

# PURANE PIPAL KA JINN

THE TRUE STORY OF AN UNUSUAL POSSESSION

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**Title: Purane Pipal Ka Jinn**

**Sub Title: The true story of an unusual possession**

**Introduction:** The story is of a very strange and unusual possession, where a **Jinn** sitting on top of a **Pipal Tree** takes possession of a middle aged actor **Arvind Prakash** while he unknowingly and unwittingly pees on the grave of a fakir under a Pipal Tree. The Jinn warns him but Arvind doesn't listen, the angry and agitated Jinn takes possession of **Arvind Prakash** and attacks parts of his penis, which results in Arvind getting a medical complication on his penis. His penis grows red and its skin begins to rot. Strange and unexplainable things begin to happen as Arvind and his best friend **Shiv Swarup** fall off their scooter for no reason at all as if an unseen force pushes them both on the road. Doctors are unable to tell the exact reason for Arvind Prakash's rotting penis. Who is behind all this and what does the Jinn want from Arvind? Above all whose tomb was it under the Pipal Tree? Read on this scary and mystical true tale of ghost's, jinn's and possession.

Possession

“ The state of having or owning something “

The Book is my tribute to the Legendary Film's The Exorcist and The Omen.

The Book “ Purane Pipal Ka Jinn.” Is based on true events.

## The Myth of the Pipal Tree

Pipal trees, also known as Bodhi trees, are important symbols in Buddhism since it is popularly held that Gautama Buddha gained enlightenment under. The famous Bodhi tree at Bodh Gaya, Bihar, is revered by pilgrims from all over the world, making it a significant cultural and religious monument.

In Hinduism, the tree is revered as a holy tree. Vasudeva, Chaitanya, and world tree are some of the other names for the Pipal tree. According to Hindu mythology, Lord Brahma lives in the Pipal tree's roots, Lord Vishnu lives in the Pipal tree's trunk, and Lord Shiva lives in the Pipal tree's leaves.

**It is also a prevalent belief that the Pipal tree is the abode of ghosts, spirits and Jinn's.**

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## Chapter One: An Actor Prepares

“ You know why an actor is called an actor? “ **Arvind Prakash** said as he looked in the mirror to dawn a new wig. This was his stage and his act, he was performing in his own solo play called

“ **Daya Kumar Ki Dairy.**” He had performed over two hundred shows off the this famous play in over four cities around India. But he felt most at home at the Globe Theatre situated at the heart of Juhu in Mumbai the city of dreams and home to many a legendary actors.

“No I don’t know.” came the reply from his makeup man **Ganesh Ji.** “ Well simple because an actor prepares. You see the key to doing a flawless stage performance is preparation that’s plain and simple. Arvind Prakash sat they're looking deep into the mirror he then gently applied paint on his face and mascara just below his eyes. He then twitched his eyebrows and smacked his lips and then gently applied lip gloss on them. He took a glass of hot water and put a tea spoon of salt, this was his regular ritual prefer he went on the stage to perform his solo act, he gargled with the salt water and cleared his throat.” You see Ganesh voice throws and modulation is the key, once you can throw your dialogues in a manner that even people in the back row can hear it, and then the performance gets enhanced. Voice clarity and modulation is of the utmost importance for an actor.” Arvind went on to give his makeup man some perks of wisdom about the nuances of acting.

Arvind then turned his attention back to his routine, after fixing his wig he then started to wear his costume which was a red patka, a black kurta and a white trouser. It was a curious costume and did not match very well but it was striking. “ Black I have always liked back it is my favourite colour it is dark and striking and has a mysterious feel to it. Can you also give me the rubber chapels I don’t want to wear sandals today tend to cut my skin and hurt my feet.” Arvind gave further instructions to his makeup man Ganesh Ji.

“I also need a red Tika on my forehead, also hand me the Trishul we will need it in the second act of the play.” Arvind Prakash went on to wear his costume and adorn himself. He was a perfectionist and wanted everything perfect and in place before he took the stage. Once on the stage he would have to concentrate on is

lines and his performance there was no time for distractions, everything had to be in place before the act began. Arvind was known as a method actor and had a great reputation of being a very able and talented performance. His play "Daya Kumar ki Diary " was hailed as a master piece by many in the art and drama circles." See that all mobile phones are off, I get distracted otherwise when I am on stage, I hate to fumble my lines." Arvind gave further instructions to his makeup man." I will tell the boy at the gate, we will make the appropriate announcements when you go on stage, but why are you worried about your lines, you are a great improviser, I have seen you improvise and even change your lines in the middle of an act." Ganesh ji said, he was confident that Arvind's talent would sale though when I was on stage.

"Chalo it's almost time for the play to begin, I have to hit the stage as soon as the lights are dimmed." Saying that Arvind Prakash now in his early forties ventured out of the green room and slowly walked towards the stage area waiting for his turn and his act to start. "Daya Kumar Ki Dairy." Was a play about a common working class man who works as a clerk in an office and commutes by local train every day he has a wife and three kids who he has to feed and fend for. The play is based on his daily diaries how the pressures of a ordinary mundane life leads him to slowly defend into madness and finally he loses his family his job and his sanity as well. In the final act he ends up in a lunatic asylum, where he has been declared mad and insane by society at large. He succumbs to the daily pursuer's of life which leads to his doom. The play was a big hit in all the cities that it was show cased in and only Arvind could play the character of Daya Sharma with true style and elan. The decent of an ordinary common man into the depths of insanity when performed on stage was riveting and intense. It kept the audience glued to their seats, the power and ferocity of Arvinds performance was riveting as he descends into the depths of madness slowly but surely.

Arvind would jump up and down the stage move from side to side fall on the floor and toss his body from side to sider, hiss at the audience and even bate them. His energy was intense as he would rave and rant like a mad man and jump from side to side shouting and screaming like a lunatic dressed up in a torn kurta and an underwear. The audience would remain glued to his antics and as the final act would end they would shout and scream his name there would be applause all around the Globe theatre. Arvind Prakash was used to the praise and appreciation he got form his audience. After the play as over he would sit with his many

admirers and sip masala chai with them chatting to them about the nuances of his craft and what his next master piece would be. That was his life the life of a middle aged seasoned actor who was now approaching his prime and was at the peak of his acting ability and talent. The Globe theatre had a great canteen which served lime water pastries, hot dogs and Partha for all, it was the best place for him to rest and re energies himself after a tiring performance.



At heart Arvind Prakash was a loner, he was an artist and proffered his own company, he was single and not attached or in a relationship. He found relationships messy, although he could be very charming at times but he proffered to write and act always busy with his heart he felt woman where just a useless distraction. To his art was his god his alter of truth his only religion and the reason why he was alive, all he wanted to do was act and perform. He enjoyed expressing himself and that was his true relief. He managed to carve out a successful career for himself through his craft and that was what he cared about most.



Arvind Prakash had spent most of his life around cinema halls and theatres, he enjoyed conversing with the intellectuals who came to his plays. He also had an astute knowledge about the history of theatre and Bollywood at large. He had a sharp memory and in his brain resided a huge data bank of old films and famous acting performances which he would narrate to all to spice up his conversations. Arvind lived in a two bed room apartment near the Globe theatre itself, he had a helper **Radhe Ram** and a cook by the name of **Bhartu** those were his only family and the care takers of his apartment. Many of his old friends had suggested that he keep a dog for company. But Arvind did not heed to this advice much, he wanted to be a free brand and looking after a dog was a task in itself. He did have a pet a Parakeet with yellow feathers and a green body he kept her in a large metal wire cage that hung out in the balcony. Arvind enjoyed feeding his bird, he had also given the Parakeet a name he called his pet bird **Golmaal**, this was because the bird had a large protruding stomach which kind of jutted out. Golmaal was his pet and he would enjoy soaking the sun on his balcony while he feed his bird chana and fruit that was his favorite pass time.

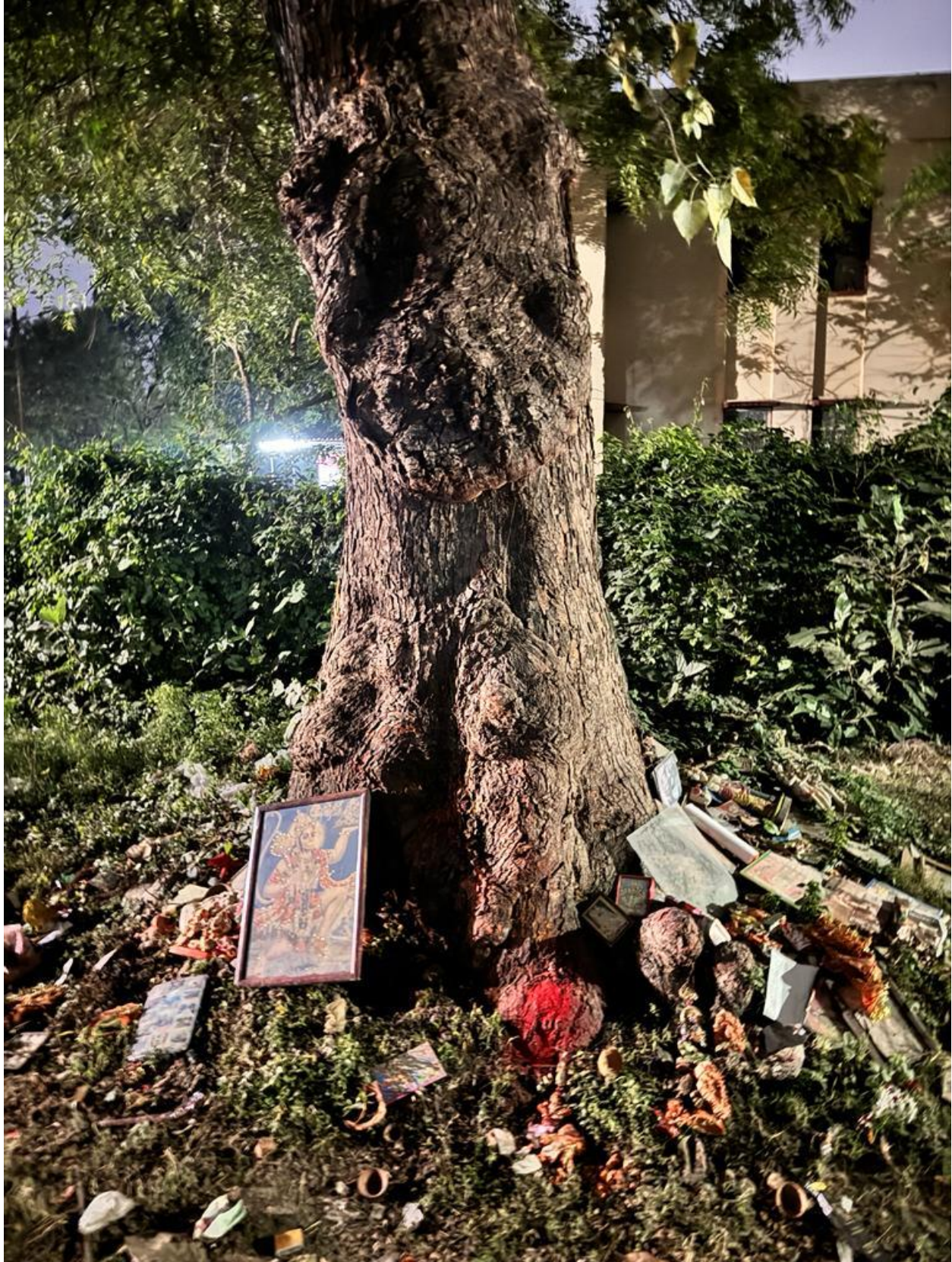
The other thing that filled Arvinds lonely life was his love for books and literature. The man as a knowledge seeker and a ferocious reader he would read a dozen books within a month when he had free time. This would include stage plays, mystery and detective novels and books on spirituality and religion. He was an avid reader and his bedroom would be full of political magazines along with encyclopedias that he could refer to from time to time. He always had a book in his bag or in his suitcase even when he was travelling from city to city with his play. No doubt that made him very well read man who could talk to anyone on most subjects especially the performing arts.

He was an avid foodie and loved to try different kinds of cuisines whenever he was travelling, in fact his cook Bhartu would often had a hard time making new dishes and vegetable gravies for his master. Arvind would buy cook books from the corner book stores and then give new recipes of Biryani and soups to his chef Bhartu to make for him. He had built a busy and fulfilling life for himself and his friends would comfort him at times that he was distort or unhappy. We all need our own support structures and Arvind Prakash had his vine though he was a bachelor in his forties and still unmarried he never felt something was missing in his life.

Arvind Prakash would often stand near his bedroom windows and do rehearsals of his stage performances, he would enact his role in front of the window and would often be seen by bystanders walking on the road. He would be so engrossed in his performance that he was not bothered about who was watching him. But the passerby's would love to watch his performance that to for free from the road side so much so that at times a healthy crowd would wait on the road to see him give his performance. They would clap and cheer him all the way, at times Arvind would come over to the balcony and give his performance from the balcony itself, all the while his fans would watch the show as if they were here inside a dark dingy theatre that as the talent and aura of his performance, all he wanted was to act and perform. He was a stage entertainer at heart although to make ends meet he would do the odd Bollywood film and even a TV show but that was only for money for making ends meet. It was theatre that he enjoyed most as he felt that this was the purest form of acting that he knew. He was a method actor and he had over time learnt how to tune his mind in a manner so that he could get into the skin of the character that he was playing. His motto of an actor prepares was his true and time-tested philosophy and he would always do his rehearsals from his balcony often waving to the passersby who would watch him in amazement. His acts from his balcony windowed were so real and appealing that it was difficult to figure out whether he was acting or whether it was for real. So real was his act that it was difficult to tell what was what, he was so brilliant in his craft and his performance.

There was this time when he suddenly started to rehearse his old play where he was playing a distraught man whose wife had left him and in a fit of rage and loneliness he decides to jump from his balcony window and commit suicide. It was in the benign that Arvind started to rehearse his part and as usual he went into the skin of his character. He ran out of the balcony and started climbing on the ledge shouting aloud, "I want to die I have no reason. To live I want to die, don't help me I want to die." Arvind kept shouting and screaming as he slowly climbed on the ledge at times almost falling off the balcony. The passersby at first just stood mesmerized and watched from the road but then they began to get scared as his performance and cries for help were so real that they felt he was not doing acting but was getting ready to actually jump to his doom and commit suicide. They started to get uneasy and a few of them watching his act asked others to get help or call the police as they were sure that he would actually jump and kill himself. There was a lot of hangman and confusion amongst the people watching him from the road. Someone actually dialed 100 and called the cops who arrived in some

time. Arvind just doing his act engrossed in his own play, he was not aware that eh had caused a panic amongst the passing public who where convinced that he was about to jump due to depression and daze. The police ran up to his apartment and broke the door, they had to physically pull him off the ledge and bring him back to the safety of his room. “ Array yeh! Performance hei mein acting Kar raha hun this is an act, I am not going to jump for real.” Arvind kept telling the cops who where now holding him tightly.” You are trying to commit suicide don’t you know it's a serious crime, we are going to arrest you, you are dangerous to society and above all to yourself as well.” The cops took him in custody and Arvind had to spend one night in the lock up till he got bail. He was also asked to see a doctor and get a medical certificate made that he was fully sane and not suicidal.



The police had to also keep a guard outside his house who would spy on Arvind whenever he was at home just to make sure he does get into any of his old performances. Arvind was a bit shaken after this incident but soon he shrugged it off as just a distraction. He quickly went back to his merry ways acting and rehearsing outside in his balcony.

“ Arvind sometime’s I feel you should look for a life partner and get married otherwise you will go totally insane, it is not good and healthy to live your life all by yourself one gets delusional and starts to daydream. One can do grave harm to oneself and you have had a close shave in the past.” These were the soft words of Shiv Swarup who was one of Arvind’s closest friends and well wishers. Shiv was a writer and would make a living for himself by writing Radio Plays and TV serials along with doing translations for eminent writers. He had been a close friend and was Arvind’s constant companion and advisor.” Well I just don’t think marriage is a solution for me, if I marry I will also make my wife insane, it is better I live a life of solitude I don’t want to ruin some other woman’s life.” Arvind retorted, he was scared of commitment and that as a fact that came out clearly through his many conversations with Shiv Swarup. “I really feel scared for you sometime I feel you really get too deep into your characters.” Shiv said trying to make it clear that he felt for his friend.

“ Look Shiv I like my solitude my books, my pets and my servants I am happy with the life I have built for myself as it is I am now in my early forties and already set in my ways, it is very difficult for me to change now.” Arvind Prakash although valued his friend’s advice, was clear that he wanted to be on his own.” Tell me about this new TV show you are writing about you said the title was Allah Meherban to Gadha Pehelwan, seems like a funny rib tickling comedy of sorts.” Arvind Prakash asked his best buddy **Shiv Swarup** . “Yes I have been writing for a month but you know it is very hard to get payments from production houses, I am still to be paid for it, can you lend me some money to get over this month I have to pay rent and buy a new shirt.” Shiv Swarup asked his friend for help.” Yes I will help you out don’t worry after all you are my best buddy and my well wisher.” Arvind then pulled out two thousand rupees from his pocket and paid his friend.” Take it as a loan when you get your payment you can return it to me.” Arvind usually helped his friends when they were in a crunch situation. As a talented actor Arvind Prakash managed to get work easily he had a knack of cracking even the most difficult auditions and whenever he was short of cash he would just crack another

audition and get work to make ends meet. It was easy for him as his talent was supreme and he spent most of his day perfecting his acting skills.

