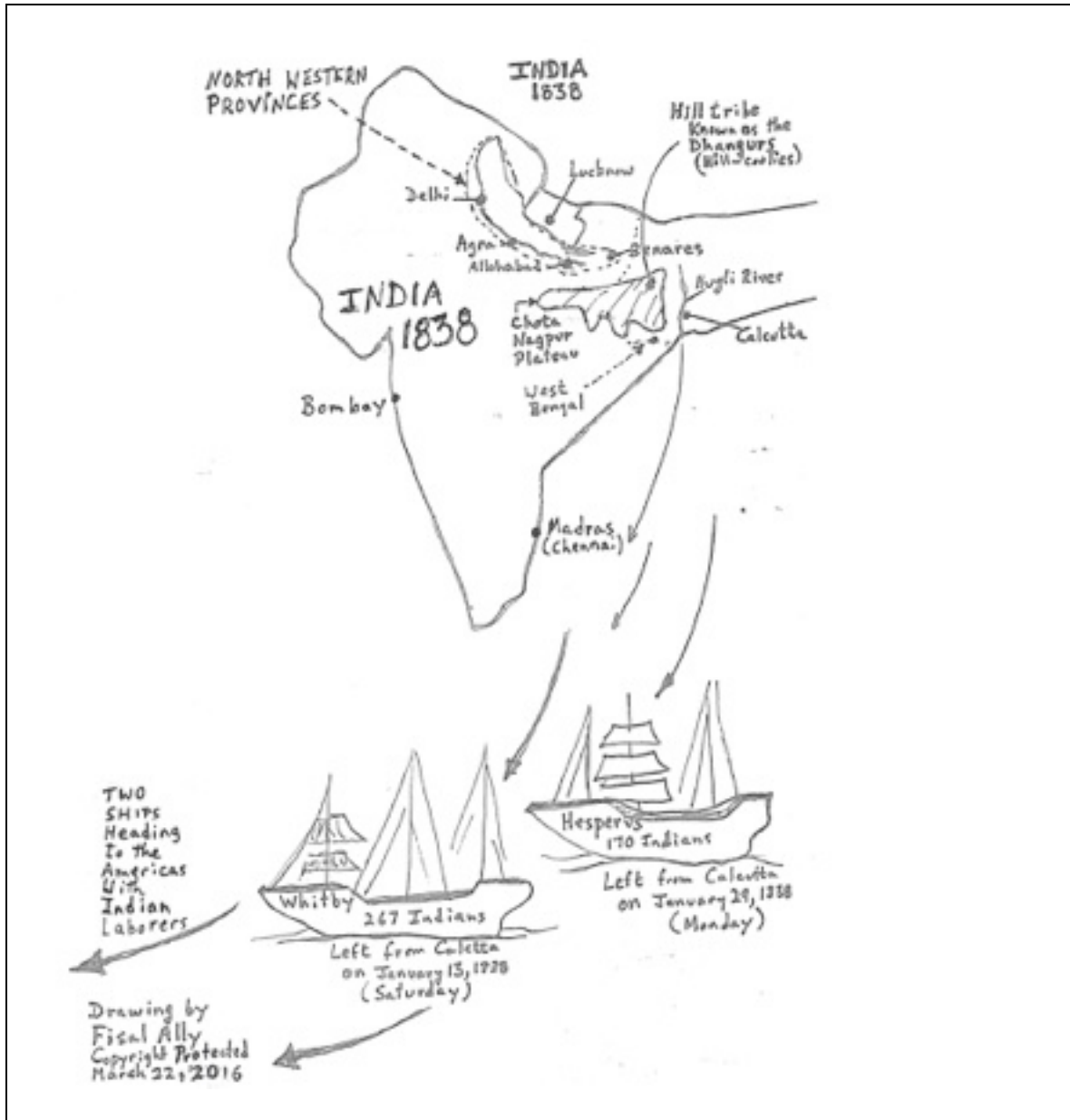
Below is what Sheriff Whinfield of British Guiana had stated in his report, which was addressed to Governor Light, dated March 29, 1840. In a section of the report, he stated:

“I desire to avail myself of the present opportunity to set right the general misconceived opinion that these East India laborers are hill coolies. **It is quite a mistake, for there is not a hill coolie in British Guiana; these people are chiefly from the following places: Agra, Allahabad, Benares, Dacca, Delhi, Ingormauth, Lucknow, Naypoor, Ptna.**”

Sources for the quotes above: The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, Book 1: India to the Americas by Faisal Ally, Chapter 22, p. 387 – Note: Chapter and page numbers will change depending on the formatting on the book)

THE ANSWER IS NO, THE ‘COOLIES’ AS REQUESTED BY THE PLANTERS DID NOT ARRIVE TO LABOR IN BRITISH GUIANA. THE RECRUITERS GRABBED PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES SUCH AS COOKS, CLERKS, BEGGARS, EX-SEPOYS THAT WERE NOT EXPERIENCED IN AGRICULTURE AND TRICKED THEM INTO BOARDING THE SHIPS, OFTEN STATING THAT THEY WERE GOING ON A ONE-DAY VOYAGE, WHEN THEY WERE ACTURALLY GOING ON A THREE AND A HALF MONTHS VOYAGE AND WOULD BE AWAY FROM THEIR FAMILIES FOR OVER 5 YEARS. THE WORD, COOLIE, IS A MISNOMER AND IS USED INCORRECTLY IN GUYANA AND MANY PLACES.

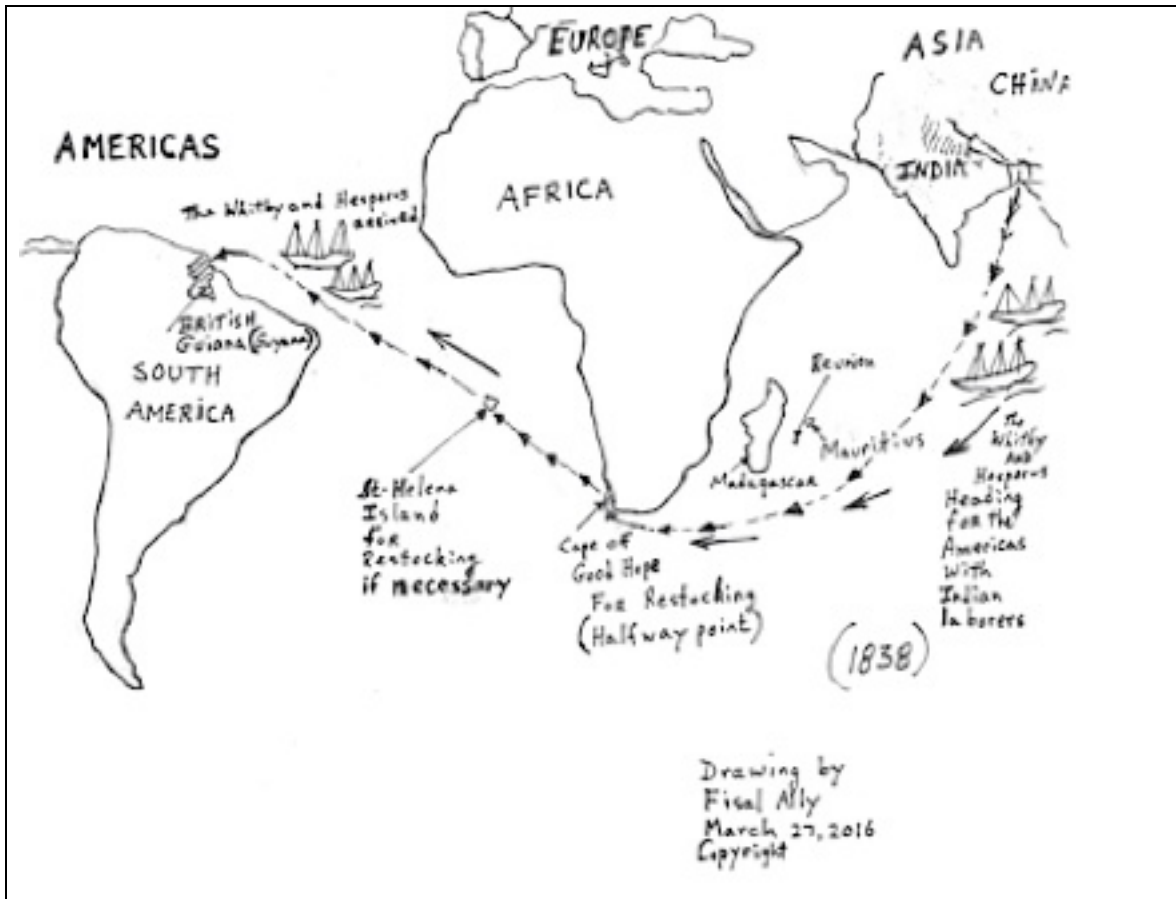
DIAGRAM - WHERE THEY CAME FROM - January 1838. Two ships the Whitby and Hesperus, left India from the Port of Kolkata with 437 Indians, heading towards Mauritius in the Indian Ocean and stopped at the Cape of Good Hope at the southern tip of Africa for restocking, and then towards South America for British Guiana (Guyana).



INDIANS OF VARIOUS CLASSES WERE ON THE TWO SHIPS. THEY WERE NOT THE SKILLED AGRICULTURAL LABORERS (THE HILL-COOLIES OR COOLIES FOR SHORT) WHICH THE PLANTERS WERE EXPECTING TO CULTIVATE THEIR SUGAR PLANTATIONS. THE LABEL BECAME DEEP-ROOTED IN THE CULTURE BECAUSE PEOPLE THOUGHT THE HILL-COOLIES HAD ARRIVED.

Read more in... Debunked The Use Of The Label Coolie In Guyana by Faisal Ally

DIAGRAM - THE JOURNEY THE ROUTE FROM THE PORT OF KOLKATA TO BRITISH GUIANA



CELEBRATING 179 YEARS OF INDIAN ARRIVAL TO THE AMERICAS IN BRITISH GUIANA (GUYANA), SOUTH AMERICA ON MAY 5, 1838

The British had begun in the summer of 1837 despatching the North-Western Province of India. The mission was daunting, bringing hundreds of thousands, they were dying and starving.

In January 1838, two young men, Wilby and Hesperus, had set out on a journey to find the riches of a Dorset. On the way from the Major Station in Dorset to find the Wilby they landed in the high hills of Guyana. They came upon an American man who was attempting to sell them the job of Chief Magistrate in respect to the British Colonies.

The first arrival of the village of Indian Garden, India to the Americas 1838, is a crucial moment in the journey of the first group of Indian labourers to be sent to the Americas. The story captures the pain and sorrow of a people who were sent into exile from their families and the loss of their homes and possessions, and when they arrived in the Americas to work on the plantations, they had to endure the harsh conditions of slavery, poverty, and persecution. Wilby and Hesperus were on the voyage to the New World against their wishes. One of them had died during the voyage, and the other had been taken ill on their way to the Americas. The story captures the journey of the first Indian labourers to the Americas, and the impact of their arrival on the British colonies. It is a story of courage, sacrifice, and the search for a better life in a new world.

The story is told in the form of a novel, and is a true story. The author has done his best to tell the story as it really happened. He has done his best to tell the story as it really happened. He has done his best to tell the story as it really happened.

