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Yuri Viktorovich Gavrilov

Collection of Indian short stories by Gavrilov Yuri Viktorovich

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Аннотация

A collection of Indian short stories. After reading my novels, you will get to know Hinduism a little better. All of them were published in India.

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1. The Dance of the End: Shiva and Kali

In ancient times, when the yugas turned like slow wheels of fate, there came an age where darkness no longer crept in shadows — it reigned in daylight. It was a time when **men forgot dharma**, sages were mocked, temples were desecrated, and truth was sold in the marketplaces like cheap grain. The devas looked down upon the world and wept.

In the celestial court of Mount Meru, Lord **Brahma** sighed, Lord **Vishnu** remained in quiet meditation, but **Shiva**, the great

Mahadeva, did not speak. He saw it all: the suffering of the earth, the arrogance of kings, the defilement of nature. But Shiva was not a god of idle words. He was the force behind endings — the stillness after storms and the flame that purifies. And now, it was time.

High atop the icy peaks of Mount Kailash, where no mortal breath could survive, Shiva entered a deep meditation. He sat with his eyes closed, his trident planted beside him, serpents coiled around his neck, and the crescent moon glowing upon his brow. The world around him froze into silence. As he turned inward, his third eye — symbol of truth and divine fire — began to burn with a terrifying brilliance.

With each breath, Shiva drew into himself the sins of the world, the cries of mothers, the fury of nature, the betrayal of kings. And when the weight became too great to bear, he rose — and began to **dance**.

Not the gentle dance of joy. This was **Tandava**, the dance of destruction.

With the first stomp of his foot, mountains crumbled into the sea. With the swing of his arm, the winds howled and ripped through forests. His matted locks swirled like storms, flinging fire and time into the cosmos. The stars trembled in their positions. Galaxies spun off their axes. The gods watched with dread as Shiva's rhythm gathered speed.

But even as he destroyed, there was a terrible beauty in the chaos — a symmetry, a divine order behind the fall of worlds.

For Shiva did not destroy out of hate. He destroyed because the old must die for the new to be born.

From this storm of destruction, a new energy surged forth. From the combined wrath of Durga, Parvati, and the weeping sorrow of Earth herself, came **Kali** — dark as midnight, wild as the monsoon, and ancient as time itself.

She emerged not from calm but from fury.

Her eyes burned red, her hair flowed like a black river, and in her many arms she carried weapons of celestial origin. Around her neck hung a garland of severed heads — the symbols of ego, desire, greed, and pride — each conquered in divine rage.

She stormed across the earth, her feet stained with the blood of asuras and tyrants. No demon could stand before her. But soon, her fury could no longer distinguish the wicked from the innocent. All became prey to her dance of death.

Crops withered under her gaze. Rivers ran dry or turned to blood. Cities turned to ash.

The gods pleaded. Vishnu sent messengers. Brahma uttered mantras. But Kali heard nothing. Her rage had consumed even her own divine nature.

She was no longer the goddess.

She was **the End**.

Seeing the world unravel under Kali's fury, Shiva knew what must be done. He did not raise his weapon. He did not summon storms. Instead, the great yogi laid down upon the earth — silent, still, unarmed.

When Kali came to the battlefield of her wrath, she raised her foot to crush yet another ruin. But beneath her, she felt something firm — not earth, not stone — but flesh.

Her foot pressed into the chest of her consort, her beloved — Shiva.

She froze.

Her eyes met his. Not with anger, but with boundless compassion. Not resistance, but acceptance.

And in that eternal gaze, Kali saw herself. Not the destroyer, but the awakener. Not just rage, but love. Not just death, but **transformation**.

She let out a cry that echoed across creation — a cry not of victory, but of realization. Her tongue extended in shock and humility, and her body stilled.

She remembered.

She was **Shakti**, the power behind creation.

Kali stepped back and bowed her head to Shiva, her rage dissolving like mist in the morning sun. The clouds parted. The winds died down. A great silence fell — a sacred silence filled with new possibility.

Shiva stood and extended his hand. Kali took it, not as a weapon of fury, but as a mother, a protector, a teacher. Together, they restored balance.

The universe, once again, breathed.

From this union of Shiva and Kali — destruction and wisdom — came the lesson that every end carries within it the seed of

renewal. That sometimes, to build again, all must be burned. But the fire must be tempered with awareness.

To this day, the image of Kali standing atop Shiva remains sacred. Not as a symbol of dominance or wrath, but as a divine moment of awakening. A reminder that the world may fall into darkness — but within that darkness, there is always the light of realization.

And when the dance begins again in some far-off yuga, so too will the awakening. For Shiva and Kali are not just gods. They are truths eternal.

2.The Elephant-Headed Path

In a dusty corner of an old antiques shop in Mumbai, amidst faded paintings and brass teapots, sat a small, chipped idol of Ganesha. His trunk was broken, and one tusk missing — yet his eyes, carved with uncanny precision, seemed alive.

Anaya, a young architect visiting from London, was drawn to it immediately.

"How much for this one?" she asked.

The shopkeeper shrugged. "It's broken. A hundred rupees."

She took it, not knowing why.

That night, as monsoon rain lashed the windows of her hotel, she dreamed of an ancient temple deep in a jungle. A boy with the head of an elephant waited by a river, surrounded by peacocks and marigold petals.