Shiv Swarup would often land up to his flat for lunch and the two would discuss the latest story or the least plot of a French film that he had seen on video. Shiv Swarup was also a man who was very much interested in mysticism, he hailed from the holy city of Banaras and had a PHD in Hindi and Philosophy from the famous Benaras Hindu University. No doubt having grown up with baba's priests and aghodi's he was steeped into the ancient Vedic culture. He had spent a lot of time at the Shamsan Ghat's learning about Tantra and Kundalini Yog with the many aghodi's who sat near the burning funeral pyres. Shiv was well versed in Vedic text and could chat many mantra's extempore. His presence had a healing effect on Arvind and he would often council Arvind on his life problem and mundane daily issues. Shiv Swarup was a sort of a bouncing board for Arvind Prakash and they were thick buddies.

" You know Arvind your performance at the Globe has been hailed as the finest, there is talk that your play Daya Kumar Ki Diary might also be taken to the Royal Albert Hall the finest theatre in London." Swarup informed Arvind about this latest development.

" Yes that's great I live for appreciation, that's all I want at the end of the day a cheering audience glued to my performance at large." Arvind said very joyfully." What about you Shiv you were learning about hat yoga at the ashram of Baba Tola Ram in Varanasi, have you made any sort of progress? " Arvind asked Shiv Swarup." Yes I have been going to the ashram and sitting with the baba, but yoga is a slow process and one need to be very patient to see any sort of result." Shiv Swarup replied.

" Apart from Mumbai and the Globe theatre the other place I really feel at home is in Varanasi, I feel like the city belongs to me, the deep entrenched flavour of Indian spirituality one can't get anywhere in India except for in Benares and its many ghats. Of course your home is in Varanasi and I get a chance to be with your family also." Arvind said very nostalgically.

" I have spoke to my producer for whom I am writing the TV show I am trying to push for you to act in the show their is this character of. Painter, you know like M.F

Hussain, its a very good character right up your alley, you will get an audition call for the role soon. I am trying very hard to push you for the role.” Shiv gave his good friend a low down on his work for TV.

“ I am grateful to you for that, it's nice that you are pushing for my talent, I know I can always count on you Shiv when I am in trouble.” Arvind said, he was confident that his good mate would always stand by him.

Shiv was a tea man and never drank or smoke weed, unlike Arvind who enjoyed a stiff drink now and again and also enjoyed smoking weed and pot to relax himself in the evening. He was known to frequent bars near his home in the evening and would often enjoy a chicken tikka with single malt whisky whenever he could afford it.” Sab ka apana apana nasha hota hei bahi, apka pot hei aur mera a simple cup of tea.” Shiv would often say, but he never judged his friends drinking or smoking habits.

“Artist ho every artist needs his stimulations something to charge his soul and make him fly into fits of fantasy and delusion. You are a good artist and like nay great artist you to need you fix.” Shiv said in an understated tone.

“ We have been friends now for over twenty years Arvind, our friendship had stood the test of time. I am glad that you have always been there for me.” Shiv would often tell his friend as they chatted together in sunny afternoons.

“ It's my craft that’s the only thing that i live for it my only oxygen otherwise I will die and wither away like a dad bird or an insect in the woods.” Arvind would often tell his friend. He was known to get emotional especially when he smoked pot.

“ You know as an actor I have played many roles and characters but now after so many years of perfecting my craft I tend to get lost in my characters, I can’t tell who the real me is I have so many faces and so many beings within me I don’t know who the real Arvind Prakash is. Am I loosing my mind? “Arvind asked his buddy Shiv.” Well you did get into trouble by the cops when you where doing that suicidal act in the balcony near your bedroom window. People really thought you where about to jump and end your life.” Shiv remind Arvind of his many escapes as an actor.

“I was just rehearsing a part, just got a bit carried away, the cops where outside my door for months they thought I really had gone mad and would try to jump from the balcony again.” Arvind smiled mischievously when he said this. He knew in his hearts of hearts that like any actor he enjoyed a good tamasha and craved for attention. He did get a lot of attention that day.



“Why don’t you come over to Varanasi and spend some time with me and my family. You also have to do the Shiv Pooja at the Kashi temple. I know you have a deep interest in mysticism and meditation, you can do a lot of that in Kashi. It will be a welcome change from your regular theatre life in Mumbai.” Shiv Swarup extended his dear friend an invitation.

“Well that seems like a good idea a do have to perform at the globe till the end of the month and then the theatre will close for the summer vacation. Maybe then I can pay a visit to Varanasi.” Arvind said after jogging his mind for a bit.



“I get worried for you sometime, living all alone like this by yourself. A man can get delusional and as you age the problem will only increase.” Shiv said showing concern for his best friend.

“Now come on I have so many hobbies and interests, they keep me occupied I have no time to get depressed and feel sorry for myself. After all I have a good circle of friends here they are always there to cheer me up. I enjoy chatting to the many admirers of my craft at the Globe cafe many of them are very attractive and lovely ladies too.” Arvind said and he winked at Shiv.

“ Yes ! I know that you have many women swooning around you, but why have you not made your move as yet.” Shiv Swarup laughed and chided his friend.

“ I have thrown a bait to a few of them but it is not easy to catch fish without a bait.” Arvind replied. “ You have lost your touch with women, you were quiet a charmer in your younger days. But as you have gone old you have gotten rusty and jaded.” Shiv Swarup who knew his friend well reminded him. “ The only bird that I am interested in these days is my parakeet Golmaal most of my evenings pass by just feeding her. Look at her tummy it is so large and protruding, that is why I call her Golmaal.” Arvind Prakash said.

“ But yes ! I will take up your invitation to come to Varanasi, it is a city close to my heart after all my dear mother studied at the prestigious Benares Hindu University itself. I believe they have a large stadium, I could do some running there. I need to lose some flab and of course we can perform the Pooja as well.” Arvind said happily.

“ Yes the Benaras Hindu University has a huge campus, one can get lost in it so huge. It’s an ancient university with a heritage. I can take you there on my Kinetic scooter in the morning and you can do your running.” Shiv seemed pleased that his friend was keen to visit him in Varanasi.

“ So it’s a deal once your performance is over at the globe you will pay me a visit, I will host you in Varanasi and take you to the ghats you can sit with some aghodi’s as well and learn about Kundalini Yog, you will benefit from it immensely as an actor, meditation will increase your concentration and sharpen your memory apart from that it will reduce your daily anxiety and stress.” Shiv explained to his friend.

So it was settled that Arvind Prakash would head for Varanasi in the coming month.

## Chapter Two: The Pipal Trees of Benaras Hindu University

The Performance of “ **Daya Kumar Ki Diary** ” had finally ended as the Globe Theatre was about to shut down for the summer Holidays. Arvind Prakash was the toast of the town as he was hailed as a creative genius his performance as the mad Daya Sharma who slowly sunk into madness was hailed as a master piece. Arvind soon decided to pack his bags and head for Varanasi to be with his friend Shiv. “ Radhe Ram I will be off to Varanasi for a few months to be with my friend Shiv Swarup and spent time with his family. So you can also go to your village for some time. Bhartu there will be not much cooking for you to do in the time being so you can also scoot off for a vacation. I want to look up the flat before I leave. Radhe you can take Golmaal with you in her cage feed her and keep her well till I return.” Arvind gave his instructions to his servants and helpers.

Then he took a taxi to Mumbai Central to catch a train to Varanasi. It was going to be a twenty seven hour long Train journey and Arvind was upto it, he had his sleeping bag and suitcase all ready for the long journey. Luckily he had a first class ac sleeper berth, the man liked to travel well. He was used to long train journeys as an actor he had travelled all over India into many states with his dram and theatre group giving performances in different cities. Including Calcutta, Delhi and even Hyderabad. He was used to train travel and enjoyed the slow train journey. He had a window berth so he could see the view as the train moved through crowded cities and desolate villages. He got the best view that way and would often lose himself in his own thoughts as the train whisked away towards its destination.

In the interim there were trained vendors serving hot tea and biscuits, occasionally a fruit vendor would come to his berth with fresh fruit. There were churan sellers selling churan and other nick naks. Arvind liked to observe the people he saw and meet in the train, he saw a

character in every person he meets that is how he had trained his mind. His power of observation was great and he would try and study everyone he had a conversation with trying to pick up some of their mannerisms, that how he managed to develop his own character in his ways and enhance his own performance.



It was the way the fruit vendors would sell their fruits and move about the train that fascinated Arvind who would patiently converse with them and try and catch some part of their mannerisms.

Arvind tried to enjoy the train journey his eyes glued to the vast farms and Savannah land through which the train passed.

When he reached Varanasi he was welcomed by his friend Shiv Swarup who had booked an AC room for him in the Green Room Lodge near the Durgakund Temple at the outskirts of the city." It is a good lodge best vegetarian food and very clean. It is only ten minutes walk to Asse Ghat you can go there and sit next to the Ganges in the morning, the view is all excellent. My house is adjacent to the lodge just behind the market. In the evening we can go out into the market and you can do you're jogging at the famous Benares Hindu University. "Shiv had made all the arrangements and was sure that his friend would have a very comfortable stay in the city.

"You know what people say about Varanasi it is the place the world comes to die." Arvind said to Shiv." Yes! The cremation grounds are full of boring piers they say since the beginning of time there has not been a second or a minute that some dead body is not burning fire in the many ghats of the city." Shiv Swarup told Arvind Prakash how as keen to get to his lodge and unwind from a long and arduous journey.

Once at the lodge Arvind studied the topology of his room, he opened the front window and admired the view. In front of him was a shiv temple and then there were shops selling puri aloo and lassi. Varanasi was a vegetarian city and Arvind enjoyed vegetarian food." Good I am going to become a total Vegan during my stay in the city no mutton or chicken biryani it will do wonders for my gut health as well I am sure of it." Arvind told Swarup who was waiting my side, he wanted to make sure that his friend had stalled well in his room." You will get hot water

as well and the morning tea is very refreshing I assure you my friend.” Shiv Swarup told his friend. “I will take an early morning walk tomorrow and get a feel of the city.” Arvind made clear his intentions. As stated Arvind became his morning walks and then meandered into the Banaras Hindu University for his evening jogging sessions. I would carry a bottle of filtered cold water with him to hydrate himself and use his watch as a timer when he was taking his rounds. The university campus was two kilometers away from his lodge. He would walk till the campus area and then start running at times he would even venture into the cricket field for his run. Arvind realised that there were many Pipal Trees all around the campus which was lush green in the summer time. The Pipal trees were huge with large hanging roots, many people would also worship them and light Diya’s this was their way to respect the tree. In Hindu mythology Pipal trees are revered and worshipped as gods. It is also known that they are home to Jinn's and Ghost’s. Some Pipal trees are also known to have demonic presence and many a time lost souls who are unable to take another body use the Pipal tree as their abode. Arvind Prakash had read about the Pipal tree and its many myths in novels and books. He was aware that they are considered as sacred and pious by many in the Hindu Faith.

He would many a times stop to see people performing puja’s and tying sacred thread around the large ancient trunk of the Pipal tree. He would see people chant mantras while they stood with folded hands performing a Puja in-front of the Pipal tree.

Arvind would then continue on his running he would run for over two hours everyday as he wanted to shed all his puppy fat. Late in the evening his friend would come to pick him up at the University road to take him back to his lodge.” This kinetic is very handy I feel well suited for the narrow alleys and by lanes of Varanasi. I find the back seat very comfortable.” Arvind told his friend Shiv Swarup who was driving his kinetic and a snail’s pace.” I have driven this kinetic all around the BHU

campus since I was a little child these streets and roads I am so familiar with them after all I grew up in Varanasi.” Shiv said as he drove his kinetic merrily though the narrow roads of the Campus.” You should try the fruit juice and the kachori the campus has eateries that also serve the best dosa in town.” Shiv Swarup gave his friend some more information about the ancient city of Varanasi. It was as if he was a tourist guide for his friend.” How was the jogging you have been sweating a lot, I am sure you will lose a lot of weight if you keep up with the pace.” Shiv said to his mate. “The run was great I did manage to do over ten kilometers today, yes I also spotted the juice stalls, I will try the fruit juice next.” Arvind said as he comfortably parked himself on the back seat of his mate’s scooter.

“The campus it's full of Pipal tress and most people perform Puja around them? “ Arvind asked Shiv.” Yes the Pipal is a sacred tree and is the abode of lord Vishnu. It also has medicinal qualities as its bark and leaves are sued to heal wounds and cuts. Hindu’s see it as an auspicious tree and if they worship it, it will bring them good luck and wealth.” Shiv Swarup explained why the Pipal tree was so revered and in the godly city of Varanasi it was seen more prominently especially in the university campus area.

“I do get very dehydrated when I am doing my running, I keep a large bottle water and keep drinking form it but it is important for me to have juice or lime juice as due to excessive sweating I need salts and minerals as well.” Arvind said to his friend.” Do some research on the end I am sure they will tell you exactly how to plan your jogging. I am sure you must be feeling hungry as well after all you have burnt so many calories, why don’t we have samosa and jalebi along with lassi at the lodge that will fill you up, you must have worked up quite an appetite my good friend.” Shiv said as he drove his scooter through the busy and bustling streets of Varanasi back to the lodge.



Arvind Prakash kept up with his routine in the coming weeks, his afternoons were spent writing stories and cooking up ideas for his new play. In the evening he would go for his run's at the University Campus and then it happened out of the blue from nowhere. It was so unexpected so bizarre and so out of the blue. Arvind was on his usual evening run, the sun had already set and he had to finish a few more laps of the campus area. He had finished most of the water in his water bottle and suddenly he felt his bladder creak, he felt like taking a piss and it was coming very fast. In his haste and delusion he turned to the side of the footpath and quickly unzipped his trousers, he wanted to piss that bad. The man could not hold on his piss any longer and he started to urinate not realising that he was pissing under a tree and it was no ordinary tree it was the largest Pipal tree on the Campus. Arvind did not realise it at that time, he was in haste and had to relieve himself, he kept on pissing under the tree. It was very dark by now way past nine in the night. He had not finished as yet and heard a noise from behind him," Arrey wahan pishab mat Kar wo Pipal ka peed hai, waha kabar hai, mat Kar mat Kar." A voice booming and loud said to him. Arvind heard the voice and turned his head around to see who it was but he did not see anything just a faint bright white light flashed in-front of him and the voice disappeared into the night. Arvind Prakash thought it must have been the voice of a passer-by. He was a bit startled that someone had seen him passing but he could not stop and did not care, so he went on passing until his bladder was totally empty. Arvind just did not care who that was he had to piss and he did just that. Once he had finished he looked to the left and then to the right and just nonchalantly walked towards the road as if nothing had really happened. He did not stop pissing even after he heard the words from the so called passer by and unwittingly he pissed under an auspicious Pipal tree that had the grave of a fakir under it.

On his way back as was his route his friend Shiv Swarup came to pick him up in his kinetic. Arvind as was accustomed sat on the back seat as if

nothing had really happened. As the two drove through the campus road Shiv saw a speed breaker and slowed down considerably as the scooter went over the speed breaker something out of the blue and very unexpected happened, the scooter wobbled and the two of them were thrown off the open road. The scooter wobbled and Shiv lost his balance the result was that they fell. As Arvind was sitting on the back of the scooter his fall was cushioned by the fall of Shiv whose helmet opened and fell on the road. Shiv fell on his shoulder and Arvind fell on him. In that way Arvind remained unhurt with minor scratches on his arms and legs. But Shiv cracked a collar bone, it was a freak accident they were not driving fast no one had hit them no other vehicle was even close to them, it was so bizarre and unexplained. A few passersby came up to help and studied the two of them, they even picked up the helmet and the scooter and soon Shiv was back on the scooter with a sore shoulder." I think I have cracked a bone, we need to go to the hospital I need to get an x ray, my collar bone is hurting a lot." Shiv told Arvind as the two of them turned towards the direction of the local hospital to get Shiv an x ray and a bone scan.

They waited for half an hour and then the X ray was taken, the result was that Shiv had cracked a collar bone and had to get a plaster, he was also given pain killers to ease his pain but the doctor told him that he needed complete bed rest for a month till the crack in the bone heals. The accident was a minor one but it was very discomfoting for Shiv Swarup who had to spend a lot of time at home waiting for the healing process to begin.

The two shrugged the incident away as just a minor scooter accident and after spending a few weeks near the ghats and the funeral grounds Arvind and Shiv ventured out to see the Ganga Maha arti at the Asse Ghat. The visit to Varanasi came to an end as Arvind boarded the train back to Mumbai. The Globe theatre was about to open up again and

Arvind had written a few plays during his stay at the lodge, he now wanted to stage them and start rehearsals for it.



