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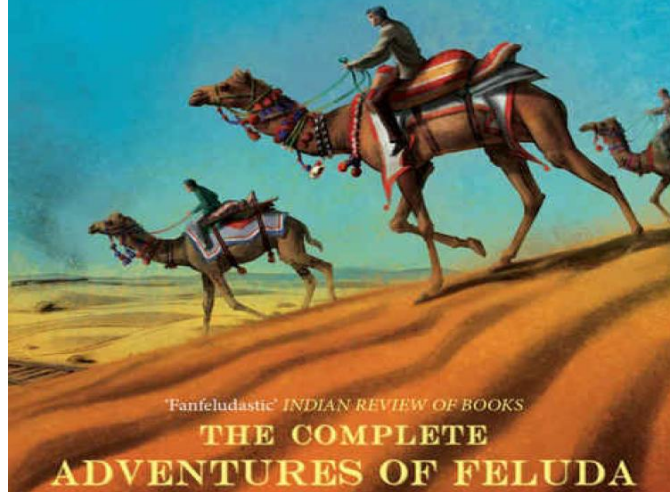
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# SATYAJIT RAY



'Fanfeludastic' *INDIAN REVIEW OF BOOKS*

**THE COMPLETE  
ADVENTURES OF FELUDA**

# The Mystery of the Elephant God

## Three

‘I have certainly heard of you,’ said Umanath Ghoshal.

Feluda smiled as modestly as he could. Umanath Babu was a man in his forties. His complexion was as fair as that of his son, and he had light hazel eyes. He now turned these on us and asked, ‘Er . . . these are . . . ?’

‘My cousin, Tapesh,’ said Feluda quickly, ‘and this is my friend, Lalmohan Ganguli. He writes stories of adventure under the pseudonym of Jatayu.’

‘Jatayu?’ Umanath Ghoshal raised an eyebrow. ‘I seem to have heard the name. I think Ruku has a number of your books. Isn’t that so, Vikas?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said Vikas Sinha. ‘I think so.’

‘You should know! You are the one who buys all those books for him.’

‘I have to, sir. He doesn’t read anything other than adventure and mystery stories.’

‘That’s natural,’ Jatayu piped up, ‘especially at his age.’ I was glad to note that Lalmohan Babu had perked up a little. He had been looking decidedly morose ever since our encounter with Captain Spark. Akrur Nandi was clearly a popular writer and liable to cause Jatayu pangs of envy.

Feluda said, ‘We were going to call on you anyway. You see, we met your son this morning. I don’t know what his real name is, but I’ve learnt the name of the character he was playing.’

‘He does that all the time. In fact, he even gets others to join him. Aren’t you playing a special character for him, Vikas? He calls you by a different name, doesn’t he?’

‘It isn’t just a single name or a single role, sir. I am quite versatile!’ Vikas Sinha laughed. ‘Anyway, where did you meet my son?’

Feluda told him as briefly as he could. Umanath Babu nearly fell off his chair. ‘I don’t believe this!

My God, he might have been killed! Vikas, ask Ruku to come here at once!’ Mr Sinha left the room.

‘What is Ruku’s real name?’ asked Feluda.

‘Rukmini Kumar. He’s my only child. So you can imagine how upset I’m feeling. I knew he was naughty, but this—!’

I looked around while we waited for Ruku to turn up. From one corner of the living room I could see a portion of the veranda where artists were working on an idol of Durga. Puja was only a few days away.

A bearer came in with a tray. We were handed cups of tea and plates of sweets.

‘You went to see Machchli Baba, I believe,’ said Mr Ghoshal. ‘What did you think of him?’ ‘We didn’t stay very long. You, too, were supposed to go, weren’t you?’

‘Well, I have been to see him once. I have no wish to go back. If only I hadn’t gone out that evening, we might have been spared the disaster.’

‘Disaster?’

