

Part Eighteen

DESCENT OF RADHA KRISHNA TO GOLAK DHAM BRINDABAN

Twenty-six Chapter

NARD REPORTING TO KRISHNA IN DWARKA



Modern city of Dwarka is not just a religious place but of archaeological interest.
(Courtesy: BBC Global News).

Nard's commentary of Brindaban was unstoppable, alluding to Krishna as a sidwinder, "I plodded on to Nand's residence. When I reached there, I was more saddened at the wretched sight of Nand and Yashoda. I was extremely anguished when I learnt that their sights were dwindling because of ceaseless crying for you, day, and night, all these years. The only thing that gave them some respite in their pitiable life was their ability to cry for you.

Your mother spends her time in solitude most times, and when she mutters to herself, she blabbers like, 'Oh my little baby, come and sit in my lap. I enjoy your smile and you calling me 'mama, mama'. How can I ever forget you?' She would often fall down fainting. Sometimes, without anyone to prop her up.

Hearing the pathetic news about his mother, Krishna, who had been trying to keep calm and composed, had his eyes veiled with misty tears that were evoked by a sudden arousal of his love for his adopted mother.

Tears were about to slide down his cheeks. He soon turned his face away, as he did not want to show his emotions to Nard. As a result, Nard, who could see the past, present, and future, was unable to break through Hari's maya [Illusive act].

Nard made further effort to get a response from Hari. So, he continued talking: " Oh Hari, as I was unable to bear the awful wretchedness of the people of Braj, I walked over from door to door and told them I would go away to fetch Krishna for sure.

Having given them hope for your come back, I am here my Lord, to ask you the favour of going back to Braj to save the people of Braj, who were and are still steadfast in love and dedication to you.

Oh *Murari!* [A name of Krishna; slayer of Mura, the general of Narakasur], please have a compassionate heart and create a little space for the people of Braj, who need a little of your affection, as well as to allay the worry of Brahma, and help me to keep my promise. Oh Giridhari (Another name of

Krishna: one who holds the mountain, Goberdhan], would you kindly grant me this favour? Govind [Another name of Krishna; cow finder], was listening to Nard's grim story, showing no emotions on his face, and without uttering a single word.

He put on a blank face like a wooden mask. It was not that he was not aggrieved and feeling very sad, but he kept that appearance for the benefit of Nard. The sad tidings of heartbreak for his separation from Radha for over one hundred years, were flooding his heart with his hallowed love for Radhika and it was breaking its banks.

On the other, Nard, although quite surprised at Krishna's emotional blunting and negative reactions to the sad feeling of the people of Braj, persisted with his narratives regardless, as he saw it fit [...].

While Nards was talking, Hari was thinking. How could he leave Dwarka? He felt it was not feasible, and he also saw the improbability of Radha coming to Dwarkapur. She would never leave Braj Brindaban. Alternatively, if he were to leave Dwarka so many inhabitants of Dwarka would perish. Satyabhama would be the first to die.

Krishna was thinking: 'Though the most compelling love stories are tragic, there are ways to avoid it with the newfound appreciation of life.' A novel idea flashed across his mind.

He had an epiphany. If he were to build a city between Dwarka and Brindaban, halfway between the two places, and with an acceptable excuse in the then prevailing circumstances, if he called Radhika to come over there, she would definitely come. That way, it would not be an insult to the people of Dwarka, while he would fulfil his yearning to meet up with Radha. He resolved to entrust the project to Nard for its execution.

Krishna breathed a sigh of relief. He said to himself that it was wonderful that Nard muni came over to Dwarka. He then focused his thoughts on Nard as central to his planning without saying anything about it. He continued with the conversation, resuming his original dignified countenance, and making only small talk.

Twenty -Seventh Chapter

SHRI KRISHNA'S DOUBLE-TALK CONFOUNDED NARD MUNI

Krishna listened to all that Nard had to say about Braj, seemingly attentive and apparently anxious. Suddenly he interrupted Nard. He spoke solemnly, saying that he had something very important to say to him.

Krishna delivered his speech with an intonation that emphasized words, which were clear and cut, to cultivate Nard's centre of attention. "Nard muni, I say this to you very frankly. Do not believe everything you saw or heard in Brajbhumi. They are all twiddles. Just frontal shows. All the people of Braj are selfish with no compassion for others. I was the unfortunate Krishna who was born and brought up in Braj. I should know better than you, muni. Please believe me.

I had such a miserable childhood. I had suffered a lot, but I held out as long as I could. Only when I came to the end of my tether, did I flee. My mother Yashodamata, you are talking about, is the worst kind. She was such a miser and a strict disciplinarian. She pretended to be lovey-dovey outwardly. It was hardly much. It was only a mouthful of *nani makhan* (Hand churned butter], for which she once bound me with a rope and kept me fastened to a large wooden rice mortar.

My old father Nand was a smoothie – a sweet talker. He did not get me educated, something he should have done for his child. All I had to do was to go to the cowshed with a faint shimmer of dawn every morning to milk cows and then to the forest as the low morning sun dawned to the east, to tend cows. I never had any rest. I was forever made to milk cows and carry heavyweights so often that my *chura* (Headgear with peacock feathers) became tilted to one side.

Whenever I went out for a bit of play, I would be called back to do some work or other. It was awful. Attending cows was my play, and sleeping at night was my only rest. It was a terrible life I had, believe me, muni. Whenever I think about my life then, I have pain in my heart. Their cruelty has been etched on my heart forever. Gooseflesh came all over me, the moment you mentioned Nand and Yashoda.

In Braj, no cowherds including ShreeDam, had any affection for me. While playing *feebun Haibi* [Manipuri word of an ancient Vedic game played with a ball of cloth] , my companions would ride on me saying they had won. I was only little, and they were all bigger than me. Then, seeing me suffer, they would laugh and clap their hands in applause.

When the cows came home in the evening, if any cow was missing, they would send me out to the forest in the dark, to search for it. When Kansa's demons came over, they would let me fight them while they were hiding. I know every one of them very well. There is no use of your talking and pleading about them.

With dread in your heart, Nard, you are also talking about the gopis. They are all put-ons. You might not believe me muni. You do not seem to realise that the one who has a heart of stone and who is outwardly coquettish, with goo-goo eyes, and come-hither-look, is the leader of them all. Her name is Radha, your Radharani. It is all water under the bridge now.” Krishna continued with his dialogue.