

# Because Of The Golden Deer

Today was the day I was visiting the Poole Museum in Massachusetts. The Poole Museum was filled with countless wonders and eccentricities, but today was the grand opening of the Hindu section of the museum. I was beyond excited to learn about the things in this new section. I heard there were going to be scriptures, paintings, statues, and a bunch of other cool things.

“Ready to go Saanvi?” Saatwik asked.

“Yeah just a minute.” I replied back to him.

I jumped into my shoes and hopped into the car with my little brother Saatwik. We arrived at the Poole museum, and Saatwik kept chirping about things he had done in school. We walked inside the Poole museum and already caught a few glimpses of the rich history it held.

“Come on Saatwik,” I told my younger brother, “The Hindu section is that way.” The both of us walked in the direction towards the Hindu section, and we were stopped by a big ribbon guarding the entrance to the new Hindu section.

An officer came up to us and said, “The mayor and owner of the museum will be here soon to cut the ribbon, meanwhile you two can wait for the opening to start.”

Saatwik and I sat on a bench near the ribbon looking at some other things in our eyeshot in the museum. But it had barely been a minute when the mayor and the owner of the museum came, and were followed by only 2 paparazzi.

“We will now begin the grand opening of the new Hindu section of the museum.” the owner declared. He looked around, but there weren’t any other people except for us and the 2 paparazzi members. We waited for a few minutes hoping that a few more people would come, but we were the only people there.

“This is weird.” Saatwik murmured to me, and I nodded.

“Um... Okay then.” the mayor said, “I guess it’s just us.” he gave a small fake laugh and walked up to cut the ribbon. The mayor sliced the ruby red ribbon, “The Hindu section is now officially opened.” the mayor announced pointing for the paparazzi and us

to go inside. The mayor and museum owner shook hands while a clumsy tour guide started the tour of the new section. The paparazzi followed us after snapping a few pictures.

“This is the god *Shiva*.” the tour guide said. It kind of made Saatwik and I laugh the way the tour guide had pronounced the name Shiva. He said something that sounded like Sh-ee-vuh. We looked at the artifact the guide was talking about. “This is Lord Shiva in the form of Nataraja doing a cosmic dance while killing a demon.” The artifact was made of silver and bronze and it looked very old. In the artifact Lord Shiva was depicted holding fire and stars while doing a cosmic dance while killing a demon. We pressed forward as the 2 paparazzi members took some photos. We came across some more artifacts like one with the goddess Durga riding her tiger holding her sharp trident.

“This place is so interesting, huh.” I told Saatwik, he barely heard because he himself was immersed in the museum’s display.

“And now.” the tour guide said, “We have reached the Ramayana sector of the museum.” We came across a couple of Madhubani paintings and sculptures. “Now everyone, look at this.” the tour guide said, showing us a jar of golden hair.

“What is that?” I asked.

“This is the fur from the golden deer that had enchanted the goddess Sita thousands of years ago.” The tour guide answered.

“What was the golden deer?” one of the members from the paparazzi asked.

“Ah yes, the golden deer was actually a demon in disguise thousands of years ago. The demon took the form of this golden deer and went to the cottage of Lord Rama and Sita devi. When Sita devi saw this golden deer she was enticed by the beauty of the deer.” I couldn’t help, but laugh at what our guide had just told us. “Is something funny?” The tour guide asked in an oddly serious voice.

“Nothing, it’s just that you guys possibly couldn’t have the fur of the golden deer. From that long ago.” I said thinking that this was some joke.

“Oh no.” the tour guide said, “This is very much real. The fur was found by the museum owner’s great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-

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“Okay we get it.” I stopped the guide. “But really how can it be the real fur of the golden deer?”

Our tour guide gave an irritated sigh. “If you really don’t believe me then take some fur and go test it in some lab.” the guide said, annoyed. The guide pulled out a small bunch of fur from the jar and handed it to me.

“Wait you’re actually going to *give* this to me?” I asked.