The author, Faisal Ally, has a background in journalism, and has worked for several years in the field of public relations. He has a passion for history, and has spent a great deal of time researching the story of the first Indian labourers to the Americas. He has written several books on the subject, and has been featured on several television and radio programs. He is currently working on a new book, which will tell the story of the first Indian labourers to the Americas in a more detailed and comprehensive way than any other book.

www.faisalally.com
www.faisalally.com

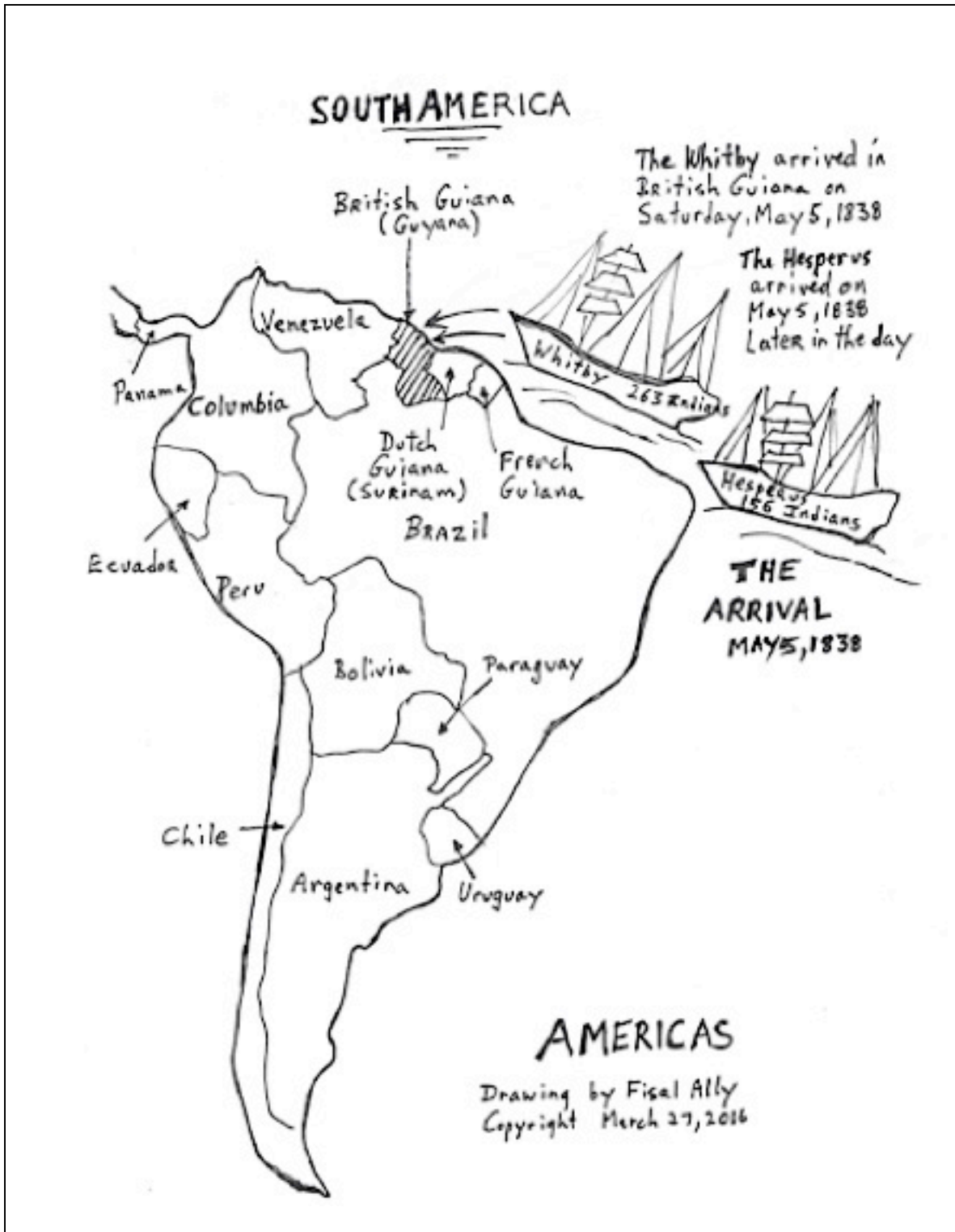
SAVITRI'S GARDEN

INDIA TO THE AMERICAS 1838

A Story & A Study

faisal ally

DIAGRAM - THE ARRIVAL
THE SHIPS ARRIVED IN BRITISH GUIANA ON MAY 5, 1838



ONE OF THE MOST UNTOUCHED GEMS IN THE WORLD LIES IN THE AMAZON RAINFOREST IN GUYANA, SOUTH AMERICA

MOTHER'S DAY

A KISS GOODNIGHT FOR MOTHERS by Faisal Ally

Mothers bring a special nurturing love and bond to their children, and caring for their babies 24 hours a day for years, and for many years after as they grew. But sometimes children forget that their mother needs to be loved and cared for by them also. Some know their duties. As our mothers age, they become tired, ill, needs a ride to go shopping and to the doctor, but often you see them alone. Mother's day must be everyday. Caring for the elderly is a family responsibility.



SHANGHAI

Not What I Expected by Arooka

The other day, I met a couple from Scarborough, Ontario – they just got off a cruise ship and had no idea what to do in Shanghai. They were shocked by the wealth of the city, as they previously believed Shanghai to be a city more like those found in a third world. With the overwhelming number of luxury shops and luxury cars – they pleaded with me to aide them finding affordable shopping for trinkets and souvenirs to bring back to Canada. Where they should go, what can they see? Is the city Safe?



Trying to sum up the city of Shanghai in a couple minutes is a bit of a struggle, considering the city has a population of over 34 million and a footprint over 6,340 km². However I did my best to give them some suggestions, which met their requirements.

I tried to explain the misunderstanding that 'we' from the west (technically, the east) have about Shanghai – such as the backwardness in terms of modern technology. It would be fair to say that Edmonton is actually more technology backwards than Shanghai. For example, in Shanghai, a public bus with less than two televisions is essentially unheard of, however in Edmonton, there is no public bus with a single television in it.

Continue on the next page

Usman Lawn & Snow

12820 53 St NW,

Edmonton, AB, T5A 0B5

(780) 970-3839

Landscape Maintenance, Industrial Landscape, Commercial Landscape, Commercial Grass Cutting, Snow Removal, Parking Lot Sanding, Parking Lot Sweeping, Lawn Maintenance



AUTO / HOME / BUSINESS

16403-111 Ave NW, Edmonton AB

www.clearcutinsurance.ca

Dina Ghani

Ph: (780) 965-7449

Asik & Alyssa

Ph: (780) 994-0080 / (780) 700-5148

Caffè Sorrentino

West Edmonton Mall, Suite 2117,

Phase I, 2nd Flr, between

the Apple Store and the Bay

8882 170 St NW, Edmonton

Ph: (780) 761-3222



May 2017

I recalled a couple years back at a 3D printing affair in Edmonton where the most advance technology 'experts', from a famous local university, cited the impossibility of using of Carbon Fibre as a printing material, which was odd considering children in Shanghai were already experimenting with the material.

I suggested they wander down Nanjing Road (Established as Park Lane in 1845), which covers a lot of the historical aspects of Shanghai, spanning through different eras, right to the early days of the British colony. It is also considered the world's longest shopping district with a length of about 5.5km (another road, called Huaihai Road is also a shopping street of equal length but has varied variety). *Continue on p. 34*



Photos by Arooka



SERVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW

A Street Child's Dream by Solomon Singh



Shortly after I joined the Human Services Ministry as a Probation Officer, one of the most tedious tasks confronting Officers were the supervision of delinquent children sent by the courts for counseling. These 'troubled' children were termed 'Probationers'. Officers provided scheduled intervention for the reform of these youths and it took patience and special skills to reform the average Probationer.



Chairman Solomon Singh

It was in 2001 when five of my former students from St. Mary's High school, who had never abandoned me, decided to assist me in a novel idea. Earlier I had decided to create a club for these Probationers and to hold group sessions for those scheduled for interventions at the very Ministry they had to report for reformatory counseling.

Mary Browns

Famous chicken & Taters
(Includes halal)

Location: Spruce Grove
100 King St, Spruce Grove
Ph: (780) 960-5030

Location: Mayfield Common
Mayfield Common, 358 Mayfield
Common Northwest, Edmonton AB
Ph: (780) 489-7667

Location: Red Deer
6858 50 Ave #2, Red Deer, AB
Ph:(587) 273-3080

Baker Optical

Eye care center
10025 106 St NW,
Edmonton AB. T5J 1G4
Phone: (780) 423-2117

Adam Physio & Sports Clinic

In-home physiotherapy and wellness
Edmonton AB
Ph: (780) 906-6262
Elderly care, Pediatric care,
Sports injury

Biagio Luggage

Unit #2367, Phase III - 2nd Level, West
Edmonton Mall (Across from the Ship),
8882 - 170 St, Edmonton AB T5T 4M2.
Ph (780) 413-0460
Luggage, Backpacks, Tote bags, Wallets,
Handbags, Business Cases, Travel
Accessories,
Small Leather Goods

May 2017

Over the years, it was normal to see parents bringing students from elite schools within the country to participate in group sessions. This project worked for the child who had been violated, abused or committed a misdemeanor or even violent crime, were transformed into regular students with a passion for change and ambition. The Future Club 2003 will always remain a Legacy for the Human Services Ministry recently renamed the Ministry of Social Protection.

The Varqua Foundation, UNESCO, UNDP and other international agencies also made invaluable contributions in the form of training and Education for these young people.



Pictures of students and graduates

DIVERSE ARTISTS

REACHING OUT

PROMOTING THE ARTS

The World's already a Stage

Everybody Gotta See

Action Speaks Louder Than Words
Action Speaks Cause Words are Cheap

In my life I've seen Ups and Downs
and Highs and Lows

We're on our way

OUR ART

OUR STORIES, OUR JOURNEY

I'll Tell You The 'Story of my Life' (2010)

**UPS
&
DOWNS**

**THE
BRIGHT SIDE**

**BE THERE!
WE CARE!**

**THE
RIGHT SIDE**

**HIGHS
&
LOWS**

12 BOOKS ON \$ALE!

DIVERSE ART

Come on everyone

DIVERSE ART

LET'S SING TOGETHER

BRIGHT SIDE

I WANNA TO BE ON THE RIGHT SIDE

Sunshine's Back Again

KEEP THE PEACE

**Cause the time will come for every soul, when Angels takes us home
Sometimes I think it's hell on earth, people can be so cruel
Warring and fighting for the riches on the earth, creating hell on earth**

All lyrics on this page are from original songs by Faisal Ally (1990s to 2010) Copyright Protected

DIVERSE ARTIST - AROOKA

Artist Profile



Arooka, an artistic polymath and prolific writer, who has completed over 80 non-fiction books. He is the current leader for the Edmonton Multicultural Artist Group and was nominated for promoting Edmonton Artists on the International stage for the (ATB Financial) Ambassador of the Arts Award at this years Mayor's Celebration of the Arts.

In recent years the Art community has been plagued with Artists whose art form is more of propaganda than of what one would traditionally think as Art and they tend to be favoured by Art communities. However, there are Artists, which keep true to their craft, strive for excellence and push forward with little recognition. One of these Artists is Arooka.

Arooka is an artistic polymath and prolific writer who has boundless passion for learning, expanding knowledge and sharing artistic creations. In 2017, Arooka has had four books published spanning 1000 pages, they are, 'Your Best Guide to Shanghai', 'Fuel and Processing Terms', 'HTML5' and 'SVG'. Arooka has completed over 80 non-fiction books and continues to develop additional titles.

In addition to writing, Arooka dabbles in Graphic Design, Photography, Computer Arts, Engineering and a host of seemingly unrelated fields.




