

One elliptical stupa was carved on a smaller boulder, lying within two huge boulders and is the attractive piece of art. These stupa complexes are provided with flight of steps along the slope of the hill, for the convenience of the pilgrims and tourists and court-yard of the complex.

All these are important tourist attractions, not only for the people of Hindu belief but for all those interested to the historical remains and monuments.

2. Remains of Jainism:

Important to see on the southern slope of the hill, there are two divide natural caves, made of piled stones, with the natural caves, where descriptions of the Tirthankar and inscription are observed. The caves are huge in size with small hole to enter them. The Jain remains of *Surjya Pahar* in Goalpara district, is the solitary pattern of the Jain remains not only in Assam, but also the whole north-east region of India.



Stone Carvings at Surya Pahar



Shiva Lingam at Surya Pahar

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Winnings on Fire

- Sayantan Pal Chowdhury

That night Ananta and Ishika could not think about closing their eyes for a single moment. Their only son Abhi was fighting with death lying on the bed in the ICU of a renowned hospital in Kolkata. They were sitting before the ICU on a bench keeping a safe distance from each other. Both of them were winners. They had not been in a talking condition for six years even while living in the same flat with their only son and Ananta's mother Ribha Devi. They had won the best race of maintaining their ego as long as they could. They could accept death but could never talk to each other even in their days of prosperity or adversity.

They were married eight years ago. Obviously it was a love marriage. They knew each other for about ten years. They made love in the park, in the bus stand while waiting for the same bus to Salt Lake Sector 5, at the South City or on a boat at Babughat. When they told their parents about their relationship, they were readily accepted. When they aired their news of marriage, the office colleagues did not surprised as it was obvious fact. Anything otherwise would be difficult to be accepted. Six years ago they were married with a huge pomp. The beginning days were the days of achievement. They could not sleep for the first one or two weeks. They took leave from the office and spent their whole long days in their house, the house of Ananta at North Kolkata. Only a short trip to Sundarbans was their honeymoon trip. Everything was going fine. Returning home it was Ishika's decision to leave the job for the sake of their personal life. Her mother-in-law was never a traditional so-called typical mother-in-law who poked her nose in the decision of her son and daughter-in-law. She was really a gentle lady who spent most of her time before the shrine of her Krishna.

Leaving the job Ishika started to decorate their house in a new style. She started her days happily, prepared breakfast for her husband, cooked lunch, watched TV with her mother-in-law, received Ananta in the evening with a sweet smile, cooked dinner and went to bed in the lap of her husband. Within four months she realized that she was expecting a baby. The house filled with joy. Her sister came to their house to spend a fortnight with them to take care of her. Ananta appointed a maid servant so that his wife could stay away from heavy works. Even doctor also advised him to take care of her. Ribha was always careful about all these. Ishika sometimes felt very monotonous to sit down on her bed or to lie down for a whole day. Sometimes she complained to her husband but he

was never of the mind to allow her to cook or to serve lunch or dinner.

When a baby boy took birth, Ananta called him Abhi. It was a beautiful, fair healthy boy. Their days were only centering on the baby. They could not feel irritated when the boy cried at night and did not allow them to sleep. The days when Ishika felt discomfort, Ananta took leave from the office and took care of both the mother and the baby. He fed both of them. He made the baby to sleep on his shoulder.

After three months from the birth of the boy Ananta started a new project in the office. Sometime she could manage to come home before 11 O'clock. In the morning he had to start for office early. He could hardly manage time for his family. In the beginning Ishika supported him. But soon she felt as neglected and their first quarrel started in one night which added a little salt to their sweet relationship. Ribha heard their raised voice, but remained silent till the next morning. In the morning she also did not say anything to her son or daughter-in-law, but only prayed to Krishna to make everything fine. Ananta and Ishika did not talk to each other after the first quarrel for a week. Both of them thought not to bend before the other at any cost. On one afternoon when Ribha saw Ishika sitting on the sofa in the drawing room, she came close to her and tried to talk to her. She said, "Look Isha, even the utensils make sound when you put it close. Try to make everything normal. Don't behave like a young girl. You are a mother now. What will your son feel if he sees his parents not in talking terms?" Ishika only nodded looking at the sky from the open window and replied, "Why should I bend ma? Is it because I am a woman?" Ribha said, "No my dear. There is nothing to be a man or a woman. It is a matter of maintaining a family. Both of you are one. Don't raise a question of feminism. A family doesn't need a feminist."

The same lesson Ribha tried to teach to her son but all her attempts were in vain. After a week they started to talk to each other when Abhi fell severely ill and they had to hospitalize him at night. Ishika cried on the breast of Ananta. He cuddled her. Ribha only smiled.

The next quarrel took place the next night Abhi returned from the hospital. It was a trivial issue. But their ego was not trivial. They stopped talking to each other. This time they did not talk to each other for ten months. Ribha's advice was fruitless even this time also. Again they talked when Abhi fell on floor of their marbled flat and had to get some stitches on his forehead. Ribha again smiled.

Now Abhi could walk a few steps alone. He could call his parents. But the quarrel between his parents became a regular routine. Even when their voice rose very high, Abhi started to cry. One night they quarrel to their hearts' content. They stopped talking to each other. This time it was so serious that they had no wish to talk to each other in their whole life. Their hearts were filled with a feeling that could hardly be expressed in