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## The Story of Magical Letter

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### Abstract

The Story of Magical Letter was originally written in Gujarati language by The writer Ratilal Borisagar who was born in Amreli but now living in Ahmedabad, His contribution to Gujarati Literature has been Noteworthy, With his witty literary flair, he has endeared himself to avid Readers. In his comical narratives, he adeptly draws humour from the Mundane and the extraordinary, offering a unique and perceptive Outlook. Central to his creative endeavours is the vivid portrayal of Human diversity.

While Translating this story from Gujarati to English I faced certain challenges like finding equivalent words and idioms. There was a problem with translating flare of tones like wit, sarcasm and humour. So literal translation is not possible.

The story centers around Niranjan and his friend's encounter with a mysterious letter that seems to possess magical properties. Niranjan's uncle, Veda Saheb, is unable to decipher the latter himself; adding to its enigmatic Allure. Despite their initial skepticism, Niranjan convinces his friend to use the Letter to gain entry to a fully booked movie theatre, successfully manipulating it. The manager provided them with seats.



Their escapade with the letter doesn't end there; when the friend applies for a Job, he decides to utilize the letter once again. Despite Niranjan's warnings, he goes ahead and presents the letter to the company's manager, claiming it's From Veda Saheb. The manager, intrigued by the letter's origin, invites him for an interview.

During the interview, it's revealed that Veda Saheb is the manager himself, and The letter turns out to be his writing. Despite the awkward situation, the Friend manages to secure the clerk position. The narrative highlights themes Of trust, fate, and the unpredictable nature of life's circumstances.

Ultimately, the friend reflects on how the magical letter played a crucial role in his life, leading him to a job in Veda Saeb's office. However, he and Niranjan Lament that the letter now remains with Veda Saheb, ending their adventures With its mystical powers. The story showcases the impact of chance Encounters and the unexpected ways in which they can shape our destinies.

**Key Words:** Translation story, Gujarati short story translation, english\_shortstory, gujarati work in english, the story of magical letter.

## **The Translation Of Story**

One day Niranjan came to me and said, "Let's go today to see the first show of the movie"

"Do you have tickets!?" I asked.

"No, I don't have tickets but..."

"If you don't have tickets then today, on Sunday how can you even talk about watching the movie?"

"You just come with me, if we can do something then okay otherwise, we will come back..."

The theatre was not too far away and also, I didn't have any work at home, so I went with him, But the house full of plank was hanging on the theatre.



“Why, I was lying!?! Today buddy, it can’t manage” I said. Niranjan fainted for some time, but suddenly his face lit up. He picks out a letter from his pocket and puts it in my hand. On a printed letter pad something was written. Many times, I read bad handwriting – it means I tried to read, even if my handwriting was not too good, But I have never seen letters as bad as this letter till today. As in calligraphy contests, if bad calligraphy contests are held, no one else gets a prize until the writer of these letters participates in it! In letters written in bad characters, the text may be illegible, nay, not at all; But it is not very difficult to solve in which language the letter is written, but in which language this letter is written, it was not possible to understand.

‘What is written in this?’ I asked Niranjan.

“I don’t understand that either. But this is a letter written by a distant uncle of mine. Even my uncle himself, when he re-reads the text, he had once written, could not fully decipher it. He sent me this letter to my aunt. Even my aunt cannot read anything written by my uncle. The letters that my uncle wrote to my aunt after Ve Vishal, my aunt tried to read to my uncle after marriage. My uncle could not solve those letters completely, but based on memory, and more than imagination, my uncle solved some of those letters. Even today, those love letters of my uncle are lying open, because there is no fear of anyone reading them.” Niranjan could not decipher his uncle’s letters, but his study of those letters seemed to be very deep. Taking advantage of Niranjan’s pause for a moment, I said: “Yes, but what is he doing here? Do you want to spend three hours solving this letter without watching the movie? And if there is such a thought, I am of the clear opinion that three hours, even three lives, will not solve this.”

“That’s why I’m thinking that we can watch the movie,” Niranjan said.

“How?” I did not understand Niranjan’s words.

“Come with me,” said Niranjan, walking forward and entering the manager’s cabin. I too entered back and forth a little nervously. Niranjan calmly placed the letter in the manager’s hand. The manager opened the letter and looked at Niranjan, stunned to see the text inside.

“What is this?” The eternal question also fell from his mouth.



“It is a letter from Veda Saheb,” said Niranjana very seriously. “Veda Saheb? Veda Saheb...” The manager didn’t recognize him and didn’t say anything in the letter, so he got a little confused. Taking advantage of the situation, Niranjana stopped him midway and said: “Veda Saheb is the District Governor of the Lions Club. He is my uncle. He has said that he will give this letter to the manager, so he will make arrangements for the two friends to watch the film.”

