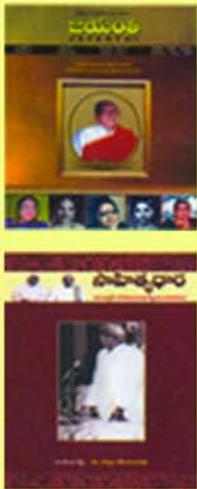


Short Stories of  
**VISWANADHA**



Rendered into English by  
**Mrs. Yoga Mulukutla**

# విశ్వనాథ సాహిత్య పీఠం



## ఆహ్వానిస్తున్నాం

'జయంతి' క్రమశిక్ష పత్రికకు వ్యాసాలు, అనువాదాలు సమకూర్చుకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథనెరిగినవారు 'మధురమ్మమ్మ' పుస్తకాలకు తోడ్పాటులు చేకూర్చుకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ 'భావ బంగారం' పుస్తకాలకు భావాల సేకరించి అందించేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ రచనల ఆంగ్లేయ అనువాదాలు చేసేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ రచనల వారి గురించి ఇతరులు రచించిన ఆంగ్లేయ రచనలందించేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ వారి స్వీయస్వరంలో పద్యాలు, కావ్య క్యాసెట్లు పంపించేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ 'డాక్యుమెంటరీ'కి ఫోటోలు తదితర సామగ్రి అందించేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ పేర వెబ్సైట్లో 'అలంకార'కు తగిన రచనలను పేర్లు సూచించేకోరి.  
 విశ్వనాథ సాహిత్య పీఠానికి సేవలందించుటకు ప్రోత్సాహక విరాళి చేసేకోరి.  
 ఇంతవరకు పునురించబడని విశ్వనాథ రచనలకై వ్రాసే వాటిని అందించేకోరి

గౌరవార్థం : **డా. వెలిచాల కొండలరావు, జయంతి సంపాదకులు**  
 ఫోన్ : 9848195959, 23396358

చిరునామా : 11-4-654/2, రెడ్ హిల్స్, లక్ష్మీకాపూల్, హైదరాబాద్-4,

**కిన్నెర పుట్టుక**

పరుగెత్తెడు నీ నేటి  
 బంధము వూరితి చేతను  
 తెరమున నేటికి బదులన  
 కాల్యగణ్య నీటి పాఠలు!  
 ఎడమ చేతి నీ కొంగును  
 డిడిచి నట్టుకొంటి నేటి  
 తడిచేతను కొంగులేక  
 తడబడితిని ప్రయురాలా  
 -జినోబీ

# SHORT STORIES

Telugu : Chinna Kathalu

by

**Kavi Samrat**

**VISHWANADHA SATYANARAYANA**

*Translated into English*

by

**Yoga Mulukutla**

**A VISHWANADHA SAHITYA PEETAM PUBLICATION**

## SHORT STORIES OF VISHWANADHA

English : Yoga Mulukutla

*Published by :*

**Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam**

11-4-654/3, Red Hills,

Lakadi-ka-pul,

Hyderabad - 500 004.

Ph: 040-23396358

© 2012

**Sons of Vishwanadha**

Rs. 250/-

§ 5

*Copies can be had from :*

All Leading Booksellers in Andhra Pradesh

and from the Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam

**Sri Vishwanadha Publication**

Vishwanadhapuram, Maruthi Nagar,

91-40-65886145, 91-94404-91995

Vijayawada - 500 004.

www.viswandhasatyanarayana.com

veyipadagalu@yahoo.com

*Title Designed by :*

**Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam**

*Printed at :*

**Vani Printing Press**

Kukatpally, Hyderabad-72.