‘Yes,’ Mr Ghoshal sighed. ‘Last Wednesday, when I went to visit Machchli Baba, an extremely valuable object was stolen from my father’s room. If you can get it back for me, Mr Mitter, I shall be eternally grateful. And, of course, I will pay you adequately.’

A familiar race began in my heart. ‘May I ask what it was?’ said Feluda.

‘Ganesh. It was a small figure of Ganesh,’ Mr Ghoshal spread his fingers slightly to indicate its size, ‘made of gold and studded with precious stones. It was only about two-and-a-half inches high.’

‘How did you get it?’

‘I’ll tell you. It might sound like a fairy tale, but I can assure you it’s true.’ He lit a cigarette and began. ‘My great-grandfather, Someshwar Ghoshal, was a great traveller. He travelled all over the country, using whatever mode of transport he could get, ranging from bullock carts to trains. When he could get nothing, he simply walked. Once, when he was in south India, he happened to be going through a heavily wooded area near Madurai in a bullock cart. It was dark, and the path was a narrow one. Three robbers attacked him. But Someshwar was exceptionally strong. He used a heavy bamboo rod, and managed to knock one of his attackers unconscious. The other two ran away, leaving behind a bag that contained, among other things, this little figure of Ganapati. He returned

home with the statuette, and things changed dramatically in our family. Don't think I am old-fashioned and superstitious, but I have heard it said that the Ganesh brought us good luck. Two years after its arrival, there was a devastating flood. Our house was quite close to the river, but was miraculously saved. There are other instances, too, which I needn't go into. My main concern is that we had had the Ganesh for a hundred years. Now it has been taken from us. Puja will start in a few days, the house is full of guests, but no one can relax and enjoy themselves. You do see my predicament, don't you?'

Mr Ghoshal leant back, sighing wearily.

'When did you visit Machchli Baba?' Peluda asked.

'Three days ago, on Wednesday. We arrived from Calcutta about ten days ago. My wife was very keen to see the Baba, so I took her and Ruku that evening.'

'Did your son really want to go?'

'Yes, I guess he was intrigued by the name. He told me he had read about a man who had swum seventy miles through a shark-infested sea. But when he actually saw the Baba, he didn't seem too impressed. He began to fidget and, only about ten minutes later, we left. We returned to find the Ganesh missing.'

'This little figure of Ganesh was kept in a chest, I presume? In your father's room, did you say?' 'Yes, but I have the key. Normally, it stays with my wife. That evening, since she was coming with me, I took it from her and put it in a drawer in my father's room. It was a foolish thing to do, of course, for my father is an opium addict and usually sleeps in the evening. Anyway, I pushed the drawer shut firmly, but when I got back, it was open by about an inch. This made me suspicious, so I looked into the drawer immediately. The key was where I had left it, but the Ganesh had gone.'

Feluda frowned. 'May I ask who was present in the house at the time?'

Feluda had not brought his notebook. But I had no doubt that he would be able to remember everything Mr Ghoshal was saying, and would write it down later in our hotel room.

'Well,' said Mr Ghoshal, 'you saw Trilochan, our chowkidar, at the gate. He's been with our family for thirty-five years. There are a couple of servants and maids—all have been with us for a long time. Shashi Babu, the artist, is working on the idol of Durga, together with his son. I've known him for thirty years.'

He's a most gifted artist. Apart from these people in the house, there was our mali, and Vikas, who brought you here.'

'How long have you had him as your secretary?'

'About five years. But he's spent virtually all his life in our house. His father used to work on our estate in Bengal. He died when Vikas was small. One of my uncles brought Vikas home to look after him, and he stayed on. He's no different from a family member. He's an intelligent man, did well in school and college.'

'Didn't you inform the police about the theft?'

'Of course. I rang them the same evening. But they haven't been able to do anything yet.'

