

# TATAKI WINS AGAIN & BRAVEHEART BADEYYA

**Braveheart Badeyya**  
Gogu Shyamala

Illustration  
Puja Vaish

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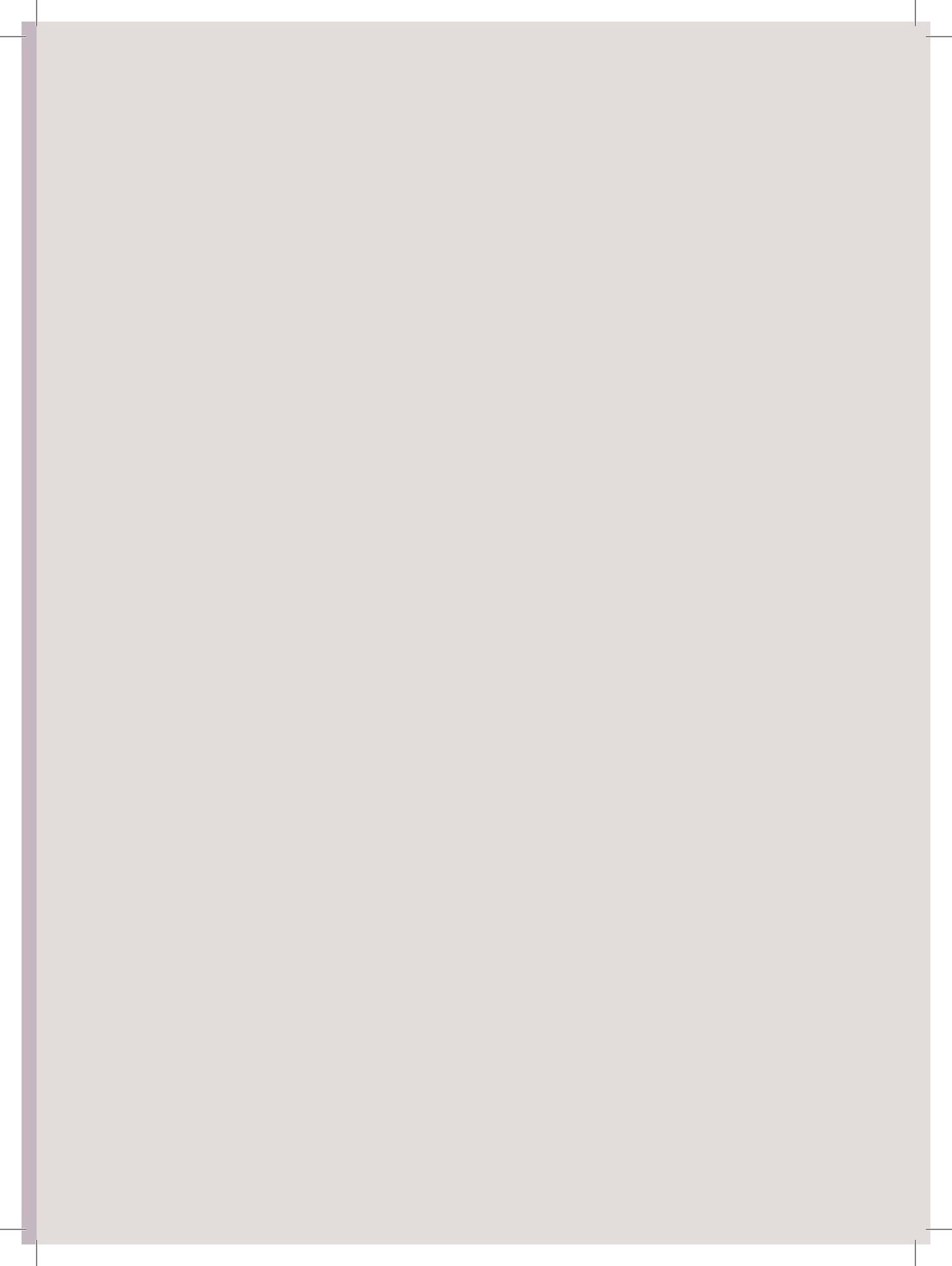
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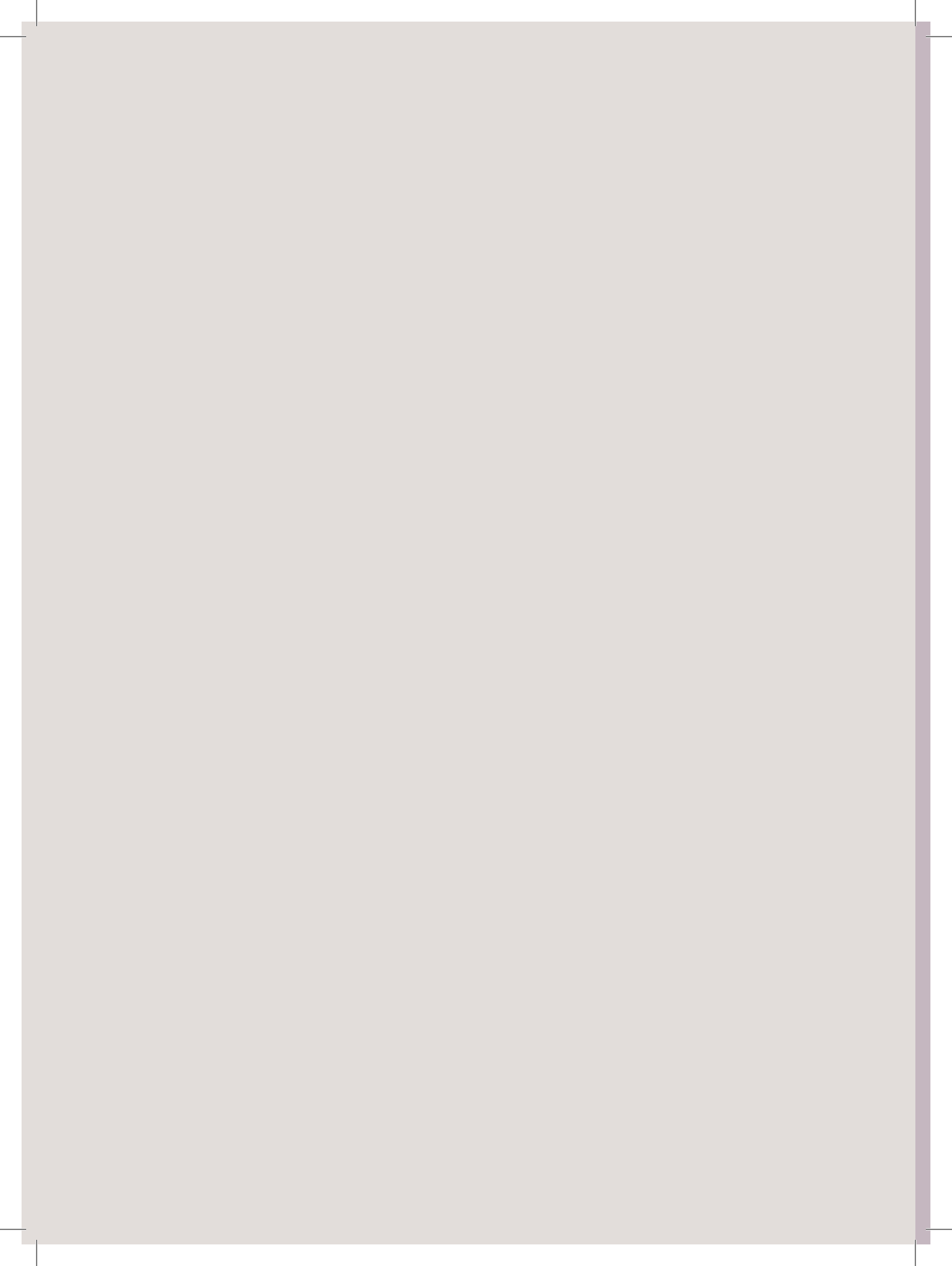
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# Braveheart Badeyya

