

# DIVORCE



A SATIRE

Kamlesh Rajesham

Divorce

Publishing-in-support-of,

# **FSP Media Publications**

RZ 94, Sector - 6, Dwarka, New Delhi - 110075  
Shubham Vihar, Mangla, Bilaspur, Chhattisgarh - 495001

**Website:** *www.fspmedia.in*

---

## **© Copyright, Author**

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, magnetic, optical, chemical, manual, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written consent of its writer.

**ISBN:** 978-81-19927-57-9

**Price:** ₹ 295.00

The opinions/ contents expressed in this book are solely of the author and do not represent the opinions/ standings/ thoughts of Publisher

Printed in India

# *Divorce*

*(A SATIRE)*

*By*

*Kamlesh Rajesham*

**Disclaimer:**

This is a work of fiction. All the characters are fictional. Liberties have been taken with the names of the streets, lakes, rivers, historical places and names.

# About The Author

---

Kamlesh Rajesham has a 3 year diploma in Catering and Food Technology.

She practiced as a lawyer in the Hyderabad and Secunderabad courts. She has a Masters in Business Administration from Wilkes University Pennsylvania, U.S.A. She lived for over a decade in the United States and currently lives in Secunderabad, India.

She is the Author of “Straight from the Soul,” “Where doves fly,” and a kindle book of poems, “... and God is.”

She is also available at her  
**website, [www.soulcitynetwork.com](http://www.soulcitynetwork.com)**

# *About The Book*



Once, staying together meant everything. But these are modern times(or end times?) where even States of a Nation prefer separation.

Set against the backdrop of chaos and destruction during and following the division of the State of Andhra Pradesh, this Satirical novel aims to prove that love endures, overcomes and even triumphs.

Agastya Purohit returns to make a difference in a place that looks more like a departure terminal at an Airport. Katya remains back to be the difference. Life for the rest of the people in "Divorce," continues on despite the unrest and the aftermath of the division.

"Never let the enemy, (hatred) win."

*"In loving memory of my father,  
Shri. N. Rajesham "*



“I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all.”

Ecclesiastes 9:11

# CONTENTS

---

	Prologue.	x
<b>1.</b>	The Lucky Talisman.	1
<b>2.</b>	The Good Samaritan.	13
<b>3.</b>	The Lounge.	24
<b>4.</b>	The High Court.	38
<b>5.</b>	There is no business like God business.	47
<b>6.</b>	The Party	67
<b>7.</b>	The Farm	81
<b>8.</b>	Jai Telangana.	87
<b>9.</b>	The Ghost of Mir Alam	108
<b>10.</b>	The Palace	118
<b>11.</b>	And then there were eight.	130
<b>12.</b>	President's Rule	145
<b>13.</b>	The Party Repeat.	152
<b>14.</b>	The Arrival of the Prime Minister.	169
<b>15.</b>	The Train Blast.	181
<b>16.</b>	The Retreat	187
<b>17.</b>	Agastya Returns.	194
<b>18.</b>	All is well.	202
	Epilogue.	205

---

# Prologue

---

It is said that when moral degeneration of a society and a people is on the rise, the end is near. History has proved this in the past, with the rise and fall of the Roman Empire and the Greek civilisation. Decadency and moral bankruptcy manifests itself in several ways in different spheres of human life, which when applied to humanity at large, could in a broader sense, be applicable to the political environment that eventually shapes the social environment and percolates down to the family life of individuals or could it be vice versa? Because as the age old adage goes, “Charity begins at home” then all things should necessarily begin at home which then shapes the entire Nation., because a Nation is peopled with those who take this education at home and shape the future of the environment he or she inhabits at a later time. But then there would always be that errant child on whom no amount of disciplining or chastising would work and that in turn would start the cycle of one bad apple spoiling the rest. Corrupting the rest would be a more appropriate word.

And corruption it is that brings about the moral bankruptcy.

