

INCOGNITO

Mythos, Logos



& an

Enigma

called

Love

Praveer



Incognito

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Disclaimer

This is entirely a work of fiction. All references to any historical or mythological characters, events or monuments have been used fictitiously. Various locations and descriptions of certain carvings may be true, but the interpretations are completely fictional. Associations mentioned in the novel are purely imaginary.

About The Author

Praveer believes that life has been the greatest book he has ever read and he continues to get amazed while reading the chapters with each passing day. Writing has been a way to express whenever he felt a desire to share his thoughts. He took to writing for the immense pleasure associated with it. He has been captivated by the Indian mythology and the world civilizations since childhood. A mechanical engineering graduate, he could never ignore the logic behind the ancient scriptures. He also finds the array of human emotions and the different shades attached to each of those feelings very fascinating. When he decided about penning down his first novel, it was quite natural that he chose a story which saw the confluence of a thriller unraveling secrets of mythology and a touching love story.

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Dedicated to

Time

Which never ceases to move on

Which never remains the same.

Acknowledgment

A writer works in isolation, but the eventual portrayal of his thoughts is the manifestation of the people and events which have shaped his persona knowingly or unknowingly over the years. The writer owns the idea, but the seeds are provided by the world around him. My work of fiction owes a great deal to each of them.

First of all, I would like to mention about the figure of strength in my life, my father, Shri Prabhakar Sharan Prasad. He has taught me to live life as it should be. What do I say about my mother, Smt. Saroj Devi? Whatever I am, whatever I will ever be is because of her. You simply cannot describe a mother's love in words.

My sister Snehlata has made me learn to believe in my convictions. I adore the way she cares for me. Premda, my other sister, has prepared me to face the challenges life has to offer. She brings out the best in me by her affection. And, of course, they are the first readers of my novel and they encouraged me enormously. I thank my brothers-in-law Anshuman and Amitabh for taking great care of them. Individually, they are wonderful human beings whose hard work inspire me a lot and I wish them all the success in life.

Life feels great when I see the most beautiful girl in my life, my niece, Srinika Sanvi. Her innocence makes me see the world in a fresh perspective.

It will take an entire book to write about my friends who have walked the path with me and left great impacts in my life. I am grateful to each of them for being a part of my journey. I treasure their friendship and I am really very thankful.

Lastly, I will thank the almighty for everything he has bestowed upon me.

न तु मां शक्यसे द्रष्टुमनेनैव स्वचक्षुषा /
दिव्यं ददामि ते चक्षुः पश्य मे योगमैश्वरम् //

But surely you will not be able to see me with these
human eyes of yours |

Therefore I bestow upon you the divine eyes with
which you behold my extraordinary powers ||

Prologue

The silence of the night was intensified by the purposeful clouds draping the moon. A flickering flame could be seen through the cracks of the temple door. It seemed that the flame's attempt to end darkness would go in vain. But the ambience had a strangely soothing effect attached to it. Even the majestic flow of the river was reduced to pure calmness. A few stray dogs were sleeping on the steps of the temple after another struggle filled day of survival. It was early into the night and the temple doors had been closed after the evening rituals. The sanctum sanctorum of the temple was peaceful with the God of destruction, Lord Shiva in his yogic sleep. Even the otherwise ferocious Nandi, the bull seemed to be an image of tranquillity.

Suddenly, the aura of the surrounding was disturbed by voices coming from the room within the temple. The priest of the temple, Pandit Puratan Shastri resided in that room.

“You are not helping our cause,” said some unfamiliar voice.

“I am doing what is right for the people and religion. I will not let your intentions be successful” Shastriji replied.

“Then be prepared to pay for it”

“I shall in the name of almighty”

An eerie silence could be heard in the air. There were no more voices. Half sleepy half starved dogs didn't care to bark at the man walking briskly down the steps of the temple. His throbbing heart and brisk steps persuaded

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him not to turn back to have a glimpse of what had transpired behind him after his actions.

In his dying moments, Shashtriji had dragged himself to the sanctum with a book in his hand. He needed to finish the task on hand before taking his last breath.

Even in his death, Pandit Puratan Shashtri had served the purpose of his life.



Chapter 1

The village seemed alive in the last hours of the night. A family had visited the temple in the darkness of the night to seek the blessings of the almighty before starting a journey of twelve hours on a bullock cart to attend a wedding at their relative's village. The child saw a blood trail which the father followed to gasp in horror at the sight before his eyes.

The news had spread about the murder of Shashtriji. Shashtriji's body was surrounded by the villagers. They would not allow police to carry out post-mortem of this sacred religious soul. There were vehement demonstrations. Shivilal along with his group had arrived on the scene. They were not going to relent under any kind of persuasion. It had become even more difficult for Inspector Chirayu after the arrival of Shivilal. He could not use force on the villagers. It was an issue which needed tactful handling.

Shri Puratan Shastri had been appointed the chief priest of the temple recently. The temple was not a grand one, but it was large enough for a village of five hundred. Arkpur was an isolated village situated on the banks of Jharahi River. The nearest town Siwan was nearly forty kilometres away. The only mode of transport was a bullock cart until that fateful day when three jeeps with few shirt-pant wearing men had come to the village. After hours of chaos the villagers could make out only that they were some government officers and they would build something. They didn't know what they would build, but the village would be getting electricity.

The illiteracy and poverty of the village were no hidden fact. Birju was the most learned man among them. He

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Destiny has landed Punya Saran in the middle of a quest. A quest which belonged to Vaidehi but Punya must accompany her in the journey to prove his innocence. It all started with the construction of a scientific marvel and a mysterious murder. They are confronted with a theory that has changed the way humanity looked at the world. To unveil the message which has earth shattering ramifications, they have to decipher the symbols and secrets hidden within historical monuments and ancient scriptures. They find themselves in a dilemma of deciding between mythology and logic. How do they do it?

And then there are moments with Drishti, a girl who carried a burden in her heart. She was a broken soul who had forgotten to live. Punya had found himself in bringing her back to life. He tried hard but he could not stop himself from loving her. It was an alliance of souls. But she is gone now. He is completely devastated. Will the memories weaken him further?

What happens when an eye-opening thriller meets a heartfelt love story? Who is bestowed upon with the divine vision? Does the secret reveal itself? Do they understand the enigma of love?

All we seek are right before our eyes but choose to remain incognito.



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