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Immortals of meluha book pdf

The Immortals of Meluha marked the arrival of Amish and the beginning of his Shiva trilogy. The book had faced rejection from many publishing houses but went on to become a sensation. by Amish Editor's Note: The Immortals of Meluha marked the arrival of Amish and the beginning of his Shiva trilogy. The book had faced rejection from many publishing houses but went on to become a sensation. While many books have re-told tales from India's epics and mythology, Amish blurred the line between Gods and humans by making Gods attain their divine status via deeds. In this excerpt, courtesy Westland Books, Shiva newly arrived in Meluha discovers that even in the most advanced societies faith can still prove powerful. Shiva tossed and turned on his bed constantly. He was wearing an orange coloured dhoti. The tiger skin had been taken away to be washed — for hygiene reasons. His cotton angvastram was lying on a low chair by the wall. A half-lit chillum lay forlorn on the side-table. This cursed bed is too soft. Impossible to sleep on! Shiva yanked the bed sheet off the mattress, tossed it on the floor and lay down. This was a little better. Sleep was stealthily creeping in on him. But not as strongly as at home. He missed the rough cold floor of his own hut. He missed the shrill winds of Mount Kailash, which broke through the most determined efforts to ignore them. He missed the comforting stench of his tiger skin. No doubt, his current surroundings were excessively comfortable, but they were unfamiliar and alien. The book cover of The Immortals of Meluha. As usual, it was his instincts which brought up the truth: 'It's not the room. It's you.' It was then that Shiva noticed that he was sweating. Despite the cool breeze, he was sweating profusely. The room appeared to be spinning lightly. He felt as if his body was being drawn out of itself. His frostbitten right toe felt as if it was on fire. His battle-scarred left knee seemed to be getting stretched. His tired and aching muscles felt as if a great hand was remoulding them. His shoulder bone, dislocated in days past and never completely healed, appeared to be ripping the muscles aside so as to reengineer the joint. The muscles in turn seemed to be giving way to the bones to do their job. Breathing was an effort. He opened his mouth to help his lungs along. But not enough air flowed in. Shiva concentrated with all his might, opened his mouth wide and sucked in as much air as he could. The curtains by the side of the window rustled as a kindly wind rushed in. With the sudden gush of air, Shiva's body relaxed just a bit. And then the battle began again. He focused and willed giant gasps of air into his hungry body. Knock! Knock! The light tapping on the door alerted Shiva. He was disoriented for a moment. Still breathing hard! His shoulder was twitching. The familiar pain was missing. He looked down at his knee. It didn't hurt anymore. The scar had vanished. Still gasping for breath! He looked down at his toe. Whole and complete now. He bent to check it. A cracking sound reverberated through the room as his toe made its first movement in years. Still breathing hard! There was also an unfamiliar tingling coldness in his neck. Very cold. Knock! Knock! A little more insistent now. A bewildered Shiva staggered to his feet, pulled the angvastram around his neck for warmth and opened the door. The darkness veiled his face, but Shiva could still recognise Bhadra. He whispered in a panic-stricken voice, 'Shiva, I'm sorry to disturb you so late. But my mother has suddenly developed a very high fever. What should I do?' Shiva instinctively touched Bhadra's forehead. 'You too have a fever Bhadra. Go to your room. I will get the doctor.' As Shiva raced down the corridor towards the steps he encountered many more doors opening with the now familiar message. 'Sudden fever! Help!' Shiva sprinted down the steps to the attached building where the doctors were housed. He knocked hard on the door. Ayurvati opened it immediately, as if she was expecting him. Shiva spoke calmly. 'Ayurvati, almost my entire tribe has suddenly fallen ill. Please come fast, they need help.' Ayurvati touched Shiva's forehead. 'You don't have a fever?' Shiva shook his head. 'No.' Ayurvati frowned, clearly surprised. She turned and ordered her nurses. 'Come on. It's begun. Let's go.' As Ayurvati and her nurses rushed into the building, Chitraangadh appeared out of nowhere. He asked Shiva, 'What happened?' 'I don't know. Practically everybody in my tribe suddenly fell ill.' 'You too are perspiring heavily.' 'Don't worry. I don't have fever. Look, I'm going back into the building. I want to see how my people are doing.' Chitraangadh nodded, adding, 'I'll call Nandi.' As Chitraangadh sped away in search of Nandi, Shiva ran into the building. He was surprised the moment he entered. All the torches in the building had been lit. The nurses were going from room to room, methodically administering medicines and advising the scared patients on what they should do. A scribe walked along with each nurse meticulously noting the details of each patient on a palm-leaf booklet. The Meluhans were clearly prepared for such an eventuality. Ayurvati stood at the end of the corridor, her hands on her hips. Like a general supervising her superbly trained and efficient troops. Shiva rushed up to her and asked, 'What about the second and third floor?' Ayurvati answered without turning to him. 'Nurses have already reached every room in the building. I will go up to supervise once the situation on this floor has stabilised. We'll cover all the patients in the next half hour.' 'You people are incredibly efficient but I pray that everyone will be okay,' said a worried Shiva. Ayurvati turned to look at Shiva. Her eyebrows were raised slightly and a hint of a smile hovered on her serious face. 