'Did anyone outside your family know about the Ganesh?' Before Mr Ghoshal could make a reply, Ruku arrived with Vikas Babu. I looked at Ruku's father, expecting him to explode. But Mr Ghoshal showed admirable control, going only so far as to give his son a sidelong glance and say in a steely voice, 'You are forbidden from stepping out of the house until puja is over. You can play in the garden and the terrace, but unless I personally take you out, you are to remain indoors at all times. Is that understood?'

'What about Shaitan Singh?' asked Ruku sharply. 'Who on earth is that?'

'He's broken out of the prison. He must be caught!'

'Never mind, I'll track him down for you,' said Vikas Babu lightly. Ruku gave him a grateful look, and went quietly out of the room with him, without saying another word about his punishment.

'As you've seen, Mr Mitter,' Mr Ghoshal said, 'this child is exceptionally imaginative. But anyway, let me answer your question. Yes, a lot of people knew about the Ganesh, especially when we were still living in our ancestral home. The story of Someshwar's fight with the robbers had spread like a legend. But that was long before I was born. When we moved to Calcutta, there weren't many people left to talk about it. While I was in college in Calcutta, I mentioned it casually to a few friends. One of them—but mind you, I don't consider him a friend any more—now lives here in Banaras. His name is Maganlal Meghraj.'

‘Oh yes,’ said Feluda, ‘I know who you mean. We saw him this evening at Machchli Baba’s meeting.’

‘Yes, I know. He was there last Wednesday as well. There is a reason why he keeps going back for the Baba’s help. He’s going through a bad time, you see. His plywood factory got burnt down last year. Then there were rumours about certain shady dealings. So the police raided his house and office both here and in Calcutta. He came to see me two days after I arrived. He told me straightaway that he wanted to buy the Ganesh. He knew we kept it here in my father’s room. He offered me thirty thousand rupees, but I refused. In the end, he left saying he’d get it by hook or by crook. Five days after his visit, the Ganesh vanished.’

Mr Ghoshal fell silent. Feluda was silent, too. He sat quietly, a deep crease between his brows. Something told me his three-month-long vacation had come to an end. Lalmohan Babu’s prophecy was going to come true. Here in Kashi was a case, but the cash, of course, depended on . . .

‘We’re very fortunate to have you here at this time,’ Mr Ghoshal broke the silence. ‘Now, if only you’d accept. . .’

‘Yes, of course. Certainly.’ Feluda rose to his feet. ‘I’d like to come back tomorrow, if I may, and talk to your father. Would that be possible?’

‘Why not? My father isn’t always very easy to talk to, but his aggressive air is just a pretence. Come at around eight. I’ll make sure you find Father ready and waiting. Besides, if you wish to walk around in the garden or elsewhere in our compound, please feel free to do so. I’ll tell Trilochan to let you in whenever you wish to visit. Vikas can help you, too.’

We took our leave soon after this. On our way back to the hotel, I noticed a man following us. He was wrapped up in a blanket. I could not see his face. But when I tried to warn Feluda we were being followed, he didn’t pay any attention at all and continued to hum—quite tunelessly—a song from a Hindi film.

## Four

The cook at the Calcutta Lodge produced an excellent chicken curry. He also served fish, which was equally tasty, but Lalmohan Babu did not touch it.

‘After having seen Machchli Baba this evening,’ he informed us, ‘I couldn’t eat fish, ever again.’ ‘Why?’ Feluda laughed, ‘would that make you feel you were chewing the Baba’s flesh? Do you suppose Machchli Baba himself abstains from consuming what you are proposing to give up?’ ‘Doesn’t he?’

‘Well, you have heard he spends most of his time in water. So what could he possibly live on except fish? Certain species of fish eat other fish, didn’t you know?’

Lalmohan Babu did not say anything. I felt quite sure he’d go back to being his fish-eating self from the next day.