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Translation from Telugu


A. Suneetha

Series Editor

Deepa Sreenivas







**T**he entire madiga gudem is filled with the sounds of ‘tung, tung, tung!’ It is the peak of summer, a difficult time to get daily-wage work. It is now a regular practice for every household to send two or three people to get *tangedu* branches from the nearby forest to complete the leather work. In each of the forty households, one can see the same work taking place. While the adults work in the house, children play in the courtyard.

Enkayya and Ellamma had left for the forest before the cock’s crow to get *tangedu* branches. They got back by lunchtime with two headloads. Standing at the doorstep, they drank some rice water. Then they sat down at the verandah, catching their breath. Their eldest daughter Sammakka fetched rice and sour curry in two bowls, saying, “Eat something now.”

Ellamma asked her, “Where are your sisters and brothers, *bidda*?” Enkayya immediately got up from where he had sat down to eat, calling out to his son, “Ori, Badeyyo!” There was no response to the first call. At the second call, Badeyya emerges, holding on to his bone-cart. He is breathless from having run so fast.





**T**here is a particular fondness for Badeyya—not only in the house, but also in the whole *madiga wada*. That is because . . .

Badeyya is not the only name that he has. His mother calls him by one name and father by another. But as he is the only one from the *gudem* who attends school, the name Badeyya has stuck. His mother had named him after her brother Mysayya, who died of snakebite in the red gram fields. She was extremely fond of him. She wanted everyone to remember her brother every time her son's name was called out. His father named him Muthaiah because he was the last of the seven children and looked as good as a pearl. So his mother calls him Mysayya and his father calls him Muthiah. Uncles, aunts and other members of the community call him Badeyya.







**B**adeyya has always had a special talent for making toys. Whenever it was his father's turn to dispose off a dead animal in the village, Badeyya would follow him till the animal's body was skinned. He would get hold of the head to make a bone-cart. He would dry the skull, turn it over, chip off a small piece from the centre, insert a rope from the holes where the ears were, and the cart was ready! Then two children would pull the two ends of the rope like two bullocks. They would play the game of 'load-the-cart'—loading the cart with fertilizer, and then unloading it in the fields.

But at school the teacher made Badeyya sit at the back of the classroom, on the floor. He thought that he would pollute the other students. Badeyya would listen to the teacher intently, do the homework without fail, and recite the lessons the next day. But, because he was from the *madiga* caste, his place never moved from the back bench to the front bench.



**N**ow as Badeyya's father calls out to him, his two brothers and sisters also come home, running. Everyone eats a little rice and sour curry and then gets busy with work. Enkayya goes to the *adda*—the usual spot in the corner of the street where he works everyday. With him are all the necessary tools of his craft—leather, thread, thick needle, leather beating tools, and a little water in a leather pouch. Ellamma gets busy with the *tangedu* branches that she had brought—piling them up for drying outside and taking out the yarn. Badeyya picks up his bone-cart, gathers the other children and goes out to play 'load-the-cart'.

The children have collected cow dung from the outskirts of the village and then dumped it in small pits in the spaces between their houses to prepare fertilizer. Their mothers, unknown to the children, use this raw dung with water to clean their front yards. The children realize that their dung has been stolen. They keep watch and soon discover the thieves. Any urge to fight with their mothers is quickly put to rest when they are firmly warned that their fathers would be informed.





**B**adeyya transports the dung from the small pits to the fields. The children feel their fertilizer will be more useful if it is transferred from the small pits to the big field. Outside the village the children prepare a field beside a path created by constant use. They till the small piece of land with toy sickles and make a boundary. Then they sprinkle it with *jowar* and rice seeds. But to what use? As people and cattle walk on it, the field is trampled into a path again. The adults feel sorry for them, “Ayyo, land tilled with all this labor got ruined.”

They suggest, “Children, instead of sowing the seeds here, why don’t you look for some other place where your labor will not go waste?” All the children agree that this is worth taking seriously. They search for a patch of land and find it next to the drinking water well. They now start cultivating this piece of land.





**T**hat day, at Badeyya's home, there is no firewood to cook the evening meal. Ellamma asks her son, "Badeyya, why don't you come with me to gather firewood?"

He readily agrees. It is almost dusk and not much daylight is left. He wonders when they will be back if they start now. "As it is," he thinks, "Awwa suffers from night blindness. After dark she can't see and stays put in a corner. She needs my help for every little thing. How can we go now? Maybe if I go with her, we can quickly collect some firewood together. I can carry it on my head and both of us can get back home soon."

He tells his mother, "Let us go, Awwa."

They pick up a rope to tie the firewood and set out from home.

**T**hey start gathering firewood from the red gram fields next to the village. Right at that moment, Ellamma sees Ramreddy *dora* walking by. At the sight of him, she swiftly removes her slippers and resumes work. The field is full of thorny bushes that poke at her feet. As if that is not enough, a long dry red gram stalk pierces her foot like a knife. Blood gushes out. She controls her pain and calls out to her son,

“Badeyya, it is killing me.”