If all that was not great enough, Arooka is the current leader for the Edmonton Multicultural Artist Group and was nominated for promoting Edmonton Artists on the International stage for the (ATB Financial) Ambassador of the Arts Award at this year Mayor's Celebration of the Arts. Due to this nomination, Arooka is offering a special offer - the Mayor's Bundle (see: <http://arooka.com/mayor/>).

In celebration of Arooka's Nomination for the Ambassador for the Arts Award from the 2017 Mayor's Celebration for the Arts We are offering the Mayor's Bundle.

\$40
Over 1700 Pages
in PDF Format

<p>SHANGHAI</p>	<p>COFFEE IN SHANGHAI</p>	<p>CHINART 2015</p>	<p>ARCTIC</p>
575 Pages	309 Pages	634 Pages	258 Pages

[HTTP://AROOKA.COM/MAYOR](http://arooka.com/mayor/)

	<p>Your Best Guide to Shanghai (2017 Edition) Is Your Best Guide to Shanghai!</p> <p>At over 500 pages, this guide book is packed full of relevant and modern information that can make any trip to Shanghai enjoyable.</p> <p>At only \$10.00 it is affordable to any traveller. Ready to Learn about Shanghai?</p> <p>Go to: LOVEPUXI.COM for more information! Including sample pages and general Shanghai information. Also you can buy the book!</p>
	<p>Arooka Arctic</p> <p>From the Frozen shores of Tuktoyaktuk, Up the Mighty Mackenzie to Tsiigehtchi and beyond, Arooka Arctic not only touches on travel and modern life, But also on some of the hidden, Yet Amazing History of the Western Arctic.</p> <p>Pages: 258</p> <p>Go to: AROOKA.COM for more information on this title and our many other titles available.</p>
	<p>Real Travel: Across Canada</p> <p>With over twenty destinations across Canada, Real Travel Across Canada takes you on an insightful journey across the nation. Real Experiences with real advice</p> <p>Buy Real Travel Across Canada and save your time and Money!</p> <p>Pages: 244 Go to: AROOKA.COM for more information on this title and our many other titles available.</p>

www.arooka.com
www.lovepuxi.com

	<p>Q&E Fuel and Processing Terms</p> <p>Fuel and Processing Terms is an excellent reference source for topics related to fuel, from the base components to different kinds of fuels and methods to produce and process it.</p> <p>Pages: 228</p> <p>Go to: AROOKA.COM for more information on this title and our many other titles available.</p>
	<p>HTML</p> <p>Ready to learn HTML5?</p> <p>This will provide you knowledge of HTML 5 and how to utilize it to create websites. It has plenty of examples and background information on code and history.</p> <p>Pages: 169</p> <p>Go to: AROOKA.COM for more information on this title and our many other titles available.</p>
	<p>3D Print</p> <p>3D Print is the ultimate guide to 3D Manufacturing - From Shoes to Spaceships. Learn about the current and developing capabilities of Manufacturing.</p> <p>If you are interested in 3D printing, you need to get 3D Print!</p> <p>Pages: 216</p> <p>Go to: AROOKA.COM for more information on this title and our many other titles available.</p>

**Check out Arooka's latest book
'Your Best Guide to Shanghai:2017 Edition at lovepuxi.com'**

**Contact Arooka or to obtain other titles, visit www.arooka.com
Some of Arooka's books are listed below and can be purchased.**

AROOKA WITH OVER 80 ORIGINAL BOOKS

LEADER FOR THE EDMONTON MULTICULTURAL ARTIST GROUP
NOMINATED FOR PROMOTING EDMONTON'S ARTISTS FOR
AMBASADOR OF THE ARTS AWARDS

OVER 80 TITLES. READ BY OVER .25 MILLION.



The central graphic features the Arooka logo, a blue square with a white stylized 'A' and 'O' shape, and the text 'AROOKA.COM' below it. Surrounding the logo are seven colored boxes representing different content categories: 'EDUCATIONAL TOPICS' (green), 'TRAVEL GUIDES' (black with a globe), 'KNOWLEDGE EXPANSION' (blue with a red and white circle), 'REFERENCE LIBRARY RESEARCH' (grey with a grid), 'ART' (red), 'STOCK IMAGERY' (purple), and a QR code at the bottom center. Dashed lines connect the top four boxes to the central logo, and the bottom three boxes to the central logo.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS

TRAVEL GUIDES

KNOWLEDGE EXPANSION

REFERENCE LIBRARY RESEARCH

AROOKA.COM

ART

STOCK IMAGERY

FREE WORLD PRESS LTD

DIVERSE ARTIST

Solomon Singh - Writer and Poet



Throughout the years, while Solomon Singh has been busy working, he finds inspiration in poetry and has compiled a collection of poems called Hand of Love. He's also a scholar in writing and possesses knowledge in world politics and life itself.

On the following pages are four poems by Solomon Singh from his collection of poems "Hand of Love"

Hand of Love - In memory of my mother 1929-1999 ...*Solomon*

HAND OF LOVE

by Solomon Singh

I remember those warm cheeks and golden smile
A smile that seemed to mock others but gave me joy
I remember those hands with fingers of steel, which held me
Hands that lifted me aloft and from turbulent waters of nature.
I remember those hands that gripped the wall and so hard to budge
Fingers that gripped that post, fingers only I could dislodge
I remember those hands with the bloodstained straps on the bed
Hands that held me aloft, I realized finally would hold me no more
I remember someone in white telling me that she had gone.
I remember seeing the sun but its light had gone
Now there was darkness, pain and sorrow to come
I fell then into those waters of despair
For the Hand of love that held me had finally gone.

Photo copyright by L. Ally, 2016

Solitary

by Solomon Singh

I will take caution as my guide
Let alone reason rule my head
My body be a vessel of confidence
My soul to drown in its splendor

I have taken all I can
Just as I gave to full measure
Now I must wend this road
Without any thought of looking
back

I have made many friends
Sometimes, even more enemies
For joy seldom befriends me
And sorrow, my lifelong
companion

I know words of love
And compassion is all I need
just stand by my side
Let this burden fall only once

Oh this loneliness is unbearable
Yet your companionship
make these shadows endearing
But no let me walk again alone

Today Has Become Tomorrow

by Solomon Singh

Today Has Become Tomorrow
This house is dark for there is no
lamp
There is no fire, nor food to cook
I am hungry, cold and lonely

I hear a voice calling
Yet, I can see not a soul
For who will come here
Who will want to come here

I am forgotten, lost maybe
That voice that called could never
be
Who will remember me
For I am cast away

I see the morning light
For yet I dream on
Hoping and praying for something
For today has become tomorrow

**IF YOU ARE AN ORIGINAL ARTIST
AND WOULD LIKE US TO SHOWCASE
YOUR ORIGINAL WORK, PLEASE CONTACT US
Email: allyproduction@yahoo.com**

Sands of Time by Solomon Singh...dedicated to my dear friend who has recently departed from this journey in Montrose, Guyana...*Solomon*

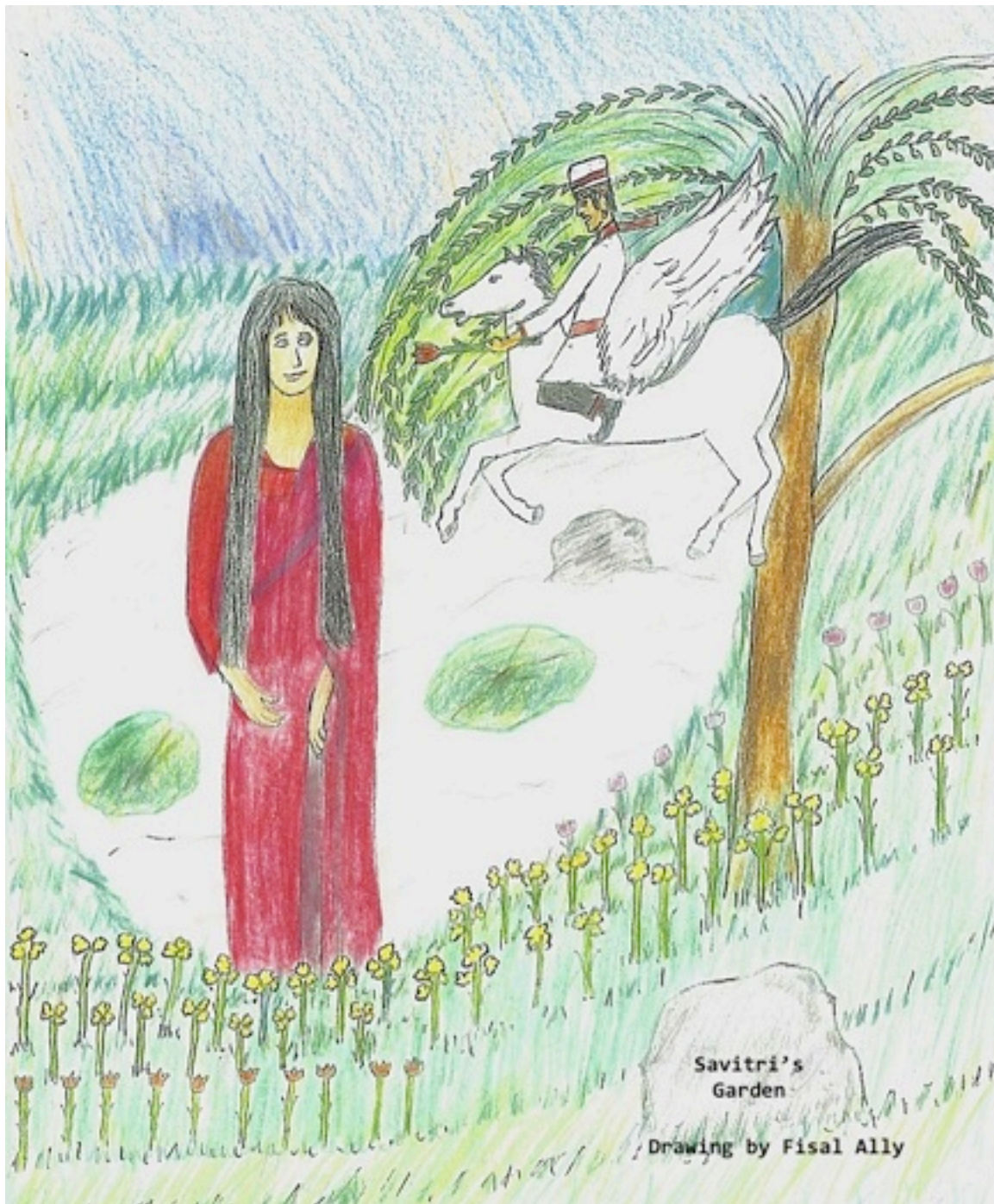


DIVERSE ARTIST

Fisal Ally - Writer, Author, Songwriter / Musician, Artist

Drawings of Savitri's Garden





Faisal Ally has written approximately 100 songs (Lyrics and Music), such as True Love, A Kiss Goodnight, Bright Side, Wide Eyed Innocent, Story of my life (2010), Keep the Peace, My Home, Reaching Out, The Birds Won't Come My Way, In A Special Way, Insensitive, Modern Day Gypsy, Christmas, Reflect and Celebrate, 2 Can Play, Wild wild wild, Action Speaks, New Clear Society, Wide Eyed Innocent and many more. He has also written over 15 books.

Natasha Events and Travel

*Travel Consultant, TICO Certified
Wedding & Event Specialist,
WPICC, DWC*

*Certified Mexico Destination
Wedding Specialist*

*Natasha Chand-Mohammed
1-877-428-0171*

*natasha@natashaeventsandtravel.com
www.natashaeventsandtravel.com*



Burton's Autobody Ltd.