After an eventful day, I was looking forward to a good night’s sleep. But that was not to be. Our roommate, Jeevan Babu (short and fat and with a beard, just as Feluda had predicted), turned out to be a champion snorer. I spent most of the night tossing and turning in my bed, wondering why, just this once, Feluda could not have been proved wrong.

The next morning, as we were coming out of the hotel after breakfast, we met Niranjana Babu. Feluda exchanged pleasantries before asking, ‘Do you happen to know where Maganlal Meghraj lives?’

‘Meghraj? As far as I know, he has two houses, both in the heart of Banaras. One of them is not far from the Vishwanath temple. Anyone will show you the way.’

Niranjana Babu told us one more thing. Machchli Baba was going to be in Banaras for another six days. Feluda’s famous lopsided smile peeped out at this, but he said nothing.

We arrived at the Ghoshal residence on the dot of eight. Trilochan opened the gate for us with a bright smile and a smart salute. He must be about seventy, I thought; but he certainly did not look it. His back was ramrod straight, and the size of his moustache most impressive.

Vikas Babu came out to greet us. ‘I saw you arrive,’ he said. He had probably just finished shaving, for there was a little soap stuck under his right ear.

‘Would you like to come in? Old Mr Ghoshal is waiting for you. You wanted to see him in particular, didn’t you?’

‘Yes, but before we do that, do you mind telling me a few things?’ ‘No, not at all.’

Feluda asked a few rapid questions and noted the answers in his notebook. The following points emerged:

1. Maganlal came to meet Mr Ghoshal at his house on the 10th of October.
2. Mr Ghoshal took his wife and child to see Machchli Baba on the 15th, at 7.30 p.m. He returned a little more than an hour later. The figure of Ganesh was stolen during that time.
3. In the house between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m. were Umanath Ghoshal’s father - Ambika Ghoshal, Vikas Sinha, Trilochan, two bearers, a maid, a cook, a mali and the two artists. Assuming that no one came in from outside, it had to be one of these people who had taken the Ganesh out of the chest in Ambika Ghoshal’s room.

Feluda put his notebook away and said, ‘You must forgive me for this, but I cannot possibly leave anyone out, not even you.’

‘Yes, I understand that. I’ve already had to face the police. I suppose you want to know what I was doing in the house during that time?’

‘Yes, but there’s something else I’d like to ask first.’ ‘All right. But let’s go to my room.’

We went into the house. A staircase went up from the front hall. Vikas Babu’s room was on the left on the ground floor.

‘You must have known about the Ganesh,’ Feluda remarked, taking a chair.

‘Yes, of course. I’ve known about it for ages.’

‘Were you at home when Maganlal came to visit Umanath Babu?’

‘Yes. In fact, I received Maganlal and took him to the living room. Then I got one of the bearers to go upstairs and inform Mr Ghoshal.’

‘And then?’

‘Then I returned to my room.’

‘Did you know the two had an argument?’

'No. You cannot hear from my room anything that's said in the living room. Besides, I was playing the radio.'

'Were you in your room the evening the Ganesh got stolen?'

'Yes, for most of the time. When Mr Ghoshal left with his wife and Ruku, I walked with them up to the gate. From there I went to look at Shashi Babu and his son working in the veranda. Shashi Babu appeared a little unwell. So I came back to my room to fetch some medicine for him.'

'Homoeopathic medicine? I can see a couple of books on homoeopathy on that shelf.' 'Yes, you're right. I gave him a dose of Pulsetilla 30.'

'And then did you return to your room?' 'Yes.'

'What did you do?'

'I listened to the radio. The Lucknow station was playing records of Begum Akhtar.' 'How much time do you think you spent listening to the radio?'

'Well, the radio had been left on for some time. I was reading a magazine—the *Illustrated Weekly* — and was listening to the music at the same time.'

'Did you stay in your room until Mr Ghoshal returned?'

'Yes. You see, a few members of the Bengali Club were supposed to be calling to invite Mr Ghoshal to their play, *Kabuliwala*. I was waiting for them.'

