

Narad's blog

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Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, Narad heard. But he did not have to wear a crown, though, everybody knew, he was the undisputed King of brokering a quarrel. So he was unable to reason for the unease with which he woke up this morning. Even splashing the face with double toned Ganga water had failed to cleanse that feel of unease.

Yes, there was a gala party last night at Kailash and the buffet dinner was sumptuous. Narad had ... well... a good time there. No, over enjoying the meal is not the cause of this unease.

While returning, his vahan dhenki caused some problem. It simply refused to start. Narad's deputy Upa-narad failed to make the Satya Yug model move. He had urged Narayana many times to arrange for him a modern dhenki, but everytime he asked him to visit the purchase department. There he was told to choose one from the Chinese models available. Why Chinese? Budget constraints, the tight jawed purchase department official said. Alas! Those were the days, when you can glide through the clouds with a brand new US branded dhenki. You just buy it, Chitragupta would show the cost in this sector or that. Now the time has changed and this is the result: the Heavenly Bard had to prod Nandi, Bhringi and others to push the dhenki for a distance before it was ready to move on its own. But, no. It was no reason for the singular unease he has since waking up.

"Aha, now I realise," Narad exclaimed after a long deep thought. It is the Internet that's giving him this feeling.

Premier Indra was bragging last night that he launched Internet in heaven. The Trinity (a.k.a. High Command) of Mahadeva, Brahma and Narayana had sometime back had a trip to India and learned about the Internet mania there. The Heaven already has mobile phones and PCs, but no Net connection. Indra was asked by the Trinity to introduce Internet in the high abode. Indra took help from some computer engineers lodged in the Heaven and Hell and came up with it. "He may be the Devaraj but was speaking in a way as if it's only his credit," thought Narad. "He should be cut to size."

Narad remembered Indra's embarrassment when his wife Sachi Devi found in her husband's Touch-me-not (an exclusive mobile set by Nokia made only for the high and mighty in the Heaven) all the SMSs sent to Rambha, Urvashi, Menaka and other beauties. All those SMSs were saved in a folder which was not encrypted. Like most earthly wives, Sachi Devi too has a keen interest in her husband's mobile, and thankfully, she is well versed in this technology. She has done a crash course over these things in Kolkata. Alas! Nobody knows what exactly those juicy SMSs were.

Narad got a hint of how to deflate Indra's bulging ego. He gave it a little thought and called for his deputy. Upa-Narad rushed in.

"Yes, my lord."

"Upu, you have a job. Go and mingle with the Premier's men. Find out what they don't know about the Information Technology. And also pay a visit to Viswakarma's ministry to find out the experts in mobile phone technology. What you will look for is Indra's SMSs that infuriated Sachi the other day. Understood?"

"Yes, prabhu. But... my apology... you don't give me time to go to the loo. How will I do these kinds of things."

"You work shirker! Are you an employee of government of West Bengal? Go, this is your only duty now. Beg, borrow or steal...fetch the SMSs. And a fine incentive awaits you. Now leave."

"Yes sir, your wish is my order." Upa-Narad rushed out.

After Upa-Narad left, his boss thought of doing a postal course on Internet. But he rejected the idea thinking about his own age and seniority. Though he offered a hefty incentive, he had some doubt about the success of his deputy.

Engrossed in such deep thoughts, Narad started strolling on the road. The good side was this was not Kolkata and no reckless driver would run you over. But the bad side was you may bump into a sage with a very short fuse, like Durbasha. Then there would be a bane, followed by some begging for its antidote. Trouble.

Finding no way out, Narad remembered Narayana (actually he fished his mobile from the side bag and dialled the number). The second one of the High-Command had just given the first sip in his morning cuppa, in order to shake away the hang over of last night's party. It's a sin to be a big god, he thought, someone or the other was always on the line.

"What's up, Narad?" he answered the phone. "What happened in such an early hour? I am yet to see the headlines of The Times of Heaven. Is it a curse, or what?" Narayana did not try to hide his irritation.

"Prabhu, we chant your name in times of crisis, don't we?" Narad was apologetic.

"Now it's time to change the habit, Naru. I am bearing you for ages. You have a habit of creating trouble at the slightest pretext. I may be a part of the Trinity, but I too have my limitations, you get it? Now tell me, what's it this time?"

"Prabhu, I apologise. But isn't this Internet thing of the Premier an insult to our collective thinking ability?"

