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Vishesh Sharma

## The Lost Temple

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# *The Lost Temple*

*By*

*Vishesh Sharma*

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This book is meant for entertainment purposes only and we do not intend to hurt the sentiments of any individual, community, section or religion.

This book is a work of fiction, except in the case of few historical facts, any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental

# *Acknowledgment*



I would like to express my special thanks and gratitude to my close friends and family members without whose support and encouragement this book was not possible.

A special thanks to my son Rudra Sharma for whom I penned this fictional character Rudy Hunter and who encouraged me every day to write and finish this book.



*“A picture may say a thousand words, but  
a word can say what only a word can say”*

*- Vishesh Sharma*





# Prologue



A huge gathering of people were outside the temple which was nothing new for the priests of this temple but today the gathering was not at the main temple but it was on the other side of the complex. That area was cordoned off and hundreds of priests and local security guards were holding the crowd off.

The news had spread and by every passing minute, hundreds of curious spectators kept on adding to the crowd.

This side of the complex was never of much significance to the regular followers as it held a smaller temple and a couple of offices. The rumors floated for years that there were few underground rooms in this temple, locked for more than five hundred years due to some curse placed on the royal family who were the inheritors of this temple at that time.

The inheritors of this century felt differently and they went ahead with opening of one of the room and within hours it came in the evening news.

***02, June 2012, The Daily Mail***

*A door opened to a Billion Dollars*

*The 16th century Sree Padmanabhaswamy Temple, located in the province of Kerala in southern India, opened its secret vaults which were never opened in centuries to find sacks and wooden drums filled with Gold & Gems worth billions of dollars.*

Vishesh Sharma

*They say that some gems are bigger than ever seen in the world and are alone worth a billion dollars. There are many such temples and treasures in India, hidden to save them from invaders like Turks, Persians, Moguls and Britishers.*

*The temple had these underground rooms locked for years which were never opened by the royal family because of a curse, till yesterday, when they opened the snake door as some called it.*

\*\*\*

### **30 August 2012**

A news article sitting at the table...

*Indian diplomatic bag found at French Alps after 46 years. The bag contained mail from India's foreign ministry of year 1966. Somebody must have waited for so long to get the mail.*

*Our correspondent spoke to the French authorities and they informed that a bag carrying diplomatic mail from India has been found on Mont Blanc in the French Alps, close to where an Air India plane crashed 46 years ago. They say that they have not opened the bag as per international laws but the bag was in pretty bad shape. They said that they will handover it to its rightful owner after proper paperwork.*

*This discovery was accidental as no one was actually looking for anything. Some tourist mountain climbers spotted shining wreckage on the glacier and reported it to the local rescue team. The local team reached there thinking it was some tourist accident but was amazed to found the wreckage that old.*

*The Indian embassy in Paris told our news agency that it would begin efforts to retrieve the bag.*

*The Air India plane flying from Mumbai to New York crashed in January 1966.*

*All 117 people on board died.*

*Among the passengers was top nuclear scientist Homi J. Bhabha, known as the 'father' of India's nuclear programme. Since the crash conspiracy, theorists believe it was deliberately done by United States to sabotage the Indian Nuclear Programme.*

*The bag recovered from the glacier has markings saying "Diplomatic mail" and "Ministry of External Affairs," as the foreign ministry is called in India.*

*"Some tourists came and told us that they had seen something shining on the Bossons glacier," a rescue worker told our news agency.*

*"It was like a pile of dump"*

*"We found a few pieces of the cabin, shoes, clothes, cables - it's a real dump up there!"*

*The rescue worker who does not want his name to be published said "the diplomatic bag was sitting as if someone had just placed it there."*

*"It's not the sort of discovery you make very often in the mountains. We thought we will find some jewels or diamonds. Instead, we got some soaking wet mail and Indian newspapers," he said.*

*"The mail's going to arrive half a century late."*

*The bag has been handed over to the police in the town of Chamonix, located at the base of the mountain*

# Chapter 1



What looked like a calm day was drawing to a close, the sun was not setting for another couple of hours but the clouds above had already started to darken the surroundings. Still, a few sunrays, piercing through the clouds, were falling on the ground beneath.

The mountainous terrain covered with trees and bushes looked splendid under those rays. It looked like that a divine power from heavens had put the Spot Light on its own creation and admiring the beauty of it. This part of world was indeed blessed with rich flora with no sign of any human establishments many miles around to ruin its innocence.