'Did they come?'

'Yes, but much later; well after 9 p.m.'

Feluda pointed at the staircase. 'Can you remember seeing anyone going up or coming down those stairs?'

'No. But there is another staircase at the back of the house. If anyone came in or went out using this other staircase, I could not have seen them.'

'Thank you,' said Feluda and rose. Vikas Sinha then took us to meet Ambika Ghoshal.

We found him sitting by the window in an easy chair, reading the *Statesman*. The sound of our footsteps made him look up and peer at us over the golden frame of his glasses. His head was quite bald, except for a few strands of snowy white hair around his ears. Knitted in a frown were dark, bushy eyebrows, flecked with grey.

Vikas Babu made the introductions. Ambika Ghoshal looked straight at Lalmohan Babu and asked, 'Are you from the police?'

Taken aback, Lalmohan Babu began to stammer, 'No-no, I . . . I'm nothing!' 'Nothing? You're nothing? Is that just modesty, or . . . ?'

'No, what I mean is, I am not the d-d-d . . .'

Vikas Babu came to his rescue. 'This is Pradosh Mitter,' he said, pointing at Feluda, 'a well-known private investigator. Since the police couldn't catch the thief, Mr Ghoshal felt. . .'

Ambika Ghoshal turned his eyes on Feluda. 'What did my son tell you? Did he say our whole family is going to be destroyed because the Ganesh has gone? Nonsense! How old is he? Not even forty. And I am seventy-three. Does he think he knows more than me about the history of the Ghoshal family? Pooh! How have we survived all these years? How did we manage to do so well? Not because the Ganesh protected us, but because of our own intelligence and hard work. My son is a shrewd businessman all right, but I fear he should have been born a hundred years ago. I hear he's even thinking of adopting a guru!'

'Does that mean you have no regrets about the Ganesh's disappearance?'

Ambika Babu took off his glasses and trained his pale eyes on Feluda once more. 'Did Umanath tell you there was a diamond on the figure of that Ganesh?'

'Yes, he did.'

'Did he tell you what diamond it was?'

'No, I'm afraid not.'

'There you are, you see? He didn't tell you because he didn't know! Have you ever heard of the Vanaspati diamond?'

'You mean the one that has a greenish tinge?'

Ambika Babu sat up. When he spoke again, his tone had softened. 'Oh, I see. So you do know about these things, then. That kind of diamond is extremely rare. But that doesn't worry me so much; nor do I believe that the Ganesh brought us luck, or watched over us, or any such thing. What I am sorry about is that it was a work of art. And, as such, it is a pity—a great pity—to have lost it.'

‘Was the key kept in the drawer of that table over there?’ asked Feluda. A few yards away from where Ambika Babu was sitting, between two windows was a table. The chest was in the opposite corner. Between the two was a large, old-fashioned bed.

Instead of giving Feluda an answer, Ambika Babu asked another question.

‘Did my son also tell you that I take opium?’ ‘Yes, sir.’

Very seldom had I heard Feluda speak to anyone so politely.

‘I am generally dead to the world in the evening. So if anyone came into my room after seven, I wouldn’t know.’

Feluda walked over to the table and pulled at the drawer carefully. It opened smoothly, without making a sound. Feluda pushed it back and made his way to the chest. Like the bed, it was a huge affair.

‘The police searched it thoroughly, I presume?’

‘Yes, of course,’ Vikas Babu replied. ‘They even looked for fingerprints, but found nothing.’

We took our leave and came out of Ambika Babu’s room. We passed through a smaller room on the right, and found ourselves on a large veranda with a marble floor. From here, I could see the river in the distance through a number of neem and tamarind trees. The skyline was dotted with several temple-tops.

I had started to count these, and Feluda and Vikas Babu had both lit cigarettes, when something came floating down from the roof. Lalmohan Babu reached out and caught it. It proved to be a chewing gum wrapper.