“ I am back my little Golmaal did you miss me did you get fed well when I was gone.” Arvind sat in the balcony of his flat and played with his little bird in the cage. His cook Bhartu had kept his lunch warm and it was served to him in a hot plate as Arvind sat on his bed trying to read the script of his play. He was a perfectionist and thus wanted to get everything right and perfect, he kept changing and chopping the dialogues making notes on his note book. He would close his eyes from time to time trying to visualise the characters he had etched on the many pages of his notebook. He would chop and change the scenes and place them in the correct order, he would read and re read the script trying his best to get the right tone for every scene. He would visualise how the characters would interplay with each other on stage. Arvind Prakash had left the memories of his brief visit to Varanasi behind him and had gotten fully engrossed in his new creation and his new play which he had aptly named “ **Kal Ka Kalaakar.**”

A few weeks passed by and things went as per routine, slow and steady, the days passed into nights and then into day with nothing much really happening in Arvind’s life, it was just his food, his books and his pet bird, that was it routine and mundane.

Then out of the blue it suddenly started happening, Arvind noticed it for the first time in the morning when he went to the toilet. He opened his pyjama to take a piss in the western style commode in his bathroom. When he started peeing a deep boring sensation took over his penis that made him cringe. He looked at his penis the skin and the upper portion was red, he had a boring and itchy sensation on the upper part of his penis. He looked again and tried to pull the foreskin back so that he could clean the top half of his penis but the skin had become tight and he was not able to pull it back. It was hurting immensely as he tried again but the foreskin clung tightly to the top half of the penis, he just couldn’t pull it back. His penis had become sore and inflamed. It was

cherry red in colour the top half of the skin had shriveled up as if it was rotting.

Arvind was perturbed and he stood in the bathroom for half an hour trying to examine his penis, then he went to his room and got a magnifying glass to check his penis. He could see it was red swollen and a white substance was oozing out his penis. He used some water and soap and tried to clean it up, it was hurting him as he was not able to push his foreskin back but he kept pouring water on the tip of his penis.

At first Arvind did not give it much thought but the situation began to get worse day after day. He would get a deep burning sensation inside his penis when he would go to the bathroom to take a leak. Arvind would again try and clean his penis with soap trying to wash away the white secretion that was coming out of it. He tried his best to pull the foreskin back but it was hurting him immensely.

Each passing day the situation of his penis became from bad to worse. The redness increased and so did the pain and the swelling. By the end of the week Arvind started to panic for the first time two drops of blood came out of his penis and fell in the commode. He was now very frightened to see blood coming out of his penis it was oozing out as small drops of blood and the soreness had increased as well. Arvind Prakash finally decided to do something about it and decided to see the doctor and take consultation with an urologist, that was the only way he could fix his penis problem.

Ten minutes away from his flat was the clinic of a Urologist called Dr Sharda and Arvind decided to consult the good doctor. He waited at the reception area and paid Rs 500 consultation fee, the nurse at the reception handed him a sheet of paper on which the doctor could write his prescription.

When his run came Arvind walked into the doctor's consultation room and sat quietly in-front of him. Dr Sharda was a big burly man with a dark skin and a white mooch, he peered through his glasses and saw Arvind who looked a bit nervous and hesitant. Arvind did not know how to start the conversation he had never had a penis infection before and felt a bit shy and sacred." Tell me what seems to be the ruble with you? "Dr Sharda asked him." Nothing sir I don't know how to say this but my penis it is not functioning well, it is swollen and I feel a lot of pain when I urinate now, yesterday when I was pissing few drops of blood also came out, the top portion of my penis is sore and very red. I am unable to pull the fork-skin back as well, it hurts and the top portion of my fork skin seems to be rotting. I can show it to you, come have a look at it." Arvind told the doctor what his trouble was.

The doctor got up and took Arvind Prakash into the operation room on the side. He asked him to take off his trousers and his underwear. Soon Arvind was naked in front of the doctor his penis hanging out for the doctor to check and examine. Dr Sharda wore his rubber gloves and then lifted his penis he put a touch light on it and then examined it carefully looking at the redness of the skin, he then lifted his testicles and examined them as well. " It is very sore are you having problems in cleaning your penis also? " The Dr asked Arvind." Yes! It is painful to pull the skin back, and there is this white residue that come out of my penis some of it remains cringed to the skin of the penis in the inner area as well." Arvind replied he wanted to tell the doctor his entire problem without hiding anything or getting embarrassed with his penis issue." It seems like an infection." Dr Sharda said. "Doctor is it not a sexually transmitted disease, you know like VD some sort of a STD, I have been sleeping around with a few girls, I did have sex with one a few months back can't remember if I used a condom, generally I take all protestations, I always use a condom when having sex but sometime in excitement I avoid it. Could it be due to sex, one of the girls I screwed

could have infected me with STD.” Arvind got nervously asked the doctor.” Well I am not so sure, it seems to be that bacteria’s with n the body are dying and coming-out as white discharge. I don’t think it is sexually transmitted.” Why don’t you get a blood test done, I will give a dose of strong antibiotics for weeks, you have them three times a day. I will also give you anti bacterial cream you need to rub the cream on your penis especially in the area that is sore. Apply the cream morning and night. You can see me after a week, al get your blood test done, we will find out more from the blog test what the trouble is all about.” Dr Sharda then scribbled on his consultation sheet and gave Arvind Prakash the list of medicines that he had to buy from the local pharmacy.





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SWATANTRATA BHAWAN

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Arvind gingerly walked to the pharmacy with his prescription in hand. He purchased the medicine as suggested by the urologist and quietly walked back to his flat. He then instructed his cook Bhartu to give him his dose of medicine every day for seven days as told to him by his doctor. Arvind would then everyday examine the health of his penis. Trying to see if there was some improvement in his situation. He would rub the ointment given to him every day diligently the white cream would lubricate his penis and Arvind would rinse it with antiseptic liquid each day. Their sheer days his white secretions would increase and his penis would itch a lot. He continued to have problems urinating as he would get a deep burning sensation when he would piss. It had been over ten days that Arvind Prakash had been going through the treatment that was prescribed to him but his penis situation had not improved. When again drops of blood started to come out of it, he got very nervous and decided to see his doctor again.

“See Doctor I have been having the antibiotic’s as you had said, but my penis is still sore and red.” Arvind told the god doctor.” You need to do your blood test, I suspect you have diabetes that is the reason it is taking so much time for the penis to heal, if you have diabetes the healing in the body takes a lot more time, I suspect that is also the reason the antibiotics are not working so efficiently, get your blood test done. I am sure you have diabetes.” Dr Sharda then gave him a chit of paper and asked him to get his blood test done in the hospital itself.

Arvind walked into the next room and asked the nurse to draw blood from his arms and do the blood tests as prescribed by the doctor. The nurse took his blood sample and asked him to come over in two days to get his blood test results which Arvind duly did. He then took the blood test results to doctor Sharda for him to analyze.” See I told you, your blood sugar is very high indeed, you have diabetes your blood sugar is 199 the normal mark is 140, so it is Diabetes which is not helping the healing process of your penis and making the antibiotics ineffective. I

suggest you take another one week of antibiotics course and then see if there is any improvement, but if you are not able to pull your penis back you will have trouble cleaning your penis and that can create many problems, we may even have to circumcise you and cut off the entire foreskin otherwise the rot can go way deep into your penis.” Dr Sharda gave his astute analysis on the issue.” Also make sure you use the cream every day.” Dr Sharda advised the actor who was now his patient and desperately wanted some sort of relief.

“ Look Shiv something strange seems to be happening to me after my return from Varanasi, I don't know how to say it as it is very personal, my penis it has become diseased, I can't piss my penis seems to be rotting away. I have shown it to the doctor and he has prescribed some medication but the damn thing is just not healing, sometimes even drops of blood came out of it. I am really worried and scared, I can't figure out why this is happening. The doctor says it's not STD or VD but bacteria's in my own body are causing the havoc.” Arvind shared the bizarre news with Shiv Swarup who intently listened to him on the phone.” Have you had a blood test done? “Shiv asked.” Yes! I got one done the doctor says I have high blood sugar and diabetes and that is why healing is not happening. He says that they may have to chop off my foreskin if it doesn't get better. He says if it does not heal I could also get cancer and to prevent that they would have to remove the entire foreskin. Shit Yaar! I don't want to become a Muslim at this age, I can't go through a foreskin operation that will be too painful.” Arvind went on to explain his penis problem to his best friend who was patiently listening to him. “Let the doctor do as he pleases let the treatment take some more time it might just get better.” Shiv told Arvind over the phone.

A few weeks passed by and Arvind opened up with his penis issue with other friends of his at first he felt embarrassed but he wanted to share his predicament and solicit some sound advice as to what could be going

wrong with his penis.” God dam I will not be able to fuck even a street whore from Kathiawari will refuse to suck my penis. Forget girlfriends which whore would want t get fucked by my rotten bleeding penis. My sex life is totally finished.” Arvind would discuss openly with many of his old friends at the theatre, some felt concerned for his flight and the others just giggled away and laughed aloud on his situation. The man seemed to be doomed and s did his penis which was getting from bad to worse.

## Chapter Three: Shabnam and the Globe Theatre

Arvind Prakash was now getting into panic mode every morning he would stand in his bathroom staring at his penis, trying to figure out what was going wrong with it, he would try and clean it with hot water but the penis remained sore and red.

Months had passed by he had not had sex and felt the itch in his penis. In Mumbai he had a friend circle of actresses who would double up as call girls to sustain their monthly income. He felt like screwing one of them and called up his favourite girl Shabnam. "hello Shabnam are you in town can we meet, I am damn horny yaar! Will pay rupees fifty thousand. Can I see you at your apartment tomorrow evening?" "Arvind called up his favourite girl." Well I have a ad shoot tomorrow but I am free on Sunday, why don't you come over and please bring cash with you last time you landed up at my place with a demand draft. I need cash this time, you know our business is such we strictly need cash." **Shabnam** was clear that she would entertain Arvind but only if he could shell out hard cash." Yes! I have the cash I will get a bottle of wine also for you, will see you in the evening on Sunday then." Saying that Arvind Prakash hung up.

Arvind Prakash had first meet Shabnam during his performance for his play " **Daya Kumar Ki Diary** " he was performing at the **Globe Theatre** and had meet Shabnam in his green room when she had come to see his performance. Shabnam at that time had just come to Mumbai and was struggling to establish herself in the world of acting and modeling. She had was new to the city and in the lonely evenings when she wanted to pass time, she would often visit the theatre to see plays and learn the craft from actors who she considered her icons. She was enthralled by the moving performance of Arvind Prakash, the way he played the character of Daya Kumar a man slowly descending into loneliness and madness. She was amazed at the versatility and talent of Arvind and his

booming dialogue delivery. The performance was so real and moving that she was totally mesmerised by his act, it was as if she could feel the energy and the madness of the man. The way he choreographed his movements the way he used the stage and the way he would pause just to create that extra bit of tension. It was all breathtaking and she was glued to her seat, she just got so pulled by his act. Shabnam also wanted to learn acting as a craft and Arvinds's stage performances were like her guide and teacher. She learnt about makeup and body language about stage lighting and music just by sheer observation.



Shabnam would often spend endless hours in the coffee shop and green rooms of the Globe theatres talking to play writers, actors and make up men conversing with them about the nuances of acting and play writing. This is where she learnt her craft but it was her meeting with Arvind that day after his performance that her real tutelage in acting began. Arvind had just finished his play and had stepped off the stage after soaking in all the applause. He was about to enter the green room so that he could take off his make up when Shabnam approached him. She was a bit nervous in the beginning and looked a bit hesitant after all she did not know Arvind although she admired his act she had never meet him or been introduced to him.” Hello Arvind ji, hello I am Shabnam I am an actor, I liked your performance and your act it was very powerful I feel, you are very good when you give solo performances like these, I want to congratulate you.” Shabnam said to Arvind with a pleasing smile.” Oh! Thank you very much I am so delighted that you lived the play, the monologues are very hard to remember it was a difficult act and it requires a lot of concentration and will power.” Arvind shook her hand delightfully.

“ Well I just love the madness you portray as the play approaches into the climax in the end your character, Daya Kumar loses everything, his home his job his children and wife left him even his friends desert him as he slips into poverty and loneliness, all he has is himself and his mind which seems to be going off the rockers. But the way you portrayed the madness and his unstably was brilliant, I could really relate to it and felt his pain. To me he was not going mad he was just becoming more and more sane.” Shabnam explained how much the play meant to her and what she had observed from the performance.

“I am glad that you took such keen interest in it and you have very deep observations, it is like you did a deep study of the play and my act. I am glad you liked it and that it made you think.” Arvind said as he slowly walked into the green room. Shabnam who was conversing with him



walked in with him.” You see I am also an actor came to this city six months back, I have given a few auditions but I feel I still have a lot to learn, I hang around the globe theatre every evening and chat to all sorts of people. That is one way off learning but I feel I need to participate in some rehearsals and learn my craft from a great master such as yourself. Can you teach me acting I can also come to your rehearsals maybe help out on stage, that way I could even get to act with you. I know you must have a lot of people approach you like this, but please I have no contacts in the city can you help me please.” Shabnam asked Arvind Prakash.

“Well we will not start our rehearsals till next month and it requires a lot of time and dedication we generally start our rehearsals in the evening and they can go on till the wee hours of the night. You will have to take it up seriously.” Arvind told Shabnam. “Well I don’t mind hard work, I am willing to learn more time I spend with you the more I will learn. I can come at the rehearsals in the evening, will you have them here in the Globe?” Shabnam asked Arvind.” Yes we will have them ever I also have a small trip of actors around six or seven of them you can learn with them.” Arvind said, he seemed to have taken a fancy to Shabnam, after all she was only twenty, young fair virile and had heavy hips and a plump upper body. Arvind liked the look of her and at the back of his mind he kind of wanted her.

That was the first time the two of them formally meet and Arvind offers to take Shabnam under his wings. He would help her out with his portfolio, give her suggestions on her consumes and makeup on how to give an audition and an introduction in-front of the camera. He would spend time with her and gossip with her over endless cups of green tea. “You know I always say an actor prepares, preparation is the key to success in this art form. You need to have a good voice with a good throw and tightened emotions. “Arvind would go on to share endless nuggets of his wisdom with Shabnam who would keenly latch on to his

every word. To Shabnam this was a waist older man who had seen the world and was now imparting his knowledge to her. She was inquisitive and would ask him many questions,” You see is it also important to have a physical presence I mean one needs to emote with the body as well don’t you think? “Shabnam asked Arvind.” Yes body language is very important you can use your physicality to prove a point and enhance a scene.” Arvind would answer all her quires patiently and gently like a true tutor.



Soon Shabnam could be seen doing his play rehearsals she would often sit at the back and just observe proceedings, but slowly she got introduced to others in the troupe. Her first task was to server tea and settles all the chairs, but soon she managed to land up a bit part in the play as well. This was a god send for her as now she could learn real acting and even show off her performance. Through keen observation she learnt how to memorise dialogues and emote in-front of people. Her shyness kind of withered away and she became more confident.

As she got engrossed in her rehearsals her acting improved she learnt the tricks of the trade and improved her voice modulation. She came across as more confident during her auditions.” You know I was giving this audition for soap commercial, they had asked me to sing a jingle and smile. I just breezed through the audition the casting director was very happy with me I am sure I will get short listed this time for sure. I just need to get my first acting job and then I am sure things will work out for me.” Shabnam told Arvind about her ad audition.” See you have started to improve another few months of theatre and you will be a champion I am sure, just keep leaning your lines and come to the rehearsals you will defiantly crack your next audition.” Arvind would encourage her as if she was his muse. The two would spend time together after rehearsals as well and even have dinner together ones in a while. Their togetherness was also noticed by people in the theatre group and at times tongues would wag and they were having a clandestine affair. But Shabnam did not care this was Mumbai the city of dreams and having a fling was no big deal.

“You see theatre is the purest form of acting, there are no re-takes, if you fumble your lines or forget to emote all you can do is improvise, you can’t halt your performance and get off the stage. One needs to be very spontaneous and alert, it is a craft that is leant through pertinence and concentration.” Arvind would tell Shabnam as a true teacher and mentor. He would often take the young girl to his apartment for lunch

and have his cook Bhartu cook for the two of them. Slowly they began to come close to each other and finally one day they ended up in bed sleeping with each other.

That was when their relationship and friendship turned physical, it was something that happened organically there was no planning in it, it just happened spontaneously. Arvind also need it, it was both their needs the artist and his muse the relationship had turned sexual. This was how their relationship was one of mutual respect.

Arvind would also help her financially and help her out with her rent money and gave her money to build a good portfolio he would help her with his contacts with casting directors and with other film producers. Slowly Shabnam started getting small acting jobs a photo shoot here and an ad there with the help of her mentor she was able to steady herself in the maximum city.

The Globe remained their hunting ground and Shabnam got her first taste of acting when she played a witch in one of Arvind Prakash's stage adaptation of the play "**Bhoot ki Amma.**" The role of the witch was much appreciated and Shabnam was applauded by the audience. In the play Shabnam played an evil witch who would scare little children in the neighborhood at night. She loved her part as she could go totally wild and mad during her performance she would loose herself in her part. Her dedication had paid off and some of the acting talent of Arvind who was now her lover as well was paying off.

"You see you are playing an evil character that has a lot of shades of grey, those are the parts that are very rewarding for an actor. This is your beginning in theatre and your dedication will also help you get better roles in TV and in Commercials as well." Arvind would often buck her up and uplift her moral during and after her performances.