Specializing in Collisions,
Frames & refinishing

Leonard Burton
12545 71 St,
Edmonton AB. T5B 1W9
T: 780 - 471 - 3085
F: 780 - 479-7416
Burtons@telus.net

Global Buffet & Grill

Enjoy a variety of cuisines
11845 Wayne Gretzky Dr.
Edmonton AB

LUNCH & DINNER BUFFET -
(Include Halal)

Open from Noon to 10pm
7 days a week

Sazna Services

Lawn Maintenance and
Snow Removal
Edmonton AB
Imran Khurshed
780-909-1102

Ongoing Maintenance: Pruning, Lawn
Care, Grass Cutting, Fertilization, Leaf
Removal, Snow Removal

Hair Flaire

Complete Hairstyles for
Men and Women
Perms, Colors, Relaxers,
Hairweaves & Hair Extensions
Unit 3, 4433 - 118 Avenue
Edmonton AB, T5W 1A8
(780) 477-1051
www.hairflaire.ca
email: hairflaire@gmail.com

Flaire Beauty Supply

4516 - 118 Avenue
Edmonton AB, T5W 1A9
(780) 705 - 9477

Anatolia Food Market

Grocery and restaurant
15920 Stony Plain Rd NW
Edmonton AB T5P 3Z8

Ph: 587-521-4004

<http://anatoliafoodmarket.com>

QUANTUM UNIVERSE



A shift in view with breakthrough thinking!

Is death the end of our journey
by *Fisal Ally*



There are many philosophies, theories and beliefs in regards to death and what happens beyond death, if anything.

Some believes that at death a new journey begins or the journey continues, while others believe that death is a person's final destination where the person's existence is over and the physical body decays. And for the ones that believe that the journey continues, some believes that the person's consciousness is separated from the physical body and thus believes that the person's consciousness or spirit continues the journey after the physical body dies.

Throughout history Prophets and Sages have taught the world about spirituality and the continuation of the journey, whereas from the 1600s and onwards, with Newton's calculations explaining many phenomena and then with Darwin's Theory of Evolution, many people had begun to question their religious beliefs, spirituality and whether a creator exists.

Continue on p. 35

Freedom 55 Financial

Financial Security Advisor
Suite 1400 - 10250 101 St. NW
Edmonton AB T5J 3P4
(587) 594-5290

Rav Narayan

Email: ravinesh.narayan@f55f.com

Individual life insurance, Segregated funds policies, RRSPs and TFSA's, Payout annuities, RRIFs and LIFs, Individual critical illness insurance, Individual health and dental Insurance, Group insurance and retirement plans, Mortgages, New to Canada insurance

Ray Bacchus

68082-162 Bonnie Doon
Mall Edmonton, Alberta T6C 4E3
(780) 429-1243

Email: ray_cweg@telus.net

Email: raybaach@ecn.ab.ca

Fax: (780) 425-3168 / (780) 433-7717

Transferrable credit/mortgage coverage. Tax Free cash refunds. Cheaper than your current lender/mortgage provider. Tailored and customized plans that reflect your changing investment needs.

Compares how your company's retirement plan compares against your competitors by: 1) employee service & communication maximizing and 2) Investment returns to achieve retirement goals.

Mutual type funds with guarantees. Guaranteed pension income for life plans: takes worry out of the 'ups and downs' for investment highs and lows. Employee health and dental benefits. New strategies that may reduce between 5 to 20% of your company's benefit costs.

QUANTUM HEALTH



Change your thoughts and rejuvenate

***Change your thoughts,
change your life***

by Faisal Ally

Wise men have said, “You are your thoughts” and today people say, ‘change your thoughts, change your life.’ But its not easily accomplished as the words uttered from people’s mouths. If it were that simple, many people would be leading a much calmer, happier and fulfilling life, and the world would be a much better place to live in.

Often, our minds ramble on during the day or even all day with stories, judging, blaming, events from the past, trying to correct the past and fantasizing about the future and being a superhero. Should a person just start thinking positive? For one, to even start having positive thoughts, a person would have to stop the chattering that goes on in the mind; the person would have to catch himself or herself in that moment to stop the babbling and to replace it with positive thoughts. But it’s not that easy to break habits and to change our thoughts. But it is true what wise men have said about the thoughts swirling through our heads.

Continue on p. 37

FUSS CUPCAKES

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

To Place An Order, Please Call One Of
Our Locations. Delivery Available
Corporate Orders and Special Events

West End

17298 Stony Plain Rd NW

Edmonton, Alberta

780- 444-8845

Weddings, 3D and Multi-Tier Cakes

Nameo Centre

9637 167th Avenue

Edmonton, Alberta

587-459-8006

Terwillegar

2339 Rabbit Hill Road

Edmonton, Alberta

780- 435-5333

Email

zoie@fusscupcakes.com

baker@fusscupcakes.com

Monday-Friday, Pricing Varies By
Distance. Call To Inquire.

Guycan Auto Ltd.

7324 - 76 Avenue NW

Vick

Auto body Repairer

(780) 668 - 8166

guycanautoltd@gmail.com

LITERATURE REVIEW

A look at some inconsistencies with the movie "Lion" and the novel "Lion", and some similarities with "The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden", "Signature with Love", and the movie "Jeene Ki Raah" by Faisal

LET'S REVIEW THE BOY-GIRL SCENE IN THE MOVIE AND BOOKS

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden novels	The Lion movie and Lion novel
<p>The novel - In Guiana, Kalil was leaving for India, knowing that the oceans would sever them for a long time, maybe forever, and he asked Savitri to wait for him, and then she said she would. This scene is very dramatic in Savitri's Garden. There's no reason for the movie Lion to have such a dramatic scene, especially since it never happened and that part is no doubt fictitious and is not based on any true story, but perhaps based on the relationship between Kalil and Savitri?</p>	<p>The movie trailer on CBC shows that in Australia, Saroo was leaving for India, and he asked Lucy (who is not in the novel) to wait for him and I remember her saying "I will" or something similar. There's no such scene in the novel. His real girlfriend, Lisa, and him were living together. It makes no sense, because with technology today and social media, Saroo and his family can be connected day and night, and it's only a plane trip away. I borrowed the movie, and the part where Lucy says I'll wait was cut out. Also Lisa was more concerned that when Saroo arrives in India that he would not find his family and that he would be hurt. There was no love scene as such in the novel.</p>

SEE THE NEXT PAGE FOR THE JELEBI SCENE

THIS NEXT SCENE IS A COPY FROM the Bollywood 1969 classic called Jeene Ki Raah, with the song, Chanda Ko Dhoondhne Sabh, sang by Mohammed Rafi, Asha Bhosle, Usha Mangeshkar. This same song is playing during the scene with the lost and homeless children and orphans, and it was the same song for the lost and homeless in Jeene Ki Raah, the 1969 classic. Also, in Savitri's Garden as Kalil walked, a homeless girl was singing the Hindu Aarti.

THE MUSLIM WOMAN NAMED NOOR IN THE MOVIE. There's no such person in the novel, Lion. In the movie Saroo is lost and a Muslim lady wearing a hijab helped him and took him to her home. At her home she removes her hijab to be with a man, while Saroo was there. There's no such scene or person named Noor in the novel.

SOME HISTORY ON SAVITRI'S GARDEN, SIGNATURE WITH LOVE, AND THE NOVEL AND MOVIE, LION

The original novel, Savitri's Garden was first completed in 2003 and 2005 with similar drafts. In 2010 the novel had grown and was broken down into three parts so people can read them. In early 2012, I had contacted some publishing agents concerning this 800-page novel. While doing that, more information was added to make the novel more realistic with many real people and real event. Signature with Love was published in the middle of December 2012. The book, Lion, was written in 3 months and completed in April 2013. The movie script took 8 weeks, and the movie was released in early 2017.

Continue on the next page

The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden novels

THE JELEBI SCENES

About Jelebis - Kalil who is 17 years old and Mustapha who is 11 stops at the vendor in the valley and the vendor gives them Jelebis. Jelebi is that special sweet in the book and is often spoke of in the novels.

As Kalil and Mustapha are leaving, the vendor packed them Jelebis for Kalil's trip to British Guiana. While traveling, Jelebis were mentioned again. Jelebi is that chosen sweet which was mentioned many times in the novels. And they didn't have to pay for it.

Through out the novel, Jelebi is one of the main sweets

JELEBI IS USED AS THE SWEET FOR REFLECTION in Savitri's Garden

In Guiana, Kalil saw the sweets at the vendor's table, and he reflected on the Jelebis in India, thinking that one day, Jelebis and other Indian sweets will be sitting on the vendors stall in Guiana. Very often Jelebis are spoken of.

The Lion movie and Lion novel

THE JELEBI SCENES

The movie shows Guddu and Saroo at the vendor where the vendor is preparing Jelebis and milk. But in the book there are no scenes anywhere with Jelebis, but only one *place in the book mentioned Jelebis amongst many other sweets. Nowhere in the book the boys ate jelebis. But there are other places in the book where some sweets and dishes were emphasized. So how did they come up with this Jelebi scene and later in the movie Saroo later reflects on home when he saw the jelebis on a table.*

In the movie, while at the train station, just before the Saroo was lost. Saroo told Guddu to bring back 100 jelebis. Guddu said he'll bring him 2000 jelebis. Again there's no such event in the book, and there's no jelebi scene in the book. Also Saroo spoke about where he didn't have to pay for sweets.

GOAT CURRY SHOULD HAVE BEEN USED FOR REFLECTION IN THE LION MOVIE AND NOT JELEBI. In the novel, Saroo says on p. 229, "The taste of her goat curry is one of my strongest memories." He stated that he had eaten goat curry many times in his life, which would also mean in Australia also.

In Australia, Saroo sees the sweets on the table and the Jelebis reminded him of India. But again, there's no such scene in the book. But

<p>THE VALLEY In India, valley leads to Kalil’s home and often Kalil and Mustapha are running through this valley where there are trees and a stream.</p> <p>THE MARIGOLD The marigold is a symbol in Savitri’s Garden, and it symbolizes what’s taking place in the movie. When things are bad, the marigold begins to wither, and as things gets good, the marigold comes back to life. The marigold is pinned to Savitri’s hair and is mentioned throughout the entire novel.</p> <p>THE COIN At the bazaar in India, Vishnu caught a coin that was throw for the performer. He then examined the coin, and Vishnu only if money came that easy. But this coin was then used to buy a meal for both Vishnu and Kalil.</p> <p>BOTTLES SMASHING A bottle was hurled and smashed against the wall.</p>	<p>THE VALLEY The movie shows a sparse woody area like a valley, and Guddu was up on the hill and called out for Saroo. Then shows the two boys running through the woods. There’s no such scene in the book. The book talks about the streets leading to their home. And talks about a field somewhere outside). And chances are a 4 year old will not be out and about on his own in a place like that, where Guddu then calls for him. In the book it talks of 3 brothers not 2.</p> <p>In the novel, Saroo states that the region he came from was a “patchwork of farmland and dusty towns. He also stated that he walked on the streets and alleys in India.</p> <p>THE MARIGOLD Saroo and Guddu arrive home, and as they are sitting on the earthen ground eating, Saroo takes out a marigold flower and gives his small sister Shakila. There’s no such scene in the book, nor do I remember the book ever mentioning a marigold. And I doubt whether a 4 or 5 year old would do this.</p> <p>THE COIN In the movie, Guddu was with Saroo, and Guddu bends down in the train and found a coin under the train seat and he begins to examine the coin. Again I do not remember reading this in the novel. And also, there’s no meaning to finding this coin.</p> <p>BOTTLES SMASHING In the book bottles were hurled and smashed against the wall.</p>
<p>In the novel, Signature with Love</p> <p>Mustapha is doubling Salima on his bicycle as she sat sideways on the bar behind the handle</p>	<p>The Lion movie and Lion novel</p> <p>In the book it says that Saroo is sitting on the bar with his feet on the front wheel of the bicycle axle, which is unrealistic and would be impossible and there’s no way the boy’s feet would have reached the axle on the front when and he would have been hurting very badly. But in the movie, it shows Guddu is doubling Saroo on the bicycle sitting sideways on the bar behind the handle, in the same way Salima was sitting with Mustapha. But if I had to guess, Saroo was actually sitting at the back on a</p>