‘Mr Rukmini Kumar appears to be on the roof,’ said Feluda. ‘Where else could he play? He’s now a prisoner in his own house.’ Vikas Sinha smiled. ‘He has a room of his own on the roof, you see.’

‘Could we see it?’

‘Of course. Come with me, please. I can show you the other staircase as well.’

It turned out to be a spiral staircase that went straight up to the roof. Ruku’s room was on one side where the stairs ended. We found him kneeling on the floor, getting a kite ready for flying. He dropped the kite and sat back as he saw us arrive.

It was obvious that his room was really an old storeroom, filled with rusted trunks, packing cases, torn mattresses and piles of old newspapers and magazines.

'Are you a detective?' asked Ruku, looking at Feluda steadily. From the way his jaw moved, it was obvious that he had chewing gum in his mouth.

'How did Captain Spark get this information?' Feluda said with a smile. 'My assistant told me,' Ruku replied gravely, picking up his kite once more. 'Who is your assistant?'

'Captain Spark's assistant is Little Raxit, didn't you know? What kind of a sleuth are you?' Lalmohan Babu cleared his throat. 'Khudiram Raxit,' he explained. 'Height: four-and-a-half feet.

Captain Spark's right hand. He calls him Little Raxit.'

'Oh, I see,' Feluda said quickly. 'Yet another creation of Akrur Nandi?' 'Yes.'

Feluda turned to Ruku. 'Where is your assistant?'

Vikas Babu replied this time. 'Er . . . I am playing that role for the moment,' he said, looking somewhat embarrassed.

'Do you have a revolver?' Ruku asked suddenly. 'Yes,' Feluda answered.

‘What kind?’ ‘Colt.’

‘And a harpoon?’

‘No, I haven’t got a harpoon.’

‘Don’t you go looking for prey under water?’ ‘No, I haven’t had to do that yet.’

‘Do you have a dagger?’

‘No, I haven’t got a dagger, either. Not even one like this.’ Feluda pointed at a plastic dagger that hung on the wall. We had seen it dangling from Ruku’s waist the day before.

‘I will kill Shaitan Singh with that dagger.’

‘Very well,’ Feluda sat down on the floor beside Ruku. ‘But what about your Ganesh? Did Shaitan Singh take it? Or was it someone else?’

‘Shaitan Singh could never get into this house.’

‘If Captain Spark hadn’t gone to visit Machchli Baba that evening, the Ganesh would still be safe, wouldn’t it?’

‘Machchli Baba is as dark as Gongorilla of Congo.’

‘Well done!’ Lalmohan Babu spoke suddenly. ‘Have you read *The Gorilla’s Grasp*, Ruku Babu?’ Gongorilla was the name of a ninety-foot-high gorilla in Lalmohan Babu’s book *The Gorilla’s*

*Grasp*. He freely admitted to having pinched the idea from King Kong. ‘That book, you see,’ he continued eagerly, ‘was written by—’ He broke off at a stern glance from Feluda.

But Ruku paid no attention. ‘Our Ganesh is with a king,’ he declared. ‘Shaitan Singh couldn’t find it, ever. No one could. Not even Daku Ganderia.’

‘Oh no!’ sighed Lalmohan Babu. ‘Akrur Nandi again!’

Vikas Babu laughed. ‘You’d need to read every book in the adventure series to follow his conversation,’ he said.

Feluda was still sitting on the floor, gazing thoughtfully at Ruku, as though he was trying to make some sense out of his apparently meaningless chatter.

‘Which king are you talking about, Ruku? Where does he live?’ he asked softly. Ruku’s reply came at once.

'Africa,' he said.

We spoke to one other person before leaving Mr Ghoshal's house. It was Shashi Bhushan Pal, the artist. He was painting the statue of Kartik when we found him. A man in his mid-sixties, he said he had spent nearly fifty years making idols of Durga and other gods and goddesses.