This was a quid pro quo kind of a relationship Arvind got her body and she got a mentor who would help her get a foot hold in the world of acting and cinema. Shabnam did not feel sued all she was happy to sleep with Arvind who being loner preferred the informality of their loose and open relationship. She enjoyed having sex with Arvind and both where fulfilling a mutual need as well.



Shabnam would also court the friendship of other friends who would pay her for having sex with her but a woman has financial needs as well. In her free time Shabnam would court a few influential friends and double up as a high class escort. It was all very normal in a city like Mumbai no one cared what the other was doing.

Wanna to be actresses were known to supplement their monthly income in that way. It was a known fact inside the industry and Shabnam had her men apart from Arvind.

So when Arvind Prakash called her from out of the blue after his return from Varanasi it was a pleasant surprise for her. It had been a while after the play "Bhoot Ki Amma" the two had not met for at least a year.

Shabnam landed up at her friend's apartment, the agenda was clear to her Arvind wanted to screw her and she was willing, she needed the rent money." Hi! It has been a while, I am really very tense just sooth me please." Arvind reached out towards her and tried to kiss her. "Not so fast mister first my cash." Shabnam stated very clearly and reminded Arvind of their little deal. Arvind went to the cupboard and picked up a bundle of 500 rupee notes, he then thrust them in her hands. "This is for you now just take off your dress and unhook your bra I want to screw you hard today, really I am very horny I haven't had sex for months, I am just gushing all out. I want to fuck you hard toady Shabnam very hard." Saying that Arvind Prakash undressed Shabnam. He smooched her and threw her naked body on the bed. The heat was on and Shabnam unzipped him she wanted to suck his cock and make him rock hard so that he could penetrate her. She held his cock in her hand and started rubbing him trying to give him an erection. But as she bent forward to swallow his penis, she jerked back in repulsion as to what she saw. Arvind's penis was red and there were small droplets of blood on the edge of his foreskin. She wanted to blow him but she just couldn't his penis looked deformed and rusty." My god what's happen to your dick



man its like its rotting do you have an allergy of some sorts?" Shabnam got up from the bed and ran into bathroom to get a napkin. Then she put the napkin on his penis trying to clean it. She was alarmed there where small droplets of blood on the napkin." Sorry Arvind I can't give you a blow job, maybe I can use a condom but your penis what has happen to it, are you suffering from a diseases do you have AIDS?



"Shabnam kept asking Arvind Prakash who just lay on the bed embarrassed and stunned that his secret was now out.

"I don't know what the hell is going on since I returned from Varanasi I have got this penis disease, I ahem consulted a very famous urologist but even he can't figure out what the hell it is. I have been having antibiotics and using creams but the damn thing is not going away it's like a rot that has set in on my penis. I feel pain also when I urinate." Arvind finally told the entire story to Shabnam who was trying her best to compose herself. "Oh I have to get this sorted we can't fuck with your penis in this state who knows even I can get infected, sorry dear I can't

have sex with your today, you have to get this sorted.” Shabnam was clear she would not screw her man today and after a while she left his flat in haste.

Arvind stood in his balcony absolutely shell shocked, this was getting from bad to worse the Penis disease was now effective his sex life and having an impact on his love life as well. He went back to the cupboard and got his cream out, he then rubbed the cream on his penis. It was a bit itchy so he rubbed it harder he took his hand from skin back and rubbed it all across the tip of his penis right through the edges. “Damn what the fuck is going on with you.” Arvind scolded his penis and then washed his hands.

He was getting very nervous and did not get a good night sleep for three days he was now getting desperate he had tried the medical remedy but he was getting no relief at all. It had begun to affect his mental wellbeing.

He sat on his bed contemplating his fate and the fate of his rotting penis. What was going on inside his body no one could tell?” The doctor asked me to do a blood test he says I have high sugar that is why the healing is taking time.” Arvind told Shiv over the phone.” These doctors just want to make money he will ask you to do these test and waste your money, why don't you come over to Varanasi we need a mystical remedy for your problem like faith healing, we need to do a Pooja and a havan and a Shiv Ling Pooja. I will also consult a few aghodi's they might have a spiritual solution to your penis problem.” Shiv Swarup gave his candid advice to his friend.

Arvind was now very disturbed he was asked by a few friends to take advice of some other doctor which he duly did. But they prescribed the same medication and still with all the creams that he applied on his

penis it did not heal. This was damaging his sex life his relationship with Shabnam and also destroying his mental health.

Arvind felt that now he had to try some different remedy, look at a mystical solution something that was linked to faith. He decided to visit his friend again in Varanasi. "Arrange the Pooja I will pay for it, but make sure the Pooja happen in the Kashi Vishwanath Temple. I will be coming over next week otherwise I might have to get my skin chopped off, the doctor is saying if the problem persists I might even get cancer." Arvind told his friend Shiv who was keen to make all the Pooja arrangements for him.



Arvind Prakash duly arrived in Varanasi and stayed at the lodge as usual." I have consulted the pandit ji next week is the Pooja and the big Kashi Vishwanath Mandir. You will ahem to do the Pooja pour milk, honey and bhang on the shiv linga and then chant the mantra's as well. This will be for the cleansing of your body and of your soul." Shiv explained too Arvind. Shiv Swarup was a brahmin, and well versed in the art of Pooja and mantra's he had befriended many of saints and aghoidi's and knew the mystical and holy city of Varanasi like the back of his hand, after all he had grown up in the city and spent his days in and around the Banaras University Campus. He was confident the a Pooja done in the right manner would cure Arvind's defected penis.

The Pooja began in the morning Shiv to Arvind on his scooter to the mandir which was packed their was a huge due of people waiting to go in and pray." I have asked the pujari to meet us at the gate, there is a lot of rush today, many people are here, I have to pay extra money so that we could get in easily into the temple." Shiv told Arvind Prakash.

Shiv had arranged for the Pandit but as usual he was late. The Pooja began with vibrant chats lots of energy was poured into the mantras. It was a high voltage affair as bucket full of milk was poured on the shiv linga in the middle. Then honey and rose water was poured along with yellow and hot flowers. Then came the Bhang green leaves of bhang was put on the stone with water from the Ganges, all the while Arvind was cleaning the stone with milk and honey, the pandit kept chanting the mantra's as temple bells rang in the air. It was very energetic all this was done to cleanse Arvind's body of his health ailments. The prayer was for his good health. This was a great pooja being performed to help heal Arvind Prakash's defected penis. By the afternoon the Pooja was over and Arvind returned to the lodge for some rest, he was still unsure that his penis problem would go away and that the Pooja would help, but he patiently waited for Shiv to return in the evening. In the evening Shiv Swarup came back to fetch him on his scooter and travelled with him to

the university area it was night by now and then suddenly Shiv Began talk.” I spoke to a aghodi in temple before the Pooja while I was arranging for a pandit. He told me that a year back when you were here running and jogging in the campus area, you took a leak and pissed under a old Pipal tree, ek purana Pipal you pissed under the tree and there was a grave their you pissed on the grave a voice tried to alert you and stop you but you did not listen and kept on pissing. This is because of that, the Jinn were sitting on the Pipal tree and he was the one who warned you not to piss. The Jinn got angry and has taken possession of your penis and now it is causing have making your penis rot and itch making it red and making it leak with a white residue. You should have stopped, it was the Jinn that pushed our scooter and caused that accident on the speed breaker. It is the Jinn he is now in possession of your body and your penis and it will not leave until the Pooja was done.” Shiv narrated the entire episode.” Hmm yes this could be true now I remember it well, you know as it is most of the time I am lost in my own world. I did not see the Pipal tree I was having water from my bottle and naturally wanted to piss after a long jog. I do remember hearing a voice but I thought it was coming from behind me on the road, someone walking their passerby that’s why I did not give it much attention at all. I should have stopped, I had no clue that there was a grave of a revered fakir there, I should have stopped. Yes! It makes sense now how could we fall off the scooter when no one had hit us and you are an expert scooter driver, you have never had a single scooter accident.” Arvind Prakash said as he jogged his memory to the incidents of the past.

“The Jinn is pissed off with you that’s why he is not leaving your body and constantly attacking your penis.” Shiv said as he drove his scooter in the by-lanes of the Benares Hindu University. This was the fact that emerged from the mouth of the aghodi by the name of **Chinta Haran Aghodi**.

A Jinn sitting on top of an old Pipal Tree had taken possession of Arvind Prakash's penis and now he was in deep trouble. The only solution was to ask for forgiveness from the Jinn and the fakir whose grave he had passed on. "This one Pooja will not do we will have to do a Pishach Mukti Pooja as well. We will have to make the Jinn sit and then ask for his forgiveness and ask him to leave your body, otherwise who knows which other body part he will attack. We have to ask for penance and his forgiveness otherwise he will not leave your body." Shiv Swarup went on to state. That night was an uneasy night for Arvind as he got goose bumps just thinking about the Jinn and that it was still there in his penis. He was scared and jittery the entire night. How could he be possessed like this? The entire night he went to the bathroom to clean his penis again and again with water and soap, but the redness and itchiness he felt just did not seem to go away, he was very unnerved as to what he had done unwittingly of course. He should have seen the Pipal tree, he should have stayed away from it. But now it was too late and the Jinn were hounding him and also Shiv. After all it was Shiv who got a broken collar bone from the accident. This was going to be a difficult time for Arvind and he was desperate for his penis to heal, he had no sex life left anymore." You are lucky you are strong and great mediator otherwise the Jinn could also kill you many people who have been possessed have died due to the possession of the Jinn it could happen to you too but you are very strong Arvind it is not easy to kill you." Shiv went on to say.

But Arvind had many questions of his, first of all who was the Fakir whose grave was there. Did he have any past life connection with the fakir, did the Fakir know anyone in their family? What did he finally want from Arvind Prakash. Was male Jinn or female Jinn? Arvind Prakash wanted to know, the questions were just swirling in his mind. The night was long as Arvind nervously stayed in his bed he feared that the Jinn would appear in-front of him any time and could jump and pounce on him when he was asleep. He tried to keep his eyes open all night and was watchful for any paranormal activity in his room. He could

hear a whizzing noise in his head from time to time, a rumbling noise so he just stayed awake trying his best to ward off the Jinn.



## Chapter Four: Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba

“You need to find the Aghodi who told you about the Jinn, he will lead us to the truth of this matter.” Arvind Prakash pleaded with his friend Shiv.” After the Pooja the healing process has started and my penis is getting better, I can feel that the Pooja has had some impact, I don’t have problem urinating now, but I feel there is some more healing to happen.” Arvind explained to his friend.



“ After we finish the next two Pooja’s it will heal completely.” Shiv said rather happy that their efforts had been fruitful. It was clear that the normal medical route of healing his penis had not worked. But faith healing had worked, Arvind was being healed by his faith and belief that his penis problem was more mystical and that belief itself had lead to the transformation.

“ You know faith healing there was a doctor by the name of Tani in Bangkok, he would do appendix surgery without making an incision. Just by putting his hand inside the stomach of a patient he would pull out his appendix, he would perform surgeries without a knife just by his base hands. Later on the authorities stopped him from doing that and his surgeon’s license was revoked. But Faith healing and mystical healing has been there for centuries, it's just another dimension apart from science.” Arvind would have endless conversations with his ex professor of economics at School **Neeraj Dayal** on the matter.” Don’t get too deep into these things black magic, Jinn’s and such mumbo jumbo they can have an adverse effect on your life. These are the dark arts you must be very careful.” His professor Neeraj had told him over phone.

For some time Arvind remained confused, he did not enjoy sleeping on his own. He would get perturbed and scared if Jinn were living in his body, he could move into his other organs like lungs and kidney and liver. The Jinn could damage other parts of his body and make him weak. His penis had gotten better after the first Pooja but still there where clear signs that he was inside his body.

What did the Jinn want now, and whose Jinn was it any way’s? Arvind would wonder to himself at night. He needed some answers and they where not very forth coming at least not yet.

**Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba** was a tall portly man with a long unkempt beard and large deadlocks that came down to his hips. He wore a white

dhoti and a yellow upper cloth that kept him covered even in winters, across his shoulder he wore a black shawl. In his left hand would be a trident and in his right a kamandal made of brass in which he always carried the holy waters of the Ganges. He walked fast always wearing a wooden khadaun. His body and forehead would be smeared with ash with red Tika adorning his forehead. He had eyes that would shine like the stars in the night and his face was jet black. The slight grey in his hair showed that now he was ageing. But he still walked across the wall roads and alleys of Varanasi with elan and a steadfast surety of a man who knew his business in the world.

Chinta Haran had walked all across the ghats and funeral grounds of Varanasi for generations. His father was also a famous Aghodi and performed funeral prayers and rituals for families who came to bury their dead. He specialised in a special Pooja ritual called the Pishach Pooja, he was known to talk to Jinn's and he had powers to capture ghosts in a bottle. He would have many bottles hanging to his arms, people said that in those bottles he had captured all the Jinn's that were creating havoc for his disciples. He was also known to be an astute snake charmer and would be seen with snakes many a times. He would grab them by the tail one in each hand and would play with them. He would at times sit under a large Banyan tree near the ghats and give demonstration of his great powers. He would catch a large venomous cobra and then let him bite his tongue, he would then drink the venom of the cobra after the snake bite. Nothing would happen to him except for a few drops of tears his body would be able to absorb the venom. He would then pour the snake venom in a glass of milk and drink it all in one go. He was known for his ability to neutralize venom and capture ghosts. He was thus much in demand and people would go to him for advice on tantra and the dark arts. He was master in the dark arts and was known to meditate for months at one go. He had great powers of concentration and could go months without drinking water or having a meal. He could reduce his heart rate to less than twenty beats a minute and could go

for hours without taking a single breath. He would demonstrate that ability by jumping into the river Ganges and he would not come out for hours remaining at the river bed. People would gather around from the street to witness his great demonstrations of his tantric abilities.



It was said that some boatmen who would row in the night had also seen the Baba walk on the waters off the river at night. They actually saw him walking in water and were amazed and surprised that a human being could actually do that." Yes I have seen him walk on the surface of water in the night, he was stiff and upright and was just walking on water like a duck like a swan it was clearly visible to me. But no one in Varanasi knew where the baba had come from he had been living in the city for so long.

At times some pilgrims would see him sitting on top of a funeral pyre, he would be chanting mantras and meditating on dead bodies before the funeral pyre was even lit. His tantric ability and Vidya was so strong that nothing could come in its way. He would walk across the ghats at times smoking his chillum and drinking country liquor from his brass kamandal. He was known to enjoy meat and many had seen him eat parts of dead human flesh. People were also scared of him and many refused to come close to him saying he was also possessed.

He wanders the footpath digging holes in the sand to trap ghosts and Jinns inside the pot holes. Others thought he was doing a good service for the people of the city by capturing negative energies and forces in his bottle. That way he was careening up the aura of the city and protecting its citizens from any harm. But his detractors just saw him as an abandoned lunatic who would keep mumbling to himself, they saw him as a nuisance and at times shooed him away.

There was this time in Holi that he wanders the streets pissed drunk and was beaten up by an angry crowd. The baba was so upset and angry at the treatment that was meted out to him that he cursed the crowd and did kala jaadu on them. Next week three of the men who had thrown stones at him died of mysterious fever. The young men just dropped dead due to an unknown disease.

It was said that the Aghodi's curse had caught on and that he had used tantra to get the young men killed by the ghosts that he had captured in his many glass bottles. This made many fear him and they never dared to cross the Baba's path. They stayed away from him out of fear, people knew that he could tame Ghost's Jinn's and goblins and the use them to cause havoc in the lives of his enemies and his detractors alike.

The **Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba** had thus built a fearsome reputation over time in the city and even foreigners would seek his company to learn the dark arts from him and to be in his presence. Once he had gone begging into an officer's colony and a lady shooed him away, she was so annoyed by him that she threw all the garbage of the house on him and asked him never to return. The baba was so upset and angry that he dedicated all around the house next day and cursed the entire family. Within weeks the lady of the house suffered a paralytic stroke and remained bed ridden for life, that as the power of the man who remind unkempt most of the days not worried about whether he and washed or bathed. His folklore had grown with these incidents and so did his intrigue.

"We have kept the evening Pooja at the Pischach Mochan Mandir the baba told me that there is also a well there in the mandir, at their are Jinn's in the well they pull random people who come inside the compound many people have fallen into that well for no reason at all just vanished fell into the well and disappeared. There are Jinn's in the well, so you will have to be very careful when you visit the mandir, please stay away from the well who knows you just might get sucked into it and disappear." Shiv Swarup remind Arvind who had now come back to Varanasi to do the rest of the Pooja." I am seventy precept healed but we need to complete the Pooja to get all the result. Imagine what two months of medical science could not achieve this mystical faith healing method seems to have worked well. It is because of the shiva Pooja that the healing has begun. You know I rubbed the tip of the Shiv Linga with milk, Ganges water, honey and flowers, I gave it a good



rub and the pandit kept chanting the mantra's, now that had a symbolic effect on my penis problem, my penis was red at the tip all the time now it has returned back into its normal colour, I feel more relief and feel more relaxed. Arvind said to his friend Shiv who was organising all the Pooja ceremony. "I will need twenty one thousand for the first and another twenty one thousand for the second Pooja and I will need five thousand rupees for the Pandit as well." Shiv Swarup handed his friend the bill for all this mythical voodoo type faith healing." I am really going mad I feel paying for all this but I tell you it has had an impact I feel so much better down there, imagine having a defunct penis and not being able to fuck, which is real bad news." Arvind Prakash vented out his emotions and frustrations on all this. " You need to continue with your jogging we will also meet the **Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba**, I told him your name and he told me your penis will start getting better, we will ask him to look for the spot where you had urinated and find out whose grave was it in which you had pissed in the first place." Shiv Swarup explained to Arvind Prakash who was intently listening to the entire itinerary.

