

THE HISTORY
OF

Villa Montretout 1865

(The story of night of 15
August 1947, a story of the
Indian Revolution & the night
of Indian Independence)

By Riya Yogesh Kumar

Glossary

Patti - Grandmother

Thattha - Grandfather

Amma - Mother

Appa - Father

Mama - Uncle

Mami - Aunt

Annaatthe - Older Brother

Akka - Older Sister

Thangai - Younger Sister

Thambi - Younger Brother

Arulmozhi (girl) (Youngest child) - God's words

Rama (boy) (Oldest Child) - Indian Mythology Hero/God

Biryani - Authentic Indian Spiced Rice with chunks of mutton or chicken

Tamil - A native Indian language

Jai Hind - Victory to India

Note: All words in this glossary are Tamil words



This Story is set in 1946-1947, in Villa Montretout, Yercaud, Salem, Tamilnadu, India, around the time of the Revolution and on the night of the Independence.



The present day Indian flag/ After Independence Indian Flag

INDIAN FLAG HISTORY

1 Sister Nivedita's Flag (1904) • Red signified freedom & victory • Vajra (lightning) represents strength • Had Vande Mataram in Bengali	2 Vande Mataram Flag (1906) • Green, yellow & red colour bands • 8 lotuses meant 8 provinces • Had Vande Matram, Sun and Moon	3 Berlin Committee Flag (1907) • Used by Madam Bhikaji Cama (Germany) • Had orange, yellow, green and 8 lotuses • Had Vande Mataram, Sun and Moon	7 Independent India Flag (1947) Adopted as Free India National Flag on July 22, 1947 by the constituent assembly
4 Home Rule Flag (1917) • Had Union Jack as part of Britain • Had 7 Stars (Saptarishi/Ursa Major) • Had crescent moon and star on top	5 Congress Flag (1921) • Had the colours red and green • Gandhiji suggested a white strip and the spinning wheel	6 Swaraj Flag (1931) • Tricolour flag was adopted • The new secular flag had saffron, white, green and the Charkha	 The Ashoka Chakra 24 Spokes depict dharma or truth <div style="background-color: #f96; padding: 2px;">Courage & Sacrifice</div> <div style="background-color: #fff; padding: 2px;">Purity & Honesty</div> <div style="background-color: #6aa84f; padding: 2px;">Faith & Prosperity</div>

Follow us on : [f @testbookdotcom](#) [@Testbookdotcom](#) [@testbookdotcom](#) [Testbook.com](#) [testbook.com](#)

The History and Features of the Indian Flags

 1857	 1906	 1907	 1917
 1921	 1931	 1947	

The Years of the Indian Flags Prologue

Arulmozhi

All the white

masters are leaving, even the extra butler who stays when the others go. They are packing everything up, more stuff than usual. There are 7 horse wagons instead of 2. Some of the wagons are double the usual size. They are taking all the pots and pans, the sheets on the beds, even the tables and chairs! I am worried. Are they moving away?

I run down the hill to the wagon place where Mami is helping to load the wagons. “Mami? Where are they going? Are they going away?” The master yells, “Get that insect of a girl to go fix the carpet!” in English. Mami flinches. “Run along, Arulmozhi. I will tell you later.” I run back to house.

I am a smart girl. The white girl was nice enough to teach me English, but then the white master found out and gave us both beatings with the big leather belt, and I had only learnt to understand English. I don't like English that much anyway. It twists itself round and round in your mouth, how the same letters and words look the same sound different. I prefer Tamil because it isn't twisty and tricky and confusing, and it is so beautiful when you speak. English is clumsy. The white girl's bruises were light and mine were black. The masters never beat the whites as much as they beat us. I find Amma in the kitchen packing pots and pan into wooden crates. “Why aren't you sewing the rugs?” questions Amma sternly.

“What is happening, Amma?” I whisper.

“I will tell you later.” She shushes me away to fix the rugs.

Rama

The whites are taking all their weird machines, horses and animals and harvesting all the crops. The whites are very stupid when it comes to plantation. Jackfruits, avocados, potatoes, broccoli, and cauliflower are too hard, mangoes, tomatoes, beetroots, and lemons too green, and all of them far too small. They take all the fruits and vegetables away. I wondered, *What's going on?* Appa was going to yell at them, but I told him if they were dumb enough to take them, they would eat them and would be all hard bitter and yucky. He laughed and we both laughed big belly laughs. Laughing. It had been so long since we laughed. Since they went, and the whites came.

Rama

One day some big horses taking royal looking carriages came to our piece of farmland and took Amma, Mami, Patti, and the 2 little Thangais away.

Arulmozhi was crying very loud and banging the window on the carriage. Then the big man that was riding the horses grabbed Arulmozhi and hit her. Appa and Mama tried to stop them but the people who looked like sprites had weapons and

they threatened Appa and Mama. I don't think they are our spirits; I don't think spirits would threaten us like they did.

