Damu, oh Damu . . . !

Hi, Everyone! Three-quarters of the way through writing Keshu's story, I realized that I had (most fortunately for my novel) an aptitude to give body to characters.

Now, to some this may sound like blowing my own trumpet. To them I say: if one doesn't have the ability to recognize one's strength, it is difficult, if not impossible, to succeed!

Anyway, two characters in particular (besides Keshu) stood out in my mind: Rajaram Damle, an incidental character of whom I grew quite fond and Damu, who developed to be *very*endearing.

Rajaram presented no problem, on the other hand Damu had me cutting circles at yet another crossroad in my novel's path. It wasn't necessary for my plot that Damu die, his escape was enough. But the way his character developed, the attachment the reader was likely to develop toward him, made his death *essential* for my novel.

Otherwise, I would have had to go off on a tangent, to show what Damu was up to after Keshu's arrest. He would have to have a role through the rest of the novel, too—the reader would have expected it. *That* would never do. Savarkar and Keshu had to be the focus of the novel.

And so, Damu had to go. I hated to do it. I even grieved, believe it or not. But the decision was taken (after a week or so of dithering). Damu's death scene was a *very*difficult one to write.

You must all be wondering why I am blathering on and on about what is essentially a prequel to the *Burning for Freedom*. But for me the journey began there.

Happily for you all, in the next post I shall take a *big* leap and write re Savarkar's breakdown and recovery—a very difficult and challenging chapter in *Burning for Freedom*.

Until then,

Anurupa