“Of course, I mean at least then you will stop bugging me.” the guide said, rolling his eyes. He shoved the fur into my hand, and I wasn’t even going to bother to see if the fur was real or not. But when I looked up to the guide his face *literally* changed into that of a demon’s, then it immediately changed back to his normal face. I looked to the paparazzi to see if they had seen the tour guide’s face transformation, but instead they were busy snapping pictures of the other attractive items in the museum.

“Whoa did you see his *face*, Saanvi?” Saatwik asked in a low voice, tugging my T-shirt. I gave him a nod, my head was starting to go insane.

*I MEAN WHAT WAS EVEN GOING ON?*

After we saw our tour guide’s face transformation, Saatwik and I barely paid attention to the rest of our tour. Instead we started getting somewhat nervous and had squelching stomachs.

“We have got to see what that deer fur is Saanvi.” Saatwik said after we came home.

“Yeah, seeing that guy’s face change clearly means that this is no ordinary fur.” I said back to him, taking the fur out of my bag. But right when I took the fur out it flew out of my hand, and turned into the golden deer that we learned about from the museum.

“Whoa.” Saatwik said, immediately backing away. He scrunched his eyes shut, frightened of what the deer might do.

“Okay, we need to move this guy before Amma comes home.” I said.

“Or before he breaks something.” Saatwik screamed. I was about to hold the deer, but I got caught by its beauty. It was enticing. The deer was so beautiful that I had forgotten about what I was doing. All I could do was look at its bright golden fur, and its alluring eyes. I could feel myself walk towards it, until.

“Ow!” I shouted. It was Saatwik he had whacked me on the head and was giggling. It infuriated me and I could feel my face heat up with anger.

“Okay, before you do anything to me, I just want you to know that I hit you because you were in a trance.” he tried defending himself, but he was still giggling. I rubbed the back of my head still angry at Saatwik, but my attention changed to the deer. It had just knocked down Amma’s favorite vase with one of its gleaming antlers. It made a screeching sound.

“Quick. Grab this.” Saatwik said, throwing me a piece of cloth on the sofa. He held one end while I held the other. “Okay now let’s quickly wrap up the deer.” he said. He started wrapping the deer, but I hadn’t started yet. “What’s wrong? Why aren’t you wrapping the deer Saanvi?” he scowled.

“I-uh-I just can do it.” I admitted.

“Why?”

“Because I can’t hurt this deer.”

“Why?”

“Because I can’t hurt this deer.”

“I know that.” he retorted, “But why can’t you hurt this deer.”

“Would you like it if I had hurt you?” I asked him.

“Well no, but it’s an animal, it doesn’t matter if you hurt it or not.” I was shocked at what Saatwik was telling me. Forget getting the deer, who would do that to an animal? I had once seen Saatwik kick a puppy to move it out of the way, but saying this was just bad enough. I yanked the cloth we were holding out of Saatwik’s hand and started wrapping it around him.

“There.” I said. I had wrapped Saatwik so hard I bet he had trouble taking in air. “How does it feel now?”

“Not good! Not good!” he said, trying to bear the pain. I unwrapped the cloth and he took in a big gulp of air. Then I heard something crashing again. It was the deer. Again. He had now rammed into the oven and damaged it. “SEE! You should’ve listened to me or none of this would’ve happened.” Saatwik shouted at me. “Now Amma’s going to kill us.”

“Well at least it’s better than strangling the deer with a cloth.” I retorted back to him. I ran to the ancient telephone on our even more ancient shelf. I started to dial to the local animal control center, but the phone wasn’t working. I checked to see if everything was plugged in. I tried over and over again, but all in vain. I looked out the window to see a *forest* outside our house. I looked back at Saatwik who was shouting at the deer in anger, but also screaming at the deer in fear.

“Saatwik stop!” I yelled. He stopped and looked at me.

“What?”

“Look out the window.” I told him. He looked out the window and screamed.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!” he let out an ear-piercing scream, “We’re in a forest! We’re in a forest! Saatwik is panicking! Saatwik is panicking.” Saatwik said in an alarmed voice running around the house. I just stared at him with an irked face. I pushed open the door hoping that the ravaging deer would gallop out of the house. However, when I opened the door the house collapsed and we were in the forest along with the deer. Then the once velvety and heavenly looking deer, transformed into a ghoulish rakshasa.