The green belt was spread as far as an eye could see with a few gray mountain peaks sneaking out of its green sheath looking at the sky and rest were comfortably sitting under green blanket. The deodar trees stood tall on the slants of the mountains creating an uneven canopy for the habitation of wild creatures.

Just then, a man came out of the bushes, unsettling the serenity of the place, running towards an open space, looking frequently at his handheld device, not stopping for once, he continued running with all his might, falling a few times but he did not care about the scrapes and cuts, all he cared was to live. He looked behind a few times as if someone or something was after him, relieved at seeing nothing; he glanced at his screen again.

“No Signal!”

His forehead was sweating profusely, which he was wiping every now and then with the sleeves of his knee length white coat. He was exhausted and breathless, his grey hair were disheveled and hands were bleeding. He looked back again with his frightful eyes, seeing nothing behind made him a little relaxed.

While looking for a higher ground, he glanced at the screen again.

“No Signal”

He stopped momentarily, looked for the directions, his eyes caught a site, he could see the glimpse of sky there, he ran towards that place.

“Beep.” He heard a sound, he looked at his device, a satellite phone, and he breathed a sigh of relief. Immediately he dialed a few numbers on the panel and held the phone to his ears.

No response.

He stared at the screen again.

“No Signal!”

He cursed, looked back again from where he came and he saw the movement in bushes. He put his hand in his pocket. *My gun?* Horror struck his face, he instantly realized that he lost his gun when he exhausted all his ammo and threw away the gun. He ran as if all hell broke loose, not looking back once.

Another Beep sound, this time he got the signal, impatiently he dialed the number again.

“Yes,” a voice crackled from the earphone.

“Hello,” he shouted, “We need help.”

“Are you ....,” the voice yelled back and then it muffled, “Are you on an open channel,” sounding not so pleased.

“I am, but we were right, this thing...,” he gasped for the air, “This thing is huge”.

“Don’t call me over open frequency, call when you have secured...”.

He did not let him complete, the voice was not audible on the other side, “You don’t understand..... I don’t have time ..... this, No one ..... seen .....

“Hell..... o....., are you.....”

“Black Pea..... I found .....

“oh ..... God ..... It’s ..... a monster ..... It’s ..... after me....., help.....”

“it’s ..... a ..... monster .....

His scream echoed all over the place. He slipped and fell into many feet deep gorge for no one to hear him ever again.

The mountain was calm again, maintaining the balance of the ecosystem once more. The sun settled and darkness swallowed the region.



## Chapter 2

“Excuse me ma'am.”

A young, beautiful girl dressed in white shirt tucked under a red skirt, tapped on her shoulder.

“Excuse me ma'am, we're taking off, please fasten your seatbelt and upright your chair”, the air hostess moved past her, instructing every passenger.

She heard pilot's message on in-flight intercom, “It's five thirty AM, the Jet Airways flight nine 'W' six one five from Kolkata to New Delhi got clearance for the runway...”

“Yeah right, thanks.” She replied bringing smile on her weary face and trying hard to open her eyes. Last night she worked till late to finish her task, she was very particular about not leaving her work incomplete.

Her keen light brown eyes looked tired that day otherwise which sparkled all the time. Her peers always admired and praised her enthusiasm and zeal towards her work.

She was happy that she had completed the compilation of her journal on Sanskrit & Dravidian inscription on stone & copper plates which they found in the remains at Antichak, the site at Bhagalpur, Bihar of the ancient Vikramasila. This site was believed to be a center for advanced studies in Buddhism. The antiquities of Vikramasila included numerous plaques showing deities of Vedic Brahmanism, animal and bird statuettes.



An action-filled and fast-paced novel

It is a page-turner until the last one

Ela was overwhelmed when prince of her dreams and Chandpur Estate, Surya, called her after four long years for a favour she couldn't refuse. Her longing for her lost love put her in quest of an ancient temple which she realized, was not lost but purposefully hidden by the brotherhood.

Determined to find this temple, she travelled through land of Himalayas, Himachal Pradesh finding clues and joining dots, visiting from one temple to another only to discover seceries, betrayal, brotherhood, International Mercenaries and Special Forces.

Head of Indian navy's elite unit, Rudy Hunter, will stop at nothing to unravel this mystery and help Ela.



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