Badeyya runs to his mother, pulls out the stalk, squeezes some blood out. Running to the side of the field, he plucks some *nallalam* leaves, crushes them between his palms and applies it to the wound. He brings some water from the pond in a leaf-bowl for his mother to drink.

“Awwa, you sit here. Let me collect some more wood and then we can go home with the pile.”

Badeyya has leather slippers on. While he gathers the firewood in the fields, the thorns simply get crushed under his feet. Once he has enough wood, he ties them up in a pile. Before lifting the pile onto his head, he helps his mother to her feet and looks out for her slippers. But they are nowhere to be seen. Suddenly he sees a dog chewing at them at a distance. The slippers are in shreds by now. Mother and son give up hope of getting the slippers back and start for home.





**A**s she limps along, Ellamma starts lamenting, "This *dora* appeared like Yama, right when we were collecting firewood. I barely removed my slippers and my foot got pierced. See what happened! Now the dog has eaten them. I am left without slippers. Isn't that dog's life better than mine, Badeyya? As *madigas* it is our work to make slippers. Your father makes slippers for all the small and big castes in the village. Our slippers shield their feet from mud, stones, thorns, twigs, worms and everything else. Even when they go to the moon they wear our slippers, don't they? I am born in the caste that makes slippers for everybody, but my own feet are left bare. Let me sit for a while."

Badeyya helps her sit down. His mother's words have left him saddened. They keep ringing in his ears. Even if his mother had slippers, they still could not be worn in front of the *dora*. That was how the red gram stalk pierced her foot. When they started for the fields, how swiftly she had walked, and now she has collapsed in pain. Unable to contain himself any longer, Badeyya asks his mother a question that had always bothered him, "Why do you always have to remove your slippers when the *doras* walk by?"

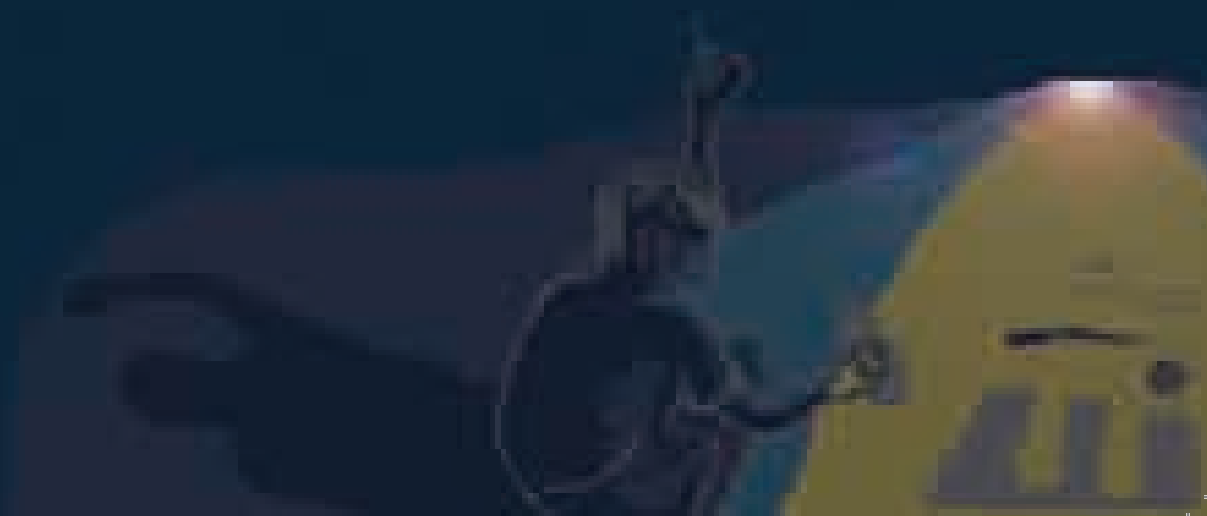
"Badeyya, do you think they will keep quiet if I don't remove my slippers? Even when they look as if they have not noticed anything, they will keep it in mind and vomit it out some other time. Do you think we can live if we offend them? This pain will disappear tomorrow. The snake has poison in its fangs; the scorpion in its tail; but the *doras* are poison all over. They keep their vengeance alive till they die. To fight them, we need caste, power and land. We have neither the caste nor the power. If we have to gain that power, caste has to go."

**I**t has become dark by now. Awwa is not able to see because of her night blindness. A hundred thoughts race through Badeyya's mind as he balances the pile of firewood with one hand and holds his mother's hand with the other. "Awwa took off her slippers just for a moment and she got hurt. Now the dog has eaten those slippers. How will she manage if she has to go to the forest tomorrow for the *tangedu* branches?"

Suddenly a thought occurs to him and calms him down.

Once he reaches home, he secretly takes the leather hidden by his father in the shelf and soaks it in the clay barrel under the tamarind tree. Everybody falls asleep after dinner, but not Badeyya. His heart is in the leather, soaking in the barrel.

He gets out of bed right after midnight; takes the leather out and picks up the shoemaking tools from his father's bag. First, he cuts out enough leather for slippers. Then he takes the measurement of his mother's foot; cuts the leather to the measure of the sole, the toes, and the rest of the foot. He sews the slippers; puts nails on them; then he polishes them. He has made a new pair of slippers for his mother. He thinks they may not look as good as the ones his father makes, but surely they would be useful when Awwa goes to the forest the next morning. Keeping them on the shelf safely, he goes to sleep.



**A**s usual everyone wakes up in the morning. Enkayya tells his wife, "How will you come to the forest with the wound on your foot? Stay at home." Through the night, Ellamma's children have taken turns to nurse her, applying a warm poultice of medicinal leaves to her foot. It feels a little better now though she is still weak. However, she insists on going with him. "No. How can I stay home without doing any work? I want to come but I will need slippers. And why don't you arrange for some medicine for my night blindness?"

"I can make new slippers for you; just give me three or four days. I cannot do much about your night blindness though. I have been telling you that if you patiently go around our neighborhood to beg, and eat that food for three weeks, you will be cured. You never listen to me," Enkayya says.

"Let your begging idea go to hell. I feel terrible doing that!" Ellamma says.

