



The Silent Reign of Raja Suryama

Dr. Subhash Chander

Associate Professor, Department of English, University of Jammu

Corresponding Author- Dr. Subhash Chander

Email: schanderju@gmail.com

DOI- 10.5281/zenodo.14059523

Once upon a time, in the vibrant land of Indupur, a ruler named Raja Suryama held the throne. Known initially as a leader of vision and strength, he rose to power on promises of unity and prosperity. But over time, his reign took a curious turn, one that reminded many of ancient tyrants who had ruled by fear instead of love. His followers whispered that he had a particular mastery—reshaping reality itself to secure his power. It was said that Suryama believed in three sacred truths: “War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength” (Orwell).

To secure his rule, Raja Suryama introduced laws that allowed his guards to detain anyone who dared question him. Cloaked in noble language about “national security,” these laws had a chilling effect. Activists, writers, and even young students found themselves arrested and detained without trial. People spoke in hushed tones of Azad, a young man who had protested peacefully for labor rights, only to vanish after his arrest. To justify these actions, Suryama’s advisors reminded the people that “war”—or rather, endless vigilance—was essential for “peace,” and that to “free” oneself from questioning was the truest “strength.”

Many began to adopt these twisted truths as facts, repeating, “War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength” (Orwell). Over time, the distortion settled in, and fewer questioned what had once seemed impossible to believe.

Next, Suryama turned his gaze to opposing leaders. Those who challenged him were subject to sudden investigations, their reputations tarnished by accusations. Many were forced into silence, unable to defend themselves. Observing the effects of his power, Suryama once confided in his closest advisor, paraphrasing words he’d once read: “Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing” (Orwell). His strategy left the people with little choice but to conform.

Even the news in Indupur changed. Soon, the papers and broadcasters carried only stories that praised Raja Suryama, while any reports of challenges or struggles faded from view. “Where have all the journalists gone?” wondered Mukti, a farmer, as she saw familiar names vanish from her newspaper. Many had left or been silenced, their stories replaced by narratives crafted by Suryama’s court. Only those who echoed the ruler’s “truths” remained. And gradually, the memory of what life had once been, too, began to slip away.

As a wise writer once noted—before he, too, disappeared—“Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past” (Orwell). In Indupur, it seemed that memory itself had fallen under Suryama’s shadow.

Life in Indupur grew constrained, as Suryama’s government imposed laws that divided people along lines of belief and origin, creating

tension where none had existed before. “How long can we remain divided before we lose ourselves?” Mukti asked her neighbors, but no one dared respond.

One night, in a quiet village near Indupur’s edge, an old teacher named Bheema shared a tale with his granddaughter about rulers of old. “There was once a king,” Bheema said softly, “who ruled through love and compassion, until another took his place. This new ruler taught his people to accept that ‘freedom was slavery’ and that ‘ignorance was strength’” (Orwell). He believed that control over his people’s minds was the highest power. “Will it always be this way?” his granddaughter asked.

Bheema shook his head. “No, my child. For no matter how powerful a ruler becomes, the heart of the people remembers freedom. There will come a time when even fear cannot hold them. And on that day, even the mightiest ruler may find himself standing alone.”

So, beneath the quiet streets of Indupur, seeds of doubt began to sprout. Despite Raja Suryama’s efforts to rule with iron-clad control, the people sensed that love and trust, not fear and deception, formed the true foundation of any lasting kingdom. For all his cunning, even Suryama could not keep Indupur’s spirit chained forever.

The Uprising of Sundar Valley

Following the events in The Silent Reign of Raja Suryama, where Suryama’s tactics held Indupur in a web of control, seeds of resistance began to grow. Despite his grip on power, whispers of unrest emerged, stirring in the hearts of those

who still remembered a different Indupur—a land where trust and unity once reigned.

While many feared the consequences of questioning the regime, in Sundar Valley, a secluded but resilient community felt the weight of Suryama's control most heavily. The people of Sundar Valley, proud of their heritage and devoted to preserving their autonomy, began to feel suffocated by the corruption and exploitation brought in by Suryama's deputies. Their historical guardianship over this valley had already been eroded by the influx of outsiders, polluting their land and disrupting their way of life. Yet, they were not without hope.

