

# KA YUTRAN SYIEM

(THE ROYAL HERITAGE)

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BY  
Ms. P. P. PASLEIN  
JOWAI

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**KA YUTRAN SYIEM**  
**(THE ROYAL HERITAGE)**

*By Ms. D. D. Dasleñ*  
**Mynthong,**  
**Jowai,**  
**Jaintia Hills District.**

26<sup>th</sup> January, 2004



*Khasi*

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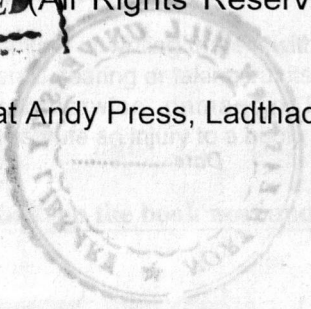
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PHIRYOO'S CREATION

***"He that observeth the wind shall not sow  
and he that observeth the cloud,  
shall not reap"***

(Eccl. 6 : 9)

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Published by the Author  
Mrs. P. P. Pasleñ  
Mynthong, Jowai.

## PHIRIYOO'S CREATION

*Dedicated to "Kupli", the Ancestress of the "Jaiñtia Royal Family" and the "Goddess" of the Pnar who has never failed to guard, protect and bless the Jaiñtia People. May Her Name be cherished forever and may the Great Identity of the Jaiñtias be never eliminated.*

*Long Live Jaiñtia Hills.*

**Ms. P. P. PASLEÑ**  
Jaiñtia Hills,  
Jowai.

\*\*\*\*\*

Printed at Andy Press, Lednahlabon, Jowai

FOREWORD

My Heartfelt Thanks to "Nika" (Ms. Handanika Khonglah) for helping me in typing the manuscript. Though words cannot express the exact gratitude that I feel for your selfless effort, I can only pray God to bless you abundantly and guide you in each step that you take.

May your Future be Brighter and Happier.

**Ms. P. P. P.**

\*\*\*\*\*

My Profound Gratitude to Mr. Andy Pariat for undertaking all the Pain to make this Book as desired.

**PHIRIYOO**

\*\*\*\*\*

L. Kharkongor  
Deputy Commissioner  
Jaintia Hills

Dated Jowai  
the 18<sup>th</sup> June 2004

## FOREWORD

“KA YUTRAN SYIEM” is a collection of Verses in English and in the Pnar Dialect by Ms. P. P. Pasleñ. “Ka Yutran Syiem” also includes “Echoes of Reflection,” “Humour in Rags” and “Articles” on varied topics, which unfortunately, at the time of writing this “Foreword”, the manuscript had not been completed and I had the pleasure of reading only the English Poetry Section which constitutes the major part of this Book.

Ms. P. P. Pasleñ in the poem, “The Jaiñtia Syiemship”, has related the folklore of the origin of the “Jaiñtia Syiemship” in Verses which makes interesting reading. Another poem entitled, “Do I know Her?” has aroused my curiosity as the experiences shared by the Author evokes a sense of Mysticism in a mundane and ordinary life.

I have also read Ms. P. P. Pasleñ’s “The Sword of Jaiñtia Hills” which is her second literary work and was impressed by her account of the History of the Jaiñtia People. In fact, through this Book, I had my first glimpse of the History of the Jaiñtia Kingdom.

If a Society is to survive through the passage of time, it must know its History and Culture. It must also have its own literary work. Ms. P. P. Pasleñ has contributed to the promotion and development of the Pnar Literature by including Poems in the Pnar Dialect in this Book.

Ms. P. P. Pasleñ, through her works has displayed courage, dedication and talent. I am sure many readers will find pleasure in reading this Book.

L. Kharkongor  
Deputy Commissioner  
Jaiñtia Hills

Dated Jowai  
the 18<sup>th</sup> June 2004

## FOREWORD

Not only an idea on the concluding lines of your writing but it is always there even during the busiest moments of your life too. Together with your knowledge and cultural experience, you have seen life changing to accommodate something in the Society that needs change as an idea to share and improve life for a Better Tomorrow.