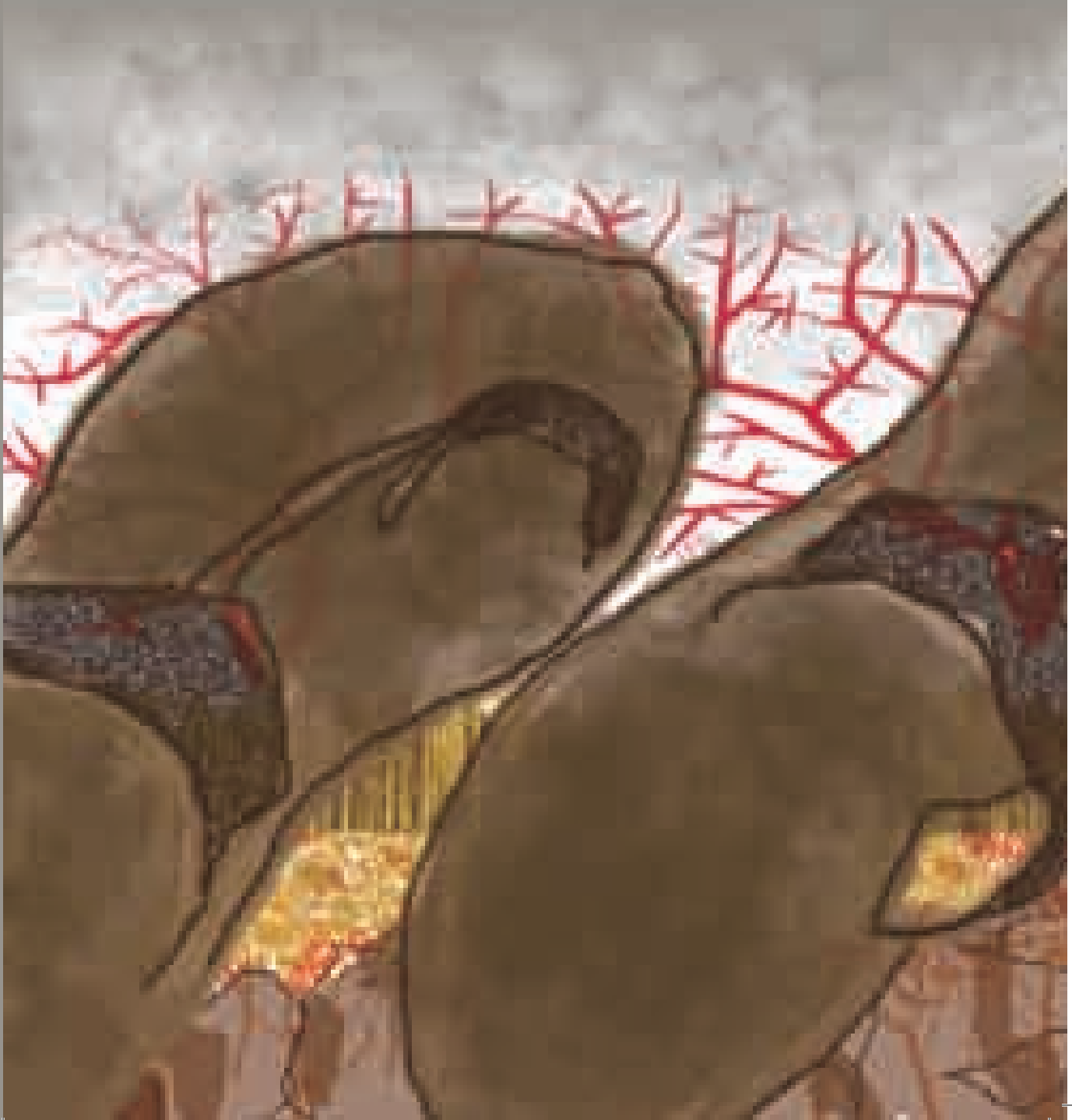
"Why, are you begging from strangers? Are you asking people from other castes? You are only going to our *madigas*. They are of our own kith and kin. Why should you feel bad about it?" Enkayya tries to placate Ellamma. "Since you don't have slippers today, why don't you wear mine?"

Badeyya wakes up to the sound of his parents talking. As his father begins to take off his slippers, he says, "Bapu, Awwa has her own slippers. Why are you taking yours off?" With those words, he brings out the new slippers and keeps them at his mother's feet. Both his parents are taken by surprise, "Where did you get these slippers from?" they ask.



“I made them,” Badeyya says proudly, his voice brimming with happiness.

Unable to believe what they are seeing, both Enkayya and Ellamma say in unison, “You have done such a wonderful job!”



**E**nkayya says in a voice full of joy, “Now that your son has made you new slippers, why don’t you wear them?”

“Why wouldn’t I? Do you think you are only one who can make slippers? My youngest son Muthaiah is no less. He is a mountain of gold, he is! You don’t need to teach him. He learns simply by watching.” Ellamma can’t stop praising Badeyya. After coming back from the forest, she tells everyone in the village about his achievement, “Look, my youngest son has made these new slippers for me. Look, he simply watches and learns! Look!”


# **Tataki Wins Again**

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Spade on shoulder, Bamma patrolled the mud banks of the canal that bordered the groundnut fields. The stream wound its way around a rocky patch, bringing water to Bamma's land. She had just broken the bund to let the canal water in. The mud walls around the other fields had not yet been broken, so water flowed plentifully into her field. The groundnut beds filled rapidly. Bamma, who filled such large plots with water, was not yet twelve.





**T**he *karnam's* bonded laborer had woken early and walked to the adjoining field in a hurry. By then, all but two of Balamma's plots had filled with water.

He swore at her. "When did you come like a ghost in the dark? Filled all the plots, eh? Fill the last two later, I am diverting the water to my field," he ordered. He lowered his spade to block the stream flowing into her field with mud. That was it! The girl sped up like a rocket and stomped down the mud bank he had just built.

"Move, old man!" She elbowed him and he fell onto the bund. "I have two more plots to water, they will fill in no time," she said, as she returned to her field "Don't you dare come near till then. You can divert the flow after I leave."

The laborer stayed put on the ground, watching her, muttering curses. "This girl will not let a person move a hand or foot. How will she look after her husband and family, tomboy that she is!" He lit a *bidi* and sat on the bund gloomily.



**T**he last two plots filled up and Bamma's watering was done. She came up to the stream, washed the mud off her feet, and shouted "Grandpa! Dam the stream now. Divert the water to the *karnam's* field."