'We heard about your illness,' said Feluda. 'I hope you're feeling better now?'

'Yes, thank you. Sinha Babu's medicine helped a lot,' Shashi Babu replied, without stopping his work.

'When do you think you can finish the whole thing?'

'Puja begins the day after tomorrow. I hope to get everything ready by tomorrow evening. I'm getting old, you see, I can't work as fast as I used to.'

'Even so, your work is exquisite.'

'Thank you, babu. People only look at the goddess. Who thinks of the poor artist's hard work?'

'Something from this house got stolen the day Vikas Babu gave you the medicine. Are you aware of that?'

The brush in Shashi Babu's hand trembled a little. His voice had a slight catch in it as he made his reply. 'I have been working in this house for so many years. Never did I think one day I would be questioned by the police! When I do my work, babu, I forget everything else. Ask Sinha Babu, ask the little boy, ask anyone who's seen me at work. I don't leave this veranda for a minute!'

A young man of about twenty was working with Shashi Babu. He turned out to be his son, Kanai. He confirmed that neither of them had left the veranda between seven and eight-thirty the evening when the Ganesh went missing.

Vikas Babu came to the gate to see us off.

'I did not disturb Umanath Babu,' Feluda told him, 'because knew he was busy with his guests.'

Please tell him that I may drop it from time to time, and ask a few questions.'

'Since he has asked you to make an investigation, that is your right and privilege,' Vikas Babu remarked.

Just as we stepped out, a sudden noise from above made us all look up. Ruku was still on the roof, flying his kite. We could only see his little hands from where we stood, pulling at the thread.

Feluda stared at the kite, now flying freely in the sky. 'That child seems very lonely,' he said to Vikas Babu.

'Yes, he is. He's an only child, you see. At least he's found a friend here. You've seen Suraj, haven't you? He doesn't have a single friend in Calcutta.'

### **Comprehension**

Question 1: Who is Umanath Ghoshal, and what is his relationship to Ruku?

Question 2: What is the pseudonym under which Lalmohan Ganguli writes adventure stories?

Question 3: What valuable object was stolen from Umanath Ghoshal's father's room?

Question 4: How did Someshwar Ghoshal acquire the Ganesh figure?

Question 5: What is the name of the diamond embedded in the Ganesh figure?

Question 6: Who is Machchli Baba, and why did Umanath Ghoshal visit him?

Question 7: What was Vikas Sinha doing when the Ganesh was stolen?

Question 8: Who is Ambika Ghoshal, and what is his view on the significance of the stolen Ganesh?

Question 9: What did Maganlal Meghraj offer to do with the Ganesh, and how did Umanath respond?

Question 10: What is the name of Ruku's assistant, and who is currently playing that role?

## Answers

Answer 1: Umanath Ghoshal is a man in his forties and is Ruku's father.

Answer 2: Lalmohan Ganguli writes adventure stories under the pseudonym Jatayu.

Answer 3: A small figure of Ganesh, made of gold and studded with precious stones, was stolen.

Answer 4: Someshwar Ghoshal acquired the Ganesh figure after fighting off robbers in south India, taking it from a bag left behind by the fleeing attackers.

Answer 5: The diamond embedded in the Ganesh figure is the Vanaspati diamond, known for its greenish tinge.

Answer 6: Machchli Baba is a figure Umanath visited with his wife and son, Ruku, because his wife was keen to see him.

Answer 7: Vikas Sinha was in his room, listening to the radio and reading a magazine, after giving medicine to Shashi Babu.

Answer 8: Ambika Ghoshal is Umanath's father, and he believes the Ganesh's value lies in its artistry, not in any supposed luck it brought the family.

Answer 9: Maganlal Meghraj offered to buy the Ganesh for thirty thousand rupees, but Umanath refused, after which Maganlal threatened to get it by any means.

Answer 10: Ruku's assistant is called Little Raxit, and Vikas Sinha is currently playing that role.