Cell: 9505802225

## CONTENTS

	Introduction - C. Subba Rao
	My Word - Mrs. Yoga Mulukutla
1-2	Loss of touch ( <i>Vismruthi</i> )
3-7	Aspiration Attained ( <i>Bhavana Siddhi</i> )
8-18	Realisation ( <i>Paripoorthi</i> )
19	Barrier Rendered Barrierless: ( <i>Avarodhamu</i> )
20-24	Son of the land lord ( <i>Jameendaru Koduku</i> )
25-30	Reversal ( <i>Tirodhanamu</i> )
31-41	I have cleared your debt ( <i>Nee runam teerchukunnanu</i> )
42-51	Sacred Love ( <i>Punya Premamu</i> )
52-58	The King ( <i>Raju</i> )
59-63	Researchers ( <i>Parisodhakulu</i> )
64-69	Yoo rhi she khai ( <i>Yoo rhi she khai</i> )
70-77	Dianthus ( <i>Dianthus</i> )
78-84	The Dog in the Maakly Fort ( <i>Maarly Durgamulo Kukka</i> )
85-90	The will of the Soul ( <i>Jeevuni istamu</i> )
91-98	The tomb ( <i>Goli Mahal</i> )
99-103	Born twice ( <i>Dwijatha</i> )
104-111	Kapardhi ( <i>Kapardhi</i> )
112-119	What is the relationship! ( <i>Yemi sambhandham</i> )
120-124	Who is responsible for Shakuntala's Fate ( <i>Shakuntala vidhiki yevaru karanamu</i> )
125-130	The beginning and the end ( <i>Aadhyanthamulu</i> )
131-134	Hanging ( <i>Uri</i> )
135-155	The Three Beggars ( <i>Mugguru Bicchagallu</i> )
156-160	The Lord and the Deputy ( <i>Dhoragaru - Dheevanjee</i> )
161-168	The Steps of Light ( <i>Velugu metlu</i> )
169-173	Zoo ( <i>Zoo</i> )
174-176	The Other Way ( <i>Incoka vidhamu</i> )
177-181	Seven Horses ( <i>Sapthashwam</i> )
182-190	A whisk waver ( <i>Chamaragrahini</i> )
191-195	Disciple of Allah ( <i>Allahke Phakeeru</i> )

## Introduction

If it is a good translation, it shouldn't sound like translation at all. The reader must almost feel that he is reading the original text only. This sort of effect is achieved by easy fluency of style appropriateness of vocabulary, the characteristic turn of phrase and tonality of expression.

Sri Viswanatha is a great literary genius. It is not that easy to translate him. But, if one reads these translations of his short stories by Mrs. Mulukutla Yoga, one feels happy that they are quite good. The passion with which she has done these translations, the spirit of dedication, family pride, and pleasure with which she has undertaken the whole project, the enormous interest and care that have gone into the job to perform it effectively can easily be seen when we go through these translations.

As said earlier when we read most of them we feel as if we were reading the original compositions. She has never striven for unnecessary ornamentation or showy embellishment. The wonderful thing about the book is that people who knew Sri Viswanatha personally or those who have read most of his works feel his presence all the time as they read these translations. It means the book has successfully carried the imprint of the literary Titan throughout. And this is not a small achievement. Sri Viswanatha is highly original and innovative in his approach. He does not always use the same technique in every story. Also his thematic range is as varied as it is extensive from psychological perversion in Bhavana Siddhi of the protagonist to look like a woman and be more beautiful than his wife to a highly abstract and philosophical dissertation in 'Adyantamulu', from humorous and satirical attacks on our half-backed knowledge and imperfect information in 'Zoo' to brutality and cunning of the Shahis in Allake Fakir and Goli Mahal. But Mrs. Yoga handles all these different themes with ease and deftness. She doesn't use pedantic and high-brow

language, but translates in home-spun spoken English which is at once easy and intimate.

I very much appreciate her work and congratulate her on her achievement. I specially appreciate her affectionate and respectful and justifiable feelings of pride for her great uncle, the Colossus of the contemporary Telugu literature in all its forms. He is the sort of literary genius of whom all the Telugu speaking people should be proud.

I am very happy to say that this book is the brain child of Dr.V.Kondala Rao who is himself a famous writer and translator of repute, and manages Sri Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam with a passionate veneration for the foremost of the Telugu literary geniuses of the contemporary Telugu literature. It, in fact, reflects Dr.Rao's laudable literary sensibilities and his selfless and noble ambition to present and popularize the matchless master's achievement in almost every form of literature. One of the objectives of 'Sri Viswanadha Sahitya Peetam', is to bring out at least some of the great master's works in simple English translation which can be easily followed and enjoyed by even students. I guess Mrs. Yoga's book is the first in the series.

My warm congratulations to the authoress as well as Dr.Kondala Rao on making Sri Viswanatha's short stories through English translation accessible to people living far and beyond. I am sure the world will one day regret that the highest literary award, the Nobel Prize for literature, has not been awarded to Sri Viswanatha. I am equally sure that the Telugu people will painfully feel guilty that they have not shown the tremendous merit of Sri Viswanatha to the world at large through effective English translation of all his works.

