

SIXTY MINUTES IN DALMA HILLS

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The Dalma forest is the representative forest, hill as well of Jharkhand spread mostly in Jamshedpur. Dalma hill links Bihar, Jharkhand and Odisha. The hill is surrounded by dense forest, full of Sal, Teak, Mohua, Kendu and others, used for making furniture and other domestic needs.

There is a 'Shiva' temple at the top of Dalma hill. Every year 'Shiva Ratri Mela' is organised with great faith and show. There gathers a large crowd, praying for better days.

Manas, Niranjan and Bishu were close friends. They settled a talk to visit the 'Shiv - Ratri Mela' at Dalma Hills.

Niranjan told Manas - 'Hey, you are looking pale as an old man. How would our mission complete? Manas replied - How are you bold enough to say so? Am I looking so? Listen man - I may look lean and thin but I am mentally strong and young.

Niranjan asked Bishu, why are you standing and smiling?

Bishu - What can I do? Both of you still talk like children. Now, leave this matter and let us start our expedition. Come, follow!

Manas told Bishu - I shall stay at night and return back tomorrow morning.

Niranjan followed Manas. Bishu was alone then. Bishu thought that he should not stay as his family members would be worrisome.

Manas - That's all, Bishu, you may go back today but I shall stay here to - night and return in the morning.

Niranjan said with confirmity - Let us start.

Within 45 minutes, all three friends with great effort and anxiety climbed up the hill top. They were amazed to see the plain land at the top. They found a 8' wide well there at the top along with two temples nearly. One was of Shiva and the other Bajrang. The preist of the temples was an old pereson named 'Dalma Baba' by the worshippers. Nothing but only people of distant places were seen in and around the temples on the day of Shiv - Ratri.

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The three friends were moving like three marketiers. Niranjan asked all to be in a line to enter the temple and have a glance of the Shiv - Linga. Manas and Bishu went inside the jungle to capture the natural beauty in their cameras. It happened such that Bishu called Manas to see Niranjan. They found Niranjan talking to a sweet, lovely girl.

Manas told Bishu - See Niranjan is so pleased to talk and what a nice experience, Niranjan's right hand is over her shoulder. Let us go Bishu, and have a chat too. Bishu said - No, Manas. Don't disturb them. I know what will happen next.

Mans - What? Niranjan is enjoying his youth!

Bishu - Wait, Manas. Niranjan will be a loser.

Manas - Then we must make him alert to be away from the girl.

Bishu - Not so directly, Manas. Go and give this letter to Niranjan.

Manas smiled and told Bishu - When did you write this letter? I didn't know!

Bishu - Just 5 minutes earlier.

After a talk of few minutes Manas saw the girl moving away from Niranjan. Bishu and Manas went ahead towards him and asked about the girl. Niranjan couldn't speak anything but indicated through hands and facial expressions.

Bishu surprisingly told Manas and Niranjan - It's over, means, the time is over. I must get down now.

Niranjan instantly replied - 'Wait Bishu, I shall also go with you. I am astonished here to find her a pick-pocket. I can't stay here at night.

They unitedly agreed to come down. In the mean time, they heard a loud call. It was a helpless call of any lady. She cried - Help me, Help me please....

The trio rushed to the spot and rescued her falling down. It was past - twilight. Niranjan focused his torch light in the face of the woman and shouted - Manas, Bishu ... I got it. She is the culprit, the pick pocket.

The girl surrendered and confessed her guilt. She returned back the pickpocketed money to Niranjan.

Bishu asked the girl - What's your name?

She replied shamefully - Rekha.

She requested them to lead her to the main road. The trio agreed to escort her till she lost in the darkness reaching the main road. The three friends came back to their houses carrying a memory of sixty minutes in Dalma Hills.