'Don't worry. We're Meluhans. We are capable of handling any situation. Everybody will be fine.' 'Is there anything I can do to help?' 'Yes. Please go and bathe.' 'What?!' 'Please go have a bath. Right now,' said Ayurvati as she turned back to look at her team. 'Everybody, please remember that all children below the age of fifteen must be tonsured. Mastrak, please go up and start the secondary medicines. I'll be there in five minutes.' 'Yes, my lady,' said a young man as he hurried up the steps carrying a large cloth bag. 'You're still here?' asked Ayurvati as she noticed that Shiva hadn't left. Shiva spoke softly, controlling his rising anger, 'What difference will my bathing make? My people are in trouble. I want to help.' 'I don't have the time or the patience to argue with you. You will go and bathe right now!' said Ayurvati, clearly not trying to control her rising temper. Shiva glared at Ayurvati as he made a heroic effort to rein in the curses that wanted to leap out of his mouth. His clenched fists wanted to have an argument of their own with Ayurvati. But she was a woman. Ayurvati too glared back at Shiva. She was used to being obeyed. She was a doctor. If she told a patient to do something, she expected it to be done without question. But in her long years of experience she had also seen a few patients like Shiva, especially from the nobility. Such patients had to be reasoned with. Not instructed. Yet, this was a simple immigrant. Not some nobleman! Controlling herself with great effort, Ayurvati said, 'Shiva, you are perspiring. If you don't wash it off, it will kill you. Please trust me. You cannot be of any help to your tribe if you are dead.' Chitraangadh banged loudly on the door. A bleary-eyed Nandi woke up cursing. He wrenched the door open and growled, 'This better be important!' 'Come quickly. Shiva's tribe has fallen ill.' 'Already? But this is only the first night!' exclaimed Nandi. Picking up his angvastram he said, 'Let's go! The bathroom seemed like a strange place for a bath. Shiva was used to splashing about in the chilly Mansarovar Lake for his bi-monthly ablutions. The bathroom felt strangely constricted. He turned the magical device on the wall to increase the flow of water. He used the strange cake-like substance that the Meluhans said was a soap to rub the body clean. Ayurvati had been very clear. The soap had to be used. He turned the water off and picked up the towel. As he rubbed himself vigorously, the mystifying development he had ignored in the past few hours came flooding back. His shoulder felt better than new. His surprised gaze fell to his knee. No pain, no scar. He then looked incredulously at his completely healed toe. And then he realised that it wasn't just the injured parts, but his entire body felt new, rejuvenated and stronger than ever. His neck, though, still felt intolerably cold. What the devil is going on? He stepped out of the bathroom and quickly wore a new dhoti. Again, Ayurvati's strict instructions were not to wear his old clothes which were infected by his toxic perspiration. As he was wrapping the angvastram around his neck for some warmth, there was a knock on the door. It was Ayurvati. 'Shiva, can you open the door please?' I just want to check whether you are all right.' Shiva opened the door. Ayurvati stepped in and checked Shiva's temperature; it was normal. Ayurvati nodded slightly and said, 'You seem to be healthy. And your tribe is recovering quickly as well. The trouble has passed.' Shiva smiled gratefully. 'Thanks to the skills and efficiency of your team. I am truly sorry for arguing with you earlier. It was unnecessary. I know you meant well.' Ayurvati looked up from her palm-leaf booklet with a slight smile and a raised eyebrow. 'Being polite, are we?' 'I'm not all that rude, you know,' grinned Shiva. 'You people are just too supercilious!' Ayurvati suddenly stopped listening as she stared at Shiva with a stunned look on her face. How had she not noticed it before? She had never believed in the legend. Was she going to be the first one to see it come true? Pointing weakly with her hands she mumbled, 'Why have you covered your neck?' 'It's very cold for some reason. Is it something to be worried about?' asked Shiva as he pulled the angvastram off. A cry resounded loudly through the silent room as Ayurvati staggered back. Her hand covered her mouth in shock while the palm leaves scattered on the floor. Her knees were too weak to hold her up. She collapsed with her back against the wall, never once taking her eyes off Shiva. Tears broke through her proud eyes. She kept repeating, 'Om Brahmaye namah. Om Brahmaye namah.' 'What happened? Is it serious?' asked a worried Shiva. 'You have come! My Lord, you have come! Before a bewildered Shiva could respond to her strange reaction, Nandi rushed in and noticed Ayurvati on the ground. Copious tears were flowing down her face. 'What happened, my lady?' asked a startled Nandi. Ayurvati just pointed at Shiva's neck. Nandi looked up. The neck shone an eerie iridescent blue. With a cry that sounded like that of a long caged animal just released from captivity, Nandi collapsed on his knees. 'My Lord! You have come! The Neelkanth has come!' The Captain bent low and brought his head down to touch the Neelkanth's feet reverentially. The object of his adoration however, stepped back, befuddled and perturbed. 'What the hell is going on here?' Shiva asked agitatedly. Holding a hand to his freezing neck, he turned around to the polished copper plate and stared in stunned astonishment at the reflection of his neel kanth; his blue throat. Chitraangadh, holding the door frame for support, sobbed like a child. 'We're saved! We're saved! He has come!' 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