Arvind stepped out of the second floor room of his lodge which was aptly named The Green Lodge. He started his walk around the city and soon landed into the gated compound of the Benares Hindu University gated campus. He was wary of pissing anywhere and looked around nervously for Pipal trees as he walked on his path. He wanted to find the Pipal tree under whose shadow he had actually pissed. So he walked looking to the left and right side of the road when he saw a large Pipal tree Arvind would stand under it most of them had photographs of some deity or the other under its large branches. Arvind would fold his hands and then. Ask for forgiveness for what he had done and how he had disrespected the Pipal Dev "I asked for forgiveness I have annoyed you please leave my penis and give me relief I am very sorry for pissing under your shadow like this, forgive me as I am just foolish and ignorant "Arvind Prakash with folded hands begged the Pipal Dev to let go of his body and give up its possession of his penis. Arvind did that faster than

three such trees, making sure the Pipe Dev had heard his plea loud and clear.



Arvind Prakash walked briskly around the campus area, he knew soon he will have to perform a ritual and Pooja and try and tame the Jinn in the temple. He fro now continued in his merry way occasionally stopping for masala milk and fruit juice. This was a eerie part of the campus area especially after sunset and it was way past seven thirty in the night. The streets and become quite and the moon light up the sky, the shades of large tress fell on the road ahead. Suddenly it started to rain not very much but a few droplets of rain water falling on the tress and occasionally on my head. The faint rain fall gave the whole campus area a smell and a very breezy feeling. Arvind felt elated like a pent up negative energy from inside him suddenly found an outlet and it all came out in a single burst.

Arvind knew very well that he was stepping into another world another realm and dimension. He would be exploring the dark arts, witch craft,

Jinn's and aghodi masters all in the holy city of the dead Varanasi. He took his long walk around the campus feeling full filled that he had apologized to all but most of the Pipal trees in the area, and was now always curious about where to take a leak.

Shiv Swarup meanwhile got busy with the ritual preparations," I know your friends have asked you to be wary of all this witch craft and mumbo jumbo but can't you see it is really working in your life, if your penis had not started to heal you would have to be castrated or become a Muslim and get your from skin chopped off. That buddy would be very painful indeed." Shiv explained to Arvind Prakash.

"We need to do the two rituals together the Jinn has to be completely defeated and your body has to be de possessed there is no other way The Chinta Haran Baba will do the prayers, he is very astute in these ancient practices of catching Jinn's he has many of them in his glass bottles. But he does have a habit of disappearing for months just getting lost before we loose him we have to make full use of his abilities and intuition about the Jinn." Shiv went on to say to Arvind.

"When we first made this discovery of my possession I tell you I got goose bumps I could not sleep for two nights I was scared and perturbed that this could be happening to me, a man of science and reason like me who had studied science in school, but it was real and healing and my possession looked like it was easing.

I did break into a sweat a few nights and I would often get a strange feeling in my stomach as if some-one was punching me or something inside me was moving. But I just couldn't tell what it was, I would wake up lost and very wary and jaded at times. This was the possession and the energy of the Jinn that still had parts of my body and my penis, but I had hope that my ritual and prayers would help me overcome the Jinn.

“Did you see the number 666 by chance anywhere while you were at your walks?” Shiv asked Arvind as if trying to find an answer.” Yes now come to think of it I found them written on a stone slab painted yellow it was under a Pipal tree, yes I remember clearly 666.” Arvind Prakash jogged his memory and then said aloud.” Well that’s the devil’s number the number of The Omen, it is the Omen’s number this 666 and today by the way is also the 6th of December. Another six that such a coincidence don’t you think that’s very weird and so de javu. The number 666 and it is now appearing in-front of us.” Shiv Swarup gave a detailed explanation on the significance of the number 666.

“It is the number of **Betaal**, you know the ghost like white creature with white hair and a white face hanging upside down wearing a dhoti hanging from a branch on top of a Pipal tree. Jinn and Betaal they are the same.” Arvind Prakash gave his views on the number 666.

“You need to be careful, the Jinn can move to different parts of your body, maybe to your lungs, the heart or the brain even, it’s good we have got the prayers organised.” Shiv Swarup lamented.

“ I have heard about the **Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba** he is quite a character, the man knows how to cast spells as well, you know in his mandir he has kept the eyes’ of three large owls along with the claws of many eagles, he uses these to cast a spell on others or to even send Jinn’s to take possession of some one’s body, the baba can control Jinn’s. He sure will know how to sort out my entire penis problem. Arvind Prakash who had been sniffing around the streets of Varanasi said rather nonchalantly.

“Yes Eagles and Owls are birds that operate in the dark and they eat flesh as well, they are indeed ominous and can spell doom for anyone, only the baba knows how the spell can be cast and what mantras to chant while sending trouble, disease and death to someone very far

away as well.” Shiv went on to expand on how the Chinta Haran Baba operated. “The Baba also has three pet dogs all of them are of jet black colours they have shiny green eyes and are black from hand to toe. This is similar to Kala Bhairav the reincarnation of Shiva he too has black dogs Shavana they guard him as he stands on the gates of Kashi.” Shiv Swarup went on to paint a true picture of the Aghodi.

“The black dogs are also around the load of death The Yamraj and Kala Bhairav is the lord of death too, Shiva is the lord of distraction and death.” Arvind Prakash added to the mythology of the entire situation. “So you see darkness and death all over with omens and Jinn’s my friend it seems we are entering into a heady cocktail a world of make believe a parallel universe of sorts and all this is happening in the city of death Varanasi itself.” Shiv Swarup carried on with the conversation.

“I prostrated in-front of almost all Pipal trees around the campus are I am sure some Jinn must have definitely heard my prayers and my apology to the Jinn’s that reside in the trees. But as they say the proof of the pudding is in the eating, let my penis heal hundred percent. I will not have sex with any girl till then not even Shabnam. That is why the Pooja is so important.” Arvind went on to say.

“Owls, eagles and black dogs along with hanging Betaal’s I can get a eerie feeling in my bones as if my hair are getting warm and about to stand up, I can feel a tingling feeling in my spine and feet they have become so light I almost feel weight less and tizzy. This is what the possession and the Jinn are doing to my body. It’s so creepy I can feel the energy in my stomach at night and some nights I just stay awake twisting and turning in my bed. It hurts it replay does hurt.” Arvind went on to describe his inner battles with the Jinn which had taken possession of his penis and also his body. This was going to be Arvind Prakash’s own battle and he had the baba by his side as his guide.

## Chapter Five: The Picture of the Clown

He was all alone in his room on the second floor of his green lodge. Arvind had opened his windows, they were wide open as the rain poured in from the sky. At first, it was light, but gradually it became heavy. Arvind Prakash looked right out of his window to catch a glimpse of the many thousands of fat droplets of rain that fell right in front of his face, just in front of his very eyes. The rain was now pouring, and it was dead at night. Yes, Arvind Prakash just stared at the expanse of the dark night sky. He looked at the moon and then the stars. There was also a planetary constellation up there in the night sky, right in the middle of the night canopy.

Arvind was motionless, perhaps a bit jaded by his experiences of the past year or so, the issue of his penis, the possession, the body aches, and now he would have to sit through two long rituals so that he could get healed. No doubt he was trying his best to conserve his energy and almost became meditative as he looked out at the night sky. His breathing had mellowed down, and he was now more calm and steady than before.

Arvind Prakash then slowly closed his eyes he closed them hard and tight, and now there was just darkness in front of him. His eyes shut to the world. He contemplated his fate, and then suddenly a large, plump face of a fearsome aghodi with a large beard and flowing black hair came in front of his very eyes. Arvind opened his eyes in a flash as the image still flashed in front of him. This was going to be a long and fearsome night. He then listened into the night with his ears, and he

could hear it first as a faint whisper and then as a loud hoot in the night sky. It was the hoot of a bird, an owl, a night owl hanging on some tree in the darkness. The Arvind tried to hear more he heard a violent croak like a sheikh it was the croak of a mighty Jungle Eagle, and the voice was clear. The omens were their Arvind then looked down on the road in front of the lodge, and he could see three black dogs running on the footpath all of them were black in color. It seems that the Kala Bhairav was just there under his very eyes. "I am sure I will get healed!" Arvind Prakash said to the night sky in front of him.





The room in the Green Lodge had a very wide front, and right in the middle of the wall was a picture measuring three feet by three feet in a golden frame. The picture was painted with wet paint, and it had a clown wearing a red coat and blue bloated pants sitting on a throne with a golden crown on his head. He was looking right ahead and had a dopy grin on his face. That picture was the only one in the lodge, and it was on the wall of Arvind's room. The number was 204.

Unable to sleep at night, Arvind Prakash would stare at the clown's painting from his bed, his eyes sizing up the clown who sat on the throne rather clumsily. He could almost see the clown pop out of the picture and move and hover over his bed in a pure 3D graphic style, like a hologram. The clown moved around as his pupils just looked at the image move around the room.

All along, Arvind Prakash could hear the hooting sound of the owl and the croaking shriek of the eagle as the noises crept into the room from the open window. The bird noises would then fade away, and the shimmering noise of droplets falling fell into Arvind's ears. This created a heady cocktail inside his head. He got up with a jolt, opened his room door, and walked out of the hotel to get some fresh air. He was feeling a choking pain in his chest, and the air inside him was collapsing into his lungs. This was not the pain of the flesh, bones, and body this was the pain of the soul.

He kept walking for a while and then turned into a narrow lane. He could smell it for the first time—a stale, pungent odour resembling that of

stale, rotten eggs—just lying on the floor. He waited to catch his breath. As he was breathing heavily, he could feel his pulse it was running fast. His heart was throbbing, but the smell kept coming through his very nostrils. Arvind opened his mouth and took in some air that way. Now he waited and waited to get steady he was still unsure about the strange smell.

After a while, he turned back and went outside the lane, back towards his lodge. He felt a presence in his room and could still see images and flashes of the waiting with the clown sitting on a throne with a golden crown on its head. He re-entered his room again and then sat at the bed. This time he glanced at the picture it had changed. The clown was still sitting on the throne and looking straight at him, but his trousers were unzipped, and there was a gaping hole in between through which one could see his penis, which loosely hung out of his trousers. The clown's penis could now be seen on the painting. It just appeared from nowhere, as if a symbol from beyond, a cryptic message from the forces of darkness. This was very surreal and bizarre, but Arvind could see the clown's penis right in front of him, as if the penis were taunting his own predicament.

Arvind Prakash managed to get little sleep that night and got up only by late afternoon. The day was hot and sunny, and he was late to rise.

He was being pulled into this surreal world of ghosts and goblins, and he was rather enjoying it after all his penis was indeed healing. The clown in his room, just on the front wall, was like a looming figure in Arvind's shadow. As a few days passed and he could see the picture, the image of

the clown changed again. There was a white cloud-like figure just behind his left shoulder it was faceless and just white. It was visible on the picture as if just repainted. Again, Arvind Prakash was startled by this change in the picture. It was as if the picture wanted to say something, but he could not figure that out.

"You know that picture in my room? It keeps changing it looks as if it is alive and wants to say something." Arvind told Shiv in a restless tone. "Oh! It's the Jinn in your body its tail is still remaining that's why you are hallucinating." Shiv Swarup and just tried to brush off the entire mystical experience that Arvind was narrating in detail to him.

"I feel I have a connection to Varanasi, my mother she did one year of B.ED, in English Literature from the Banaras Hindu University. That is why I keep going to that campus it keeps pulling somehow." Arvind would share his thoughts with his friend Shiv Swarup. But till now, they had not been able to perform the ritual and the pooja they were waiting for the right time of day. Varanasi had a huge crowd for the festive season of Deepawali, and the city was full of pilgrims from all over. It was pandemonium, and there was a lot of influx of people in the city. Shiv had clearly said that he wanted to perform the pooja when the city was a bit quiet.

"The crow in the waiting is a sort of metaphor for the Jinn that has possessed you, my friend. You will have to wait for Baba to pull it out of your body. Only he can do that, and no one else can." Shiv told Arvind, who at times looked jaded, not knowing what the hell to do. "I think you should meditate in your room rather than worry about the painting that

is the best way to stop all the random thoughts floating in your overexcited brain. "Take your breath easy and let that body goes loose that's the only way to get the Jinn and the Clown out of your system." Shiv gave Arvind his honest advice.



"I also get this pettish feeling in my gut at night, as if something is squeezing my stomach it feels as if something is inside me and wants to come out. It has to be due to the possession, and I get this stench of rotten eggs in my nose. It's very weird and strange, don't you think? Arvind looked at Shiv for an answer to all the phenomena the two had been experiencing.

Arvind had his complaints from his room in the lodge, but it was the painting on the wall with the clown that perturbed him the most, as with each passing day, the painting would change. It was somehow reflecting the state of his own mind. The rains would continue, and the clouds would hover in the skies above, making the wind chilly. In the evening, something strange happened. Arvind slipped his underwear to his knees and started to feel his penis with his left hand. He then moved his right hand and started to stroke his testicles in a round and rhythmic manner, ever so gently. After months of his penis disease for the first time in his life, Arvind Prakash felt like masturbating. He felt free and even aroused by the wind and the smells in the air he could feel jasmine and sandalwood scents under his nose he could feel mint in his breath it was all very mellow and very horny. Arvind Prakash was lost in his sensual dream as he began to shake and make his penis erect. He dreamt of Shabnam in bed with him as he clasped her breasts and smooched her. He felt more aroused by the minute his body was in shivers as a hot and warm sensation engulfed his body and then went right through his bones. His body went into spasms of extract and joy. He could feel sex in his bones and in his muscles he was now well and truly erect and aroused.

After months, he was again discovering the joys and wonders of masturbation, something he had to stay away from due to his Jinn possession and his penis problem. He was hard, and his prick was ready to be exposed, which finally it did, bringing Arvind Prakash great joy as if a pleasant feeling had engulfed him and his entire soul. Arvind felt light and elated with the sudden release of all his pent-up sexual energy.

He then slowly pulled his underwear up and sat upright in his bed. He then glanced at the painting on the wall, and to his surprise, it had

changed again. There was a faint image of a woman, a lady in the background, on the right side of the clown's shoulders. This Arvind Prakash thought could be the image of Shabnam just looking through the painting right at him.



The days went by, but very slowly, the humming traffic, the noise of tractors and scooters, and the babble of passersby could be heard from a distance. He was here to do his rituals and Pooja and get rid of his possessions. But it was taking time. See I have arranged for the pooja it will be delayed by a week. One more week, and I will take you to the mandir myself." Shiv Swarup would reassure Arvind whenever he asked him for a definite date.

So he was back in his room in the lodge, alone with his thoughts. At least he had jerked off without any discomfort, and that itself was an improvement in his penis health. Varanasi was sort of growing on Arvind Prakash, and even the hotel staff had gotten to know him better. He would at times stand near his bedroom window and start acting. The actor in him was waiting to come out after all. Arvind had not been on stage for months he wanted to perform, so he did just that. He stood near the window and started to do some play acting, and this time he went into the character of the Baba himself yes, he became **Chinta Haran Aghodi Baba**. He went into that zone. He would throw his arms high in the air and chant tantric mantras as if performing a yagna. He would go into meditative trances and then open and close his eyes. He would make gestures with his face and dance around the room like a raving lunatic. Arvind was now in his drama space, and just like in Mumbai, a huge crowd of bystanders had gathered below his window to watch this theatre. They were getting the solo show all free all they had to do was look up at Arvind's window. This was one of the ways for him to pass his time in the city the other was his long walks and jogs around the campus area. Those were what he loved, but he had to watch out as the rain was also coming fast and thick, and he had to get his time right.

"You were dancing like that, Aghodi Baba. That man is very dangerous you know he can drink cobra poison and he can even walk on the waters of the Ganges. Just walk on water. He is a master tantric. The waiter of the Green Lodge said as he handed Arvind Prakash a hot cup of tea. "I know he will be performing my pooja and prayers I will be doing it in his mandir. He is a very powerful aghodi and can sense energies from anywhere. He will help me get rid of my Jinn once and for all. Arvind Prakash took two large sips from his cup of tea as he said those words.

The endless waiting was getting to him, but he had no choice he had to wait. At times in the afternoon, he would also get dizzy spells, and his head would ache. At times like these, Arvind would try and catch some sleep.



## Chapter Six: Kabar Ki Khabar

Now let's not get too carried away. This is an unusual story of a true possession it is bound to be scary, awkward, weird, and full of mysticism and occult themes. But secrets unfolded bit by bit, and the grave where Arvind had pissed held many such secrets. The problem was who was going to unlock them. Again, the aghodi came to the fore, and only he could guide them through this maze of coincidences. It was now up to Arvind and Shiv to decide how deep they would want to plug into the rabbit hole.

