

The Kind Water Bearer

Khushi flew over the gates of an imposing fortress. Several tall soldiers, holding spears, stood on guard around the periphery. In a large open courtyard, hundreds of men and women were assembled. Khushi was apparently getting ready to land right in the midst of this solemn gathering.

No one seemed to notice the strange sight of a kid clasped in the talons of Guru ji's falcon.

Arjan waited for touchdown. It was very gentle.

Even though they had flown through the night skies, the sun was still setting in Anandpur. The entire quad was bathed in a soft, golden shaft of light. At the top of the courtyard, Guru Gobind Singh ji was seated on a magnificent throne.

He was dressed in an orange robe interwoven with shades of gold. His immaculately tied turban was adorned with a plume set with precious stones. There was a luminous radiance about him.

Rich maroon swags hung on both sides of the elevated throne. An aisle of red carpet led up to it.

A man dressed in simple garments was kneeling in front of Guru ji. A soldier was towering over the man and pointing an accusing finger at him.

"What's going on?" Arjan whispered to Khushi who had set Arjan down near the throne while he poised himself on a pedestal near Guru ji.

"Just watch carefully," Khushi commanded. "The court is in progress."

