Kumaravyasa Bharata

Virata Parva
Sandhi 2 and 3
(Kichaka Vadha)
Kannada text with English translation

by

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The Killing of Kīchaka
Kumāravyāsa Bhārata
Book IV: Virāṭa Parva

An Experiment in Translating Classical Kannada Literature into English

SANDHI 2

Listen, Janamējaya, Protector of the Earth,
your royal ancestors lived secretly
in Virāṭa city. Time passed, and after ten months,
there transpired a marvelous event,
which I will describe in detail, said the sage. [1]

The Pandavas spent ten months
in the service of others in Virāṭa’s capital.
Just as, in the past, Rāvaṇa coveted the lady Śitā,
an incident took place with Kīchaka. Listen. [2]

One day, the mighty armed Kīchaka,
Sudēśne’s brother, came to her mansion,
bowed and greeted with presents the lotus-faced queen,
beaming amidst a bevy of attending women. [3]

The lady embraced her brother
warmly, seated him next to her throne,
and offered solicitous hospitality.
Thrilled by this reception, he surveyed
the lotus-eyed damsels in her retinue. [4]

He saw in their midst the daughter of Pāncāla, shining
like Rōhini at the center of a cluster of stars,
like Ūrvaśī among the heavenly damsels,
like Jāhnavī among the rivers,
while listening to the mellifluous melody of the bees
drawn by the fragrance of her limbs. [5]
Seeing the exquisite beauty of her form, 
his eyes became deeply planted in her; 
he could not shake and uproot them. 
The God of Desire shot his sharpened flower arrow, 
which struck his heart. Hara Harā! 
The knave got frightened and flustered instantly. [6]

As he paused and saw the beauty of Draupadi’s face, 
Kīchaka was anguished. Overcome with desire, 
he marveled, “Who could this woman 
be, who has conquered my heart?” 
putting his palm to his cheek. [7]

“O God! Is she the forehead mark that 
mesmerizes the three worlds? Is she 
the hero standing steadfast in the God of Desire’s arena? 
Is she the sharp arrow of the murderer Manmatha? 
or his strutting elephant? I wonder whose wife she is, this 
lotus-faced beauty I wonder,” he thought in consternation. [8]

“Isn’t she the net strung by the God of Desire 
to demolish the world? The blade sharpened by Kāma 
to ensnare the yōgis and mendicants of the three worlds?” 
Kīchaka became nonplussed as the God of Desire’s arrows 
pierced his heart and, unable to take his eyes off her, 
vanquished, he contemplated a heinous act. [9]

The mind was looted. Eyes 
succumbed. The villain’s courage was scattered 
in the winds, as anxiety camped in his mind. 
The heart cracked from the penetration of 
the God of Desire’s arrow. He was flustered, wondering 
who this woman was who was making his eyes burn. [10]

He kept telling himself, “Forget Rati’s beauty. 
Set aside the great Pārvati’s figure. Pay no heed 
to the glamour of Brahma’s wife Saraswati. 
I don’t see a match to this girl’s beauty. This woman’s 
loveliness is quintuple times greater than the beauty 
of Pandavas’ wife Draupadi. It makes me lose my mind.” [11]
Discretion turned upside down. Courage lost its folds and became a laughing stock. The lake of shame turned into a dry pit. The seed of fear charred to cinder. Forgetfulness unfurled. The God of Desire's torment grew. I cannot describe the surge of the agony of his body and mind. [12]

Shame took leave. Dignity's axle collapsed. He gulped Draupadi with his eyes, holding the woman hostage in his mind. He begged his sister, "Listen to my plea, Sister, tell me, please, who is this one, who far surpasses all among your maids?" [13]

"She is the wife of Gandharvas¹. We will protect her while she is with us in our service. Her husbands are powerful. Enough of this. Go to your home. She is not for you. Stop this. Don't talk nonsense." With that, Sudëṣṇe saw off her brother. [14]

His mind ached, pierced by arrows of desire. Sadness grew, his face wrapped in misery. He came home. The heat increased. The next day he came to the palace in disguise and met Draupadi at the door. [15]

He dismissed the retinue of guards that went with him; he left his attendant behind and approached her like a fox coveting a lion's wife, like a serpent hankering after an eagle's queen. [16]

Grasping instantly the villain's intent, Draupadi became alarmed. Telling herself, "This fellow is agitated; he has lost his wits; I am in trouble," she quickly stepped back. Kichaka, undeterred, came near her and asked, "Woman, why don't you talk to me?" [17]

¹ Gandharva: in Hindu mythology, a celestial being associated with the nature of paints, curtains, and the arts.
"You deluded fool, stop it! Don't wish for me.
Don't wish for a sharp blade of steel on your neck.
Don't be obsessed. You better get back to your mansion.
I am not an easy woman for you. People will laugh at you.
Nor will you go to a good fate in the afterworld,"
said the Pāṇḍava queen. [18]

"Wait, Sairandhri! I am much wounded
by the God of Desire's spear. You know the cure.
Protect my body. Slow down. Hear me out.
Cast your playful glance toward my face
and bring me back to life," said Kīchaka. [19]

"You are the one at fault. How can you
wound my heart with the arrow of your eyes
and walk away like this? Have you no pity in your heart?
I have come to you because I am enchanted by you.
It's hard to be at the God of Desire's beck and call.
Please relieve my anxiety and save my head,"
pleaded Kīchaka with folded hands. [20]

"It is a sin to covet others' wives.
The goddess of fortune will desert you. Your good name
will tarnish on earth and you will forfeit a good life hereafter.
Haven't you heard the tale of how
the multiple-necked demon ended up
in the city of the God of Death? Go away, you, utter fool," said Draupadi. [21]

"To hell with the good afterlife above!
Let Yama's minions come right away! Let my kinfolk
mock me! Let my queens abandon me!
Girl, I have fallen for you. The God of Desire's arrows
won't let me retreat. O fluttering-eyed one,
save me. Don't speak harsh words to me," he said. [22]