I wish Kong P.P.P. good health and to grow and get through all changing times even thought provoking ones.

May God be with you.

Dr. B. S. Challam  
Panaliar, Jowai,  
Jaintia Hills.

\*\*\*\*\*

## FOREWORD

Within a span of four years, the writing of the Books between "The Twilight Drops" and "Ka Yutran Syiem", Ms. P.P. Pasleñ has made a marvellous contribution to the wealth of knowledge. The Lady, a reputed Lecturer in English in the Kiang Nangbah Government College, Jowai, has a flair for writing besides her deep interest in Art and Culture. The vivid narration of the Royal Clan of the Jaiñtias and her originality in composing poems brinking in Geniusness in her Books offer beautiful readings, and they deserve to obtain a Prominent space in every College and School Library in the State.

I hope that her continuing mission of piling up invaluable gems of information on other interesting issues, by her superb penmanship, will in years ahead, show the light of the day.

I wish her all Success.

Sri. E. R. Tariang  
Ex. Deputy Inspector of School,  
Jaiñtia Hills.

\*\*\*\*\*

L. Kharkongor  
Deputy Commissioner  
Jaiñtia Hills

## THE STOLEN CHILD

"Come away, O human Child,  
To the waters and the wild,  
With a Faery, hand in hand,  
For the World's more full of weeping  
Than you can understand"

W. B. YEATS.

*"Truly the Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the  
eyes to behold the Sun" (Eccl. 11:7)*

\*\*\*\*\*

### "WHEN I HAVE FEARS"

"When I have fears that I may cease to be,  
Before my Pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd faced,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,  
And when I feel, "Fair creature" of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power,  
Of unreflecting love; then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone and think,  
Till Love and Fame to Nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS.

*"The Desire accomplished is sweet to the soul".  
(Proverb 13:19)*

## FROM ME TO YOU

I don't know why and maybe I'll never know why, but I have always had the urge to write – Something or anything that comes to my mind and writing, no doubt, has been a part of my existence (call it Random Writing, if you like) and it has always been there and it will always be there. Yet, I can't say how far I can please or irritate the "Readers", but that, of course, depends on the Verdict of the Public Opinion. Still, I do hope that I can provide at least a little of either pleasure or enlightenment provided my writing is not so crude or rough.

I would like to take the privilege of thanking my great friends who encouraged and appreciated what I have done and I dare say that they have been a 'Source' of great Inspiration. It's nice to have met and known such people who have ungrudgingly given me their Best Wishes and Encouragement and I sincerely hope that more such people will emerge and extend their sincere and unbiased judgment. A certain friend had remarked that **I have lashed and whipped at everything and everyone except the Teaching Community**, and I thanked her for her profound judgment because I feel that she's right and that's what I have been doing. One old Gentleman asked me **if I ever had to think when I wrote**. I can't say I understand what he meant but he was laughing when he said that. Maybe I don't really think, but can anyone do that? A certain notable Writer said that I have been living in my own '**Special World**' but I don't know yet whether I have really created "**a world of my own**" and I wonder if that were really possible. Then there's a Teacher who pronounced that **I think all the time**, to which I said, "Yes; I think for twenty four hours a day". Another rich gentleman recently asked me, **What are you? A Spring or a Granary?** Those were no doubt, wonderful imageries and I simply said, "Just try to find out". Then another Lady said that I was making some sort of "**Business**" through writing but the Truth is that I have not made any Profit yet and she doesn't seem to know that '**Reading Habit**' is out-dated.

Whatever the outcome might have been, I feel that I write because I have to write but I can't say whether I have the right to right what is not right.