<p>LIFTING THE BIKE Often Mustapha have to lift his bicycle up to the second floor and then back down to the ground level.</p> <p>POTHoles ON THE ROAD While riding, potholes are on the road. Mustapha hitting some potholes</p> <p>GOT OFF THE BIKE AND PUSHING They had to get off the bike because of the sand ahead, and Mustapha pushed the bike for a short distance and then locked it to a post.</p> <p>CALLED OUT A relative waved at him. Mustapha waved back. "How yuh doing, man?" he called out as he passed by....Mustapha continued down the winding gravel road</p> <p>PLAYING MARBLES At home the boys are playing marbles</p> <p>KITE FIGHTS It was the Easter Weekend, and kite flying is a cultural activity in Guyana, and Mustapha and Salima were going to the Atlantic Ocean to enjoy the kite flying and to have a picnic, and they spoke about kite fights.</p> <p>PRODIGAL SON Mustapha speaks of the cat being the prodigal son after the cat went away and then return years later.</p> <p>FACE TURNED BLACK The cat's face turned black from licking the pot bottom.</p>	<p>seat placed over the back wheel and his feet was on the back axle. It's almost impossible the way it's written in the novel, unless you want to do some serious damage to the boy.</p> <p>LIFTING THE BIKE In the movie, it shows Saroo trying to lift the bike up and says he lifted the bike, but I did not see any reason for this, and I do not remember reading anything like this in the novel.</p> <p>POTHoles ON THE ROAD While riding, potholes are on the road</p> <p>GOT OFF THE BIKE AND PUSHING In the book, Guddu and Saroo gets off the bike and Guddu pushed the bike, and hid it behind the bush. They are going to a train station and hid the bike somewhere outside in the bush. Chances are it will get stolen, since others are probably doing the same.</p> <p>CALLED OUT A boy yelled out, "Hey Guddy!" but we rode on.</p> <p>PLAYING MARBLES Boys playing marbles</p> <p>KITE FIGHTS The book talked about kite fights. But I did not even see a reason to mention kite flying.</p> <p>PRODIGAL SON The book speaks of Saroo being the prodigal son that returns home</p> <p>FACE TURNED BLACK Shakila ate charcoal and her face turned black.</p>
---	---

SOME SIMILAR TERMS AND IDEAS

Some of the terms used caught my attention, which are in both books, such as wide-eyed, and prodigal song. Both books speaks of ghost, a black fish, castnet, the stink from sewage, hide and seek, sugarcane, kites, paisa, both Kalil and Saroo were given a necklace and Guddu found a coin and Vishnu caught a coin, rows of bunk beds, fireflies or glow bugs, converging steps down into the river, birds soaring the sky, oil lamps, corrugated sheet roofs, being bullied. In a way I see many events that took place at the Maya Bazaar in Savitri's Garden was also taking place at the train station in Lion. While Savitri's Garden speaks about the Maya Bazaar, a pond, the smell of dishes, lining up at the vendor, cooking at the stalls, elephants swaying through the bazaar, the novel Lion also speaks of similar events but with the train swaying.

THE REASON FOR THIS REVIEW

After seeing the boy-girl scene in the trailer on the CBC in January 2017, I wanted to review the movie and also read the novel about Saroo Brierley story, as I was now hearing about Saroo's story for the first time. The boy-girl scene in the trailer reminded me so much of the boy-girl scene in Savitri's Garden. I went out and purchased the book in January 2017. I then found out that the book has a second writer name Larry Buttrose. Upon some research, I learned about the book and that Buttrose had done all the interviews, traveled to India, and did all the writing. As I read the book, I began to notice many similar ideas with my book, although the story is different and the settings are different, as I would expect. I also noticed a number of inconsistencies between the movie, Lion, and the book, Lion, yet some of those inconsistencies reminded me of scenes in my novels The Trilogy of Savitri's Garden, and also Signature with Love. There's a reason for writing a book. If you're going to make a movie based on a True Story and a novel was written, then why not follow the novel? Can you imagine taking a real story, for example where a boy gives a girl a flower, and change that to the boy giving the girl a diamond ring instead. I feel that the changes do not do justice for story telling and getting the truth out, especially since Saroo Brierley's story is an amazing one. You want to capture the truths when possible.

MORE INCONSISTENCIES

1) The book talks about 3 brothers doing things together, even though Saroo dedicated the novel to Guddu whom he was last with before getting lost, but in the movie it's as though there's only two brothers, and that certainly reminds me of the two brothers in Savitri's Garden, especially since one is small and the other is bigger.

2) I also see some flaws, which really has no impact. For example, the movie shows Saroo and Guddu sitting on hard wooden benches in a train. When they exist the train you can see from the outside that the benches are not wooden but is covered with material. And later when Saroo was lost, the seats are all covered in material and was not bare hard wooden seats. In the 1980s, you would expect the seats to be cover, yet I recall the novel only speaking of these hard wooden seats, unless some of the train carts were from the 1800s or early 1900s and were only used on short trips.)

SHANGHAI***Not what I expected****Continued from p. 13***Most tourists go to markets around Yuyuan Garden**

I also recommended they check out the markets around Yuyuan Garden – which is the place that most tourists go to when they come to Shanghai. While I was not able to give them a guided tour at the time of our meeting, I did stress to them to bargain for prices, to not pay the first price offered, but counter for better deals. In these markets, it is expected there is some negotiations, as there is stiff competition with many shops offering similar trinkets and souvenirs. Just north of the Garden of the tourist markets are several multi-story warehouses, which also have mall-like storefronts, which are typically cheaper, is the place where street vendors buy their stocks. Yuyuan Garden is not just a shopping experience, it also houses the Garden of Happiness, which was built as a private garden in 1559, but over time was eventually opened to the public in 1780. It witnessed many historical events and by 1982 became a national monument.

*Photos by Arooka***Shanghai is very safe as compared to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada**

Shanghai is a very safe city. Edmonton is actually much more dangerous than Shanghai. Typically people approaching you will offer you the opportunity to purchase some goods such as a wallet, watch or luggage. However they tend to be polite, even when you refuse them after a hard sale. Issues in tourist areas, such as pick pocketing and confidence scams exist, however with common sense these can be avoided. For the most part there is no threat of physical danger.

Metro is a massive public train system spanning 588 km with over 364 stations

Just days before, I met a Bernie/Trump Supporter on the Metro, the Shanghai equivalent of the LRT. The Metro is a massive public train system spanning 588 km with over 364 stations. There are 14 lines which offer train service at about 60km/hr, a 160 km/hr high speed train and also a magnetically levitating (MagLev) train with a top speed of 430 km/hr. A cash card with a contact-less RFID chip can be used throughout the city on the metro, buses, ferries, taxis and even services. The man loudly explained why he was a Trump supporter. He made a jab at the backwards of Canadian politics, with the installation of unqualified people, simply for tricking the voting public. The irony of the situation was that in Canada or the USA he would have been

arrested for his open alcohol, public consumption and possibly even violent reprisal for his views, by eavesdroppers – while in Shanghai, people just laughed at his comments and he was free to consume the beverage of his choice.

Tipping is uncommon and not expected in Shanghai

To the couple, I explained the different consumer protection services offered by the local government in the event that they are not treated fairly, such as taxis not providing the proper route or being overcharged at a store til, these things can result in refunds plus compensation for losses. Tipping is uncommon and not expected – perfect for Canadians, who are different from Canoes (if you know that old joke).

I recommended they just wander around by foot to see what they can find – as you never know what you will come across, as the city is very dynamic, with a blend of old and new and old trying to be new and new trying to reclaim the old.

Shanghai has over 60,000 restaurants

Earlier that day, I stumbled upon an antique shop which was packed with western items from the past. From reclaimed wood and Elvis mannequins to Philco Pedestal Television Sets and 1950 copies of the Kamloops Sentinel, this store was packed like an old consignment vintage shop, complete with that mild musk smell of 'old' things. Across a pathway of white gravel stone and hanging strings of led lights which under a darkened ambience gave the feeling of starlights. Past a small patio and through a small door surrounded by tree branches, is their own European style bistro. They made efforts to mimic an old french house, with little nooks filled with relics. Laid back waiters dressed in a mythical french style promptly took care of orders, while delivering adventurous takes upon Italian style food, such as affogato served with a double espresso inside a metallic martini glass. I would be hard-pressed to say this is the most unique food establishment in shanghai, as with over 60,000 restaurants, there is actually plenty of unique food tastes and themes which come from around the world, real or imagined.

I recommend they book a longer stay the next time, citing even with all my travels, I still have plenty to explore in this massive metropolis. They thanked me for my assistance and we parted company, each venturing out onto their great Shanghai adventure.

QUANTUM UNIVERSE

A shift in view with breakthrough thinking!

Is death the end of our journey

Continued from p. 27

Many became atheist and believed that at death their existence is over.

In classical science, the physical world is seen through our five senses, whereas in the New Science, the world is seen as the Quantum world where the quanta is millions of times smaller than the atom and everything is energy and not seen as a physical world from our five senses.

The New Science says once observed, the observer and the observed are connected forever

In the quantum world, once an observer observes a particle, it is forever connected to the observer where there's no time or distance between them. In the quantum world, space contains an energy field also called the 'sea of energy', or the Zero Point Field (ZPF) or the Akasha, where everything is energy and interacts with this 'sea of energy', and where there's also

information in this 'sea of energy', and where there's a record of everything that has happened. Based on research and experiments, the New Science confirms with what religion has always been saying about the continuum of life, instead of the belief that at death our lives and journeys are terminated forever and our existence ends up being meaningless.

Experience matters!

Aside from theories, research and experiments, many people have claimed to have seen ghosts, some claimed to have spoken to God, and others report that they have seen something out of the ordinary. Many skeptics have concluded that the person with their odd claim is either crazy, on drugs, schizophrenic or hallucinating, even if these people have never shown any of these negative traits before. But experience really does matter.

A baby pointing at the ceiling calling for her grandpa

Years ago, at the night of my father's passing on from this journey, my sister's one year old baby girl was pointing towards the ceiling calling "grandpa" - the actions she had never done before, except on the night of his passing. I did not witness that inspiring moment, but my sister and other relatives had, as I was busy sleep walking from what I was told, something I had also never done before. I know for a fact that this baby was not crazy, mad nor a quack as skeptics may blasphemies a baby. But I was inspired by the story and I have no reason to neither doubt them nor question what had taken place, nor to be doubtful about that touching moment. There's no doubt that the baby was seeing what adults in the room could not see. I was touched and I wanted to know more, and as the years went by I've always remained inspired by the baby pointing at the ceiling, and I continued to seek knowledge.

It's often said that babies and small children have senses beyond our five senses, where they are often seen talking about people that do not exist in their present life, as if they had once known these people from a previous life or past journey.