"See, when I spoke to the poojari at the Pishach Mochan Mandir, he told me that the **Kabar**, the very grave that you pissed on, was that of a man who had not been very sexually satisfied in his life his penis was also defective, and that frustration stayed with him till his death. That is why his Jinn doesn't want people to have a good sex life, thus he has attacked your penis he doesn't want you to enjoy sexual pleasure he is that frustrated with his lack of sex life when he was alive." Shiv gave me some more information on which that **Kabar** could have belonged to. "The rest of the tale can only be told by the aghodi baba, and he seems to have vanished somewhere no one knows where.

"Yes, I have heard that the baby is important to us he holds the key." We must perform all the rituals by the tenth of this month. Arvind made it clear to Shiv Swarup that he was a bit frustrated with the slow going.

"Your pooja will be done for sure. You will feel the energy of the Jinn. You will surely feel it, even though you will not be able to see the Jinn. You will hear his rustle in the air very close to you." Shiv said politely.

"Can these tantrik's also send someone his own death? You know, can I use this voodoo to send death and distraction upon my enemies? Can I kill someone or make them sick by sending these occult powers and forces and unleashing them on my enemies or people who I wish to harm?" Arvind had a very valid question.

"Yes, it can be used in that way, but you must avoid going on that path." Occult should be used to achieve good. We are using Jinn's and tantra so that we can help your penis and get you to enjoy sex the way you used to. We are using it to heal you, and that's good. You should avoid exploring the negative side of these dark arts and forces, as sometimes they may go out of control and then anything can happen and no one can stop them. Shiv Swarup, who had a lot of knowledge and experience in this subject, made things very clear to Arvind, his actor friend.

"There are people who do their tantric kriya's under the pipal tree they make blood come out of the trunk and the leaves. I myself saw red marks and blotches on many of the pipal trees. Most of the trees had red threads tied around them some had diya's also lit under them. They're where photographs of Hanuman, Lord Bhairav, and even Lord Shiva are taken along with broken coconut fruit. Arvind said he observed this during his walks around the campus area.

"You are lucky you are already on your way to recovery otherwise, you would have surely lost your penis." Shiv said, taking a deep sigh.

"It's the Kabar that keeps intriguing me it's as if it is pulling me." Arvind said it melancholically.



"Its a lot of things, not only pipal trees it is said that Imli trees also have ghosts living in them. All the trees that give out very little oxygen at night are said to be haunted, and no bird or animal goes near such trees as they emit a lot of carbon dioxide in the night. "Shiv gave a unique scientific angle to the entire bewitching saga that never seems to be ending, at least not yet.

"Some pipal trees had holes in them, and a deity or a picture of a goddess would be kept inside that hole."It's so fascinating that we actually worship these trees as gods and devas. But the Kabar would have to be a large one, very visible. It was next to the Pipal Tree. Some people were sitting there and praying at the **Kabar**. You were armed by the Jinn, but you just didn't listen. Now you have to repent and pray for forgiveness. "Shiv Swarup went on to say.

"I am just glad I am able to jerk off again after such a long time it's a great release, and I feel kind of light and excited." Arvind said it with an easy, languid smile.

"I just hope those hallucinations with the clown baiting in your room have stopped for good. That was a very weird space to be in, I tell you. I was getting scared that you had actually lost it completely. But then you are an actor and an artist, and you guys are a bit different." Shiv Swarup said it in a philosophical tone.

"I know it is important for me to trust the entire process of the rituals, but I can see and sense unseeded forces all around me, those that cannot be seen yet exist nearby. The forces that are really changing the course of my very destiny "I can feel it, I really can." Arvind Prakash lamented his true fate.

"This was not going to be an easy journey to recovery, but you are on the right track now." Shiv was happy with the progress of his actor friend.

"We will have to sit with the Jinn, and only the baba can do that. Until the Pooja happens, you will just have to patiently wait." Shiv further added.

As winter set in the city of Kashi, the evenings became shorter and the night descended on the city earlier than usual. The air became more crisp and clean, and Arvind would often stand near his window and give out one of his character performances. This was Kashi this was tantra, and he was now getting deeper and deeper into it he had begun to believe in it, and thus it was working for him.

But the mystery of the **Kabar** and what was in it still remained shrouded in myth and folklore. Arvind and Shiv both had many questions, and they were now seeking some answers.

"Some people are saying it was of a fakir whose wife left him for another man as he could not satisfy his own wife he remained single all his life and remained very sexually suppressed all through his life. This must be one frustrated guy, I tell you. Shiv said, giving more insight into the matter.

"I have been having sexual dreams. I dream of being in bed with Shabnam. I am getting more aroused after a long time it feels like some lost vitality of mine has just returned to me. I have had fantasies and a very sexual and warm feeling in my body lately. Arvind kind of made an honest revelation.

"Tantric energy is sexual energy, and it can have that kind of impact on a person. Don't forget you are still possessed by the Jinn this is far from over." Shiv Swarup reminded his dear friend.

"You know, I have read about Jinn's in books they are strange they don't have eyes you know, it's just a hollow eye socket they have no eyes and they have this white cloak with a white light all around them like a damn halo. I have seen them at times hovering just above me, very close to me indeed." Arvind said it with fear and a quivering voice.

"No eyes and, at times, no face they are faceless these beings operate in another dimension one needs to be tuned to those dimensions only then can one sense, let alone see them. One has to be sensitive enough to feel them these are vibrant dark energies, and right now they are all over us like a big rash. Shiv aids it very plainly.

"It takes deep practice of tantra and occult to tame a Jinn and then be able to give it a command only a man well versed in the dark arts can be able to do that." Only a fearsome sage or an aghodi can get so deep into tantric practices. It is clear to me that the BHU campus is a hub for the congregation of such dark energies and Jinn's. Arvind had made an astute assessment.

"The window of my room in the lodge just opened up for no reason, and it has been happening repeatedly, like some sort of warning or an

Omen. First it was the painting on the wall, and now it is the entire window of my room. The Jinn seems to be hovering all over my room. Arvind Prakash complained aloud.

"The great thing that has happened is that due to my jogging and walking, my thigh and calf muscles have developed, and I have a rock-hard muscle in my legs. I have legs like some of those athletes in the Asian Games. I am not kidding. I have to thank the campus for that. Arvind was pleased with the improvement in his overall physical health.

"See, the air of Kashi has done you some good, at least." Shiv retorted.

Someone in Kashi spread the word that it was out amongst the common folks someone heard it from the poojary's own mouth. The grave was not a fakir it was the grave of **a philosophy professor called Chander Kant Dubey**. It is a very tragic story. The man who committed suicide jumped from his classroom window before straggling his three-year-old son and five-year-old daughter to death. The professor just jumped from the window, and he left a note on the black board with white and blue chalk: "I was tired, but I finally failed." That's all those words on the blackboard, and the man just jumped to his death and fell on an ambassador car that was parked right below.

"His wife left him for another professor he was very lonely too, and he had a drink problem as well. He was impotent some people found out he could not satisfy her, so she left with another man. He became very depressed. He was a talented teacher, but the hardships of life just got

too much for him. He had two small children he killed them first, just left them for dead on the bed, and himself, he just jumped." Shiv told Arvind the entire story about the gaffer on whom he had accidentally pissed. He pissed on an impotent professor's grave now that is very unfortunate.



"The professor was also going through some treatment for his mental health and his state of mind. He was getting treatment at the Centre for Genetic Disorders. They have a hospital here on the campus itself. Chander Kant Dubey, yes, that's what his name was. I just took his own life. That man just couldn't take the humiliation and the insults anymore. His children took them to hell with him, that delusional man, I tell you." Shiv went on to paint a very sorry picture of the philosophy professor at BHU.



"I also made some inquiries during my walks. I met the doctor who was treating him for his mental health issues and his mental ailments it was **Dr. Datta**. He told me that during the end phase of his life, Dubey had become very depressed and had contemplated taking his own life. He had suicidal thoughts as well. So you see you ahem frustrated and clinically depressed, Jinn, up your penis, my dear." Shiv went on to unravel the mysteries of the Kabar, and who was it anyway?

"So, a philosophy professor, my god, the damn thing is on my penis now that is something." Arvind said it aloud.

"Remember these Jinn's, has no eyes they are just hollow black holes you know it's a Jinn if it has no eyes." Shiv reminded Arvind Prakash, who stood engrossed in his many thoughts.

"The damn Jinn are after my sex life, he wants to ruin it he wants to make me impotent just the way he was as a professor." Arvind got the message loud and clear.

"Yes, it is making a seekh kabab out of your penis it will be all roasted and burned by the Jinn. You will have to wait till the pooja gets fully cured." Shiv said, making it painfully clear to Arvind.

The stories of the lunatic psychology professor were all over Kashi. The professor was Dubey he was from Bihar, I suppose. His impotence got

the better of him. He was a very helpless man and also poor. I mean, a professor's salary is just peanuts.

"He was a complete loner he could not even care for his kids properly he was so helpless that he took his own life but not before killing his two children as well. All the three were buried under the Pipal tree, the same tree you planted under all the three graves of Dubey and his two children. Shiv said it as if he were unraveling a mystery bit by bit.

"Now I had no clue about that no wonder Chander Kant is mighty pissed with me he wants my manhood and all of it." Arvind Prakash lamented to himself.

He used to be a dedicated teacher. **Chander Kant Dubey** focused on his teachings and his students. It's just that I don't know where he lost the threads of his life. A family man, he liked to swim and jog in the park, and he liked playing badminton and table tennis. Dubey was also a chess enthusiast. He was burly and slightly portly he had a wettish complexion and a pencil-sized mooch. Chander Kant, you would miss him in a crowd, you would miss him in the bus or the market place. He was that common and non-disruptive, diminutive with a slight hunch that made him look lethargic and tired most of the time.

"You see, Socrates is really the father of philosophy. He had two disciples, Plato and Aristotle, but Socrates did not write anything it was Aristotle. Through his writings, we get a glimpse of the real Socrates. In my opinion, Karl Max is one of the most influential philosophers, along with Kaant and Sarte. Dubey would lecture his students as he would hurriedly scribble on the black board with a large piece of chalk. He liked

to teach that, as his oxygen tats were all he knew, he liked the class room he felt safe there, as if protected from the big bad world. More than that, he loved books, and he had a room full of books. He looked nerdy with his large brown-rimmed glasses. Chander Kant Dubey did not look like a man who would one day want to jump out of the window and kill himself. Neither did he look like a dad who would so mercilessly strange his two children all because his wife would leave him for another man, another professor. Dubey felt incomplete and impotent. That's why he joined the clinic he wanted to get help for his mental issue.

That this man would be so driven to commit such an act was something that was puzzling. But spending years on campus had really made him a bit cocooned in the head.

"Dubey sahib good mild man, no problem at all he was in his own world most of the time, like an absent-minded professor lost in his own thoughts. I think he did not worry about his family he just liked to be in the classroom teaching his subject to his students academics were everything to him. He was a bit upset with the college authorities that they had not promoted him to senior professor status, and he always cribbed about his low salary, but he went by in life. The Juice Stall owner in the campus area spilled the beans on Professor Dubey.

"Oh! His wife had left him long ago he was impotent, you know. Everyone knew that going through a bad sex life is painful. People were heard gossiping in the city.

"It is also true that there are three graves under the tree that you pissed on no wonder the Jinn is up your ass." Shiv said it rather irritated.



"You know there were times Dubey would get very violent and break all the windows in his room. He would break the glass with his palms and own hands and then stomp on the glass and break it into small bits on the floor. He would then pick up the glass and cut his arm and legs with it till blood oozed out and fell on the floor. He would then wound himself and try to finish his life. The man fell into a manic depression after his wife left him he just could not manage himself. His kids were neglected and did not study they just ran outside in the park. Chander Kant was getting treatment, but his ailments were way too deep to be solved by a professional doctor. "Shiv Swarup went into a flashback as he narrated the tale of the mad philosophy professor who jumped from his classroom window and committed suicide.

"He did enjoy a drink and would drink in his room on his own maybe it was the alcohol or maybe it was his life. It was very sad that the whole family finished in no time. The children were way too small to go like this. What had they seen of life? They were so small."The juice stall owner had told others in Kashi.

"Well, I am glad that at least we have been able to solve one mystery we know who was under those graves."An entire family, the Dubey family, was buried under those graves. Shiv gave his analysis of the entire matter.

"He was sexually deprived, so at times he would visit whores for sexual pleasure, but he did not get any satisfaction there either, and on top of that, he got an STD his penis was in bad shape, to say the least." People on campus have been gossiping about the professor.

"So you, see my friend Jinn is a man who himself was suffering from a penis ailment no wonder." Shiv went on narrating the tale.

"He would even sit under a pipal tree when he would return late in the evening, and he would perform prayers. That is why the people decided to burry him and his family under the very same pipal tree the two had some sort of affinity for each other." The fruit juice seller told others around him.

"The man lost interest in his life and in his teaching that was the last straw in his last year. He was on all those medications and drugs that are given to people with a weak mind he had lost all ability to want to live. Now even the lives of his own kids did not mean anything to him if he was to go, then they should also there was no one to look after them anyway." Shiv narrated what he had heard from the passer-by.

"The Pandit at the **Pischach Mochan Mandir** is preparing a special Prasad that would help heal your penis ailment. He has mixed many powerful herbs and ash to make it very potent and powerful. He will also rub his ash on your face and forehead. You must take it as a blessing from the pandit." Shiv whispered some details about the coming ritual at the mandir.

"You will have to perform penance, ask for forgiveness from the Jinn, and pray for the healing of Dubey's soul then only will this problem leave you." Shiv further added.

"You see, people who commit suicide find it difficult to get a new body, and thus it becomes difficult for them to reincarnate. These souls hang between the living and the dead somewhere in transition. These are souls that then transform into ghosts, Jinn's, and at times even Pishach. Dubey's soul is just that type of soul it is hovering between life and death it is in transition." Shiv was now in a mood to do some serious talking.

"This spirit, this Jinn, this shadow over you will only leave you if it gets its salvation it needs to be released so that it can finally go to the realm of the dead, where it truly belongs, and then get a body that it could reincarnate into that's the only way you will have to give it that salvation that it so desperately seeks." Shiv said clearly to Arvind Prakash, who was trying to soak it all in.



"This is so strange the Jinn want to be released, and that can only happen through me." That is why the ritual and the pooja are so important the Jinn will find its true release in the fires of the pooja." Arvind said it as if he were finally seeing the bigger picture.

"So finally, the mystery of the Kabar and what lies beneath has been unravelled. What next? What now?" Arvind asked deep in thought.

"It's strange that of all people, I am the medium for Jinn's reception. Jinn, the shadow, was the ghost of a philosophy professor who took his own life and the lives of his own children, a man so disturbed and so wounded. It's me who will have to release him so that the spirit can go on with its forward journey. It will happen through me it's like I am the writer of my now play, the actor of my own act, the artist of my now art, the play within the play, the solitude inside the laughter, the joy imbedded in sorrow, the tear in the eye." Arvind just went on and on with his monologue.

"Where have we come with all this? So deep into the hearts of Jinn's and goblins, no one would believe us even if we told them that a world so extraordinary yet so distant exists, and we are in it right now. This is a weird dimension that has just opened up for both of us, and we are on this journey together. What about the well? You said there was a well in the mandir? ". Arvind tried to jog Shiv's memory a bit.

"Time, however, is running out. We must strike at night, the most auspicious time, and the 10th of this month is that date. We have to perform all the rituals correctly." Shiv was indeed sensitive to the situation they were all in.

Thus another night passed as they debated and talked about the new world that they themselves had built and nurtured.



## Chapter Seven: Surili of the Well

"Pischach are celestial beings they are in between the deva and the rakshasa they can be very powerful and have deep tantric roots they are loyal to the mighty Bhavara. Dealing with them requires lots of energy, power, and tantric skills, which only the baby has at the moment." Shiv explained too, Arvind.

"But if they get after you, they will not relent until they kill you." Dubey died on the bare floor. He was vomiting blood from his mouth and foaming from the face. He died a very bad death. They are evil and can have a very nasty impact if they get inside your body. Shiv went on as if trying to scare Arvind Prakash.

"They are indeed impactful see the way we fell from your scooter while going on that lonely campus road we both fell bang on the road your helmet even opened up and fell on the road and you broke your collar bone that was a powerful push that's how strong these things are they are pure energy, and we got kicked off the road by that." Arvind Prakash thought about the incidents of the past when the jinn finally decided to get after them in the campus area.

"They haunt places that are old and worn out, like old broken buildings, lost cities, and empty villages. The Jinn was on top of that pipal tree unfortunately, you happen to urinate just under that tree." Shiv said it with a lot of sadness.

"We must let these dark forces pass through us we must not restrict them. These are strange forces that must not be stopped, and we must let the Jinn in your body free so that it can go on its onward journey." Shiv told Arvind

"You know that professor Dubey would go across the park behind into those old and broken temple areas no one goes there is nothing there except tall trees and tall grass. Even the bird down there would spend hours talking to himself as if in a trance of some sort. This was shared by the juice vendor with others who came to him.