"You are a very kind girl! You have just pushed me on the bank, and you are now calling me Grandpa," he said, getting up and redirecting the water. The water flowed into the *karnam's* first plot. It had not yet filled when the water dropped to half its level. Cursing, he looked up beyond the rocks. By then, the workers in the fields on both banks upstream had begun to draw water. The level in the canal dropped completely.

"Oh god, this is the end of me! I rushed in the morning chill. But this girl came earlier still and made me wait. Now all the others are here as well, letting water into their fields. How will these plots fill with such a thin flow? What if the *karnam* Patel comes . . ." he sat cowering with fear.



**A**fter washing her feet, Bamma untied the knot that held her skirt over her knees. She dusted it down, went to the neem tree on the main bank of her field and plucked a twig. She cleaned her teeth with the twig and looked out for her friends. Some of them had already brought their cattle to graze on the green *tunga* grass by the stream. Others were still walking across the dam on the village lake. She considered who it might be fun to play *gilli danda* with and who would be good for a game of toss-the-pebbles. Her friend Marnagi had not yet arrived to play toss-the-pebbles. But Narsadu and Yelladu, who played *gilli danda*, were already there. She thought gleefully, “Yesterday I hit the *gilli* so far; I had you both running like hell to catch it—come, I will make you run again!” She quickly washed her face, ate some groundnuts fresh from the fields and drank water. Then she ran to meet her friends.





**“D**id you bring your lunch bundles or will you go home?” she asked the boys.

“We have our lunch.”

“Shall we play *gilli danda*?”

“Yesterday, I fell down when we were playing and scraped my knees. You both play,” said Yelladu.

“Let me see,” said Balamma. “The wound is dirty, let’s clean it and put *jerru potha* juice on it. Go wash your leg in the lake and come back.”

Yelladu washed his legs and returned. In the marshland at the edge of the lake, the *jerru potha* grew lush. They went to a tender plant there and plucked the leaves; yellow milk flowed thick. Balamma applied it on Yelladu’s leg with her finger; and made him put some on his cracked lips as well. They both went back to Narsudu.

“How is the pain in your knee?” asked Narsudu.

“It has gone down a bit,” said Yelladu.

“Okay. Stand on this side. Stop the *gilli* from going into the lake. I will stand on the other side and take the catch,” he said.

**T**aking the *gilli* and *danda* from the bush, Bamma hitched her skirts up over her knees. She drew a thick line on the ground and took aim, poised to strike the *gilli* on the line. She struck the ground near the *gilli* a few times and when she was ready, tapped the edge of the *gilli*, spinning it into the air and hitting it mid-flight. It didn't go too far the first time. Narsadu couldn't take the catch either. He picked up the *gilli* and gave it back to Bamma. She took position again and hit it hard the second time. Now it went spinning in the air across the field, falling in a bush. A rabbit scampered out of the shrub and ran into the open. Yelladu saw it first.

"A rabbit! A rabbit!" he shouted. Bamma threw down the *danda*. They all picked up their sticks and ran after the animal. To its bad luck, it ran towards the lake edge. "Make it run into the lake. Don't let it run any other way," Bamma shouted. They cornered the rabbit, yelling loudly to confuse it "Ho, Ho, Ho, laba laba laba . . ." In that shouting, Yelladu started to sing:

"Anantagiri Sami wants to play  
Where has this rabbit gone away"

The rabbit, which had started running to the rocks, turned back towards the groundnut field. There Bamma waving her stick sang out:

"Anantagiri Sami wants to play  
The rabbit has come here to stay"

Wherever the rabbit ran, they blocked its path, shouting and singing. It finally ran towards the lake. It swam into the water and tried to escape.

"The rabbit is done for," said Bamma.

"It will swim away to the other bank," disagreed Yelladu.

"You think it will live long enough to cross the lake?!"

"What use is it to us if it dies?" asked Narsadu. "If it dies in the lake, the fish will eat it."

"Stupid! Why should we wait for it to cross the lake or to die in the middle? One of us must swim out and get it," said Bamma.

"Will you go Yella?" asked Narsadu.

"No, I can't swim with my injured leg," replied Yelladu.

"*Abbo!* I won't go! The lake is so deep in the middle. I am sure to lose my breath swimming across," protested Narsadu.