Led by Ayush, a young man with the vision and courage to challenge Suryama's encroachments, the people of Sundar Valley began organizing. Alongside him was Dev, a fiery farmer unafraid to speak his mind, and Ayush's wise father, Balwan, whose quiet counsel kept the movement grounded in patience and strategy. Their unity reflected a growing realization that they would no longer bow to Suryama's twisting of the truth.

In Sundar Valley, the quiet determination of its people grew into an unbreakable force. Ayush, the son of Balwan—a respected elder in the Kesar clan—had become a voice of this mounting resistance. Ayush had always looked up to his father, whose calm wisdom had long guided the valley's people. But now, Balwan seemed conflicted, torn between loyalty to Indupur and the clear erosion of Sundar Valley's heritage and autonomy under Suryama's rule.

Ayush, however, was more decisive. He saw the struggles his people faced—the loss of their lands, the pollution in their rivers, the influx of outsiders that threatened their cultural identity. He understood, even if his father did not always agree, that a line had to be drawn. And so, Ayush gathered a small group of like-minded friends who shared his vision of reclaiming Sundar Valley's dignity and independence.

Among these friends was Dev, a young farmer known for his boldness. His family had farmed Sundar Valley's fertile soil for generations, but now their land was surrounded by industrial developments and luxury resorts that belonged to outsiders. Dev's fiery spirit often clashed with Ayush's more cautious approach, but their shared love for Sundar Valley united them. "They may try to take our land and pollute our rivers, but they'll never understand our roots, Ayush," Dev would often say. "If we stay silent now, there'll be nothing left for the next generation."

One misty evening, Ayush called for a secret gathering in the depths of the cedar forest. At the heart of this secluded meeting were valley elders, farmers, and young villagers who shared a deep connection to the valley. With his father

Balwan by his side, Ayush addressed the gathering. "We must remind Suryama that Sundar Valley is not his pawn. If he values national pride, he must first respect ours. Let us show him our unity—not with anger, but with purpose."

Balwan, though proud, placed a firm hand on Ayush's shoulder and spoke with measured caution. "This is no small decision, Ayush. Suryama's rule stretches across all Indupur, and he has the power to make life difficult for us. But," he added with a glint of defiance, "perhaps our strength lies in the fact that we know who we are, even if he has forgotten."

Together, they decided to hold a peaceful march, symbolizing their identity and resolve. Each member of the procession would wear saffron, the traditional color of the Kesar clan, symbolizing their heritage and unity. News of the march spread through the valley like wildfire, as each household prepared, knowing the risks but determined to stand together.

On the day of the march, Sundar Valley awoke to a sight unlike any in living memory. Hundreds of people—old and young alike—filled the streets, a sea of saffron flowing through the valley. Ayush led the march alongside Dev, his father Balwan walking proudly by his side. They passed by the factories, the resorts, and the government checkpoints, their silence more powerful than any words.

As they marched, Ayush remembered a phrase his father had once shared, words that seemed to echo through the valley that day: "But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow; even darkness must pass" (Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*). Those words had given him strength, reminding him that Suryama's oppressive rule could not endure forever. And with each step, the people of Sundar Valley felt this truth more deeply. They knew that, while their struggles were daunting, their heritage, unity, and spirit would one day overcome the shadow that had darkened their land.

Watching from a distance was Tantra, Suryama's ambitious advisor. Seeing the unity and resolve of the valley's people, he realized that his earlier plan to intimidate them with staged skirmishes had failed. Instead, he found himself unsettled, sensing that these people were no longer afraid. Their unity sent a clear message, one that could not be ignored by Suryama's administration.

As word of the march spread, the citizens of Indupur began to question Suryama's portrayal of Sundar Valley as a "rebellious" region. Suryama, watching from his palace, understood the silent message of the march all too well. He had underestimated the people of Sundar Valley, seeing them as subjects rather than a proud community with deep roots and unwavering strength.

The quiet power of Sundar Valley's people began to shift the nation's view. Suryama knew that his reign would face new challenges—not from foreign threats, but from his own people. The silent reign of Raja Suryama was on the brink of change, as Sundar Valley stood not in opposition but as a testament to the enduring spirit that defined the land of Indupur.

Works Cited:

1. Orwell, George. *Nineteen Eighty Four*. Thomsan Press, 2014.
2. Tolkien, J.R.R. *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*. William Morrow, 2022.