"Cool the heat of my ardor with the moonlight
of your gentle smile. Oh, slake my thirst
with the ambrosia of your gentle words.
Banish the poverty of my wilted mind
with the opulence of your rounded breasts.
Turn your grace this way, dear woman," he pleaded. [23]
Hearing his words, Draupadi covered her ears.
Thinking of her five husbands, gazing upon the Sun god,
she exclaimed, “Hara, Harā! Bearer of the spear! Krishna, Mukundaiv!
This chief of scoundrels is impossible!
He is good for nothing, heedless of consequences, full of hubris.
Whoever will put him down?” she wondered, bowing her head. [24]

“You wretched man! How could you commit
such a heinous sin and cut at the root of your clan?
Whatever good will come out of this?
Is this any way to behave? Won’t you suffer ignominy?
This is like lusting after one’s own
mother and children,” said the Pāndava queen. [25]

“Don’t get impatient. Stop talking filth
like a vulgar street fellow. Go away. What if
you have fallen for me – that is human nature; the mind is fickle.
Disappear this instant! Should my husbands
hear you, they will not stand it. My folks
are powerful even among gods,” she said. [26]

“I cannot escape death, anyway.
The heat of Kāma is intense.
But I will die only after uniting with you.
I will not surrender my body to the arrows of desire.
Lovely woman, don’t push me away. O lotus-eyed one,
show me some kindness,” Kichaka pleaded with folded hands. [27]

“Hey! Don’t be stupid.
I am the wife of Gandharvasiv.
My folks are powerful. They will not countenance your villainy.
Stop your prattle. Do not consort with the Lady Infamyv.
Better you return to your house,”
Draupadi said, holding a straw in her hand.vi [28]

The villain replied, “You don’t know my prowess.
Haven’t you heard, ‘A poor man’s ire is death to his jaws’?
What will your husbands do to me? I’m quite
capable of taking care of them. Leave them aside.
All I want is for you to like me. I shall not
retreat even if Śiva himself confronts me.” [29]
“Isn’t the beeṣṭ a tainted thief? Isn’t the cuckoo
a blabbermouth? Is the cool breeze virtuous? Is the mango tree a villain?
Do the spring and the moon spare someone because he is noble?
Isn’t the God of Desire who employs all these a killer?
Has anyone ever resisted him? You heartless one,
how can you kill me by your rejection?” he said. [30]

Draupadi said, “I will be killing you if I loved you.
The heroes who will kill you are different.
What’s the use of telling you? It’s fruitless talking to the wilderness.
If I tell my husbands, they won’t be content just
smashing your head, they will turn
upside down the very ocean of your lineage.” [31]

Draupadi continued, “Other than incurring the eternal ignominy
-- alas, alas! -- of bringing to ruin the clan
into which you were born, I see nothing good coming from this.
Don’t keep mouthing nonsense. All your queens
will cry, saying, ‘That woman is a murderer!
She got so many killed, that wretch. Let her be damned.”’ [32]

“Woman, you are naïve! Even Viṣṇu and Brahma
can’t face me in battle. What’s the point in
arguing with you? Show me your husbands,” Kīchaka said.
Draupadi replied, “When heṣṭ abducted
another man’s wife, an army of monkeys
laid siege and he passed to Yama’s world.” [33]

“Woman! Don’t push me. My mind
has been totally mesmerized by you.
You have looted my mind and are pushing me toward Kāmaṣ arrows.
Don’t slip away. Don’t make my heart burn.
Be kind to me and stop me from dying!” he pleaded. [34]

“Idiot! You have a twisted mind. Does anyone flirt
with the cruel goddess Māri? Mingle with the Goddess of Death?
Embrace a blazing statue? Grab poison?
Wretch, go back quietly to your home.
My proud husbands will cut you up and
scatter you on the ground,” she said. [35]
"Cloak me in your arms’ embrace and deflect
the God of Desire’s arrows. How can you, keep quiet thus,
knowing that that villain has come to massacre and able to stop it?
In your triumph at having vanquished me,
don’t say I am too talkative.
This is a matter of my life, save me, dear woman,” he said. [36]

“I will make all my other queens
your hand maidsens. Let yours be the rule
over my body as well. Dear woman, my eyes,
fixed in you, will not turn away.
Please do not tire me out
but show mercy,” he pleaded with folded arms. [37]

“Will this injustice ever win over justice?
Your injustice and the righteous people
who stand fast in their path are as far apart
as the sun and darkness. My folks will protect me. They will not spare you.
Those who know their prowess know. Can a dog
be any match to a lion? Phaḍal! go away,” said Draupadi and turned away. [38]

Kichaka’s despair deepened.
Her words gave him no hint of hope. Yet,
his mind was robbed entirely by wishful thinking.
His strength loosened. His mind was muddied.
Dagger in hand, he went to the palace
of the Virāṭa queens and met with his sister. [39]

As he touched his forehead to her feet,
Sudēśṇe raised him and hugged him, saying,
“My spirited elephant! Do sit down.” Looking at her brother,
she wondered, sadly, “His face has the look of death.
Could he have harassed Sairandhri? This wretched scoundrel!
He won’t rest until he decimates the family. What do I do now?” [40]

“Your excellent aura is dimmed. Faded
is the glow on your face. Your form
has lost its charm, as though dipped in a vast ocean of worry.
Tell me, O crest jewel of our clan, what
is on your mind?” she asked. As the God of Desire’s arrows
cleft his discretion, Kichaka blushed a little, and smiling, and said: [41]
“What else cold I ask for, sister?  
This woman who is a hundred times more beautiful  
than others in your retinue has plundered my mind.  
She has pawned me off to the God of Desire. I cannot  
live without her. My life will reside in my body  
only if you will make her mine. There is no other way.” [42]  

Sudēṣṇa shuddered and said to him, “Alas! The creeper  
of our reputation has dried up. You have become  
desperate from desire. You have taken birth as the terminator of the clan.  
You are decimating the lineage. Don’t you realize that man,  
when he loses his discretion, will meet the fate of Ravana?  
I tremble at your horrific villainy.” [43]  

“Stalking others’ wives, snatching others’  
wealth, running away in battle -- are these traits  
worthy of princes? You are contemplating an act that  
you picked up while consorting with the forest folk.  
You will bring death to Virāṭa. Your pastime  
frightens me,” she said, turning her face away. [44]  