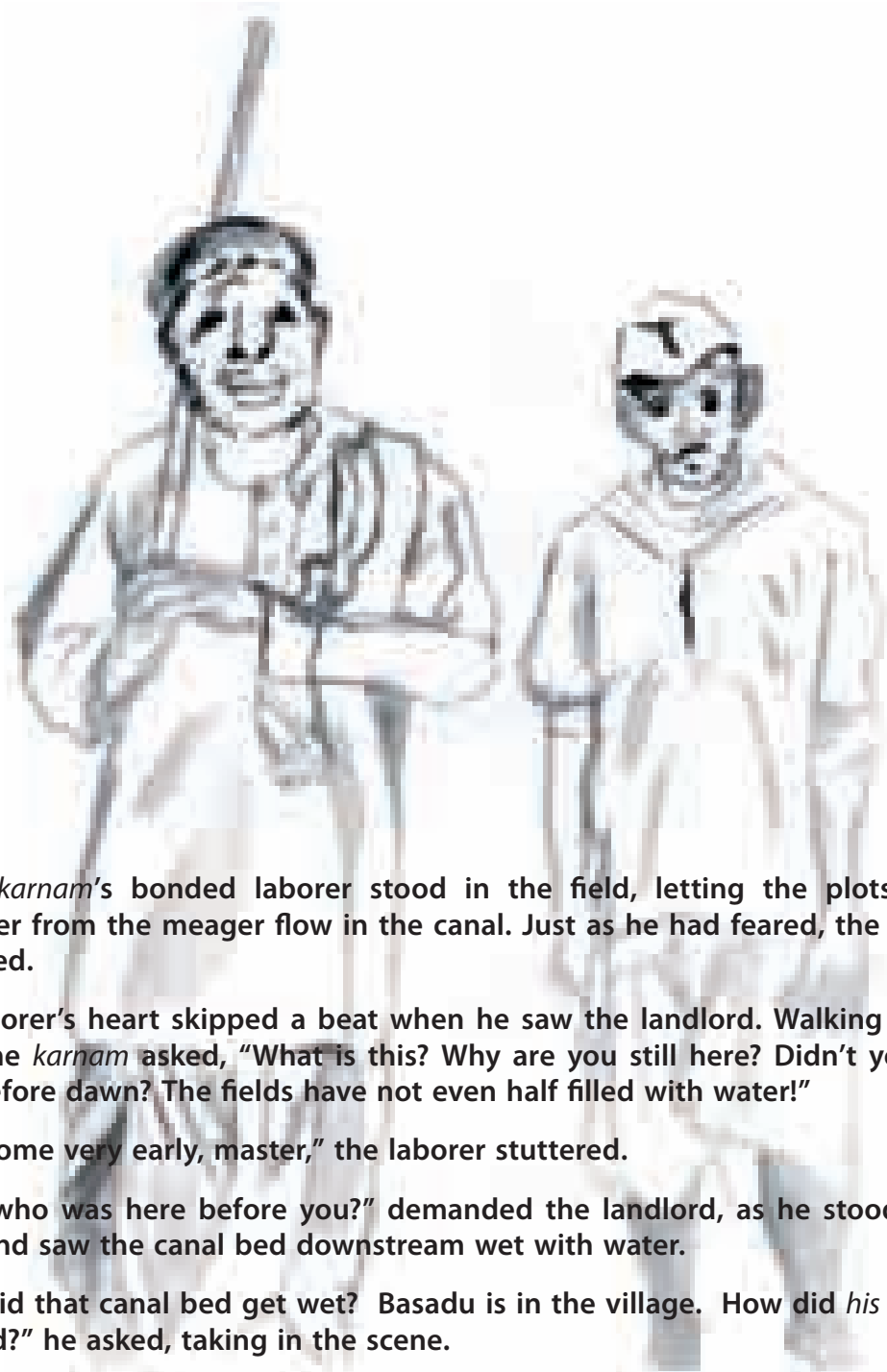


**“T**hese fellows are no good!” thought Balamma, tucking up her skirt between her legs and jumping into the lake. She swam strongly in the direction that the rabbit took. Moving with the ease of a fish, she reached the rabbit in no time. She caught it by the scruff of the neck with one hand, and swam back to the bank. There, the other two took the rabbit from her and wiped it dry with a towel.



**B**alamma took the animal home. The whole village was agog with the news that she was returning with a rabbit. Her father heard the news on his way back from the bazaar. He turned on his heels, went to the toddy shop and bought a bottle to take home. Just as Balamma reached home with the rabbit, her father walked in with the toddy bottle. Balamma's mother Anantamma looked at father and daughter and asked in amazement, "Did you see your daughter bring in the rabbit in a dream? How else could you imagine getting the toddy? I didn't even know that she had caught a rabbit, how on earth did you find out? Anyway, you father and daughter are a perfect pair," she teased.

"I am tired of eating tamarind curry and daal everyday. You cook a tasty rabbit curry today and we can all enjoy ourselves!" said Basaiya.



**T**he *karnam's* bonded laborer stood in the field, letting the plots absorb water from the meager flow in the canal. Just as he had feared, the landlord appeared.

The laborer's heart skipped a beat when he saw the landlord. Walking into the field, the *karnam* asked, "What is this? Why are you still here? Didn't you come here before dawn? The fields have not even half filled with water!"

"I did come very early, master," the laborer stuttered.

"Then who was here before you?" demanded the landlord, as he stood on the bund and saw the canal bed downstream wet with water.

"How did that canal bed get wet? Basadu is in the village. How did *his* field get watered?" he asked, taking in the scene.

His man stayed silent.

"So! His daughter is the one who filled those plots with water, isn't it? Yes, that *Tataki!* Wait, I will straighten her out," muttered the landlord.

The laborer began to look very worried.



**A**nanthamma woke up by three thirty, before the morning star rose in the sky. She swept the yard briskly with the branch of the *pulivayili* tree. Hearing the sound, Basaiya rose from his slumber. “Has Sangadu come?” he asked. With sleepy eyes, he broke a twig from the neem tree in front of the house to clean his teeth. He also broke a twig each for his children. Sangappa came into the yard, shouting “Basanno!”

“People are going to work and you are still cleaning your teeth!” said Sangappa.

“I don’t have anything else to do. What else is there to do, anyway? I will clean my teeth as I walk with you. I can wash my mouth and face at the Gaajupuram stream on the way.” Basaiya picked up the lunch bundle kept ready by Ananthamma and wrapped it in his work towel. A large group of fellow-workers were already on their way, absorbed in different conversations.



**"A**nna, the festival is approaching. Have you bought clothes for your children?"  
asked Sangappa.

"When was it our lot to think of new clothes!? I don't even have enough provisions in my house. We finished our meager store of food when we weeded the plots these past ten days. The children are forever eating, like hens. We now have to buy sixteen seers of maize and twenty seers of rice. Whether they wear new clothes or not, my children should be able to eat without looking to other people's houses. All my planning is only for this. I have already worked for four days. A few more days' work, that too should bring in some money. My wife's wages will add to this amount. Bamma too has been a great help by watering the fields. Had she not done so, I would not have been able to come for work with you," said Basaiya, as they walked on. They came up to the stream and washed their faces.



**“W**hy didn’t you wake me up when my Appa left?” Balamma chided her mother. “All our neighbors would have started watering their fields by now. There won’t be enough for us.”

“No one has gone to the fields, child. They haven’t even woken up yet. Don’t worry. It is still dark. Go when there is some more light,” said Ananthamma.

“*Ammo*. The fields have to be watered now,” said Balamma as she wore her slippers on her way out. She hurried through the chill wrapping herself with her towel. No one was on the path. Some people were still sweeping their yards. Others were walking out to fetch water with their pots. Cocks had just begun to crow. “Wake up. You have to drive out the cattle,” she heard mothers pleading with children pledged as bonded labor to some landlord or the other.