"He would also sit under the imli tree behind the temple that tree has not had fruit for years and is haunted as well. Dubey was into state things he would also make strange noises at times, as if chatting a mantra of sorts." This was a rumour that was flirting around.

"It's the kids they died too they were strangled by their own father. It's a very painful way to die. Their energies are stronger and they are pulling hard at you. You might feel weak and worn out. You may feel a lack of energy. If that is happening, then the powers are getting stronger." Shiv said he was sort of an expert in this kind of stuff.

"I see this woman from my room window. She stays in the opposite building on the fourth floor. When I come back into my room, her window opens up. She sits on the ledge of the window, wearing a blue saree at times. She is quite young. I can see she moves her curtains and sees me through her window. Arvind told Shiv.

"Ya, how long has this been going on then? Shiv asked his friend.

"Well, a week or so, I don't know if it's her home or a hotel, but she is always there, as if waiting for me to enter the lodge. I can never see her face, but I can see her body.' Arvind said.

"Well, that room sure is possessed then, first the painting with the clown and now this mystery lady on the window. Things are really hotting up in your life, for sure. Shiv said it in pure jest.



"I later inquired from the watchman, and he told me that a woman had hung herself a moth back while she lived in that flat. She had been lying dead she had a fight with her lover he too jumped from the flat window people say that the woman had pushed him to his death." Arvind went on to say.

"This is very surreal, the real of the dead and the departed." Shiv gave a huge sigh.

"That is what tantra is: the study of the realm of the dead and the departed, and what better place for it than the city of Kashi, where the world comes to die and to attain salvation and moksha?" Arvind spoke clearly.

"The tantric pandit has said that we must also offer liquor and raw mutton to the pipal tree, which will be an offering. It is a way to repent and try to please the Jinn that live in the pipal tree. They like liquor and flesh. They feast on it and will bless you if you make that offering to them. All you will have to do is keep the liquor jar and raw mutton on a large leaf and leave it under the tree. You will see that over night, the Jinn of the tree would have consumed it, the bottle would be empty, and so would be the mutton, all gone. They would have feasted on it over night." Shiv said it with a blank expression.

"I even saw leather Chappal's and wooden sandals thrown under the trees at times. What is the meaning of that? Is it some kind of symbol? Does it mean anything to you?" Arvind asked Shiv.

"The chappal and the sandals are a symbol they are used to beat the possessed person. They hit the possessed man with the leather chappals on the head, and they force the Jinn to come out of his body and to depose the person. The chappals are used for the beating." Shiv gave the entire symbolic reference to the story.

"What else is used in the tantric pooja and rituals? You seem to know a lot on this matter." Arvind Prakash probed Shiv.

"Chile powder, green raw chilies, lemons, imli fruit, and even jackfruit are all used along with liquor, bhang, and ganjja these are the main ingredients in a tantric pooja, along with the fire, which is the most important of all." Shiv went on to say..

"The meat is a symbol of the new body that the Jinn will have to take up after it is related to its current realm it's a symbol of the body that the Jinn takes up." Arvind had done his research on the matter as well.

"What about the thread they tie around the pipal tree? What is that then? Arvind asked, wanting to increase his own knowledge on the matter.

"The thread is like a protection ring that is a ring of blessings that one gets when one prays to a pipal tree. It's like a halo, a ring of protection." Shiv answered.

"You see, everything has a meaning all one needs to do is find it." But yes, there is some fear within me that at any time something could go wrong." Arvind felt a tingling in his spine as he said those words.

"I think I haven't told you the story of the Pishach of the well. There is a shadow in the well of the mandir it is possessed. Some years ago, a lady by the name of **Surili Bai** jumped into the well and drowned. Some say it was an accident, but others say she jumped on her own. When people walk past the well at night, they can still hear her sing. It's like she is still there inside the well. People in the area get mesmerised by her voice and her songs they get pulled towards the well as if by the humming voice singing from inside the well. People, especially adults, get sucked towards the well, and some of them sit on the ledge of the well trying to find out who it is who was singing the song. Then suddenly they fall one by one inside the well, as if being pushed by the shadowy sound itself. They fall and drown all like nine pins. People have still not seen the lady **Surili Bai**, but they say it is here who pulls some pilgrims coming to pay homage in the temple. People are thus very wary of going near it the well is haunted by a Jinn. Shri Swarup came up with another gothic tale of his, the tale of the well.

"What kind of songs did she sing then?" Arvind asked his friend.

“ Oh! She sang folk songs, and sometimes even a bhajan or two. Most of the time, she would just hmmm a song without the lyrics. But every full moon night, she would cry and weep, even howling aloud in great pain and sorrow. She would weep constantly all night, as if she could never be consoled. People could hear her weeping sound far away. It happened only on a full moon night.” Shiv said, narrating the complete tale of the eerie shadow of Surili Bai trapped in that well.

"Now that is a tale I wonder what she is looking for, then," Arvind asked, being his inquisitive self.



"She accrued great pain in her heart. Her father had sold her off to a man twenty years older than her he would beat her and ill-treat her. She ran away from him and came here in the mandir for refuge. She helped the Poojari in the pooja and in the ritual, so he gave her food to eat, and she would live and sleep inside the mandir. She would often bate in the well and fetch water from it for the rituals that were being performed here." Shiv said, and then took a deep pause.

"Hmm, and one day she just fell into the well like from nowhere, and now she is in there or her Jinn is in the well, unable to escape pulling people into the well and to their death and doom. Now that is one heck of an occult tale." Arvind said, looking mighty, please with himself.

"She had been sold she felt trapped. The only thing that kept her happy was her songs and her singing. That was the only thing that liberated Surili and her trapped soul." So she did just that she sang her songs that pleased her more than anything else in the world." Shiv added further to the tale of Surili, the woman who was engulfed by the well and its waters.

"Her devotion to Bahirav was profound I guess that saved her. She did not fully die, but she could also not fully live. She was suspended into the world between death and life somewhere in between, and that's when she was transformed into a Jinn. She found her own abode. Now she just pulls people into the well, no doubt looking for a suitable body that she could possess or reincarnate into. She needs a body otherwise, she could be suspended like this till eternity." Shiv Swarup went on to state.

"No one cared that she was gone, drowned by the waters off the well no one cared to see what happened to her." Did anyone miss her? Arvind asked Shiv.

"Well, her father never cared he was just a wood cutter and a poor man. He died sometime back from leprosy. Yes, yes he got the disease. All his hands and fingers, his feet, and his toes were all gone, rotted away by leprosy. No one would even come near that mine. He died hungry and cold somewhere in the jungles behind the mandir. But people still hear the sound of Surili, the lady of the well." Shiv answered his friend.

"Then why does she cry and weep on a full moon night? What is the mystery behind her weeping like this?" Why this sorrow, then? Arvind asked with a straight face.

"She was four months pregnant when she jumped she was with a baby, and that baby also died with her when she drowned in the water off the well." The baby was killed with her. She weeps for that unborn child of hers she misses her baby and cries for the unborn child she could have had. Shiv explained the entire story in great detail.

‘ Oh! Now that’s a great tragedy no wonder she's still in suspension." Arvind sort of got the picture.

"It looks like there are many more legends, myths, and stories floating out they're the tale of Dubey, which was also very frightening. But I must say that death and afterlife are very intriguing topics. I never thought a chap like me would one day believe in these things and come face to face with such energies and forces. Arvind said, and then got engrossed in his own thoughts.

‘ The villagers still talk about Surili most people have seen her wearing a red saree, and some have just seen her back no one has seen her face they say she has no face." Shiv Swarup threw some more facts on the Pishach of the well.

"It's the unborn child. Even in the Dubey story, innocent kids were killed. Children are very innocent and vulnerable they can be easily manipulated and are easy prey for other Jinn’s as well. It's the children that I most feel for here." Arvind said it rather nonchalantly.



"See how easily we got distracted as if one tale and story just led to another your penis problem has thus bought us this far." Shiv lamented.



"People also heard sounds of a child crying as if in great discomfort, but some said that it was the pilgrims own voice that reverberated from the waters of the hollow well. But strange things were happening in and around the well. This gave the mandir a lot of unwanted attention. Shiv went on with his story.

"I have only heard stories of rituals and pooja from you. When are we doing our pooja? Finally, I have been in this city for weeks." Arvind said agitatedly.

"Look, the poojari has said that you will have to be strict vegetarian for seven days, and then only can we begin the two pooja's you have to follow what is told you, no meat, only vegetarian food, and then the pooja this will be the final one, I assure you." Shiv answered.

"The baba is all knowing he could sense that you were on a non-vegetarian diet. For the benefit of the pooja, you will have to be a strict vegetarian. You need maximum impact in the Pooja and thus will have to be ready for it mentally and physically. Shiv warned Arvind Prakash.

"Till then, I guess I will have to walk under all the Pipal trees on campus and ask the Pipal gods for their forgiveness that is the only prayer I am doing as of now." Arvind proclaimed this to his friend.

The delay in the pooja and ritual had made Arvind a bit nervous and agitated. "It's the Jinn's they are up to their tricks, or maybe Surili, the shots of the well, doesn't want me to be around. I have to go through the ritual to be fully cleansed of my possessions that much was clear to me. But how long was I to wait? I pondered. I was sure, though, that this story would have a few more twists and turns left in it.

"The devil has many faces my friends Dubey and Surili are just the faces. There is an entire realm of reality out there that is so different from our world. But now we have steeped ourselves in it, and we have only ourselves to blame and no one else. We will have to confront the Jinn, and only the baby can do that." Shiv told Arvind.

"I really miss Shabnam. You know, she is so warm and such a great friend. The only trouble was my penis. Our sex life got all screwed up in Mumbai. She had come to the place once, but we just couldn't do it. She refused to suck me, not my defected penis. She just left after that, and we did not speak about it much." Arvind thought about the past that had gone by.

"She is a fine catch, funny, witty, and very sexy just at the right places, but I can understand that with your condition, it must be difficult." Shiv remarked, feeling a bit sorry for his best friend.

"No, no, I am in a much better situation now that the colour of my penis is back to its natural one, there is no discharge or discomfit while pissing, it has healed a lot, and I am even able to jerk off in bed now it's easy." Arvind said it excitedly.

"So you just want your sex life with Shabnam back. You just want to fuck her and have her the way you used to. That's the whole crux of the matter you have become horny now." Shiv remarked with a faint giggle.

"You know it was at my performance at the Globe, the solo play I do. Well, well that's where I first met her she wanted some advice on acting and how to make a portfolio. She would come to see the play often, and then she started coming to the rehearsal. I finally had to relent and give her a part in one of my plays. We have just grown as friends from there it's not all sexual. Shabnam is a very lively soul she just cheers me up, and I enjoy talking to her. I would really wish she could be here with me and with us in Kashi, just the place for her. Arvind spoke out loud about her feelings for Shabnam.

"You helped her out with cash too, quite a few times?" Shiva asked slyly.

"Yes, I did, but she needed help, and anyway, what I get from her, I value much more. I don't look at her in a derogatory way. I treat her as an equal." Arvind went further to explain the dynamics of his relationship with Shabnam.

"So she is the bit of sanity in your insane life—the insane life of an actor who is now troubled by Jinn's' suicidal tendencies. I think a woman here with us, when we are into all this black magic and witchcraft, that will be quite a distraction it will just not work, I am afraid. She will just distract us with the rituals and the pooja." Shiv replied that he knew fully well that he needed Arvind to concentrate on the task of getting Jinn out of his penis.

"Ya! But that's taking time I have to be here longer than I expected. I wish Shabnam could come over and stay with me in the lodge. We could do things together and even visit the ghats she could see the Ganga Aarti and enjoy the lassi of the city. She will not get bored there is a lot to do in this city." Arvind had other ideas in his mind.



"So tell me about your evening runs." Shiv asked Arvind, trying to distract and take away his attention from Shabnam.

"Oh! Great, it's very calm and cool in the evening. I have to navigate the traffic on the Lanka side to finally enter the campus, but once inside, I start running and walking like a madman. It's a great release, I tell you." Arvind went on to elaborate.

"Don't you feel scared when you see a pipal tree considering what happened to you and all?" Shiv asked his mate.

"Well, it is a bit haunting, but I have overcome my fear. There is nothing that the Jinn can do to me he is on his way out." "I do feel the hissing of the leaves, and I feel that someone is always watching me from inside the palm tree. Arvind explained this to his friend.

"They put diya's or light an oil lamp. The trunk and horizontal branches of the pipal are tied with red thread, a scared thread. It's just a pooja ritual, I guess. Some have photographs of deities and god's as well. Some trees have hollow holes in them. I tried to peek into one but saw nothing. I always thought that the Jinn's would be living in them. Arvind Prakash narrated his experience.

"They are creatures of the night these Jinn's are elusive they can hide in the dark and then camouflage themselves as well. They operate best at night, when they can hardly be detected. Jinn's are always playing these cat and mouse games with us mortals. It's a game for them, and they have gotten after you." Shiv told Arvind.

"Ya! But this eagle's claw at the owl's eyes, the tone leather chappal's blood on the trees, the scared threads, and the burning fire—what of all that tantra is an ancient art only perfected by a few and understood by the few." Arvind Prakash said, pacing up and down the road.

"Some times I feel you are a man lost in his own perfection, blinded by his own talent, and obsessed by his own craft. But right now, you look like a man who is perturbed, concerned, and a bit unsure of himself. You have done very well so far, my friend. You have made a remarkable recovery, and soon the entire Jinn will be out of your system. Shiv told Arvind.

"Time and tide wait for no one, my friend." Arvind replied as he glanced towards Shiv Swarup.

"Did you get some time to go to the ghats near the river? Did you drink some thandai with bhang? It's very good here." Shiv asked Arvind.

"Well, I tried to get the rickshaw guy to get me to the market so that I could have a thandai, but it was too damn far. No one was ready to go there. I will go to Ghats, but I want to get the Pooja out of the way that's hanging on my head like a heavy burden. Arvind complained to his friend.

"Ya! I ran like crazy yesterday. I asked the rickshaw driver to drive on as I ran behind it very fast. I chased him down and then finally overtook the electric rickshaw. I did some serious running, I tell you. Arvind described parts of the day to Shiv Swarup.

## **Chapter Eight: Shabnam arrives in the city of Jinn's**

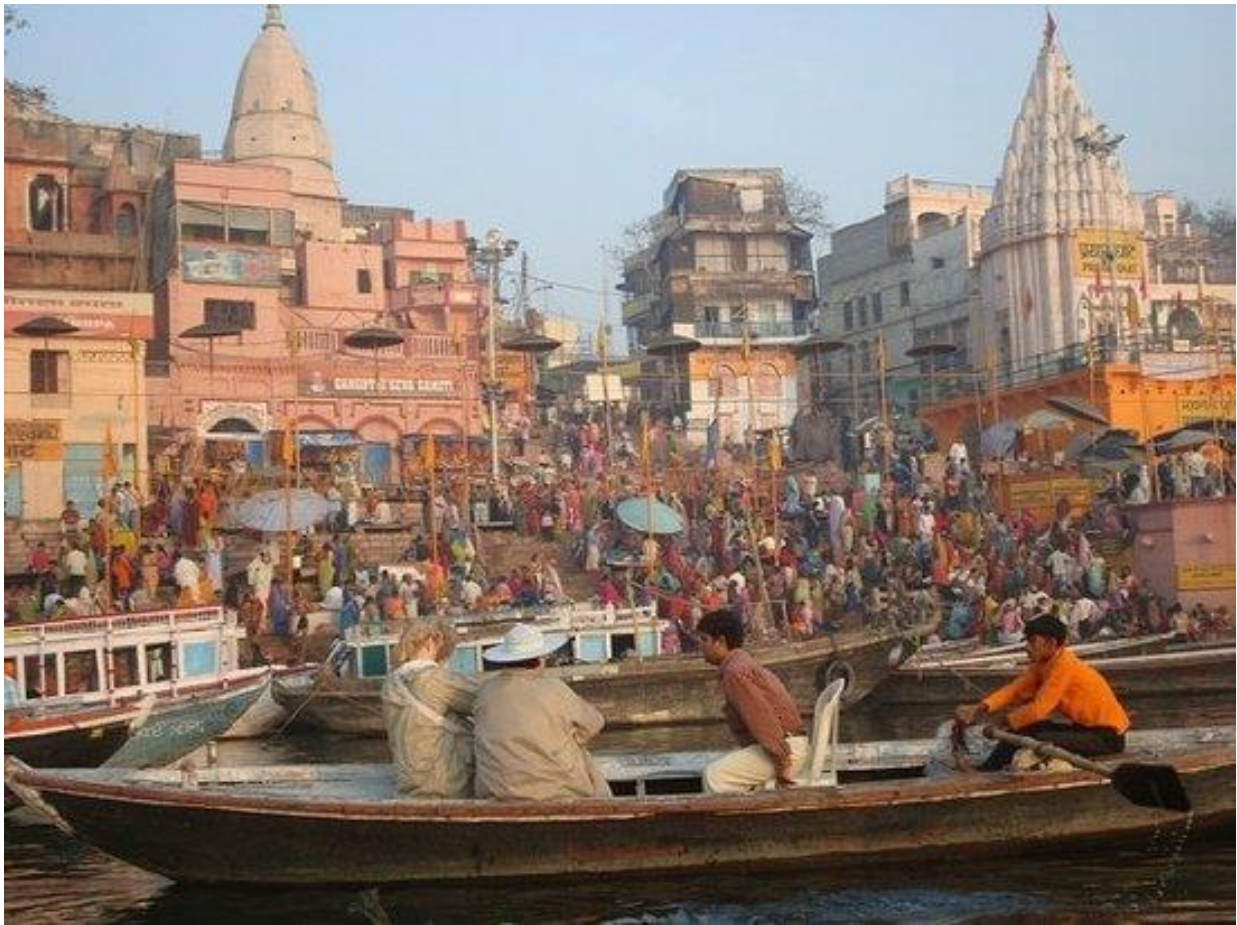
No one had a clue how she arrived she just landed up in Kashi and took a scooter straight to the lodge. It was Shiv who saw her first, just sitting at the reception with her suit case and handbag. She did look apart, dressed in a white silk saree with a red border. She was around with large diamond earrings and a gold necklace with rubies studded on them. She had worn her hair in a Sadhna cut, so she looked like a heroine who had come out of a 1970s film. That was Shabnam, Arvind Prakash's Shabnam she was finally here in his lodge. "Oh! How come you are here? Arvind asked you to come he was talking about it to me. Now that is a surprise." Shiv said as he moved forward to greet Shabnam, who was a bit taken aback by this sudden welcome.