The next day, Anaya traveled to her grandmother's village in Konkan. Something compelled her to take the idol with her.

The village had changed little since her childhood — red-tiled roofs, coconut palms, and the smell of wet earth. That evening, under a banyan tree, she asked her grandmother about Ganesha.

"He's not just a god," the old woman whispered. "He's a remover of obstacles. But he also places them when the time is right."

That night, the dream returned.

This time, she followed the boy-elephant deeper into the jungle. He said nothing but turned to smile at her as they reached a ruined shrine wrapped in roots and moss.

Anaya woke with a gasp, her hand clutching the idol.

Driven by something she couldn't name, she began asking around. Old men spoke of a temple lost in the forest, swallowed by time. No one had seen it in years.

With a guide and a local priest, Anaya set off into the jungle.

Two days in, they found it. Just as in her dream: a shrine half-buried in vines, the stone Ganesha inside covered in lichen but radiating peace.

As Anaya stepped forward, the earth beneath her cracked.

She fell.

Darkness.

When she opened her eyes, she was alone in a cavern, facing a giant glowing figure — elephant-headed, radiant, smiling.

"Why me?" she whispered.

"You asked," the figure replied in her mind. "You wanted to build. But first, you must learn to remove."

The vision showed her flashes of her life — her career driven by ego, her broken relationships, the weight of unresolved grief.

Then silence.

"You must make space. Only then can something new be built."

When she awoke, she was back outside the temple. The idol in her bag was whole.

Months later, Anaya returned to London. She left her job. She traveled. She studied temple architecture, ancient Sanskrit, and philosophy.

On the first day of Ganesh Chaturthi the following year, she inaugurated a small shrine in her new community center — designed not for grandeur, but peace.

At the center stood the once-broken idol. Whole. Smiling.

And outside, as people gathered, a single white peacock stood by the entrance.

3. **The Dream of Vishnu**

In the stillness between worlds, where time flows like melted gold, Vishnu lay upon the endless coils of Ananta, the celestial serpent. The stars shimmered above the cosmic ocean, and his breath stirred the fabric of creation. His eyes were closed, yet within his dream bloomed the universe.

From the blue lotus growing from his navel rose Brahma, the creator, who sang life into being. Mountains sprang from silence. Rivers danced. The sun blazed awake. And with each verse Brahma chanted, time began to tick — slowly, then faster, then like a heartbeat.

But Vishnu did not awaken.

He dreamt of a world in turmoil.

In his dream, Earth was weary. Dharma, the great order of things, trembled like an old tree in a storm. Greed walked in the skins of kings, and compassion hid in caves. The cries of the people reached his sleeping ears like distant thunder.

So, as he had done before, he stirred in his slumber — not to wake, but to become.

With a whisper of will, he descended as an avatar. Not one, but ten — and more, if needed. As Rama, he walked the forests, bow in hand. As Krishna, he danced in moonlight and counseled on battlefields. As Narasimha, he shattered the arrogance of tyrants with a roar between man and beast.

Each time, he came not to conquer, but to restore.

And each time, the world forgot.

Now, in this dream, he saw a city made of steel and smoke. The people did not remember the old stories, but still, they yearned — for justice, for truth, for peace. And so Vishnu dreamed himself once more into form: not as a prince, nor a god, but as a boy with kind eyes, born under a broken sky.

He would learn slowly, as mortals do.

He would rise — not with weapons, but with wisdom.

And when the world was ready to hear, he would speak. Not of gods, but of balance. Not of power, but of presence. He would remind them: the divine is not in temples or stars, but in the silent choice to do what is right.

On the bed of the cosmos, Vishnu smiled in his sleep.

For though the universe spun in chaos, he dreamed still — and as long as he dreamed, there was hope.

In the shadow of ruined towers and blinking screens, the boy was born during a thunderstorm. His mother named him Aarav, "peaceful," though the city around them knew little of peace. Sirens sang more often than birds. People moved quickly, eyes downcast, hearts shuttered.

Aarav was quiet. Not shy — just listening.

Even as an infant, he would stare at the sky for hours, watching clouds with a strange focus, as if reading something written in their shifting shapes. When he cried, the wind grew still. When he laughed, lamps flickered softly.

By the time he turned seven, dreams visited him nightly — not of monsters or school tests, but of oceans made of stars and voices speaking in a tongue older than fire. He would awaken with a name on his lips: **"Garuda."** He didn't know who Garuda was, only that it felt like a promise.

His mother thought him imaginative. The world thought him odd. But Aarav did not mind. He carried a calmness in his bones, as if he'd seen the end of things and chosen still to be kind.

One morning, on his walk to school, he saw a man yelling at an old street vendor. The vendor's hands trembled; coins spilled across the pavement like silver rain. No one stopped. No one looked.

Aarav did.

He walked between them without fear. He didn't raise his voice. He simply said, "He's done nothing wrong. Let him be."

The man, red with rage, paused. His arm dropped. His anger — like a sudden fire — died, not from shame, but from something he couldn't name. He left, wordless.

The old vendor stared at Aarav. "You're not… just a boy, are you?"

Aarav didn't answer. He didn't know.

But that night, he dreamed of blue skin and a spinning chakra in his palm. He heard the laughter of Krishna, the roar of Narasimha, the silence of Vamana's stride.

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