Experience does matter

Then there's the Near Death Experience NDE where during an operation, while the doctors are operating on them they later claimed to have left their bodies and were up above looking down witnessing the operation. I had read a story similar to where during an operation, the person had left his body and went wondering around in the hospital where he had gone up to the fifth floor and saw a pair of shoes. Later, after the person had regained consciousness and told the doctor about his experience, the doctor became curious and had gone up to the fifth floor and confirmed what the person was saying about the shoes. It was an inspiring moment for the doctor.

When a doctor confirms a story like this, you know that science cannot explain everything and thus it's important to take these stories and the person reporting the experience seriously instead of dismissing the person as a quack, mad, crazy, on drugs or hallucinating.

The New Science

Experiments and research from the New Science cannot just be dismissed because many may not have witnessed a paranormal activity. From these studies, one of the theories state that the brain acts as a switching system and our memories are stored in the field or 'sea of energy' which the brain accesses, and that only the body dies and not consciousness and that all of our actions are being recorded. My analogy to this is a computer CPU which is the brain of the computer accessing the information that's stored on a massive hard drive.

The New Science confirms what religion has been saying for thousands of years

Based on research and experiments, the New Science confirms what religion has been saying for thousands of years, that our journey does not end at death and that all of our actions

are being recorded and can be accessed. What would be the purpose of having those records stored? There are many views on this, even if we cannot explain God, we know there's more than just death. Maybe there will be a Judgment Day after all for each person to be held accountable for his or her actions, or maybe each one of us gets to review our records after this journey before continuing to the next journey. Regardless of what our beliefs are and how we pray or what we worship, or what religion we follow, this New Science brings inspiration and hope that this life is only just a part of our journey and that our journey continues after this life.

QUANTUM HEALTH

Change your thoughts, change your life

...Continue from p. 28

Habits are easily formed, but hard to break

Having read many motivational books, taking a three-day motivational seminar and having practiced meditation, I have no doubts that our thoughts affect the way we live our lives, but we are so conditioned to thinking and acting in a certain way that we have no idea how our thoughts affects us. Habits are easily formed, but hard to break. With awareness, knowledge and tools we can work towards changing our ways, habits and our thoughts.

Tip 1 - Meditate to rid yourself of negative thoughts

I first learned to meditate, as described in a previous edition. It's very important to be GUININE and AUTHENTIC; to become this way, it does not happen overnight - one must work towards it, as there can be layers and layers of buried pain, hurt, anger and other problems deep within a person. Instead of faking it and putting on a positive act with positive thoughts and then after awhile the old habits take over again, taking the time to practice meditation on a regular basis (similar to prayers) is one way to transcend these negative thoughts and habits.

Our thoughts can often be negative because of past hurts, blaming, judging, wanting revenge etc...and it's not easy to switch these thoughts off; many times these thoughts are automatic, and they trigger all kinds of biological processes, and we have no clue why we are behaving the way we do. Meditation is used as a tool to quiet the mind, by letting the silent gaps in between our thoughts become bigger, so we are in a state of silence for longer periods of time, instead of being engaged in countless unwanted, harmful and or negative thoughts. Once we are in a state of silence, we are not indulging in those negative thoughts, simply because we are taking a break from those negative thoughts. At first, while meditating, all kinds of things will surface such as hurts, blaming, judging, interrupting your meditation and you can become very restless during your meditation. But from what I had learned and from my experiences, instead of trying to bury these problems, while meditating you can let them surface so you can deal with them and then letting them go, instead of hanging onto them day after day, months after months and for a life time. Over time, these negative thoughts will become lesser and lesser, freeing us from that bondage.

Meditating allows us to transform, becoming more enlightened individuals with more inspiring thoughts. You will not only change your thoughts and your life, but you can also change your environment and inspire others.

Tip 2 - Write some motivational sayings on stickies and cards and use them

Even though meditating can transform a person, there are times when we are under pressure and have to deal with situations where we become angry or wants to curse someone and our thoughts quickly becomes negative, or we are feeling depressed, but we do not have the time or opportunity to start a meditation session. Switching our thoughts from negative to positive can be

challenging at times. A method, which I have used in the past is, I would post inspirational quotes on stickies, cards and papers at my work desk and also on my walls at home, where every now and then I would read one of the quotes. And if I feel restless, right at that moment I will read the quote. As soon as I read one of the inspirational quotes, my mood would start to change and I would feel more inspired, instead of feeling depressed or angry. It worked for me. I called it ‘my little natural pill.’ I also used to have a motivational book in my drawer or at home, and every now and then I would open it to a page and read a line or two and let those inspirational words swirl through my head, and suddenly my thoughts would change and I would become more inspired and positive. I also used to carry around a card with some motivational quotes and while I’m in the bus or walking around the lake, I would pull it out and read a line or two, and again I would become more enlightened, inspired, uplifted, and more positive.

So sometimes all we need is a little boost, or as I stated before “my little natural pill’ that makes me feel good. These are only a few tools, which a person can use to uplift himself or herself throughout their entire lives; it works for me.

You are your thoughts! Am I really my thoughts?

Like wise men have said, you are your thoughts. If you have depressing thoughts swirling through your head you will feel depressed and even become depressed. Our thoughts trigger off responses in our bodies, therefore negative thoughts would trigger negative actions, and positive thoughts would trigger more positive actions. Like anything, regular practice is important. Taking a course and then putting it down thinking that you have changed is a false belief. Practice makes, perfect. By changing our thoughts, we can change our life, but it’s important to continue our practice and training throughout our entire lives, until the day we die, until our last breath.

Disclaimer: This article does not offer medical advice nor replace the need for professional help and advice. Experience matters, and the writer is sharing his experiences with the readers.

CELEBRATING INDIAN ARRIVAL TO THE AMERICAS

A glimpse of life in India and the Indians on their voyage across the kala pani *black waters*

Continued from p.5

She was standing next to the window, swung wide open airing out the kitchen. He walked over and touched her shoulder. She turned and her face broke into a bright smile and they embraced. She was thirty-five years old, a courteous and soft-spoken woman. A little over a dozen grey strands trickled down from the top of her head to her waist. Her husband, Yusuf Ansari, had died in a construction accident in Agra just after Kalil had turned nine, and she was left on her own to raise three children.

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

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

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

Kalil walked over to the kitchen window, gazing out. “Mama, how long could we live on this land that’s so poor, much poorer than it was when Papa was alive. There’s little food to feed the people. The bazaars are swarming with beggars and malnourished children. There’s no steady work. Things are getting worse by the day. The famine has crippled us. Thousands upon thousands are dying from cholera, starvation and other diseases.

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

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

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

Lucknow—Saturday, December 26, 1837

TWO WEEKS LATER, THE MORNING OF DEPARTURE arrived, and Kalil’s eyes slowly opened from a restless sleep. Nisha and Juhi were up early preparing dishes for his journey to Kolkata. The sound of birds chirping, ducks quacking, and goats bleating in the backyard caught his attention...

Nisha’s voice quivered as she spoke. “In five years, when you return, I will arrange a girl for you to marry.” She tried to catch her breath. She continued, “We’ll be waiting and looking out for you.

They (Kalil and Mustapha) continued on for another five minutes, and as they were about to exit the village, they stopped at a vendor who was already at work. Her name was Latifan, a family friend.

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

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

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

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

Mustapha shook his head.

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

Doubt assailed him. His lips started to twitch. Negative thoughts filled his head, defeating and overpowering him. He became distressed. *But Vishnu is waiting for me. We planned this voyage together, for months. I can't let him down.*

He was about to turn around to go back home when a sharp whistle echoed through the air. His body froze. He held his breath. Suddenly, his breathing quieted down and he felt calm. A few seconds flashed by and he turned around, making out a tiny Mustapha in the far distance, waving at him. He could barely make out little Moti. He gazed at his brother. The whistle had its own signature; a melody only the two brothers understood and had perfected over the years, through its own evolution. Only the two brothers could differentiate between their whistles. They had four different whistle melodies. Three whistles expressed their emotions: happy, sad, and angry. The fourth whistle was their victory whistle.

The tone of the whistle was a sign of Mustapha's strength. It was the victory whistle. Kalil acknowledged the message from his eleven-year-old brother, and at that very moment, Kalil was convinced that Mustapha was ready to take his place as the man of the house, in the same way he had taken his father's place after his father's death.

A few seconds went by and Kalil turned towards the rising sun to continue his journey, while Mustapha stood gazing at him from the distance. Kalil was now on his own, a traveler in his bandana, vest, earrings and instrument strung across his back, ready to travel to a new land.

For a few days and nights, he lived off the food his mother and Juhi had prepared for his long journey, along with the sweets from Latifan.

The seventeen-year-old had a sweet tooth and relished the taste of jelebis; if he had not thrown out his remaining sweets, he would have overdosed on sugar. The bullock cart disappeared from the dog's view and his journey continued on dusty roads, stretching on for miles and miles.

For his own sanity, he wrote poems and hummed songs. Sometimes he sang softly, reflecting back on his family. He daydreamed about his return in five years with all his earnings in the high Demerara currency. His journey continued for another day, and upon arriving at the Maya bazaar, he got off the cart and headed to a familiar spot, looking for Vishnu.

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

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

"Kalil! Kalil! Let's go!"

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

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

"Nah, I haggled really hard."

They shook hands and laughed as the girl watched.

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

"Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" a sharp voice pierced the air. The bazaar was

swarming with people in dhotis, saris, salwar kameese, kurtas, turbans. "Boarding for Kolkata! Boarding for Kolkata!" The mantra continued.

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

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

After a good rest, everybody got back into the cart and they were on their way. They continued on the Silk Road. They played and sang, and as Vishnu sketched the people in the rickety bullock cart, a light beat from a tabla began. They glanced around to see who was playing the drum, but saw nobody. Vishnu's drawing continued to evolve when he started to sketch a small barefoot sticking out from underneath the bench; he held his breath, exchanging a glance with Shah, and before another blink of the eye, Shah grabbed the foot and pulled. The tabla stopped, and a small boy popped out from underneath the seat. The cart came to an abrupt stop.

"How the hell did you get on my cart!" the driver shouted. "You're a stowaway! Not on my bullock! Get the hell off!" It was the same boy with the churki who Vishnu had captured in his sketch.

THEY WERE NOW TRAVELING ON NARROW DUSTY trails skirting through the lower hills of Hazareebagh. Trees with sunbaked leaves lined both sides of the route, as clusters of huts with thatches emerged and disappeared. The cart continued for another hour climbing through the lower slopes, speeding through patches of dense forests and the wide-open meadows as the hill people went about their lives. For hours, the slowly trotting sun played hide and go seek with them, appearing and disappearing, until once again sunlight and the azure sky were everywhere. *The Chota Nagpur Plateau is located in eastern India, northwest of Kolkata. It spanned a wide area mainly of dense forests, covering Hazareebagh and other areas in Jharkhand state, along with some of the hilly surrounding areas in Behar, Chhattisgarh, West Bengal and Orissa. Many tribes lived in the hills, and the tribes' people were believed to be the natives of India. Hazareebagh is the Persian word meaning City of a thousand garden, where hazaree means one thousand and bagh means city.*

A group of about one hundred people laboring on a farm with animals caught their attention. "Barree-wallahs!" the driver called out. "Hill-coolies."

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

"Dhangons," Boodoo said.

"You mean Dhangurs?" Vishnu asked.

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

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

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

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

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE QUIET HOURS OF THE morning, the packed bullock cart came to a slow stop. The driver started to bang on the cart.

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

“Lets make a move,” Vishnu said.

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

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

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

“Lets make a move,” Vishnu said.