*Rightfully Yours*

**Triple P.**

(26.05.2004)

## PREFACE

Where there's no Sun there's no Day,  
Where there's no Will, there's no Way,  
Where there's no Night, there'd be no Stars  
Where there's no Courage, there's only Fear,  
Where there's Love, there's Peace,  
Where there's Understanding, there's Bliss,  
But when there's no Vision, there'd be no Progress,  
When there's no Responsibility, Life's a Mess,  
When there's no Law, there's no Order,  
When there's no Hope, Aspiration falters;  
We live but to die, we search but to loose,  
We're not meant to have our pick and choose,  
Destiny plays it part, right from the start,  
It takes us unaware, we're never alert,  
And we propose, only to be disposed,  
We yearn and pine only to be opposed,  
We dream of something, but we get another,  
We are fated to stumble, fall and falter,  
We think we know, but we understand nothing,  
For "Life" is a thing which is not what it seems;  
With unlimited Wants and Unlimited Desires,  
We seldom laugh, but we shed lots of Tears;  
It's too hard to believe that we don't exist forever,  
Hurling abuses, throwing tantrums, pointing our fingers,  
We just don't know the meaning of satisfaction,  
But we colour our "Pain" with vivid Imaginations,  
And we can reduce our Joy to limited hours,  
We think we can never encounter Real Pleasures,  
We're busy fretting and counting our Dissatisfactions  
We're seldom aware of the setting Sun;  
Time passes swiftly, diminishing our Mortality,  
Yet we feebly cling to that Peace of Eternity;  
If this Human Soul could take us there,

Would that existence be bright and fair ?  
What if there be nothing but utter darkness ?  
Would this life be a mere Nothingness ?  
Why then do we have to shed bitter tears,  
Just why in this life we live but to suffer?  
Is this life worth living? What exactly do we gain?  
At times, we feel we get more than our fair share of pain;  
Just who can tell or give the real answer,  
To the question, "Where do we go from here?"  
Simply to the Dust, or is it Somewhere?  
Where they say "Where there'll be no more Tears",  
Life, is truly a terribly lonely and painful journey,  
Since no one truly cares for anybody;  
Laughter soon fades and pleasure is but short lived,  
The more we get, the more we yearn and need;  
Is Life a Game or is it but a Dream ?  
We may think It's real, but It's not what it seems,  
We believe in a Love that's not really there,  
Since nobody truly feels, and nobody really cares.  
This world is indeed a bad, sad and mad, mad, place,  
Where our contemptuous acts never cease to surface.  
Where Truth has lost its way and Reason can find no place,  
Where Right is Wrong; instead of Light, Darkness prevails,  
What is ugly is beautiful and what is perverted is acceptable,  
And Man no longer hesitates to ravage, encroach or kill,  
For, the Modern Man seems to say .... I don't know why.....  
"If I can be comfortable, I don't care if you starve or die,  
And I just don't care if I can live in a Mansion and you, in a Pig-sty!!  
Deception, Disguise and Pretence prevail and dominate everywhere,  
And everybody pretends not to know, not to see and not to hear,  
For Nobody can really feel and Nobody truly cares !!!  
Nothing is Mine and nothing is Yours  
Nothing lasts and nothing is assured,  
Life doesn't last, neither Love nor Beauty,  
Nothing belongs, everything is an uncertainty,

We're nothing, but mortals and humans,  
Controlled and Ruled by the Divine Hands,  
We have nothing to be proud of, nothing to boast,  
We can't see where Destiny leads and where Life goes,  
Yet, we swell and take things for granted,  
We seldom think of Mortality and Death,  
Chasing the bubbles of the world that glitter,  
We tend to think that Life lasts forever,  
Life is but a Game, Life is a challenge,  
Without sounding an alarm, it may abruptly end,  
Which puts a complete stop to all vanity;  
And dangle in the hand of Destiny;  
We think we have something, we struggle and we fight,  
We face a lot of pain, agony and plight,  
We cry and moan, we fret and pine,  
We get estranged from the Most High Pure and Divine,  
Who creates everything, who knows everything,  
Who can scatter Curses and bestow all Blessings,  
Everything is His and all belong to Him,  
The Creator of the Earth, the Sky and Heaven,  
We are Nothing, less than Dreams and Nothingness,  
Just what Right have we to yearn for the Best ?  
He knows what is good for each and everyone,  
What's to be left and what's to be done,  
What to give and what to take,  
What to make and what to unmake,  
Whom to reward and whom to punish,  
What's to be uprooted and what's to flourish,  
He sees the Beginning and He knows what's to be the End  
He knows who's a Man and who's a Fiend.

(12.04.2004)

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