

# The Triumphalist

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*“Perhaps it’s good to have a beautiful mind, but an even greater gift to discover a beautiful heart”*

*-John Nash, Nobel Prize winner in Economics.*

*“This guy was surely an introvert. He always had that-mind your business- kind of attitude.”*

*-Ex-classmate of Mr. Chandra*

Sharath Chandra, also one of the two protagonists of our story had made a record in campus placements. Google, the dream of students studying all over this planet, was where he grabbed a job with the base package of two lakhs. He studied in IIT with Highest percentage in his batch. His father, a neurosurgeon in the city of Trivandrum, was really proud of his only son to achieve this feat.

But the twist is kind of striking. Sharath knew that this was not his cup of tea. Soon after joining Google, he had made his mind to do something he had always craved for. Six months and Sharath resigns from his job. He had minted enough money in these months to be independent. Adding the money his father gave him on completing his education to the original amount, he started his own company which dealt with developing new programming languages. His language soon overtook many others used as it had its own advantages. His Software emerged as one of the most widely used one across the globe as it protected from hackers, malwares and solved other evolving problems.(not cancer obviously😊)

“Six years pass by; he takes another step to fulfilling his dream. He leaves his company and purchases a piece of soil in his native village and adopts farming as a profession. He now lives a simple and sober life In an unknown corner of the world away from all the technological bliss.” As narrated by his personal secretary.

“He was a typical Gentleman kind of person. He didn’t drink, smoke anything. But he was very particular about two things ; Discipline and the cup of coffee he had every morning. ” As she recalls the past in her mind. “We never had a better ‘Leader’ after he left. All we had was people with bossy mindset causing too much harm to this company and its elements. Many left in search of a better workplace then. But I still have my fingers crossed in an expectation for him to return.”

“Thank you for your valuable time Ms.?”

“Mrs.Mukherjee.” she said as they drank the last sip of coffee sitting in the lush green campus of the company. “I must leave said the journalist. I have to pack my bag for tomorrow’s journey.”

“Send my warmest regards if you ever find him.” She added as he left.

The journalist leaves for Kerala the next day with an inquisitive mind. Sitting in the train and watching the clouds pass by, he always had this one thought revolving around him all the time that why would someone leave such luxuries to live a life without basic amenities, not even internet facility.

On his way to Kerala, some vendors were selling fruits. He thought of having them as he had nothing to eat in the last twelve hours. “What guarantee do you give that all these fruits give value to the money I spent?” “All the fruits we sell here are from Anna’s farm. What else do I need to say?”said the vendor and left in a hurry. Seeing the confused expression on his face, another passenger seated next to him asked if he was new to Kerala. The journalist said “it’s almost ten years since I visited this place”

“Okay, that’s the reason you don’t know Anna. Well let me tell you the whole scenario since the last three years here, if you could lend me your ears for a while.” On this, the curious journalist nodded affirmatively.

“There is this man called Anna. No one knows his real name, not even the people he has employed on his farm. Five years back, this state faced the situation of hidden hunger which is there was enough food to fill our tummies, but it didn’t meet the amount of nutrition we need giving a rise to various deficiencies. No farmer intended in growing fruits, because there was a lack of customers buying Indian fruits. All the fruits you could find in Kerala were imported or grown with the help of tons and tons of fertilizers. No one wanted to invest in

the long run, because they said, that Mother Nature is unpredictable, we don't want to lose our hard earned money. But this man called Anna without considering the risks that his bank balance could face, started farming for fruits in an orthodox way, i.e. without the use of fertilizers and maintaining the quality as it is. God helps those who help themselves. He was showered by the mercy of Lord Brahma, he sells the best fruits in Kerala. You can trust his produce blindfolded. Many dealers are willing to buy his produce, but he refuses all as he knows that they would sell them at high rates. He sells them himself to small vendors. Everyone is aware of him now. Small children dream to prosper like Anna."

Early morning, he reached a small village called Kasaradham. He had not planned any stay here. He just hoped to find shelter at Sharath's house that night. That small village where secretary said that Sharath had exiled to had a small population of 700 people. "Finding someone should be easy down here" as he had assumed. But he was wrong; he asked many people if they knew some urban boy named Sharath. But no one could tell him anything. Losing hope to find him, he at last knocked the door of a small hut. "Do you know someone by the name of Sharath Chandra?"

The old man at the door took a quick look. "Come inside." He said.

"I am sorry but I asked if you knew someone by..."

"Yes I can hear you. But come inside and sit down for a while." The old man interrupted.

"Thank you very much." Exclaimed the journalist as he took a long breath.

"Does he expect you?" asked the old man coughing over the flame which made their bones warm that night. "He doesn't even know me." said the journalist as he signaled for a cup of water with his thumb.

"Well then, how do you know him?"

"I was doing a survey on companies which dealt with softwares and computers. So I came across this company called 'Bamboozle' where I met Mrs. Mukherjee. When I asked her about the benefactor of this company, she told me about Mr. Sharath Chandra. I was very willing to meet this guy but to my disappointment she said that he had taken exile from the firm and how the company faced adversities. She said no one could search him in years. I Challenged her that I would bring him back in the next three months to the firm. And here I am for him."