**C. Subbarao**

Former Head, Dept. of English  
SVRM College  
Nagaram

## MY WORD

This book is dedicated to Vishwanadha Pavani Sastry, who first encouraged me to do the translations. He passed away at an early age of fifty four years. May god bless his soul.

These short stories were written in Telugu by Sri Viswanadha Satyanarayana between 1923 and 1960, and were published in different literary magazines in Andhra Pradesh, India.

I took the task of translating them in as simple a language as possible to facilitate their reading even by non-Telugu speaking people. I tried to narrate each story with the same tone and tenor without deviating from the spirit and the intent of the originals as written by **Vishwanadha**.

The original book of Vishwanadha contains thirty stories. I have not attempted the translation of the story called "**Kalidasuni Apakeerthi**" because that story contains many Sanskrit words and religious terms, which I thought the readers would do well to read in the original itself.

The translations are done keeping in view the non-Telugu knowing as well as those who are not familiar with Telugu script, even though they may be Telugu people. For that reason, I have tried my level best to make them as simple and straight as possible in the good old style of telling the stories at home.

My thanks are due to my next door neighbor Mis. Doreen Gadd, a retired principal in one of the London schools, who read all the stories and advised me suitably.

I am grateful Dr. Velichala Kondal Rao garu, who has very generously encouraged me to do these translations.

I am also thankful to Sri C. Subba Rao garu, who has written an excellent introduction.

I am thankful to both Sri Kondala Rao garu and Subba Rao garu, for the pains that they have taken to do the editing work wherever it was needed.

I am also thankful to the Staff of the Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam for all the assistance extended.

I am particularly thankful to the family members of Kavisamrat Vishwanadha Satyanarayana garu for having concerted to bring out these translations and also to Vishwanadha Sahitya Peetam for having agreed to publish them.

I am extremely happy that this book is being blessed and released by Sri K. Vijaya Rama Rao garu and Sri Mandali Buddha Prasad garu, former Ministers of A.P. and men of high literary eminence, who are evincing a great interest in promoting the Telugu language in A.P.

*Mrs. Yoga Mulukutla*

Hyderabad  
14-03-2012

## LOSS OF TOUCH (*Vismruthi*)

Even when he is alive the Raja of Nuziveedu, “His Highness Dharmapparayalu” has become famous for his charity and philanthropy. Even beggars sing generous qualities. Even the children when they listen to them look like the wonder-struck and overjoyed. Of course nobody need compare him with Karna for his unhesitating and bountiful charity. Beggars are allowed to roam about the King’s Palace freely. Never does he utter even a single harsh word against them.

The Raja’s fame has spread far and wide, even up to Panchala Desa. A Parsee couple of beggars, after a long strenuous journey, reached Nuziveedu. There was a special lilting sweetness in their Hindustani music. They were gifted with a divine voice. They were unrivalled as singers. Whenever they sang, crowds and crowds of people came to listen to them. Sometimes there used to be a stampede like situation.

That day, the whole palace got drenched with the sweetness of their music. It was a feast to the listeners. They lost in the flood of the melody of their songs blissfully unaware of the happenings outside.

The beggars in the past used to be accommodated on the ground floor. But these two Parsee singers were provided superior accommodation upstairs.

The Queen who had never stepped out and got her feet soiled who was never exposed to the sun herself used to come out and enquired, about their welfare. When they got shelter in the palace and royal patronage, the benign looks of the Goddess of wealth fell on them and they looked aristocratic.

The next day, the King had to go to Amaravathi on some urgent administrative work. Raja Apparao garu and Raja Venkatadri Naidu garu were great friends. The river Krishna reflects the glory of Raja Venkatadri Naidu garu. The welfare of the great singers was entrusted to the care of the Prime Minister.

Raja Apparao garu was not able to come back to Nuziveedu for six months. The singers were provided with all luxuries and treated as royal guests. Now they slept on the softest beds; they were served most delicious food. They put on snow-white clothes. Time passed like this for six months. They were like crops previously drying and now putting forth tender leaves resulting in luxuriant growth. Their poor emaciated bodies grew green and looked radiant. They became stout losing the sweetness of their voice.