Corruption will begin slowly at first, quite unobtrusively, in small ways, an apple offered by an

innocent child and accepted by the teacher at school, who will blush at the attention given by the student, quite forgetting that it is the very same apple that led to the mischief called the “World.” Offer and acceptance...the two main ingredients of a contract. A Contract of temptation. It could then graduate to a bribe accepted by a Police officer to ignore traffic charges of traffic irregularities and with every little drop of water, there will be a mighty ocean. So begins the world of corruption with the rot setting in and a hero required to clean the Aegean stables.

There are two types of people in the world. Good and bad. There are two ways of doing things, the right way and the wrong way. There is the positive and there is the negative.

There is God and then there is Satan. One has a choice. One always has a choice. Do you want to be good or be bad? Do you want to do things the right way or do it the wrong way? And when you are doing it or being it, are you doing it for yourself or doing it to be known as such?

Such questions were always on the mind of the achingly young Agastya Purohit. But he wanted answers. Even as a boy, he contemplated on matters that were well beyond his years. During his summer holidays, while in school, he embarked on a journey that very few boys at his age embarked upon, a voyage of learning and understanding that he delved happily into his father Ramnath Purohit’s extensive library. Ramnath who was an academician and a liberal thinker was a man whose doors were always open to Poets, Authors, Philosophers, and whose home was a sanctuary over certain weekends for such people to have healthy discussions.

Such was the atmosphere in which young Agastya grew up. His mother Ahalya Purohit was

always involved in charity work, fund raising and helping the needy.

What is intriguing though, is the kind of books Agastya was drawn to in the yellow walled, brown shelved, green upholstered sofa library, that had a distinct smell of green apples, tart and sweet. The smell of old books fascinated him too. When he sat on the sofas, it seemed to him as though they embraced him. He felt as if the room gave him a welcoming smile everytime he entered.

The Vedas and the Upanishads were his first target of reading, and then came the Bhagvad Gita and the Bible. The Bible held a special place in his heart. There was no psalm or verse that he did not know in the Bible. But this reading was for his pleasure. For practical purposes, he was made to understand that technology and science were the pillars of human life. So it was that he was sent to the best Engineering college after school where he came to realise that he wanted to be an entrepreneur. He was determined to set the world that he inhabited on a golden wheel of good and all things goodness. To be a successful businessman, he was told, when he started his “Give us this day our daily bread,” a bread and biscuit manufacturing industry along with his partner, Amit Kulkarni, one has to be crafty and cheat a little now and then. But Agastya thought differently. There was only one way for him, and that was the right way. He had made his choice long ago while he spent several hours of his holidays in that vast library that his father had so carefully stocked with books that would shape a young mind

And then came the betrayal of his partner, who chose to go through life the wrong way.

Amit Kulkarni had other plans. He wanted to get rich quick. All his friends were climbing the ladder of success by resorting to illegal ways of acquiring

money and fame. They lied, cheated and spoke glibly which became the hallmark of the era. These people were called, “Clever.” A new interpretation of “intelligence” came into fashion. The question was, did Amit Kulkarni have ulterior motives right from the start of the enterprise to cheat and betray? Was the cheating code already etched in his DNA? Whatever it was, the fact that he cheated Agastya Purohit was as real as the air we breathe.

*Ubi Juris, Ibi remedium*, Latin for, “where there is a right, there is a remedy.”

So started a legal battle where Agastya filed, under section 420 of the Indian Penal Code, cheating, against Amit Kulkarni.

Thus started his long, legal battle and at the State level, there was a battle of another kind. “A Divorce.” That’s what the Politicians called it. The State of Andhra Pradesh was to be divided into separate States of Andhra and Telangana. The people of Telangana region felt they had enough of being together and now they wanted a divorce. The place that Agastya considered ‘home’ was embroiled in a bitter battle.

The fight for a separate State of Telangana which had its origins in the early nineteen sixties and had been long since laid to rest, raised its head again.

Agastya had no political affiliations but was of the firm view that a divided State or a Nation would weaken the very foundations of the Country and be subject to invasions, like the Country had seen time and again. But he also was of the opinion that history teaches us that man does not learn anything from his past.