"Yes, he spoke to me on the phone. I did not have much to do, so I said I would give you both some company it seems you are here for something special." Shabnam replied to Shiv Swarup, who was still getting over the fact that she was here in front of him. "I am sure they will have an extra room for you. Let me speak to the manager and arrange a room for you. You must rest. The journey must have been long and tiring. Shiv tried his best to look organised, but more than that, he wanted Arvind to see her. After all, it was clear that it was Arvind who invited her to come here in the first place.

"Your room is on the first floor take the stairs." She said that Shiv followed Shabnam to her room, and then in the corridor they bumped into Arvind, who was pleasantly surprised to see her. "This is great that you are here. Finally, I was getting really bored out here and needed you to liven up things." Arvind greeted Shabnam with a huge kiss and a hug. "I am here just for you. I am aware of your problem, you told me. When is the tantric pooja then?" Shabnam asked them both.

"Well, from now until then, we will be strictly vegetarian, which is a requirement for the ritual." Arvind informed Shabnam.

"I am so glad you came. We can go to the ghats together, and I can show you the Ganga arti as well. You will enjoy it's very vibrant." Shiv said it nonchalantly.



"I was just concerned for you and what happened to your manhood. Is it true that a Jinn has taken possession of your body? Can you feel its presence near you then? Shabnam asked Arvind Prakash, who had a huge smile on his face. Naturally, naturally he was happy to have her company.

“ Yes! That is what happened. I accidentally, without knowing it, pissed under a pipal tree, which had the grave of a philosophy professor under it along with the graves of his two children. The Jinn wants to be freed, but only I can help him leave the body. That is why we are here to perform two pooja’s and get the Jinn to communicate with us. The baba, the aghodi, will perform the rituals they are tantric rituals, and there will be a hint of black magic as well. You will have to be on guard and watch out for strange incidents or things, along with the presence of



some energy. You will be able to feel it you have just arrived." Arvind gave Shabnam the lowdown on the entire situation at hand.

"If you tell this tale to your friends at the Globe Theatre, they will laugh at you and send you to a mental asylum. I mean, how can you believe in Jinn's, Ghosts, and Pishach in this day and age? But it seems you do otherwise, you will not have parked yourself in Kashi for so long." Shabnam said as she settled in her room at the lodge.

"Well, that is because I can see the difference it's been a month since the first pooja, and my penis has healed a lot." It has returned to its normal colour, and there is no burning sensation in it like before, along with no discharge and no pain when I pull the fork skin back it feels the way it used to "Arvind defended his penis"

"Is that why you decided to call me here? Now that I know all your tricks, you just wanted to have sex with me. Now that your penis is healing, baba, it was as bad as last time. There were drops of blood on the edges as well. I had to show you that with a napkin. Now I know why you were suddenly feeling alone and asked me to join you. Shabnam said it with a naughty smile.

"No, no, I just was getting bored. The Pooja has been delayed for a week, so I just did not know what to do in the meantime." Arvind explained this to Shabnam.

"You and your friend have been shopping in the city of Kashi for some time, so what did you all find out then?" Shabnam asked as she sat comfortably on her bed in her room. Now she had done her unpacking, and she wanted to hear from Arvind.

"Oh! Shiv has been busy arranging the pooja, and I have been doing my jogging sessions on campus, where I have also been parrying and asking for forgiveness

from every pipal tree in the area. I am sure the Pipal Dev will listen to my prayers and soon leave my body for good. Arvind went on to state.

“Yes! But I am still a bit apprehensive of all this mythical and occult stuff. I am a city girl living in Mumbai, and my world is far removed from tantra and pipal trees with Jinn's. "It was sacred to come when you first told me, but then somehow I came." Shabana let out a deep sigh and then closed her eyes, trying her best to relax.

"You get some sleep, dear you must be exhausted from the travel. We will go to the river tomorrow. You can have dinner in the evening and try and have only vegetarian food it will help in the ritual." Arvind then slowly slipped out of her room.

There was a huge market a distance from the lodge, and Arvind would often lose himself in the market place. This was his way of cooling his head and his thoughts. Whenever he felt uneasy, like the time when the clown painting on the wall kept changing, he would walk out of the lodge into the hustle and bustle of the market place. He would just wander into the streets and observe the traffic and the people doing the shopping.

It was winter time in the middle of December, and the afternoons would be cooler than usual. Although the sun would be out most days, there would always be a huge crowd in the market place with an end number of electric rickshaws, the new rage in the city.

Arvind would walk for long hours just alone with his thoughts it was also a way for him to get some fresh air into his lungs his jogging sessions kept him fit and so was his vegetarian diet. All this was definitely helping with the healing process of his penis, which was not troubling him as much as it used to.

"So how is the romance going, lover boy?" Shiv asked Arvind.

"Oh! No, she is just sleeping in her room. I thought it would be good if we had some company. She can also join the pooja with us and get involved." Arvind told Shiv.



“Ya! But women, they can be such a distraction, I tell you. We are here on a mission for a purpose, and we cannot forget that if the Jinn doesn’t leave your body, you might have to get that penis of yours chopped off. This is a serious matter, my friend.” Shiv reminded Arvind Prakash, who was staring at him back like a sick puppy.

“Oh! Ok, if it makes you feel happy having her around, by all means, but she should not be a hindrance for us. Shiv gave his orders out loud and clear.

"I will look into the fact that she will be my responsibility in the city I will look after her here after all she is my guest." Arvind said it like a man who was in charge.

"How come you did not write any plays on Jinn's and possession? This will be great material for a full-fledged play imagine chasing Jinn's and learning about occult it could also be very informative for all." Shabnam said to Arvind, trying to strike up a conversation.

"Yes, it will be inserting the only issue is that this is real and a play is a fantasy with a lot of imagination. But I get your point it will make for an interesting story." Arvind replied as if agreeing with Shabnam.

"You must order a lassi for me for dinner. The dal here has a lot of chilly in it, and the vegetable potato curry has just too much oil in it. I will try eating in the sweat shop at the market they have some great samosas and kachori. I just love it. I am tired of eating chicken sandwiches and dosas from the Globe canteen. This food would be a welcome change for me. Shabnam said she was hungry for sure.

"I was wondering if I write a play on this story of mine, what would I call it? Maybe "Jinn ki Amma," or maybe "Pishach ka Badla," or perhaps "Jinn ka Prakop." What do you think, dear?" Arvind asked Shabnam.

"First, just get down and write it first. We can get a name for the play later. Just hand me my lunch. I don't want to eat cold food it's bad for my complexion." Shabnam told Arvind.



"You know, now that I look back in life, I have seen a bhoot once actually, she was a witch. A very old lady stayed next to a broken mansion behind a chawl. She would beg strangers, and at night we could hear her crying. She would do it every night, and then she died. Just out of sheer cold, she just died. No one cared for her for some time, but even now, when people go near that place, they say they can see her sitting and crying. As if she never left her body and left behind her shadow instead. But that was when I was very small, and you know, when you are young, you tend to have a wild imagination. Shabnam narrated her experience of the paranormal.

“Ya! But the only way to find out paranormal activity of any kind is through vibrations and energies. You have people who use ghost meter to detect ghosts and other paranormal beings it's like an electric meter with five lights if all five light up all of a sudden, you can bet your ass that there is a ghost of a demon around.” Arvind explained this to Shabnam.

"Ya! I have read about this in some books and novels, but now I am getting a chance to experience it all for myself and all here with you in Kashi. Shabnam said as if excited at the entire prospect.

"Do the tantrik's really take out blood from the trunk of a pipal tree? Have you seen them do that?" Shabnam asked Arvind curiously.

"Well, I have seen red painted on some of the pipal trees, but I thought that must just be paint or some powder. They do have a very strange ritual by using lemon, green, and red chilies they use it to tame and ward away evil spirits." Arvind replied.

"Kashi is the city of the dead the world comes to Kashi to die no doubt it is the hub of such occult arts and superstition." Shabnam gave her views.

"No superstition, no myths, this is the real deal. You will feel it yourself it's a shadow that will get to you as well, and then you will really see it and feel it. These are the realms between the living and the dead in another dimension, and you will be experiencing them yourself. You will believe it. Arvind told Shabnam.

"The city is so mediaeval and so ancient it is older than time the dust and the streets are so distinct, but in a city where anyone can live and survive, it is very cheap to live in varanasi. I never seen so many pilgrims in one place. I managed to

catch a glimpse of the Ganga Arti. It was pandemonium. I tell you, there was so much sound the fire, the bells, so much noise and the lights and the lasers. A pop show near the ghats. I just love the energy of the place at night. Shabnam gave her first impressions of the city of Kashi.

"I like it that you are exploring this place it is best to do it alone that's the best way to explore the wonders of this city. I get my peace jogging at the campus area, which gives me a lot of joy. Try the mithai and poori aloo as well they are great, and of course, there are two temples next to our lodge. The red temple is the Durga Kund temple you should visit it at least once. Arvind gave some tips to Shabnam, who was only too willing to explore the city.

"We are at the end of the festival season, which is why the crowd is less. Most of the pilgrims have left the city post-Diwali festivities. It will be easier for you to move about the streets with less traffic and pedestrians. You have the time to explore this place. Arvind Prakash advised his muse, Shabnam. He was pleased to have her around it made him feel better about himself. She was a young, beautiful busty woman, and they had been in a good relationship a few times. She knew him to be a passionate man, but it was only the penis issue that had come between them. This was the right time to work things out between them and if they managed to defeat the Jinn. Shabnam had now begun to settle in the city of Kashi.

"I looked at the boats floating in the river, the Ganges it was very low and shallow the boat man ferrying families from one ghat to another the never-ending smell of burning corpses and the morning families performing the last rites. It just gives you a glimpse into the fickleness of life one day you are here and the other day you are just gone you don't exist." Shabnam became a bit philosophical as she said this.

"Life has always been fascinated with death and the dying of the body the question is, where after death? I think incidents like these remind us that there are certain hidden dimensions that have remained elusive to science and will remain, so this is the unknown, the dark matter. It is here that the jinn's side is buried away from the human experience we are here to see that realm." Arvind lamented.



"You are an actor since when did you turn into a philosopher?" Shabnam asked playfully.

"Well, since the Jinn of Professor Dubey took possession of my penis, he was a philosophy professor, you see." Arvind told her.



"Imagine you of all people it got after you, and you are also stubborn as an ox. The jinn warned you not to piss under the pipal, and you just did not listen. Now you have screwed both our sex lives." Shabnam said it with a very horny look on her face.

"I am trying to solve it by paying money for all the pooja and ritual. I have been pushing Shiv for the pooja, but he wants everything perfect that is not possible. The first pooja was effective in intimating the rot in my penis. I am sure the next two will see the end of the Jinn and my possession. Arvind Prakash made it very clear.

"What about your acting? Where does it fit in? Do you do your reyaz and rehearsals? Do you read plays, or are you just seen wandering on the streets, worshipping pipal trees, and asking for forgiveness for your sins? People in the campus area must think you are mad for sure. Shabnam told Arvind.

"Yes, I am my usual absent-minded self many times Shiv has pointed it out, but I am just like that I guess it's the age." Arvind tried to shrug it off.

"Look, Arvind I know you have this thing going on with your dick, but honey, baby, I need some love in my life. We had such a great time together at your apartment you were so gentle and even rough in bed when you wanted to be, but now with all this possession, we hardly talk and we have hardly touched each other in months. Shabnam made a quiet complaint to Arvind Prakash, hoping that he would finally hear her.

"Times are a bit complicated. I asked you to come so that we could be together. I am trying my best to do the right thing for the both of us." Arvind gave his point of view.

"Yes! I assure you, what about Shiv? I haven't seen him around for a few days, not even at the lodge?". Shabnam asked Arvind.

"He has gone looking for the baba, you know, the aghodi, who was the first one to tell us about my Jinn possession. Only he can perform the rituals in the right manner." But the baby has disappeared it just vanished. Shiv is trying to look for him otherwise, the pooja just will not happen, and I would not be able to get Jinn off my penis." Arvind explained to her. "You also need to earn your living as an actor you just can't keep sitting in Kashi all your life. You need your regular income, your stage plays, and your shows otherwise, it will be difficult for us to survive." Shabnam had her own economic concerns.

"This is a very confusing time for me. I have to deal with extraordinary things in my life, and it's also physically painful. I just want you to be around to make me happy and cheer me up. That's all I want from you—to be a friend and comfort me." Arvind demands Shabnam's full loyalty.

"Look, we have known each other for a long time, and you did help me settle in the city. I also learned a lot of my craft from listening to you, watching you, and reading all your books. I know that you need my comforting words, as you have already been sued by them. But it's not always that I will be around for you not everything lasts." Shabnam made it clear to Arvind that this would be a relationship on her terms.

At first, Arvind was a bit taken aback by Shabnam's more aggressive and forceful posture, but he liked to see her so sure of herself.

"Uff! This vegetarian food is going to kill me one day. On top of that, the lodge serves two types of dal, two types of paneer, and two types of paratha there is no choice. I will surely lose a lot of weight in this city. Arvind squibbed about the food that was being served at the lodge.

"We can look to eat out at night maybe try Chinese food they have a lot of good vegetarian stuff as well. Eating out is an option in this city. Shabnam gave a solution to the food quality problem.



"We will try and eat in the food stalls near the market area, like Tikki Chat, Pao Bhaji, gourd nuts, bun and butter, samosa, and bread pakoda. That kind of food is real street food it's vegetarian and also very tasty and filling." Arvind had figured this all out during his long walks around the city. He had seen most of the food joints that littered the market place near the campus area.

"That's cool, then it seems we have a lot of variety and new things to eat out." Shabnam agreed with the idea of eating out.

The next few days, the couple roamed around the markets, bazaars, and streets of Varanasi, looking for authentic street food. The two had their fill of puri bhaji and chat it was a different experience of the city, and Shabnam was loving the attention she was getting from Arvind it reminded her of the good times they used to share in Mumbai.

"I know things have changed between us in a physical way, but we are still close emotionally. You do like me and enjoy my company. You just need to give it some more time." Arvind told Shabnam.

At the back of his mind, Arvind knew that Shabnam was a brief distraction from the real issue, which was to win over Jinn and understand the occult. To get a peek into the world of the paranormal and the weird, that was the real reason and purpose he was here, and along with Shiv, he had to appease the Jinn and get his rotting penis back along with his sex life.

He had prayed and asked for forgiveness he had asked for forgiveness from the Piplal Dev he had done his repentance he did not deserve this and the discomfit that came along with it. Their sheer dark forces are still hovering around, their energies spying over them all, watching them at all times.

"I do feel at times that someone is watching me, as in looking from behind my shoulder it's a funny feeling, very eerie, but then it just disappears." Shabnam, too, had felt strange energies around them.

"Just be alert and don't get too alarmed. The mind plays its tricks at times these could be just idle voices in your head. You just want to see what you want to see." Arvind replied.

"No, I did feel it very distinctively even when I just walked out of the lodge, or maybe it's just the rustling of the leaves." Shabnam just tried to brush off the entire thing.

**To Be Continued...**

**“As Pischach Mochan  
Mandir Ke Jinn”**

# Purane Pipal Ka Jinn

## The true story of an unusual possession

The story is of a very strange and unusual possession, where a Jinn sitting on top of a Pipal Tree takes possession of a middle aged actor Arvind Prakash while he unknowingly and unwittingly pees on the grave of a fakir under a Pipal Tree. The Jinn warns him but Arvind doesn't listen, the angry and agitated Jinn takes possession of Arvind Prakash and attacks parts of his penis, which results in Arvind getting a medical complication on his penis.

Anuj Tikku is a famous Bollywood actor and a leading face in several advertisements & Bollywood Films. He has a Engineering Degree from the University of Manchester and a Business Administration Degree from IMT Gaziabad. Currently he runs a book blog called [www.anujtikku.com](http://www.anujtikku.com) and has authored more then forty books.

***Anuj Tikku has written more then fifty books***



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