“Her husbands are gods. Don’t you know  
how far apart the gods are from us? If they are  
angered, who can face their army? Who will protect us?  
Don’t you even go near her. Pick whoever else you wish  
in this bevvy of women, I will gladly  
marry her to you,” she said. [45]  

“Sister, you are out of your mind! My mind  
is stuck and taken root in her. How can  
there be marriage just for what is left, leaving out the mind?  
Call it childish prank, if you wish; let  
noble people term it wrong. If you want  
to see me alive, you must unite me with Sairandhri,” he said. [46]  

“I cannot relish other peoples’ words; my eyes  
do not like others’ forms; the names of the rest are foes to my tongue.  
I have become a tender plant scorched in a blaze.  
Get me what I wish and save  
this baby doe whose guts have been sundered,”  
he said and fell at her feet. [47]
Sudēşne's eyes teared up. Affection sprouted for her younger brother. She beckoned to Death God's forces. She raised her up brother, saying, "Get up, go to your mansion. I'll send you the young woman tomorrow," and sent off her brother, adding, "It's not good to mix with a married woman." [48]

Kichaka built castles in his mind. "Am I not indeed lucky to be the object of that woman's sidelong glance?" With that thought, he took leave of his elder sister, and his mind swollen with excitement, he entered the house as the sun camped in the setting hill. [49]

Was it the mark of sandalwood paste on the forehead of the goddess of directions? Or the hand-mirror of Kāma's queen? Or the vaunted platter of the God of Desire? Or the round ember that burns a lover parted from erotic bliss? I cannot say: The whole earth glowed as the cool moon rose at midnight. [50]

The Chakravāka bird couple startled; baby bees bit the blue lotus blossoms; the open lotuses closed up; the sea tides rose; adulteresses startled; as, alas! the moon set ablaze the minds of parted lovers. [51]

As the heat of the villain's pining climbed, he came to his palace and fell upon the bed of tender leaves with a sigh. "This enemy of the lotus has risen expressly to kill me. Why did the wretched Creator bestow so much beauty on this woman with fluttering eyes?" [52]

For Kichaka, the menthol bits in his betel leaves burned his entrails. The perfumed sandalwood paste charred his limbs; the cold water compress became a raging blaze; the ripe moonlight shone like a stream of molten tin. [53]
The spread of tender leaves dried up
in the smoke of his hot sighs; the soft fan of
tender plantain leaves shriveled in his blaze;
that flower-arrowed god corralled
the moon, the cuckoo, the bee, the lotus,
and the jasmine to bring about the cruel death of Kichaka. [54]

The perfumed sandalwood paste and menthol
smeared on the cooling hand-fan
scorched in Kichaka’s lascivious blaze;
Seeking to possess this chaste wife,
he rolled about on the marble terrace,
heedless of his life. [55]

Every half-minute of the night seeming like an age,
he somehow passed the night. The sun appeared at the
crest of the Eastern hill, ending the world’s darkness.
The lotus flowers seem to beckon
the bees with a present of their fragrance. The sighs
put out by the lotuses waiting for their lord
touched the moon, who lost his luster. [56]
SANDHI 3

Summary: Bhíma, the killer of Kauravas, wiped out the forest of Kichaka’s clan and protected Draupadi.

Janamējaya, Lord of the Earth, listen. Sudēṣṇe, inviting death, and the mindset of a hardened sinner, sent for Pānchāli. When she arrived, Sudēṣṇe, bereft of nicety, ordered her, “Go to my brother’s mansion and bring some excellent wine. Hurry.” [1]

“My lady, I cannot go there. Your brother is wicked. Whatever happens, good or a calamity, or if he is killed, I will get the blame. Being in your service, it’s not right that I do anything that will bring you misfortune. Please, send someone else,” said Draupadi. [2]

At that, Sudēṣṇe blazed in anger: “Nonsense! How dare you speak such haughty words to me? What harm or gain can come from you to me or my folks? You don’t know who my brother is. Enough of this. Go to him now.” Upon this, the helpless woman left the house obeying the order. [3]

“If the queen orders, how can I say I can’t do it? If I do it, it’s bound to bring certain death to them, Śiva! Śivā! That is why, wise people say, it’s always hard to serve others. Śiva! Śivā! Lotus-eyed Krishna! you know,” thus thinking, she moved on. [4]
"Hari! Hari! Lord of Lakshmi! Slayer of demons! Mukunda! You are the last refuge of those who have nowhere to go. The time of my dishonor has arrived. The terror I felt when Duḥśasana grabbed my clothes has returned. Merciful God, you only know!" so saying, Sairandhri walked. [5]

She bowed to Indra, Agni, Yama, Nirṛuti, Varuṇa, and other gods. She tightly closed her eyes for a moment, stood, and prayed to the friend of the lotus. As she opened her eyes, the Sun god gave her a demon to guard her who could break anyone. Walking slowly, and slower still, the woman arrived at Kīchaka's house. [6]

As the tintinnabulation of her lovely jingling anklets swelled, the peacocks of the land danced. As the lightning of her blessed sidelong glances glittered, and bees assembled in droves following the fragrance of her limbs, who can praise her graceful form as she arrived at Kīchaka's house? [7]

That intoxicating elephant of the God of Desire; his great presiding counselor deity; the potion that mesmerizes people; the embodiment of conjugal ecstasy; the sharpened blade of the God of Desire; the forehead mark that seduces the ascetics; goddess Lakshmi emerging from the ocean of glamour, the vine-limbed beauty arrived at Kīchaka's house. [8]

As the nimble, goblet-eyed, ring-waisted, swan-gaited, lotus-fragrant, paragon of beauty approached, Kīchaka's body throbbed and throbbed and he stood gaping at the woman, wondering who this female was, endowed with such loveliness. [9]

"Her gaze is a blade that cuts but draws no blood; a well-braided rope that lashes but raises no welts; a fire that burns the chest but emits no smoke. Oh my! this sharp gaze, whose throat will it not slice? Whose mind will it not perturb? Who can stand it? Śiva Śivā!" he said. [10]

"Who knows, what meritorious deeds of a bygone lifetime served to unite her husbands with this lady? They are fortunate, indeed. What can be a greater reward for earlier good deeds
than this woman?" Thus thinking, 
the wretch got up in front of her. [11]