Arulmozhi

Sewing carpets is so hard. I always prick my fingers and it hurts. My fingers always feel like bits of mutton or chicken in biryani because I prick them so much. I work from dawn to dusk, sometimes even earlier and later. I am glad I have the 2 older sisters, but I miss the younger Annaatthes and Appa and Thattha and especially older Annaatthe. Amma, Patti and Mami are here but I haven't seen them much and when we do, we can't talk because we get beaten. We can never talk actually. I learnt the hard way. I talked when master ask question. Then I get beaten. I think it is silly. They say always answer if master ask question if you don't you get beaten but then they say don't ever talk or you get the cane. I think just want silly excuses to beat us.

On the first day, they told us that all the men you must refer to as masters, and the one with hat you must call **the** master. We were all told this by a small, young (younger than me, actually), scared, tired-looking girl who was black with beating bruises, who seemed to be repeating after the white-spirit-masters. Those bruises scared me, and I snuggled up to Amma. But **the** master saw us and split us apart in the crowd, (there were lots and lots of other women and girls) and gave me a beating, with the cane. I think they did to Amma too, because when I next saw her see had lots and lots of black bruises.

The little translator girl told me that she heard **the** master and another master were talking about India trying to get independence from the British. She would give me frequent updates until one master found out and hit us. I think she was crying because she missed her family. I think all the people with extra jobs are the ones with no family because I don't see anyone who looks like them. I think those families were taken away, or maybe even shot. That was something the translator girl told me about. It happened 30 years ago, on Sunday the 13th of April, 1919. All the Indians were in a meeting about something, and the British soldiers shot every single one of them, even the children. They called it Jallianwala Bagh.

I guess I am that I have not been shot, like some people have, but it's hard to think you're lucky when you get beaten. I like the curries very much; they are just like Patti's. I knew the whites would not be smart or talented enough to make such authentic curry, so I sneaked in the kitchen to take a peek who was making all this delicious food. There was an old lady, probably even older than Patti, making some pooris. They smell so good, smell of home. Home. With Papa, Mama, Thattha, the Annaatthes. What about Annaatthe Rama? What about all of them? Are they okay? Have they been... shot? Scary thoughts fill my head and

I start to cry. The old lady is shocked but embraces me. She is warm and cosy, just like when Amma hugs me. When I stop crying, she lets me go and shoos me off, but kindly, “You poor thing, you don’t want to be beaten anymore, do you? Run along now.” We don’t get beaten, but I keep thinking of her hug. It’s been nearly a year since anyone hugged me, since we came to this prison-like place.

Rama

A messenger comes to the door at midnight. Luckily Appa was still awake. I hear him talking with him. Then he gasps, runs to the rooms, and wakes everyone up, even the housekeeper and cook. He tells us, tears in his eyes, “The British are gone. We are free. We are Independent India. And we can go get the sisters, Amma, Mami and Patti. The messenger knows where they are.”

Tears start running down my cheeks. “Arulmozhi will come home too, right?” We have always had a strong bond. Are they okay? Is she okay?

“Yes. This messenger says they are all okay. He is a messenger from Lord Shiva! Come on, get some extra jackets, and put your own on. We’re going to go get them.” We all run down the path and wake up the donkeys and horses, getting them to pull the extra-large carriages for all of us, the whole family.

Arulmozhi

Lots and lots of carriages are coming to the wagon centre. Amma woke me up and said we were going. I am tired and confused. Patti says that everyone said we could own the house since no one else wants it. Mami says we will discuss when we are home. Home. Home, family, laughs, talking, love. Oh so glad I am. We see our carriage and Appa comes running. I took all my stuff because all I had was my soft, cottony doll called Love and her little sister called Heart. Heart has a little pouch in Love’s dress. Annaatthe Rama is good at knitting and sewing so he made it for me, but everyone who I think of as family, even the housekeeper and cook, added a little something that reminds me of them.

Rama and Arulmozhi

They snuggle together in the carriage. Arulmozhi passes her doll to the messenger and asks him to put a little something in the pouch. He looks surprised but still does. When he passes it back there is a tiny little messenger scroll in the pouch. Arulmozhi smiles ear to ear. Appa says that he can come live his family in the big farm cottage that we never used. He says, “That’s perfect, I asked my brother to pick my family up with my other family to your house. We live very close by so it will be an easy move.” They get home and Appa explains. “We won independence over the British. We are now independent India. We are united. We have freedom.” Appa gets out the Diwali fireworks and we celebrate for hours and hours.

At dawn break, the British Flag, that's been there for more than 200 years, lowers, and the new, post-independence, Indian flag rises, rising with the sun, and rising with a new, free era for India.

JAI HIND!