"You will definitely lose your challenge. Go back to your town tomorrow morning."

“Pardon, I couldn’t understand you.”

“Mrs. Mukherjee too visited this place two years back but in vain. All she visited was his cattle and workers.”

“No one taught me to accept defeat, I am going to find Sharath tomorrow morning. Help me or I am on my own.”

“Okay then, there he lives, try your best efforts. “Said the old man as he pointed to a small cottage which was situated a mile away between spread, large fields. “So nice of you” said the journalist in a mocking tone.

Early morning, the old man opened his eyes to realize that the journalist had already left his house.

The journalist reached the site with a curious mind and anxious heart.

“Whom are you looking for?”asked a farm worker.

“Mr. Sharath Chandra.” Replied the journalist as he lifted his bag in a hope that the worker would lead him to Sharath. “No one lives here by the name of Sharath Chandra. Don’t you know, this is Anna’s Farm, please take leave.” Said the farmer as he turned to the soil and continued to sow the seeds he had been doing without exhausting since the last three hours.

As he was stepping back with a heavy heart, a voice came from the cottage. “Where do you hail from?”

He looked back hoping that the voice belonged to Sharath. “Delhi”.

“What brings you here?”

“I am in the search of Mr. Sharath Chandra. Can you help me find him?”

“Come on inside” said the man as he went back inside the cottage.

The journalist too joined him in the next few seconds.

“Don’t you know that this place belongs to me?”said the man as he signaled the journalist to have a seat. “Oh, I see, you are Anna. Nice to meet you Sir!”

“What’s your name” “Anshuman, Anshuman Raje said the journalist a he took out a visiting card from his wallet. “Senior editor, BBC India” read Anna as he scrolled through the card.

“As far as I know, Sharath never mentioned someone by this name to me.”

“Do you know Sharath personally?” Asked the journalist in the hope of an affirmative reply.

“Yes.” “Then please lead me to him” Anna could clearly see Anshuman’s patience burning down.

“He doesn’t see everyone. You have to pay something.”

“How much? I am ready to pay in lakhs.”

“I am not talking about money dear.”

“Then tell me what I have to pay.”

“Its not as a easy as you think. Two years back, a woman named Mrs. Mukherjee came with similar hopes. The only difference was I couldn’t see her because I was out of town that month. You do one thing, stay in my cottage for a week. Then I will decide whether you can see Sharath or not.”

“I will do anything to meet him.”

“Okay then, go to the bedroom keep your bag there and join me back.”

The bedroom was just namesake. It had no bed at all. No Fan, no tube light. But the journalist knew that Anna was testing him. So he remained silent. He got freshened up and joined Anna back. On his way back to the room where Anna was awaiting him, he saw a small door locked up. The door had a rusty appearance. It didn’t seem to have any maintenance.

“There are some rules you need to take care after.” Said Anna as he continued.

“1. You treat everyone with dignity, be it me, my workers or my cattle.

2. I don’t consider answering each of your questions.

3. You have to eat everything I provide. Every single person here eats the same thing. All are equals.

4. You can’t complain about anything. Everything stays as it is.

And the last and most important.

5. You have to make me a cup of coffee every morning before I leave for work.

Any of these doesn't work, and you pack your bag back to Delhi."

"Sure." Said Anshuman. "But, can I ask you something?"

"No questions" said Anna as he went back to the farm to have a gaze.

"This man can never make someone's day. All he has is a frown expression."thought Anshuman as he appreciated the panorama in the front of his eyes. Lusty brown mountains had delayed the sunrise. No cables or transformers to block the magnificent view.

He turned back just to have that small locked door in front of him, reminding him of the question he was willing to ask Anna. The setting had made him forget the question.

**08:30pm.**

The dinner was ready. The aroma of freshly cooked parathas made Anshuman water his mouth. "These parathas will be the most satisfying thing I will eat in weeks" said Anshuman as he awaited the taste. The parathas were served on banana leaves. Anshuman could hardly resist the spilling of the chutney.

"I was nothing before I met Sharath." Said Anna. "I didn't exist until one day, by God's grace I met him."

With a curious mind, Anshuman asked Anna to tell him the backstory.

"Some other day, maybe." Said Anna as they slowly munched the delicious parathas enjoying the stars they could see embedded in the dark sky.

There was a meteor shower that day. Anna felt a déjà vu. It was about the time when Anna was just a worker in Sharath's farm. How they sat under the stars and talked down the whole burden of the day to feel relaxed.

The next morning as Anshuman was preparing coffee for Anna, he was struck by the fact that even Sharath liked coffee as mentioned by Mrs. Mukherjee. As he went serving coffee, he saw a woman at the main entrance of the farm. She carried an expression of hope. He went on to ask Anna whether he knew her or not.

"That woman too has a story. She loved Sharath since the time Sharath was in this village. But say it to be God's curse, their journeys ran like parallel lines."

"So should I call her in?"asked Anshuman.

“she wont even if you do. She took an oath that she wont enter this house without Sharath.”

“hmm. Interesting it is.” Said Anshuman as he turned to see her again, but she was long gone.