I recognized who this demon was, it was the same rakshasa who pretended to be the golden deer in the story. The rakshasa’s eyes were all black, his skin was pale white with boils and bumps, his mouth was filled with fangs and tusks, but the thing that stood out the most was that this guy was bald. I couldn’t help but laugh at this guy, even Saatwik who was previously in a serious panic mode started laughing.

“Is something funny?” the demon asked in a raspy voice.

“You-you’re bald!” Saatwik said, laughing to the ground.

“Hmmm....” the demon said, running his hand against his bare white scalp. He abruptly grew to a towering size. “Am I funny now?” he shouted, I even caught a whiff of his nasty breath. Saatwik went back to screaming. “It’s not my fault that my hair keeps falling.” the rakshasa said. I looked back to Saatwik who was letting out tiny yelps.

“SAATWIK!” I yelled, “Stop it. What we need to do is get out of here.” I yanked him and we ran through the leafy canopy of the forest. The demon kept stomping around making us literally *bounce* on the ground.

“I can smell you little humanitarians.” he said in an oddly creepy voice. Saatwik started screaming again which was getting to be very irritating.

“SAATWIK!” I yelled using all the air in my lungs.

“Oh right. Sorry.” Saatwik said sheepishly.

“Gotcha.” the demon said, seeing us.

“See this is all your fault you never should have screamed.” I yelled at Saatwik, while running through the forest.

“Oh yeah? Well you should have listened to me when I told you to wrap the deer with the cloth.” he yelled back to me as we zoomed away from the colossal demon. Saatwik and I were able to seek some temporary shelter under a big boulder.

“Okay we need to think of a plan.” I said making sure the rakshasa was not anywhere near us.

“Ooh I know. How about we run away and change our names to Willy and Nilly.” Saatwik said, literally whispering in my face.

“No, that’s a terrible plan.” I said with rapid movement in my voice.

“You guys are terrible at being quiet.” The rakshasa boomed, he found us again. “Your voices bounce right off the floors.” Saatwik started screaming again because the rakshasa had found us.

“SAATWIK!” I yelled for the *nth* time.

“Oh right, sorry.” he sheepishly said. Before we could run away though the demon grabbed me with his hard and nasty hand.

“Aah.” I scowled, “Leave me alone you-you thing.” I said batting him with my shoe.

“Your attacks don’t hurt me you fool.” the rakshasa cackled. I could hear Saatwik shout to me from the ground.

“Saanvi!” he shouted. “Are you okay?”

“What do you think?” I yelled back to him from the air.

“Oh right.” he said.

“Oh stop this. Let me just finish you off by eating you.” the demon crooned.

“No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.” I yelled as the demon started to put me into his foul smelling mouth. I closed my eyes shut and all the sounds drained out. I couldn’t hear anything, or at least I didn’t want to. All I could do was scrunch myself up into a ball, and wish for a miracle.

“It works, haha.” someone said. I recognized it as the voice of the tour guide we had when we were in the museum. I popped open my eyes.

“What’s going on?” I asked. I found myself on a chair with a bunch of wires hanging around it. Next to me Saatwik was there, he looked like he had just woken up too. I looked around and we were in the same Hindu section of the museum, the tour guide and the owner of the museum were there as well.

“What happened?” Saatwik questioned.

“We put you guys in our new story machine.” the owner answered.

“Story machine?” I asked.

“Yup. You guys agreed to it.” the tour guide replied.

“We agreed to it?” Saatwik and I both said at the same time, surprised.

“You seriously don’t remember anything?” the owner asked. We shook our heads. He sighed and explained, “This is our new story machine. It’s a virtual reality machine that displays stories that happened in the Ramayana. We made it because we wanted to inform people about the different things that happened in it. And when we asked you two if you wanted to test our virtual reality story machine, you guys agreed.”

“Ohhh.” Saatwik and I said at the same time, realizing what just happened. Then we started laughing.

“You guys are really a funny bunch.” the tour guide said laughing as well.

“Yeah, I guess we are.”