The villain blared, "Young woman, come, 
sit here. My mind's tension is ended. With you 
as my support, will I fear any more the villainy of the God of Desire? 
I will hoist the flag of my victory over 
the moon, the cuckoo, and the bee."
Draupadi, angered, replied: [12]

"Kichaka! Your mouth will rot if you spout such nonsense. 
Let go of this doggishness. Don't come to ruin. 
I have come here at the Queen's behest to fetch wine. 
If you have a death wish, go impale yourself 
on a hungry spear. Go away!" To that, he said, 
"Will your scolding hurt me?" and grabbed her. [13]

Draupadi twisted and wrested her hand from his grip, 
flung the casket to the floor, and, turning 
her face away, crossed the door, shuddering in fear, 
and rushed out so fast to the King's assembly, 
she was lucky her slender waist didn't snap 
under the brunt of her breasts and hips. [14]

Instantly, Kichaka pursued her. Grabbing her by her hair, 
he hit her, screaming angrily, "You hireling! Will I let go of you 
just because you run away?" and stomped on her and kicked her. 
Draupadi fell to the ground, like a banana stalk 
cut down by a storm. Spitting blood from her mouth, 
her hair rolling in dust, she screamed out in pain. [15]

Roaring, "Disembowel him! Feast on his flesh!" 
the demon appointed by the Sun to guard Draupadi 
rushed forward instantly and beat Kichaka and picked him up and thrashed him. 
The villain fell to the ground, and got up right away and 
scampered home, screaming with pain and fright. 
At this, King Virāṭa and all the courtiers trembled in terror. [16]

Draupadi rolled over to her side and got up, 
shook the dust off her hair, covered her breasts 
with her sari, wiped the blood off her cheeks over and over with her finger, 
and lamented, "Couldn't you speak up? You kept 
looking on while that criminal kept beating 
a woman? You, the elders of the court, chose 
a very propitious moment indeed to observe silence!" [17]
“Śiva Śivā! May my anguished sighs touch
my husbands! Wretches! Alas!
A snake besieged by many will not die!
That criminal attacked me, I am innocent!
This assemblage of people who don’t care
for justice is worse than a terrifying jungle!” wailed Draupadi. [18]

“You, Kankabahāṭṭa, the foreigner!
They say you know dharma comprehensively.
As a mendicant you should have advised the great king properly.
You should know; as a foreigner
you should have stood by me, another foreigner.
Weak people have no allies in the court,” she cried. [19]

At that juncture, Yudhiṣṭhira, Son of Righteousness,
hardened his mind with courage, mindful of things
to come. He neither looked at nor spoke to the princes.
Arjuna and the twins sat in deep anguish,
thinking, “This is not the time for heroism;
we have to abide by our brother’s command.” [20]

Thinking, “Alas! my wife is hurting,” Bhīma
agonized within, his face hardened with anger.
Anguished, he crushed his jaws together in fury,
and bending quietly without anyone noticing,
leaned mischievously forward and contemplated
a big tree in front of the king’s palace. [21]

Bhīma decided within himself, “First,
I will catch and wring this villain who
hit Draupadi, together with his siblings and all his relatives.
Then I will kill the expansive king Virāṭa. Then,
before this news reaches them, I will
wipe out the Kaurava clan,” sparking with wrath. [22]

Comprehending his intent, the lord of the earth
Dharmarāya said to Bhīma, “Don’t be
too anxious, Valala. Be patient, be patient.
Don’t destroy this tree. It shelters
good people from the city. There is
a very special tree in the outskirts
of the city, for your kitchen.” [23]
"This is a noble tree. Don't fell it. Listen to my words." At this, Bhīma quietly withdrew from the assembly in grief. Then Dharmarāya, addressing Sairandhri, said, "Virtuous woman, this is but the fruit of your karma. Go back to your house. Kichaka doesn't heed even the Matsya king. Then, how can this assembly discipline him?" [24]

"This is not the time for anger. Are your husbands good for nothings? Let go of your grief. You are a chaste and virtuous wife. The lamp of forgiveness will eradicate all defects. Forgiveness is the foundation of valor and dharma." To this, Draupadi said: [25]

"Water will buoy up a drowning man only thrice. After that, it won't put up even if the poor wretch thrashes about. What can I do when injustice crosses all bounds? Isn't there a limit to tolerance? Valor has gone utterly sterile. You slip and slide when it comes to guarding my honor." Draupadi said. [26]

As the courtiers commented, "Oh my! This woman is a virago! Instead of keeping quiet, she is blabbering away in front of the king. This is unbecoming," the delicate-limbed Draupadi flared up. Telling herself, "The elders here have no backbone. I will talk to Bhīma. After that, come what may," she departed. [27]

When she came to Sudēṣṇe's mansion, Sudēṣṇe asked Draupadi, "What's the matter, Sister? Why is your face drawn? What is bothering you?" Draupadi said to her mistress, "You forgot already? Are you mocking me because your royalty gives you that privilege?" [28]

"Your sibling is evil. You are royalty. I am but a beggar in your employ. I shouldn't stay here anymore. Who is there to protect when the kings goes astray? Send for him, admonish him. Keep me if you can protect me. Otherwise, Queen, send me away," said Draupadi. [29]
Sudēșne said, "Dear woman, hear me. I will have
the wrongdoers put to death. Do not be afraid. The lecher
who touched a married woman is not my brother. He is a horrible sinner, an enemy."
To that, Draupadi declared, "You don't have to have him put to death.
He has done this wrong and my husbands will wipe out the Kīchaka clan.
I have nothing to do with it, I am making this clear." [30]

With that, Draupadi took leave and came
to her home, where she spent the day,
hers feelings deeply hurt, filled with anguish and worry.
"I would kill myself but I will surely be
incurring the sin of suicide. How
can I cope with this?" she grieved. [31]

"Who can I confide in? Who can I go to?
With whom can I weep? Who can I plead with?
Who can I beseech to protect me? Fie! Set fire to this woman's existence!
Was there ever a horrible sinner who
suffered like me before? Why won't death
take me away?" she wailed, beating her womb. [32]