"See Narad, this is a policy decision and presently I don't have time to talk about it. I understand you have something to do with Indra. Use your creativity and spare me." Narayana snapped the line and switched off the cell.

The cleanly shaven bard realised what he would do he had to do it himself. He returned to his cottage and started playing his Veena. He desperately needed idea, some new idea. After sometime, he got up and switched on his PC. Whatever his vices were, Indra was quick at things, Narad thought.

Narad opened Gmail.com to check his mails. All spams from Hell. He deleted all and suddenly noticed a series of links in the upper part of the screen. "**Gmail** [Calendar](#) [Documents](#) [Web Reader](#) [more.](#)" What are these? Till now, he used to just open the inbox and checked for mails and did not bother to look at what other services it has to offer. Narad thought he would open each of these to find out if there was anything useful to hit Indra with. After visiting Calendar, Documents, Web and Reader, he clicked on 'more' and bingo! He got what he had wanted – blog. It took only some minutes for him to understand what it was. From now on, this would be weapon to attack Indra. When he was young, Narayana had made him an assistant of Chitragupta. His job to write pages after pages after pages. So writing blog posts would not be any problem for him.

He asked for one more cup of strong liquor tea from Upa-Narad's wife Ratnabali. For quite sometime Kamdhenu was nagging about being exploited. So Narad started taking tea without milk.

So he started to open a blog account. When a username was sought,



the Bard of Paradise typed 'Narad' in both first name and last name. Now password. Cautious Narad chose a difficult one. He patiently keyed in all the 108 names of Devi Durga one by one in reverse direction and placed two underscores after each name. He also picked up this photo for the profile picture.

The moment he was thinking about the topic of his first post, Upa-Narad returned with an unbelievable result. He brought copies of Indra's SMSs to the apsaras, by bribing the IT department personnel. "Wow Upu, you did a splendid job. Many many thanks."

Upa-Narad beamed and whispered: "My lord, what about that incentive?"

"Oh... you will get it. Now go and let me work, will you," Narad dismissed him.

Now Narad started writing his post. Topic: Juicy titbits of last night's party, with some of the choicest SMSs of Indra taking pride of place. The famous smile of Narad returned on his face as he made the post on-line and sent its link to everybody.

And lo and behold! What a ripple that piece created. Everybody knows uttering Narad's twice (i.e, Narad Narad) starts a quarrel. Altercation started at every household in Heaven the moment that blog post was opened. The worst affected home was Indra's. After a long and crisp episode which bordered on what newspapers in India call 'domestic violence', Sachi Devi took a kitchen knife and started thinking what to commit – a murder or a suicide. But soon she realised neither would do – they were in Heaven, so none would die. Besides, Ashwini Kumar brothers were genuinely good doctors. So she started doing what was left. She hurled abuses to her hubby and his bunch of dear apsaras and lodged a complaint to the Trinity.

The three gods had already had known the situation. It was gradually getting out of hands and could pose a security threat. They summoned Premier Indra.

"What is this, Indra? You had been told to behave a number of times," Narayana admonished. Five heads (four of Brahma and one of Shiva) nodded in acceptance. Cornered, Indra admitted he should have controlled his feelings and would be careful in future. He was let go and Narad was summoned.

Watching the result of his explosive creativity, Narad was basking in glory when the call from High-command reached him. He had to suspend the celebration. He kick-started his dhenki and reached the high office soon (The beautiful creation of traffic jam was not known in Heaven).

"You have crossed your limits, Narad. See what you have done. Everybody in Heaven is quarrelling with everybody. The total system is at stake, do you understand? Even the security of the abode could be breached. Who will be responsible if such a thing occur?" Narayana thundered at Narad, with the other two staring at him.

Narad was listening with his head down. Really, he had not realised. He was a bard, not an administrator or a politician. He had sought to jibe about Indra's bragging. He started weeping.

Shiva was a soft hearted god. He urged others to find a solution that could be acceptable to everybody. Brahma came out with one. He directed the accused to change the name his blog to 'Narad_Narad'. The underscore was enough to stop that quarrel caused by uttering 'Narad Narad' which was earlier the name of his blog.

Narad agreed readily. He had not thought he would be spared so easily. However, to be on the safe side, Narayana applied a mantra by which everybody would see good things about his own family in the blog, irrespective of what was written. Besides, senior gods would get to know the secret things about juniors but not the other way round. 'Confidential Report' has its origin this way.

So far as last known, Narad was still using his old dhenki and Upa-Narad was yet to receive his incentive. If there was any change in the scenario, we will let you know.