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

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

Hugli River, Whitby—Saturday, January 13, 1838, 6:25 am

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hugli River, Whitby—Saturday, January 13, 1838, 5:30am

WHILE THE EARLY MORNING STARS WANED, a heavy melancholy clutched the air. The Whitby was ready to brave the oceans.

A bumboat stopped along side the ship and some of the Indians purchased dried foods: channas *peas*, choora *compound rice*, and sugar using up the few paisas and rupees they had with them. Over the past few weeks while the pilot was taking the Whitby down the river and picking up the emigrants, bumboats would pass by daily to supply the emigrants with snacks.

The emigrants were leaving their families behind to work abroad. Many shed tears. Some were

excited and ready for a new beginning.

Their dialects, religions and castes painted a picture of India's diversity. Many dialects were spoken: Hindustani, Urdu, Awadhi, Bhojpuri, Bengali, Hindi and others. According to the Whitby ship's list, out of the two hundred and sixty seven emigrants, approximately one hundred and ten were labeled as Dhangurs from Chota Nagpur and Hazareebagh. The others were listed as coming from villages and towns in Awadh, the North-Western Provinces, Behar, Bengal, Orissa and other places. *The North-Western Provinces was 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.*

There were also two Christians from Madras located in Southern India that were recruited as a superintendent and as an interpreter to work in British Guiana, each making the equivalent of sixteen rupees per month.

Many on the Whitby were Hindus from different classes and castes. Approximately twenty percent of the Indians on the ship were Muslims. There were smaller groups from other religions, such as the Jains, Sikhs and Christians.

Many of the Indians were in their traditional clothes: dhotis, kurtas, saris, salwar kameese, headscarves, bandanas and turbans. Some were bare headed, some wore hats, some had beards, some had mustaches, some had churkies, some were clean-shaven. The females had their long dark hair oiled and combed nicely. Many had on silver and gold earrings, bangles, chains and nose rings. At the custom-house, some of the men and boys were provided with cheap pants made from gunnysacks—one-size-fit-all; a string around the waist was pulled to fit all sizes: small, medium, large.

THE CAPTAIN, MANAGERS, AND THE ANGLO-INDIAN interpreters and supervisors occupied the cabins furnished with furniture and soft comfortable beds. They also hung out in the galleries.

"Get the hill-coolies down to the 'tween deck!" Richard Smith announced. "They are crowding up the main deck." The ship rocked and Richard stumbled. He regained his balance.

The Captain stepped forward and reminded Richard that the ventilation below was poor and sweltering hot. He took control of his ship and said, "For now, we can safely keep half of the emigrants up on deck between the two masts, while the other half settle in below. That will give the crew more than enough room to work without any hindrance."

A GROUP OF EMIGRANTS WENT ABOUT SWEEPING the ship, while the Captain, Solomon, Maryanne, Anthony, Richard, Mr. Young and Mr. Sharlieb were enjoying some coffee in the gallery.

Bay of Bengal—Monday, January 15, 1838

TWO NIGHTS HAD GONE BY AND KALIL WAS UP ON the main deck gazing into the starry sky, a view he was very familiar with. He was a star watcher back home and had spent hours and hours observing the stars from his room window and from sitting out on the porch. His eyes were fixed on the Big Dipper, which could never escape him. He pointed his fingers towards the heavens, tracing out his own patterns—connecting the stars—forming new constellations and making up names for them. He was enjoying the cool ocean breeze, and after a while, he sat down on a bench, relaxing, while tuning into the splashing of the ocean waves against the ship as it rocked gently—back and forth—with the rising and falling of the waves.

The deck was dimly lit with kerosene lamps, allowing the nightshift sailors to carry out their duties. Kalil's shadow was cast on the outside wall of the Captain's cabin, outlining a fuzzy shape of him, holding his taanpura. He started to play softly, emphasizing on some of the notes, as the melody resonated from the polished wooden body of the instrument, which caught the attention of a few Indians and British, also trying to find solitude under the starry sky. At that very moment, the British didn't see him as someone different from them; they saw him as a person just like themselves—music was universal and had a way of bringing people together.

A girl stood at the railing listening to the melody as it resonated across the deck, while the cool

ocean breeze brushed through her hair. She was captivated by the sound, listening to each note of the melody. Sometimes Kalil pressed two or three strings simultaneously, creating a blend of sounds. She shifted her body towards the blurred figure cast on the Captain's cabin wall, observing his shadowy fingers moving up and down the taanpura's neck. She felt his emotions in the melody and was mesmerized by the shadow on the wall. She felt carefree as the ocean breeze frisked her long shimmering dark hair. She started to walk about freely with a smile on her face, glancing up at the stars, as though she was in heaven onboard the British vessel as it glided across the Bay of Bengal.

The melody trailed off as Kalil's eyelids grew heavy from the gentle rocking of the ship, putting him in a slight trance. He closed his eyes, and as his fingers pressed the last three notes, he slipped into a light dream. A few seconds later, the ocean waves grew louder, splashing against the ship. The ship rocked and his eyes popped open, staring into blackness. He lifted his body from the bench to make his way down to his sleeping area, when he stumbled on a thick heavy rope that was left lying around on the deck. His taanpura flew from his hand and hit someone.

"Oh I'm sorry," a female's voice said in Hindustani as she bumped into him. The area was almost pitch-black.

Kalil was surprised to hear the soft feminine voice. "I'm sorry," he replied, peering into darkness, barely getting a glimpse of her silhouette as he bent down reaching for his taanpura.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," the girl said, apologetically.

"I didn't mean to bump into you. I dropped my instrument."

"It bounced off me. I can't see. I don't want to step on it." She also stooped down, reaching for it.

"It's my fault. I should watch where I'm going," he said. His hand felt something. Their fingers touched, and they kept reaching for the instrument. The ship rocked and both of them lost their balance, bumping knees. A big splash rocked the ship again and the girl fell into Kalil's arms, and when she turned their lips met and they froze in time. It was magic, a moment young hearts could have only dreamed of. Drawn by each other's scent and touch, their hearts began to race. A few long seconds went by and their lips remained locked under the twinkling stars. Every moment counted. The ship rocked again and they clutched each other, as though they didn't want to part. Their hearts were pounding. The ship rocked again and they lost their balance. Their lips parted, still holding onto each other.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Kalil said in a breathy voice.

"I'm sorry," the girl responded, gasping. It was a kiss she had seen in her fantasies, but never knew that such a kiss could become real.

He fumbled around for the taanpura as though nothing had happened. "I got it."

"Here it is," she said, both of them holding the instrument.

Indian Ocean—Thursday, March 1, 1838

THE INDIANS WERE COMING TO TERMS WITH reality, as deepening resentments brood in the air. They were at sea for just over six weeks, and as the *Whitby* sailed parallel to Mauritius—the small island in the Indian Ocean located near Madagascar, located southeast of Africa—most were already disenchanted with the voyage. Some were defeated by illnesses: seasickness, high fever, dehydration, diarrhea, hypothermia and food poisoning. Many were lonely and grieving for their families. An Indian man in his mid-twenties had died from depression and high fever, and before Mohan could have carried out a religious service, the man's body was unceremoniously disposed of over the ledge of the ship and consumed by the *kala pani black waters*.

THEIR ORDEAL AT SEA CONTINUED. FURNITURE tossed around and smashed into pieces. Kerosene lamps shattered. Plants scattered. Clothes drenched and spread across the decks, cabins and galleries. Food spilled everywhere, including all the dried foods the Indians had brought on the ship and purchased from the bumboats that were passing by while the *Whitby* was anchored in the Hugli River. Some of the livestock destroyed.

The downpour continued as the water from the main deck seeped down to the between deck and cargo hold, flooding the area.

The Indians helped each other and shared their dry blankets and clothes, trying to keep warm. Everything was in a mess, thrown all over, and mixed up. Hours passed. Finally, the storm subsided and

the door to the stairway and hatches were open, letting in two thick beams of sunlight again.

Chapter 11 - Diyas welcoming the people of the ship

South American coast—Friday, April 27, 1838

THE SHIP WAS AT SEA FOR THREE AND A HALF months, as though stranded in an ocean of wilderness, battling strong winds, cold temperatures, dampness, blistering heat, heavy rainstorms and restless ocean waves. The stopovers at the Cape of Good Hope and at St. Helena Island for restocking had relieved many of their sufferings, but only for a short time. During the voyage through the South Atlantic Ocean they were faced with more dangerous storms. The hardships of the Indians across the kala pani were unceasing, as they traversed the treacherous middle passage that was responsible for many shipwrecks and immeasurable deaths. Some of the grains and livestock were destroyed and there was a shortage of good nourishing food. The Indians had grown weak and tired. One large meal a day of dhal and rice was not enough to sustain their health. They were down to three pints of water a day. Many were dehydrated, starved, weak and frail, ribs protruding from their chests. Some had given up on life, not knowing if they will be around to see the next sunrise. Both Vishnu and Kalil had lost over twenty pounds. Dara now looked like the living dead—skin and bones—as if he was taking his last breath and was ready to be thrown overboard for his burial, already having attained his spiritual cleanse across the kala pani, but his dreams for a heart of gold and returning home to his family had kept him taking his next slow and painful breath. There were a total of four deaths on the Whitby during the voyage.

Despite the struggles, life went on and the Indians bonded and grew much closer. Ramlal had finally accepted Dara as his equal, something that would have been almost impossible back on the motherland because of the different castes they belonged to. For Dara, the caste system had disappeared across the kala pani; he claimed that he was cleansed during his pilgrimage across the kala pani. According to him, he was now equal to all men, including the British. He had witnessed the melting away of the prejudices, which he had faced back in the motherland because he had no religion; he was an outcast

Chapter 12 - The Arrival

Berbice, Plantation Highbury—Saturday, May 5, 1838, 5 am

IT WAS PITCH-BLACK AND THE HUMIDITY WAS HIGH. A pulsing orange glow from the kerosene lamps illuminated the vicinity. The first boat with Indian immigrants arrived at the wharf behind Plantation Highbury. Anunto Ram and Nertha Khan stepped off the boat and onto the wharf behind Plantation Highbury. They assisted the others in getting off the boat and led the way from the wharf, heading to land, followed by Boodoo, Jeebun and their children, along with Neyerallee and Balkistra. Another boat arrived with Gabriel Francis, Samodee, Getun, Heeramen, Harriah, Beccarree, Timola, Nupuar and a few others. More boats left the Whitby, sailing towards the wharf.

Ram and Khan stepped onto land. They shook hands and embraced. The others followed, stepping onto the soil of the Americas in their traditional attires. They were the first group of Indians to walk on the land in the New World of the Americas to labor on the sugar plantations, based on a five-year indentured labor contract.

The emigrants were tired and their breaths were heavy, blending with the sounds from the river, the woods, and from the chattering coming from the land. They were exhausted and some made their way to a wooden shed. Some sat on the ground and some continued towards the area where the carts were.

By the time Kalil set foot on the soil of British Guiana, Vishnu, Savitri, Ravinesh, Ranibala, Geeta, Ramlal, Harri and Ashmid were nowhere to be seen. His eyes scanned the area as he dragged his body, panting. A group of half naked immigrants with ribs protruding from their ribcages were sitting on a long wooden bench, drained of energy. Kalil recognized their faces, but there were no traces of his close friends. He entered the small building, where one of the Jahajis was passed out on the ground. He exited the building, looking around. Another group of shirtless young men in dhotis sat cross-legged on the earth, looking dazed.