"Should I talk to Yama's son?
He is paralyzed by Dharma and Forgiveness.
Can I say Arjuna has compassion for me? He has lost his mind
under his brother's command. The other two
husbands are, without a doubt,
incapable of killing this dog," she said to herself. [33]

"Of all these, the intrepid Bhīma is
the one with a heart, he is the gutsiest –
the one who comes to my aid unfailingly in times of danger or need.
He's firm, resolute. I will tell him all about this
scoundrel's harassment. And then, should he,
too, prove to be spineless, I will drink the deadliest poison." [34]

Departing from her home, as the glint
of her eyes disturbed the darkness, draping back
the sari which kept slipping off her vine-like left arm, swinging
with the delicate tinkling of her bracelets, striding
briskly under the weight of her quivering breasts, her mind
anxious, the innocent woman came to the royal kitchen. [35]
On either side were lined up heaps
of greens, vegetables and fruits, and platters
of shining rice fit for kings. Also arrayed were
many types of spices, powders, and condiments
of many types, and rows of varied delicacies. Between them, came
Draupadi with the stride of a proud elephant. [36]

Seeing the slaughtered sheep, pig meat,
hare flesh streaked with blood,
plucked bird flesh, meats of split and sliced peacocks and lavuge birds,
and heaps of cooked meat balls,
all neatly organized,
Draupadi admired Bhīma’s meat house kitchen. [37]

“This Bhīma -- who did he learn this from,
this culinary art? When Fate is angry,
there is no telling what state it will bring one to, Śiva Śivāl”
Draupadi wondered, with a gentle smile.
She went inside, and seeing him
fast asleep on a cot, approached him. [38]

“Will he flare up if I wake him up? Or will he
sweetly comfort me, saying, 'Why did you come all by yourself?
How come your face drawn?’ Will my visit bear fruit?
What if someone finds out about my coming?
Well, I'll take a chance and wake him up and see,”
thus thinking, she approached Bhīma. [39]

As she gently, gently, loosened the cover and
shook him by the chin, the Unmatched One
woke up, saw the daughter of Pāṇchāla.
“My love, why have you come? Why the anguish
on your face? Why did you come at night?
Come on, tell me, quickly,” he said. [40]

When he asked, “Draupadi, the working women
in this kitchen won't take it well. They are mean,
lapdogs of the palace. We are foreigners.
It’s hard to live without people finding out.
Tell me, lady, who is the cause of your worry?”
To which, Draupadi replied: [41]
"Yesterday, in broad daylight, that street dog
Kīchaka chased me around and kicked me right in the royal court.
Should I have to suffer such humiliation while I have people like you as mine?
He's not going to leave me alone.
I cannot live any longer. You will not be
spared that sin." At this, Bhima became furious. [42]

"Don't tell me anything. I'm not
going to lift a finger in your behalf.
I don't want to have anything to do with wives.
This sequential husbandry is hard to take --
set fire to it! I don't want this disgrace. Go plead
with those four other brave ones of yours," he said. [43]

"Dear husband, listen to me. The others
will romance me, but when it comes to my honor,
they exit. Other than you, the rest are truly strangers to propriety.
Look upon me with affection. Let go
of your passivity of mind. Help me by dispatching this villain
to the God of death!" she pleaded with folded hands. [44]

"When it comes to battle, you want me. The ones
who enjoy are the others. As the adage goes,
'Some people earn, while others eat and slip away.'
I'm one to live in fear. Tell the others your troubles
and tribulations and find out what's on their minds.
I am bound by Yudhiṣṭhira's burden," Bhīma said. [45]

"When it comes to protecting the wife's honor,
a single husband will either
cut down the foe or lay down his own life.
I have five husbands, heroes of the three worlds.
Yet, you cannot take care of one wife.
Are you husbands or eunuchs? Tell me?" demanded Draupadi. [46]

"That day, that Kaurava dog brought me
to the court and did me that great favor. And then today,
this Kīchaka cur kicked me with his left foot in the royal assembly.
What did you do then, or now, to avenge the affront?
A woman came to you because you were great
and you have murdered her," said Draupadi. [47]
"You know what will become of those –
humans or demons -- who speak lightly
of my honor? I am not upset, because you speak out of pain.
Born as a sibling to these four eunuchs,
how can I claim any honor\textsuperscript{III}? Lady, speak
as you wish; don’t be afraid,” Bhima replied. [48]

“That day, when I rushed forth, declaring, ‘I will not
rest unless I make a meal of Duḥśāna’s entrails,’
Yudhiṣṭhira stopped me, with his simpering.
Today, when I glared at the tree
to smash Kīchaka with, you saw how
he prevented me. Where am I at fault here?” [49]

“Small-minded people will slander
me, saying, ‘This Kunti’s son breached
his elder brother’s command because he is henpecked.’
Go complain to the elder brother. This is
an ember I cannot swallow. Wife, listen, I am tied up
in the noose of the elder brother’s command,” he said. [50]

“Go to Arjuna. Fall at Yudhiṣṭhira’s
feet and change his mind. Get
Sahadēva and Nakula to kill Kīchaka.
They will bring you victory. If they can’t
protect you, the blame will be theirs.
Don’t bother me with your troubles,” he said. [51]

“I am not speaking out of masculine pride
here. My way is quite different. I cannot
live this life of brazenness. I am not one
to sing praises of dharma and all that. Go
pester Dharmarāya and get Kīchaka beheaded.
Or, dear wife, go tell Arjuna,” he said. [52]

“Lady, hear this for sure. From this day on,
you are queen only to those four. I am
giving up my turn. I am giving up on this sequential husbandry.
Go pray to Yudhiṣṭhira; beseech Arjuna,
Nakula, and Sahadēva in detail. Your purpose
will not bear fruit with me,” he said. [53]
As she was listening to this, the veins in her throat pressed against her neck. Alas! The woman with darting eyes sobbed, sobbed bitterly and was drenched in the stream of tears. As the burning fire in her stomach rose to the crown of her head, like a piercing spear re-piercing on its way out, like a tender plantain leaf scorched by a blaze, the helpless one sighed over and over and wailed desperately. [54]

As she writhed in pain, her cheek was faded by the warmth of her pink palm. The heat of her long sighs seared the pearls of her single-stranded necklace. Tear drops gathered in her dense eyelashes. Looking into the emptiness, sighing, she shook her head over and over again. [55]