The King arrived then his town. The Parsee beggars were called in. The King could not recognize them. They were also not so obedient and courteous as they used to be before.

Nobody liked their singing. Those who came to listen to them, were terribly disappointed. The King lost interest in them.

Because of luxurious lives, the couple who were once like the sweet singing birds the lost their melodious voice and the art of singing.

Like birds let off from the cage they were released. They could not make their living as they could not sing at all. Like a couple who took shelter in summer under a tree that was felled, they passed a way hand in hand in course of time.

\*\*\*\*\*

## ASPIRATION ATTAINED (*Bhavana Siddhi*)

Lakshmana Swami and Urmila were first cousins in the sense, they were children born of brother and sister. Her original name was Ramamma. When Lakshmanaswami married her he changed it to Urmila. When Urmila was born, every one said that Lakshmanaswami's wife was born. (Marrying the first cousin was a common custom in olden days). As children they played the game of husband and wife. Urmila was never shy of Lakshmanaswami. She was married to him at the age of nine..(Childhood marriages were common in those days). The day before the wedding, while she was playing some game Lakshmanaswami caused some interruption. She ran to her mother crying

Mother; Why do you cry! Your eye-paint will melt away.

Urmila ; Lakshmai spoiled my game

Would be Mother-in-law: He will be your husband tomorrow;

How can you call him Lakshmai

so disrespectfully?

She showed neither respect nor fondness for him in spite of people's advice.

No matter how many people advised her, she never showed any signs of shyness or respect towards him. Prompted by many, one evening she sat on the floor with one leg folded down and the other lifted up. She leaned her face against the leg which was folded up. In a teasing manner, with a beautiful smile she said "should I bend my head dear"?. Every one was happy. The old ones paid compliments by saying that they looked like the love birds. The young felt jealous of them.

Urmila was now leading a married life, but they did not behave like husband and wife. One day when Lakshmanaswami came, she stood up with respect.

Lakshman. "Don't get up, please sit down"

Urmila. "Yes, I really don't have to get up," Why should I so saying, she sat down.

It was a way of her talking, not due to lack of love towards him. That was the way of life they led, before their marriage.

Didn't they love each other? They did. What kind of love? It was the same kind of love which they had towards other members of the family. They had no deeper idea about their coming together later to be a part of each other's life, or that something different had happened to them in their lives. Their married life was alright. There were no moments of unhappiness or happiness. No secrets of love, no shyness in fact, not much romance. There was only relationship like friendship between them. How then could they be called husband and wife? Well, that was how the world looked at them.

One day Urmila was combing her hair standing in front of a big mirror. Lakshmanaswami came and stood by her side.

"You look nice" she said

"Who looks pretty, she or me tell, aunty"? He asked his aunty who was standing nearby.

"Both" said the aunt.

"Don't be unjust aunty", said Urmila laughing. But there was a hidden pride and anger behind that laugh. He knew that, but only said it to tease her,

"Oh well you are very beautiful".

"Yes, I am very beautiful any way" She said with pride.

Lakshmanaswami got annoyed for a few seconds.

One day while Lakshmanaswami's father was having a bath, Urmila was standing nearby a wall. Lakshmanaswami moved and stood beside her hugging him with her shoulders. "Oh it is alright to do this kind of thing", she said..

Father: "Why are you standing like that"?

:Lakshman : "To see who is pretty"

Father: "You can never look like her"

Lakshman: "Why not"?.

Father: "She is a girl after all",

Lakshman: "Does beauty belong only to women"?

Father: "Why does a man need beauty"?

This kind of talk is common in the villages. Here it is necessary to describe, the physical features of the two. Both of them were slim, medium complexioned and oval faced. .

Lakshmanaswami had fewer masculine features but did not look like a woman. Urmila had fewer female features but one could not say that she looked like a man. Both of them had some common features. As it happens in youth, Lakshmanaswami developed a thick moustache as he grew up. One day he trimmed it. While having a bath he twisted his moustache asking her to tell how it looked. She just smiled. She thought that it would have been better if he were a woman.

He did not go to the fields for the whole year. His skin turned fairer. He stopped going into the street and attending to any business. One day, his maternal uncle joked saying, "Day by day you are staying at home like a woman." He let his hair

**End of Preview.**

**Rest of the book can be read @**  
**<http://kinige.com/kbook.php?id=1152>**

\* \* \*