Demerara, Plantation Bellevue—Sunday, May 13, 1838, 11pm

IT WAS PITCH-BLACK, AND MR. RUSSELL, FREDERICK Smith, and two drivers were waiting at the wharf on the west side of the Demerara River at the back of Plantation Bellevue to receive the Indian laborers.

“Suh, a ship comin yanda,” Kwesi Smith said, pointing. He was a twenty-three-year old mulatto—an ex-slave, Frederick’s favorite and most obedient driver. He was born and raised on Plantation Smith. Frederick had landed Kwesi the driver’s position on Plantation Bellevue after Plantation Smith had temporarily closed down.

Mr. Russell and Frederick Smith stood peering into darkness with an orange glaze on their faces.

“I make out a flickering in the blackness,” Frederick said.

“It is di kerosene light shinnin from di ship,” Kwesi replied.

Mr. Russell shook his head as the breeze blew through. “I see it.”

“Get the oarsmen and the boats ready to receive the hill-coolies,” Frederick said.

“Yeh suh.”

“Are all the wagons here?”

West Demerara—Monday, May 14, 1838, 12:20am

AN HOUR LATER, THE WHITBY ANCHORED AT THE back of Plantation Bellevue in the Demerara River, and the boats rowed out from the riverbank towards the ship. A few minutes later, the managers and assistants climbed up the suspended steps and into the ship.

THE INDIAN LABORERS WERE PIONEERS TO THE NEW World. They were the “People of the ships.” They brought their cultures, religions, customs, cuisines, drinks, plants, spices, music and dances with them. The men were bound to a five-year indentured labor contract and had to sign a new contract upon their arrival in the colony. The females and children were not required to sign the contract, but they were still bound to the plantation for five years.

A TOTAL OF FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETEEN INDIAN laborers had entered the colony of British Guiana on May 5, 1838 on the Whitby and Hesperus. The Indians were distributed on six plantations: 128 on Plantation Highbury in East Berbice and 47 on Plantation Waterloo in West Berbice, from the Whitby; 82 on Plantation Bellevue from the Whitby; 70 on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop and 31 on Plantation Vriedestein in West Demerara, from the Hesperus; 49 on Plantation Anna Regina in Essequibo from the Hesperus. There were four deaths on the Whitby and fourteen deaths on the Hesperus. Some of the Indians also died upon arriving in the colony, or shortly after arriving, due to illnesses.

IT WAS PITCH-BLACK AS THE OARSMEN ROWED towards the wharf, Savitri was sitting next to her brother and Harri. She was in a stupor, gazing into blackness, making out some dark fuzzy silhouettes getting off the boat ahead of them and onto the wharf. A light breeze blew as she breathed slowly, holding her lifeless marigold plant on her lap, while the paddles cut through the muddy Demerara River. The emigrants were drained and could hardly stay awake.

Harri was staring wide-eyed at the kerosene lamps hanging on the posts lining the wharf, making out some dim orangey figures on horseback. “Diyas are brightening up the area,” the boy said. The kerosene lamps illuminated a small wooden square building with some blurred figures sitting outside on a bench. Three boats with Indian immigrants arrived at the wharf behind Plantation Bellevue, and the Indians dragged their bodies off the boat.

It was early morning May 14, 1838, and Savitri was walking slowly, as if she was ready to cave over, with her bag strung across her back weighing her down. She held onto her drooping marigold plant in one hand, following the others as they walked over patches of dried leaves, making rustling sounds. She could hear their heavy breaths, blending with the sounds of the night. They were exhausted.

On land Frederick and the others were busy assisting the new laborers.

“The workday for the hill-coolies start at the wisp of dawn, six o’clock in the morning,” Frederick said. He had a flash back of Mr. Duff, and then said, “Make sure they get enough rest. Their day shall

commence at nine o'clock—ten the latest.”

It was almost two o'clock in the morning. It was pitch-black and the Indian recruits had already reached Plantation Bellevue and settled into their living quarters, except for Kalil. Kalil was gazing into the night sky drowned in stars, as the cool breeze fanned through the wagon, cooling them down. The hissing of sounds caught his attention. The fireflies were blinking on and off. The night was alive and he tuned into the lively night orchestra, played by the tropical insects and the other species. Frederick glanced back at Kalil's dark orangey face, and their eyes met. Kalil turned away and his heart began to race, as the horses galloped through the blackness. His heartbeat was now out of harmony with the night orchestra, and he broke out into a sweat, as the horses picked up speed, heading towards Plantation Bellevue.

One chapter of Savitri, Kalil, Vishnu and the rest of the immigrants' lives were over. Another one was about to begin.

Some bottle smashing scenes in Savitri's Garden to compare in the novel, Lion From the novel, The Escape for True Love

He tried to wrench the bottle from her hands. She swerved her body and pulled. He grabbed her and pulled. He stumbled and the bottle pitched from her hand and smashed against the wall; they watched as the rum poured out blending with the muddy water.

He picked up the empty bottle and slowly swayed over to the front door. He pushed open the door. He stepped back and arched his arm back. His arm came forward like the swing of a cutlass, sending the rum bottle flying through the air.

“Smash!” There was a loud bang as the bottle shattered against the outside wall of the Indian living quarters.

From the novel, Rebellion and Reunion

The bottles were emptied, and with a force, he hurled the bottles into the air, one after the other, smashing them loudly against a barrel used for collecting garbage. Moti started to bark, wagging his tale; his barking grew.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

- Adam Physio & Sports Clinic; In-home physiotherapy and wellness; Edmonton AB Ph: (780) 906-6262; Elderly care, Pediatric care, Sports injury
- Alberta Appliance Installers (Dishwasher OTR/Microwave, Washer/Dyer Gas/Electric Ranges) Ph: (780) 807-8619, www.albertaapplianceinstallers.ca
- Ally Publishing (Format books and ebook, edit, proofread, writing, graphics design, book cover designs. Website: www.allypublishing.ca; email: allypublishing@yahoo.com.)
- Anatolia Food Market (*Grocery and restaurant*), 15920 Stony Plain Rd NW, Edmonton AB T5P 3Z8; Ph: 587-521-4004; <http://anatoliafoodmarket.com/>
- Baker Optical (Eye care center), 10025 106 St NW, Edmonton, AB T5J 1G4; Ph: (780) 423-2117
- Biagio Luggage, Unit #2367, Phase III - 2nd Level, West Edmonton Mall (Across from the ship), 8882 - 170 St, Edmonton AB T5T 4M2. Ph (780) 413-0460.
- Caffè Sorrentino, West Edmonton Mall, Suite 2117, Phase I, 2nd Flr, Between the Apple Store and the Bay, 8882 170 St NW, Edmonton. Ph: (780) 761-3222
- Clear Cut Insurance (Auto and Home Insurance), 16403-111 Ave NW, Edmonton, AB Asik & Alyssa, Ph:(780) 994-0080 / (780) 700-5148
- Clear Cut Insurance (Auto and Home Insurance), 16403 111 Ave NW, Edmonton AB; Dina Ghani; Ph: (780) 965-7449
- Freedom 55 Financial, Financial Security Advisor, Suite 1400 - 10250 101 St. NW, Edmonton AB T5J 3P4; (587) 594-5290; Rav Narayan; Email: ravinesh.narayan@f55f.com. Individual life insurance, Segregated funds policies, RRSPs and TFSAs, Payout annuities, RRIFs and LIFs, Individual critical illness insurance, Individual health and dental Insurance, Group insurance and retirement plans, Mortgages, New to Canada insurance.
- Fuss cupcakes (West End Location) 17298 Stony Plain Rd NW, Edmonton, Alberta. Ph: (780) 444-8845
- Global Buffet & Grill, 11845 Wayne Gretzky Dr., Edmonton AB. (Ground level of the Coliseum Inn). Ph: (780) 995-3432
- Hair Flair, 4433 118 Ave NW, Edmonton, AB. T5W 1A8. Ph: (780) 477-1051. hairflaire@gmail.com
- India Bazar, Indian Grocery Store, 4514 118 Ave NW, Edmonton, AB. T5W 1A9; Ph: (780) 471-2504
- Mary Browns, 100 King St, Spruce Grove, AB; Ph: (780) 960-5030
- Mary Browns, Mayfield Common, 358 Mayfield Common Northwest, Edmonton AB; Ph: (780) 489-7667
- Mary Browns, 6858 50 Ave #2, Red Deer, AB; Ph: (587) 273-3080
- Multi Culture Travel, 5519 137 Ave NW, Edmonton, AB; T5A 3L4. Ph. (780) 456-1192
- Ray Bacchus (Financial Advisor), 68082-162 Bonnie Doon Mall Edmonton, Alberta T6C 4E3, (780) 429-1243; Email ray_cweg@telus.net / raybaach@ecn.ab.ca; Fax: (780) 425-3168 / (780) 433-7717
- Sazna Services, Lawn Maintenance and Snow Removal, Imran Khurshed. Ongoing Maintenance: Pruning, Lawn Care, Grass Cutting, Fertilization, Leaf Removal, Snow Removal; (780) 909-1102

- Usman Lawn & Snow, 12820 53 St NW, Edmonton, AB; T5A 0B5. (780) 970-3839. Landscape Maintenance, Industrial Landscape, Commercial Landscape, Commercial Grass Cutting, Snow Removal, Parking Lot Sanding, Parking Lot Sweeping, Lawn Maintenance...

Toronto

- Charley's West Indian Food Ltd, 1154 Morningside Avenue, Scarborough, ON M1B 3A4
Phone:(416) 283-1441
- Natasha Events and Travel, Travel Consultant, TICO Certified, Wedding & Event Specialist, WPICC, DWC, Certified Mexico Destination Wedding Specialist; 1-877-428-0171; natasha@natashaeventsandtravel.com, www.natashaeventsandtravel.com

New York

- Bamboo Garden (Caribbean, Chinese), 107-04 Atlantic Ave, South Richmond Hill 11419 (Btwn 107th & 108th St); (718) 849-1611
- San Soo Kap San (*Korean Restaurant*), 17110 Northern Blvd, Flushing, NY 11358; (718) 445-4850; <http://www.sansookapsan.com/>

- *Disclaimer: Businesses, addresses, phone numbers, emails etc...are subject to changes, and must be verified.*

DIVERSE CITY MAGAZINE



The May 2017 Edition 1.0. published on May 2, 2017

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

This location of the magazines is subject to changes.

All articles are owned and copyright by the original writers.

Design and layout of magazine by Ally Publishing.

Designed by Faisal Ally

Ally Publishing does not own or copyright articles, books and CDs.

Diverse City Magazine is created in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Contact email: allyproduction@yahoo.com

A number of photos are licensed from www.depositphotos.com

Alliyah Cassidy Azeem photos are copyright and supplied by W. Azeem

Solomon Singh's articles and pictures are copyright and supplied by Solomon Singh

Cover photo of Shanghai and the male and female on their cell phones are from www.depositphotos.com

Arooka's article, book photos and information on books and award nomination are copyright and supplied by Arooka

Sources for the article on Quantum Universe: The Field by Lynn McTaggart; Science and the Akashic Field by Ervin Laszlo. Quotes, phrases and ideas mainly came from these two books, mixed with the writer's imagination or understanding of the topics.

Disclaimer: The opinions conveyed in this magazine are those of the writer(s) and do not reflect the opinions of the publisher.

Disclaimer: Information presented in this magazine are subject to change. When embarking on a trip, vacation or to a restaurant etc...you must verify and or confirm the information presented, as information can change quickly or immediately after this magazine was published. It's important that anything to do with health and meditation that the person seeks professional advice in these areas.

Diverse City Magazine
SERVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW



HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY
Today, Tomorrow and Forever