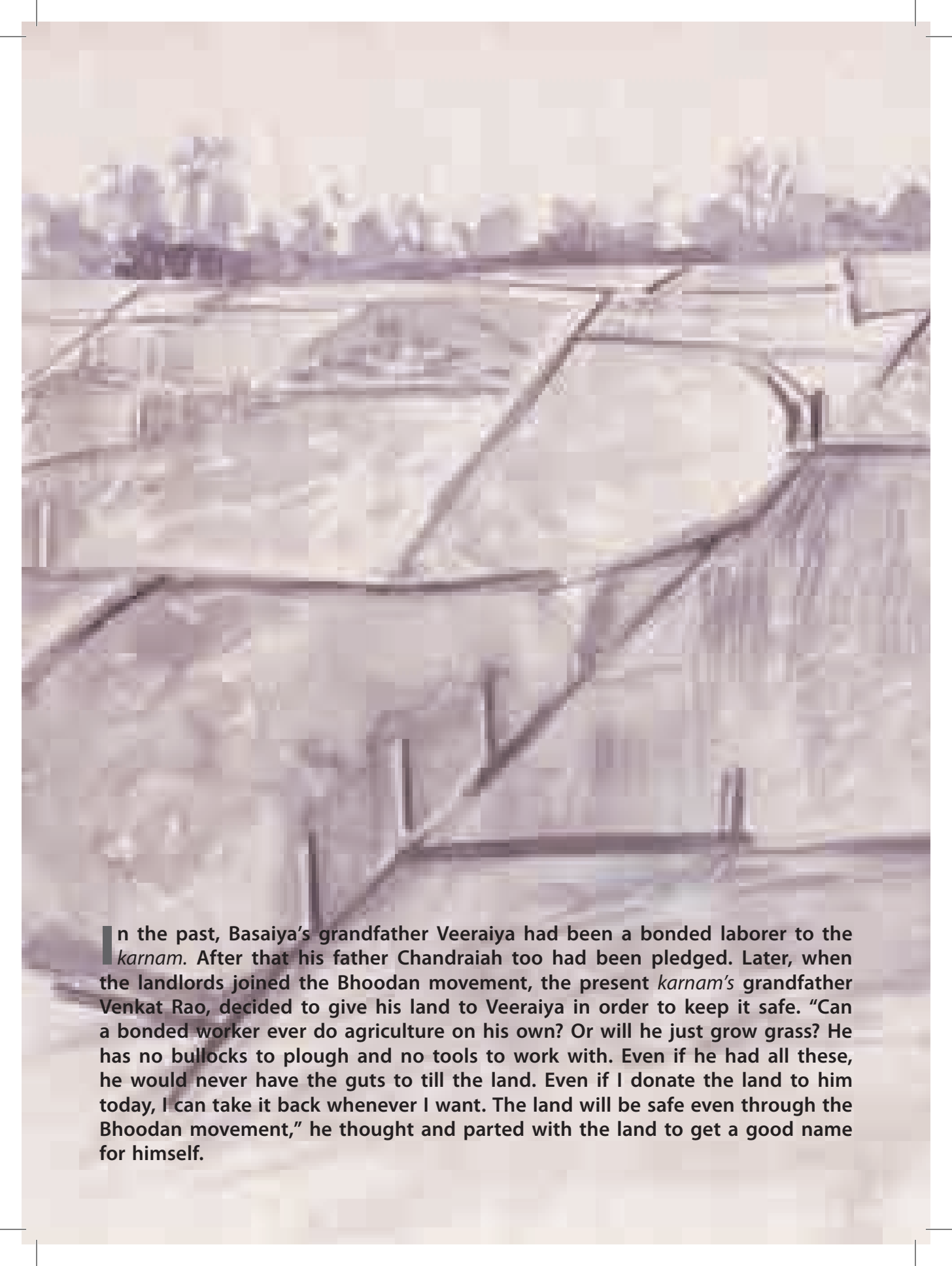




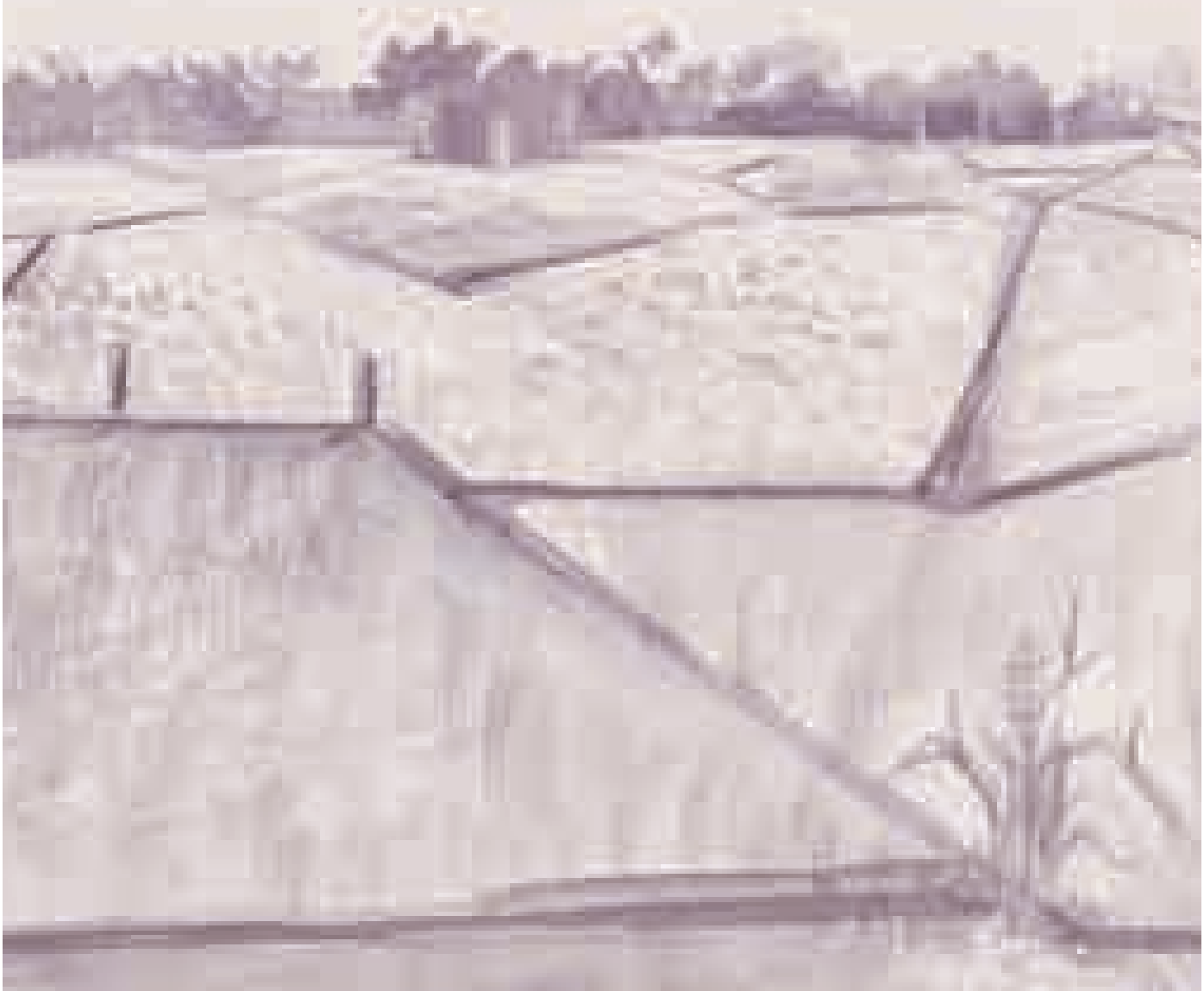
**L**istening to all these sounds, Bamma crossed the Kantha stream that split the *mala* and *madiga* settlements from the main village, and walked along the cart tracks between tall trees. It was not yet light and she could see no one around.