"Which woman did I torture? Which sacred vow did I break? Which sin did I grasp? Could there ever have been a woman who has suffered like me, who cried, who sorrowed like me in this whole world?" cried Draupadi bitterly. [56]

"May there never again be born women humiliated like me. May there never be born in the world husbands like Bhīma. Could there ever have lived before in the whole world people like me, or the Pāṇḍavas, who wasted away in absolute misery?" Draupadi cried bitterly. [57]

"Which poison shall I drink? Or which mountain cliff shall I jump from? Which eddy shall I enter or clump of rocks? Which spear shall I slam into? Or which fire shall I enter? Why doesn’t death come to me?" wailed Draupadi. [58]

"That culprit Duryōdhana had me dragged into the crowd. And then, in the forest-sojourn, Saindhava came and dragged me away by my forelocks. Today, I suffered the kicks of this cur Kīchaka. These three affronts are enough, I have had it," lamented the exhausted Draupadi. [59]
"I was born to the house of the king of Pāṇchālas. Who are my husbands? Are mere humans and such a match to them? They surpass the gods. And what is my fate now? The grand excitement of doing the hair of the Vīrāṭa ladies’, rubbing their bodies, massaging their feet!" [60]

"Are there any fools in the world like the Pāṇḍavas, who live giving comfort to their foes, who offer their shoulders to their enemies to bear humiliations, and who, throwing away their heroic titles, submit to being led by the nose like castrated bullocks?" cried she. [61]

"You have the daring, if angered, to break the God of Death himself, yet you cannot protect this single me. O you wretches, fear disgrace, at least! Why do you sport such weighty arms? Why were you born in the lineage of protectors of the earth? You keep filling your bellies, a disgrace to the food you eat," said Draupadi. [62]

"The leader of the Kuru clan snatched away your kingdom, treasury, elephant, cavalry, chariot and infantry divisions, and turned you away. And you handed me over to that villain Kīchaka. Alas! how convenient for you five to live by yourselves!" lamented Draupadi. [63]

"How extraordinarily fortunate is the King of Kauravas who rules over the kings! You have Krishna’s love, yet are caught in the net of Dharma. Here you are, obsequious, exhausted, scurrying about in the service of others just to make a living and. I am dying anyway, so why should I be afraid of you?" she wailed. [64]

"Bhīma! You have sentenced me to death. Go on, live scrupulously obeying your brother’s order, learning the shapeliness of Dharma. Do remember me in your dalliance with women. Kindly forgive my impertinence in what I said in the heat of the moment," so saying, she bowed at his feet. [65]
At that, the intrepid Bhīma became tearful. His heart melted away. The weight of his fury mounted. He wrung his enemies in his mind. Body swelling up with passion, he gently raised the lady, gathered her into an embrace, and wiped her tears with his upper garment. [66]

Bhīma caressed her tresses, wiped her cheeks, stroked her head, and washed her lotus face with water from the jug by the bedside. He said, "My queen! Let go, let go of your anger. Why say more? Take it from me: I have transgressed the line of my brother’s order. I’ve transgressed it." [67]

"I will rip Kīchaka’s entrails. If they resist me in the least, I will wipe out the name of the Virāṭa clan. If Kauravas discover us, I will make mincemeat of their tribe. If the gods say, ‘Alas! Bhīma committed a cruel act,’ I will rub their faces on the divine mountain."* [68]

"If brother Yudhīṣṭhira gets angry, his elder-brotherhood will end this very day. If Arjuna and Nakula are upset, I’ll show them my hand. Sahadeva is after all but their younger brother, right? If Krishna comes in the way, I will cross that great Murāri as well. Who, then, is a match to me? I’ll raze the Kīchaka clan." [69]

"Wife, listen. All these days, I was bound by the rope of my elder brother’s injunction. Like a lion cub harassed by foxes, this Kaurava, Kīchaka and their ilk have vexed me to their own ruin. Now, I will provoke these dogs and extract their lives, with heavy interest². Hear me, the bounds of dharma will be crossed," he declared. [70]

"Here, young lady, take this down payment on my pledge to finish off Duryodhana and Kīchaka. If angered, will Bhīma care for dharma, gīrma²? You have aroused my fury. What more is left? Your task is now mine. Call that lecher dog Kīchaka and secretly suggest to come to the dance hall." [71]

² Visa baddi: interest at 12.5%.
"I will go to the dance hall at night and quietly disembowel that scoundrel and scatter his blood to the female fiends. Let no one doubt this. If anyone comes to know of this, I know the remedy for that too. Dear wife, you go home now," he said and bade her farewell. [72]

Draupadi swelled up with joy. "You are man among men, Bhīma," she said. "You alone are the great dawn of my good fortune." With that, she took leave of her husband and returned to her home, while the sun opened the locks on the doors of the lotuses. [73]

That day, coming to the palace, Kīchaka saw the Wolf-bellied one’s wife. He was afraid to touch her. He talked to her, smilingly, "Last night was like an eon. You are the ocean of kindness. The flower-arrowed god has become the god of Death. You know that." [74]

"For those who lust after other people’s wives, the God of Love becomes the God of Death. Ambrosia turns to poison. Hailstone becomes hot. Kin will be foes. Dear ones become unwanted in an instant. The earth will not support such a villain. You sinner, Kīchaka!” Draupadi said. [75]

"I’ll listen to your pious lecture and dharma later. This once, deck me in the armor of your delicate sidelong glance of kindness and protect me from the onslaught of that fearless God of Desire’s arrows. I will be your servant," said that rascal to the lotus-faced one, with folded hands. [76]

"If my husbands come to know of this, they will exterminate your clan. Come to the dance hall tonight without anyone’s knowledge. Your lifespan is finished. I too will come to the dark house. Since you will not forget me, let whatever has to happen, happen," Draupadi said. [77]
The villain thanked her for her favor and went home. The friend of the lotus descended into the lotus garden in the Western range. As the dense darkness spread, the lotus faced Draupadi, elated, came to the royal kitchen, guided by the glint of her eyes. [78]