Agitations, closures of business places, strikes, vandals burning and looting shops, burning busses and anything they could think of, was an everyday affair. One would get to know if the city worked or not by

reading the paper the next day, and subsequently close down the shutter on work.

Nothing worked in the cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad anymore. The garbage was left to rot for the pigs to wallow in, because the Municipal workers joined in the agitation for a separate State.

*Rien Ne Marche* as the French saying goes, nothing works—nothing worked anymore.

In another part of the city called Secunderabad, Katya had inherited in her genes, to discern good from evil.

She had no interest in Politics, yet she became the editor of her father's socio/political magazine after her education abroad.

She was in no hurry to “settle down” as all her other friends did. Unfettered, she flew as and when she liked to the United States whether to acquire further degrees and certifications or clothes and shoes from Saks fifth Avenue until the sad demise of her father after which she buried herself entirely into her work.

Katya had ambitious plans of creating a retreat on the outskirts of her part of the city. She met Agastya at a Lawyer's office one day when she went to get a legal draft to indemnify her for the project she was about to undertake. A mutual admiration began to grow between them which later turned into a friendship that Agastya was glad to have at the time that he was betrayed by his friend and partner and Katya was the breath of fresh air that he was glad to breathe over the stink of corruption, cheating and every conceivable form of deception that he was encountering in the City.

But before meeting Agastay, Katya had her fair share of good friends of her parents trying to match make her with other boys, from ‘respectable homes’.

She successfully fended off other suitors interested in her, finding a flaw in each of them, her parents took it upon themselves as their responsibility as all parents in India feel about their children to find a suitable boy so she could 'settle down.'

In due course of time, her mother passed on and the responsibility fell on her father's shoulder.

The time Katya decided to sacrifice her freedom and become enslaved to the rigours of being a wife, which was her opinion about marriage, she was in New York, pursuing a Masters degree in media and communication.

She was sent by snail mail, several photographs of one particular suitor and a letter from him addressed to her in which he stated that he was going to establish a hatchery for which he was falling short of funds.

She wondered about that. Would she have to fill in the 'funds'? Maybe he should find someone who would love to hatch more than chicken eggs with him.

The appointed time arrived. Katya landed at the Hyderabad airport to be received by the concerned boy.

She wondered too if there were any teeth behind that toothless wide grin that he gave her. He had recognised her and there was no way she could pretend that she was not the one he had come to receive.

The real test came when she asked him to come over to her house in the absence of her father.

When he arrived, he was suitably impressed by the grandeur of the estate held by her father, which he assumed would automatically be given to him for marrying Katya, almost as though a favour was going to be conferred on her and her father.

Taking him into the orchard, she waved her arm around the vast tract of land surrounding the houses of her father and her.



Once, staying together meant everything. But these are modern times(or end times?) where even States of a Nation prefer separation. Set against the backdrop of chaos and destruction during and following the division of the State of Andhra Pradesh, this Satirical novel aims to prove that love endures, overcomes and even triumphs. Agastya Purohit returns to make a difference in a place that looks more like a departure terminal at an Airport. Katya remains back to be the difference. Life for the rest of the people in "Divorce," continues on despite the unrest and the aftermath of the division. "Never let the enemy (hatred) win."

---

### About The Author

Kamlesh Rajesham has a 3 year diploma in Catering and Food Technology.

She practiced as a lawyer in the Hyderabad and Secunderabad courts. She has a Masters in Business Administration from Wilkes University Pennsylvania, U.S.A. She lived for over a decade in the United States and currently lives in Secunderabad, India. She is the Author of "Straight from the Soul," "Where doves fly," and a kindle book of poems, "...and God is."

You may reach her at:

[kamleshrajesham5@yahoo.com](mailto:kamleshrajesham5@yahoo.com)

She is also available at her website,  
[www.soulcitynetwork.com](http://www.soulcitynetwork.com)