"*Ammo!* It is so dark. I wish I had listened to my mother! Even so, what have I to fear! Everyone says I am a brave girl. I will not be afraid. Nobody can frighten me! But, what if demons come? Anyway, I will cross these tracks quickly and get to the other side in no time. By then it will be light," she said to herself as she broke into a run.

She reached the field and broke open the earth dam upstream with her spade and water gushed into her field. The groundnut plots filled rapidly.

A sepia-toned photograph of a rural landscape. The foreground and middle ground are dominated by a grid of rectangular fields, likely agricultural plots, separated by dark lines that could be fences or paths. The fields are arranged in a somewhat regular pattern, though some are irregular. In the background, a dense line of trees and possibly some buildings is visible under a pale sky. The overall tone is historical and somber.

**I**n the past, Basaiya's grandfather Veeraiya had been a bonded laborer to the *karnam*. After that his father Chandraiah too had been pledged. Later, when the landlords joined the Bhoodan movement, the present *karnam's* grandfather Venkat Rao, decided to give his land to Veeraiya in order to keep it safe. "Can a bonded worker ever do agriculture on his own? Or will he just grow grass? He has no bullocks to plough and no tools to work with. Even if he had all these, he would never have the guts to till the land. Even if I donate the land to him today, I can take it back whenever I want. The land will be safe even through the Bhoodan movement," he thought and parted with the land to get a good name for himself.



**J**ust that year, the Land Ceiling Act came into force and to his bad luck, the landlord lost complete hold over that land. The government acquired the land given to Veeraiya; and gave it to him with a formal title. After Veeraiya, Chandraiah had tilled the land. Now Basaiya owned it. Venkat Rao had told this story to his son, Narayan Rao who, in turn narrated it to his son, Tirumala Rao. All these three generations had tried their best to wrest the land back one way or another. And, all the three generations of the bonded family had somehow protected it from the landlord's hands. In this battle, their heads had been battered, their legs had been broken, and they had been assaulted again and again for no rhyme or reason. When all this had failed, the landlords had tried to buy the land cheaply. But even that didn't succeed.



**T**he current *karnam* Tirumala Rao sat mulling over all this. “Why do you look so troubled?” asked his wife, Alavelu Manga. Tirumala Rao glared at her. She hurried back indoors. He got lost in his thoughts again. All his energy was focused on preventing Basaiya from ever coming back to the field. “Basadu shouldn’t even enter the land. What can be done to ensure this? If he is killed, the matter will become public. He shouldn’t be killed, but should be forced to leave the field and the village. What can be done to make this happen?” he thought.

He stood up abruptly from the chair as if struck by an idea, and walked out of the house.

“Go and guard the guava plantation near the big well,” he ordered his bonded worker. “No need to water the groundnuts today.”

“Alright, master,” answered the worker.



**B**alamma ate the food her mother had packed. She watered the plots at her leisure. The water couldn't reach places where the ground was high. She leveled those areas with her spade. "Today, I must finish watering the plots," she thought. She didn't play with her friends, nor did she sit even for a moment. Work, work, work, Balamma was simply lost in the work.

"My Balamma's nature is to work," her father would proudly say, "My father was like that too. When he died, his soul came into Balamma." When her father praised her this way, Balamma would feel so happy. "The watering should be completed before the sun sets, and only then I will go home. My father will say *Shabash!*" she thought as she worked on.



**T**he field next to Bamma's had a jowar crop—so healthy it looked like sugarcane. Even tall men standing in the field could not be seen. There! Right from that field, the landlord sprang out, grabbed Bamma's hand and dragged her back. At first, she did not understand who was pulling her and why. After she saw his face, she recognized the *karnam* of the neighboring groundnut field and felt a rush of fear. The *karnams* were of a higher caste. They would never touch a *madiga*. Why was he pulling her? It baffled her.

"Tataki! You bloody witch! You are a small girl, are you? What makes you come here like a man and water the groundnut fields? In our houses, girls like you don't step into the field. You *malas* and *madigas* don't even know that girls have to be kept at home! You are a small girl, are you?" Cursing her, he thrust his hand into her blouse. Her small hands couldn't throw off the landlord's fat paws. His body felt like an iron post. Bamma trembled all over. Her mouth went dry. One corner of her mind recalled the women in the *mala* and *madiga* settlements whispering about how the landlord had taken one woman or another.

Then it struck her, "This swine is going to do something awful!" But she simply couldn't free herself from the landlord's hands. Not knowing what to do, she fell to the ground. But he continued to drag her.



**“Do I have to drag you now? Why should I waste my energy? Just walk! Do you think I will let you go if you fall on the ground?”** he said, **“I will drag you like a fallen branch if I have to.”**

**“Master! Let me go. I fall at your feet. Appo, Awwo, Ammo!”** Bamma howled.

**“Do you think they will come running as soon as you call out? Will they stay alive if they do? Why are you shouting at the top of your voice?”** thundered the *karnam*. **“You really have a swollen head. You water the fields before my men, do you?”** he hit her hard on her cheek. Bamma was thrown to a distance. He went after her, grabbed her hand and bent over to drag her again. She took aim and kicked him as hard as she could on the groin with both her legs. **“Oh! I am dead!”** he said and fell back. She took her chance, raised herself and ran without looking back. **“Tataki, you tramp! That demon is running away—catch her, catch her!”** shouted the landlord as he collapsed.





In the village the *mala* and *madiga* women giggled through their pallus as they shared the news, "The landlord wanted to catch our Balamani. She kicked him in the groin!"



## *Anveshi*

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*English*

Head Curry  
Moon in the Pot  
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The Sackclothman  
Spirits from History  
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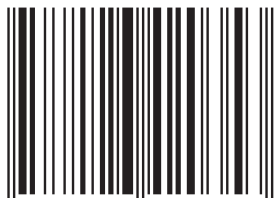
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