The manager looks at the letter and looks at Niranjana in a daze. He also cleaned the glasses two or three times, but nothing changed, so he said to Niranjana: “You know that today’s show is ‘housefull’ ”

“Yes, sir,” said Niranjana with aplomb. “Nothing, I will tell Uncle. Don’t worry.” Having said this, he very casually took the letter from the manager’s hand. The poor manager thought again. It was clear from his face that he had not faced such a serious question in his career to date. “Stand, let me put two extra chairs,” he rang the bell. When the peon came, he said to him: “Put two extra chairs on the balcony and make arrangements for both the brothers to sit there.” “Ji Saheb!” said Patawala and walked with both of us. I was stunned. Niranjana was a prankster, always finding ways to tease others, but today’s adventure was unparalleled. As we sat inside, Niranjana flashed a grand smile of victory. In the interval, Patawala came again.

He said: “Sir is calling you both.” Hearing this, my cataracts died. It occurred to me: “Definitely Paul seems to have been caught and now what will happen to us if they hand over to the police?” I said to Niranjana: “Niranjana, the matter seems serious.” We will be trapped! We don’t go. If you get caught by the police somewhere?

“We have that letter? We will leave after showing.” Niranjana smiled. We went to the office. “Come, sit down!” would like to have tea?” asked the manager with the utmost discretion.

“Leave such trouble, sir!” Niranjana also responded with great enthusiasm.

“Hey, what’s the problem? Tea has already been ordered. You don’t have any problem watching the movie, right?”



“No, no, sir! You have helped us a lot today.” I spoke. Niranjan was looking at me just as the Guru looked at the disciple with lustful eyes, pleased to see his knowledge passed down to the disciple.

“Hey, what’s the help?” That is our duty.”

The tea continued to be drunk. We greeted the manager and went inside to finish the rest of the film.

So, even though it was a Sunday and we didn’t buy tickets in advance, we watched the movie and that too for free. Niranjan said: “Having fun? Did you watch two movies instead of one? Tell me if there is ever such a thing. This will be done by magic letter.”

## **After Some Years**

Some clerks were to be hired in a reputed company. I applied. After fifteen days I had my interview. I thought of taking this magic letter and meeting the company manager. ‘Where angels fear to tread, fools run.’ I have proven that saying to be true many times. I spoke to Niranjan and asked him to give me that letter. Niranjan said: “There is no problem in giving a letter, but if you don’t know how to use it, the job will be left aside and you will be stuck somewhere.” But now I was confident. I said: “Being with you, I have developed that skill. The Guru should trust the disciple.”

Niranjan gave me the letter. I reached the company head office with the letter. I sent a note to the manager’s PA saying that I wanted to meet the manager with a letter from the District Governor of the Lions Club. It arrived in a few minutes. I was taken to the manager’s PA’s office. My anxiety was increasing. I used my perfect weapon before anything could happen to me. I put that letter in the hands of P.A. Seeing the letter, he beamed. He said: “This is a letter from Veda Saheb!” “Yes,” I said.

“How do you know him?”

“My uncle- I mean my friend’s uncle.”



“What’s written in the letter!?” that question just came out of his mouth.

“I did not open the letter.”

“if you tried to open still ...” He smiled a little and went inside the cabin. I was really scared. I was like Arjuna, bewildered in the plains of Kurukshetra, but my Krishna Niranjan was not present there. After a while, P.A. came out and said: “Go in, sir is calling.” Now I started shaking. For a while, I felt like running away from here. But did not dare to do so. I went in with my feet shuffling like I was going to the gallows. Sir was sitting inside. When I went in, he was busy sorting out the letter. I went and stood up and said: “Sit.” When I sat down, he asked: “How do you know Veda Saheb?”

“My friend Niranjan’s uncle is Veda Saheb.” I felt the letter was having an effect. “Oh really? Is Niranjan your friend? Well, this letter is mine. It’s my writing.” As he was speaking himself: “But what has been written, I don’t understand it now. You say that this letter was written to me, but it does not match. I do not remember that I have ever written a letter on myself.” I looked at the board lying on the table of sir. It was written: ‘M. G. Veda.’ My luck brought me to Veda Saheb himself! Had I spoken to Niranjan, this scandal would not have happened. However, Veda Saheb was still busy solving the letter. He looked at the letter for a while, then looked at me, then as if he were speaking a soliloquy, he said again: “I don’t remember Niranjan writing such a letter to any of his friends, but the letters on this letter pad are mine, only to whom the letter is addressed. It is written, but it is not realized. If you realize that, then you will understand something, but... Okay, what is your job?” “Sir! I have applied for a clerk’s job here.” Is that the case? Check back in a week.”

And today I am a clerk in Veda Saheb’s office. Of course, Niranjan and I regretted that the magical letter remained with Veda Saheb from that day.

यथा ह्येके न चक्रे ण न रथस्य गतिर्भवेत् ।

एवं परुषकारेण तवना दैवं न तिद्ध्यति ।।



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Just like a Chariot cannot Move with one Wheel, We cannot attain our Destiny without Hard work or Effort.

Sometimes, unconventional solutions can lead to unexpected Outcomes. However, it's essential to use such opportunities wisely and with caution. Taking advantage of unique circumstances or Connections may open doors, but it's important to be prepared to face the consequences and responsibilities that come with it. Additionally relying solely on external factors. Such as a "magic letter," may not always guarantee success; personal skills, preparation, and integrity are equally important in achieving one's goals.



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## Reference

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## Glossary

Arjun – A character of Epic Mahabharat

Kurukshetra – A place

Saheb – sir

Patawala – peon