"Bhīma, wait. I have told that arrogant one to come to the dance school. Don’t procrastinate. Don’t resort to small-minded excuses. Destroy that lecher and show me your true love.” When Draupadi said that, Bhīma got up, smiling, and put on his attire using the wrestler’s knot. [79]

Exhorting him to destroy the villain, Draupadi adorned his forehead with a victory mark, applied unguents to his body, sprinkled auspicious rice on his head, and coiffed his hair in a novel style. Walking in the dense darkness, Bhīma entered the dance hall and lay down on the bejeweled cot in the center. [80]

Kīchaka, going for a rendezvous with the burning, cruel goddess Māriṣṣa, stepped out of his house, clasp jasmine buds, wearing sadu, javaji, kasturi and other unguents, wearing a he-man’s attire, fanning himself with his upper garment, dandily swinging a sword. [81]

That evil-minded Kīchaka, inviting the noose of the God of Death, entered the dance school, like one taking a short cut through the cemetery into the mouth of the god of death. Paying no heed to the hundreds of ill omens all along the way, brimming with excitement, that villain came in, staggering in the dark, toward the cot. [82]

“O lotus-faced Sairandhri, look, I have brought you betel leaves and nuts, perfumes, jasmine flowers, fine, incomparable, delightful clothes. I alone am worthy of you. Listen, who among the gods are my equals in handsomeness, what to speak of humans?” he said. [83]
“Sairandhri, tell me, tell me truly, 
swear by me, have you ever seen or known 
any man as handsome as me before? 
Before this, beauties like you used to 
hanker for me. I swear by you, there is 
no woman who will not fall for me.” [84]

“Hey, Kīchaka! There’s no one who 
is equal to you in beauty. Let that be. My 
beauty is not like that of the women of this world. 
It’s quite different. There is no one like me in the world. 
I have come because I have fallen in love with you. 
I will show you my ways presently,” said Bhīma. [85]

Then he continued, with a smile, “There is 
no man who will not yield to me. You are my match. 
I have fallen for you. See my feminine ways.” 
Kīchaka, immensely pleased, swelled and stroked 
Bhīma’s body. Not finding rounded breasts, he panicked, and said: 
“How come, Sairandhri, your body is like stone? Where did your soft delicateness go? [86]

“Where did this harsh hardness come from? 
Are you wearing a magic garb or what? 
Tell me,” he asked. To which, Bhīma, saying, “Hey, hear this: 
To the man who hankers after another’s wife, 
nectar becomes poison. Softness become hard,” 
grabbed Kīchaka by his front locks. [87]

Kīchaka, distraught with passion, said, 
“You coquette, let go,” and pushed Bhīma away 
with his forehand. Bhīma rushed behind him and grabbed his hair. 
The mighty Kīchaka was flummoxed and became 
incensed. Saying, “This is no woman. This is some deceitful traitor. 
Rip out his entrails!” he struggled to get hold of him. [88]

As Kīchaka punched him, Bhīma 
fell over him. One punched and the other stabbed. 
They landed blows, reckless of punchings. 
While Bhīma and Kīchaka battled 
like two Mandara mountains, Bhīma’s wife 
watched their fight, smiling. [89]
When Kichaka landed a blow,
Bhima suffered it, sat on his knees, and got up
and angrily bit his lip and struck Kichaka
with his fist hard on his head
like a thunderclap slapping
right on the crest of a mountain. [90]

Kichaka’s head split at the blow
from the enemy’s fist. His body shuddered.
His eyes whirled and went askew.
Still, Kichaka slowly recovered his strength and
punched, screaming, “Fall!” like an elephant trying
to hit a lion. That blow punched the air. [91]

As Bhima retreated and punched Kichaka’s
road chest again, the chest split open and he vomited
his entrails. His eyeball got stuck in his socket.
His body staggered hither and thither and
fell to the ground with a thud and
turned to a side. His life-breath fled. [92]

Bhima squashed Kichaka’s head into
his chest, stuffed the hands and legs inside
the stomach, and standing at a distance, pointed out his bad state to Draupadi.
Kichaka’s body lay there as if
trampled by the God of Death’s bison. Draupadi,
thrilled, hugged Bhima and stroked his head. [93]

Saying, “Wife, let go. That’s enough.
Go now,” Bhima went away. Draupadi
called the guards and said,
“Because this wicked man harassed me
for a long time, my Gandharva husbands
got angry and killed him. Look!” [94]

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1 The many-necked demon: Rāvaṇa, the villain of the Ramayana, with ten heads
2 Yama’s minions: Yama is the god of Death
3 Mukunda:
4 Gandharva:
5 Lady of Infamy: “apakīrti nārī”
6 holding a blade of grass in her hand:
7 Bee, cuckoo, mango, etc. are traditionally considered to be instruments employed by Kama to rouse romantic
love in humans
8 He = Rāvaṇa
9 Onomatopoetic expression imitating flapping or fluttering of (a flag, wing, etc.)
10 Rāvaṇa: the demon king of Lanka, who kidnapped Sita and was killed by her husband in the Rāmāyaṇa.
xi Setting hill: Reference to the Western hills. The belief is that the sun sets behind the Western hills and rises from behind the Eastern hills.

xii See note viii

xiii Nānu mūguļjavane? Literally, “Do I have a nose?” A person without nose (i.e., whose nose has been cut off as a punishment) was someone disgraced in society.

xiv Saindhava: Jayadratha

xv Bhāva in PM, āva in ARS

xvi Amarāḍri: Mount Mēru

xiv Dharma, ārma: the reduplication suggests a casual dismissal of the object or concept expressed in the first member of the pair, typical of KV’s use of colloquial processes in poetry

