

Twice Told Tales

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EMESCO

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Scribe and Scroll

From the suspicious shadows of the past, weird wisdom and vivid colours of varied leaves, falling, fading and sprouting from the endless branches of the ageless gigantic tree, the roots of which have stretched into continents fanning folklore, changing colours like a chameleon, the maddening meadows, mystic mansions, marvels of mountains, valleys running into an abyss of fantasy, carpets flying over the past covered by the shroud of a juggler peeling the eyes of the illusions, fortitude of fortunes, deception of destiny, human relations stewed with complex emotions of love, betrayal, compassion, cruelty, slyness, kindness, compassion, curiosity... each emerging at the beck and call of the demanding situation, and a tempest of thoughts tiding over great realms dragging kingdoms, empires, early civilizations into the deep sea, leaving a void of ruins for the vultures to prey upon and at a later date some historian to record the erased footprints of bygone events—fairy tales, fables, lullabies filled with inspirational and inclement characters, the endless stories of a prince, princess, king, queen, minister and all the pieces of the 64 square board with intrigue and inquisition—they were all told, across the world in all the languages and some of them were not written, for want of script and readers, and were told as a tale to the next generation which were passed on and on...

Once upon a time, stories usually started this way specifying the time very vaguely, as the certainty of the ambiguity cannot be ignored, or sometimes it could be long, long ago as nobody knows how long ago – there was a King in the ancient land of what is now