xviii female fiends: Shakini

xix wolf-bellied one: vṛukōdara, a reference to Bhīma’s healthy appetite

xx Māri:
ಪ್ರೇಮದ ಮುಖ

ಅನುಮಾನದ ಭಾರಾಣವಾದ ಗೋಡೆ
ಜೊತ್ತಿರಲಿನ ತಾತ್ಕಾಲಿಕ ಹಾಗೂ
ನೃತ್ಯದ ಸಂಗೀತದ ವಿಮರ್ಷದ ಮೂಲಕ.
ಇಂದು ನಾಮ ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ
ದೊಡ್ಡ ಮುಂಚುಕು ಮನಸ್ಸಾಗುವಿಕೆ.
ಕಡಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಮಾಡಿಸಿದ ನಿಂದ,
ಕಡಗಳನ್ನು ಸುವಾಸ ಮಾಡಿರುತ್ತೇನೆ.
ನಾಮ್ಮೆಯು ಕೆಲವು ಕಡಗಳ ಪರಿಣಾಮವನ್ನು ಉದ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ,
ನಾಮ್ಯ ಪ್ರತಿಮೆಗಳಾಗಿ ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಬುದ್ಧಿಯು ಸಂಸ್ಕರಣ, ಮುಖವರಿದ್ವರು,
ಅಂಕಿಸುವ ಪತ್ರಗಳು ಕೆಲಸಿರುವ ನಾಗದೊಡ್ಡ.
ನಾಮ್ಮೆಯು ವಿಶೇಷವಾಗಿ ಹೊಸ ಅಂಕಿಸಿರುವ ನಾಗದೊಡ್ಡ,
ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕೆಲಸದಿಂದ ಬುದ್ಧಿ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಹೊಸ ಅಂಕಿಸಿರುವ ಪತ್ರಗಳು ಅವುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ,
ನಾಮ್ಮೆಯು ಸಂಸ್ಕರಣ ಮುಖವರಿದ್ವರು ಕೆಲಸಿದ ನಾಗದೊಡ್ಡ.
ಉದ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೂಚಿಸುವ ಪ್ರತಿಮೆಗಳಾಗಿ ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ,
ನಾಮ್ಮೆಯು ಕೆಲವು ಕಡಗಳ ಪರಿಣಾಮವನ್ನು ಉದ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ,
ನಾಮ್ಮೆಯು ಕೆಲವು ಕಡಗಳ ಪರಿಣಾಮವನ್ನು ಉದ್ಯಾನದಲ್ಲಿ.
ಆದ್ಯವಾಗಿ ತೆಗೆದಿಕೆ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು
ಎಲ್ಲಾವು ತಿಳಿಸುವ ಕೆಲವು ನೋಡಿದ್ದವು
ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಸ್ಥಳವಾಗಿ ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು ಹೇಗಾಗಿ
ಕಾರ್ಯಾಧಿಕಾರಿಗೆ ಪ್ರತ್ಯೇಕ ಎಲ್ಲಾಗಳೂ
ಕಂಡ ಅಂದರೆ, ಇಲ್ಲದಾಗ ನೇರವೆನಾಗಿ
ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾನದಾರವಾಗಿ ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ ಅರುತ್ತು ಎಂದರೆ
ಕೆಲವು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಸ್ಥಳವಿಂದ ನೇರವೆನಾಗಿ
ನೆಲೆರಡೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕಾಂತೆ ಇಲ್ಲವೆನಾಗಿ ಅ ಆಕೃತಿ
ಇಲ್ಲದಾಗ ಇಲ್ಲವೆನಾಗಿ ಮಾನದಾರವಾಗಿ
aggableರದ ಮೆರೆದಿಕೆ ಸಿದ್ಧಿಯೇ ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ.

ಆವಶ್ಯಕತೆಯು ಇತರೆ ಲಕ್ಷಣಗಳಿಗೆ
ನಿರ್ದೇಶಗಳು ಲಭ್ಯವಾಗುತ್ತವೆ ನನಗಳು
ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಸ್ಥಳದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು ಹೇಗಾಗಿ
ನೇರವೆನಾಗಿ ತಿಳಿಸಬೇಕು ಎಂದರೆ
ಕೇಂದ್ರದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾನದಾರವಾಗಿ ಕಾಲಕ್ರಮೇಣ,
ಅಕ್ಷರಾಂತಿಕ ಪ್ರತಿಪಡಿಸಲಾಗಿಲ್ಲವೆನಾಗಿ ಎಂದರೆ
ಕೆಲವು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಸ್ಥಳವಿಂದ ನೇರವೆನಾಗಿ
ನೆಲೆರಡೆಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ ಎಂದರೆ
ಅಕ್ಷರಾಂತಿಕ ಪ್ರತಿಸಂದರ್ಶನಗಳಿಗೆ

K.B.K.

ಅನುಭವ ದಯಕೆ ಅವರು ನೇತೃತ್ವಕ್ಕೆ
ನಂತರಬಾರದ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ಮಾತ್ರವೇ ಅದರ ಮುಂದಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ಗುರುವಾರ ದಿನ ನಂತರ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ
ವಿದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿ ದಯಕೆ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ
ನಂತರ ಕಾಲದ ನೕಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಯಾವುದೇ ದಯಕೆ ಅಥವಾ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿ
ಅನುಭವಕ್ಕೆ ಕಂಪ್ಯೂಟರ್ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು
ನಂತರ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಅನುಭವದ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ
ಮುಂಗಳ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ಕಾಲದ ನೕಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಉತ್ತಾಹಕವಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ
ನಂತರ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಕೃತಿಕೆಯಾದ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳು
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ಪ್ರತಿನಿಧಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಅನುಭವದ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ
ಮುಂಗಳ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ಕಾಲದ ನೕಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಅನುಭವದ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ
ಮುಂಗಳ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ಕಾಲದ ನೕಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.

ಅನುಭವದ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ
ಮುಂಗಳ ನೇತೃತ್ವದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಾಧೀನತೆಗೆ
ನಂತರವಿನ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಖರೀದು ಸ್ವಾಧೀನ.

ನಂತರ ಕಾಲದ ನೕಲುಗಳಿಗೆ ಕಾರಣ
ಅನುಭವದ ಮುಂಚೆಗೆ ಬಿಂದುವಾರು.
客家 ವಿಷಯದಲ್ಲಿಯ ಪ್ರತಿ ವರ್ಣನಾದ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಭೇಟಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
客家 ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೇಲೆ ಪ್ರತಿ
ಗಾರಂತೆಯ ಹುಬರ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು ಹುಬರ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು ಹುಬರ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು ಹುಬರ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅಕ್ಷರಗಳು ಹುಬರ್ನು ನಾಮಕರಣಕ್ಕೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಬೇಕು.