

# **The Saga of the Aryan Race**

by Porus Homi Havewala



**Volume I**

***The Great Migration***

**Volume II**

***The Advent of Asho Zarathushtra***

## **By the Grace of God**

*I pay homage to Dadar Ahura Mazda, the Wise Lord, the Master Fashioner (Geush Tasha) of the Universe. I am beholden to Him for my very breath. Who can describe His Wonder, His Glory? He is the Master of all.*

*I pay homage to Asho Spitman Zarathushtra, the blessed one who saw Ahura Mazda face to face, and sang of Him. He, the beloved Saviour of the Aryan peoples, restored the ancient Aryan faith of Mazda-Yasna (Mazda Worship) to all its pristine purity. Blessed is Iran, where his footsteps fell.*

*I pay homage to the Glorious Fire (Athro) the Son (Puthra) of Ahura Mazda. O Fire, splendid Warrior (Ratheshtar) of God against evil, in you shines the Glory of the Aryans, created by Mazda (Airyanam Khareno Mazda Dhatanam.) You enter the breast of the entire Creation, quickening it with life. From time immemorial, from the start of the world, the Aryan race has worshipped you.*

*I pay homage to my beloved Father (Patar), who gave me the greatest gifts a man can give his son: the Sacred Aryan Kusti, and the Love of God. As the son (Puthra) of an Aryan, I am beholden to him. If I write these words on the Aryan religion, it is because of his divine inspiration.*

*I pay homage to my beloved Mother (Maatar), who teaches me Righteousness, and love for all sentient beings. Good thoughts, words and deeds are her gift to me. If I speak the truth, it is because of her.*

*I pay homage to the Divine law of Ahura Mazda, Ereta (Asha), the law that governs the entire universe, the seasons on the Earth and the movement of the Universe, that which is the law of Righteousness. May the law of Ereta be firmly established in the minds and hearts of all men and women, as it was in the ancient days. May Righteousness increase in the world, this is my wish.*

*I pay homage to the Holy Aryan Scriptures, the Gathas, the Yashts, the Vendidad and others, all equally pure and inspiring. These scriptures contain the essence of the Aryan faith, and when intoned as Avestan Mathras, are fierce and death-dealing to evil. Masters such as T.R. Sethna, Framroz Rustomjee and Dasturjee Dhalla have inspired me endlessly through their glorious translations of the Aryan scriptures, and so I pay homage to their souls. I declare my full faith in each and every Aryan Scripture, as set down through the ages, as being the Absolute Truth. May faith such as this grow among the Aryan people, this is my wish.*

*I pay homage to all Righteous men and women, of all races, of all countries. May Universal good come to be for all such people, this is my wish.*

*I pay homage to the Creation of Ahura Mazda, the Pure Waters, the Earth, the Plants, and the Good Animals, the Wind, the Sun, the Moon and the shining Stars in the heavens created by Ahura (Ahura-Dhatam.) May I respect, protect and nourish these creations of the Almighty, never polluting or destroying them.*

*May these words of mine, drawing Glory to the One God, and extolling the ancient Aryan faith of Mazda-Yasna (Mazda Worship), go forth into the world and inspire humanity to the right path once again, destroying the influence of the evil one on the minds of men and preparing them for the coming of the Glorious Saviour (Saoshyant.)*

*May the Kingdom of Ahura Mazda be established at that divine time on the waiting earth, and the evil one expelled and annihilated. Such is the fervent wish of every Aryan, and this I, a common soldier of Ahura Mazda, wish with all my heart.*

**Khstremchai Ahurai Ayim,**  
*Kingdom of Ahura come.*



## ***Foreword to the First Edition***

It gives me great pleasure to write a foreword to this excellent publication by a young Zarthusirian who has spent a lot of effort and time to prepare this book. The book is in the form of an easily readable story, in two parts. The first part of the book (Volume I) deals with the **Great Migration of our Ancient Aryan forefathers to Iran**. The story is set in a time period which is in deep antiquity.

Although the incidents described in the story are entirely fictional, Porus has very cleverly weaved in the historical facts that have come down to us in our Avestan Scriptures as well as in folklore.

Porus has also used *an ancient Aryan trait* of using poetry which he has freely interspersed in the narrative.

The second part of the book (Volume II) deals with the **Advent of Asho Zarathushtra**, the ancient Aryan prophet. His pristine message still shines clearly for all his followers. In light of modern science, all that he has propounded several thousand years ago is now being scientifically proven. This highlights the validity of his great teachings. In Volume II, Porus has again used the same techniques as before to show the major highlights in Zarathushtra's early life till his entry into a youthful stage.

Although this story would appeal to all Zarthusirian children, I am sure the parents will also find it very enjoyable and enlightening. I could be so bold as to suggest that these two Volumes be used as Text Books for Sunday Schools where our Children could be taught in a very enjoyable way the facts about our ***Great Mazdayasni Zarhosti Daena***.

Porus is already well into preparing the story of Zarathushtra from his youth till the time he received the Divine Message from ***Ahura Mazda*** and his acceptance in King Vishtaspa's court. I would like to encourage Porus to continue his endeavours and I am sure philanthropists in our community will

help him to print and circulate these books to Zarthustrian children at a low cost.

May Ahura Mazda guide this Zarthustrian youth in his Quest for Knowledge and give him Spiritual encouragement to proceed further. ***Yatha Jamyad, Yatha Afreenamee, May it be so as I wish.***

**DR. PURVIZ DINYAR KOLSAWALLA, PH.D.**

*Past President of Australian Zoroastrian Association,  
New South Wales.*

Sydney, Australia, 8th Jan 1995.

## FORWARD

# THE SAGA OF THE ARYAN RACE (2<sup>ND</sup> EDITION)

I am honoured to write the forward to this beautiful work of art created by Porus. In this little book Porus has infused breath and given life to the legends and history of our Lofty Religion. It is rightly said that we become giants by standing on the shoulders of giants.

The narratives are described so picturesquely that they moisten the eyes of the reader as he follows the stories. It is a pity that the average Zoroastrian, since the past couple of generations has grown up in an atmosphere of ignorance about the tribulations and sufferings undergone, and the bravery displayed by our ancestral sisters and brothers in the process of protecting our Lofty Religion with such selfless devotion. It is this ignorance which is contributing to the decrease in our numbers. People devoid of a proud identity have succumbed to their lesser passions and married outside the fold due to this ignorance. This pride of identity which is the birthright of every Zoroastrian is being kindled by the Saga.

May this pride return to our people at least in the coming generations through the awareness created by Porus in his book. I am eagerly looking forward for him to bring out volumes III onwards till the present day, for the benefit of our youth to prevent them from treading the path of ignorance. The Saga is like a lamp guiding the initiate who is groping for an identity in the darkness. May Ahura Mazda anoint this noble work and give strength to the pen of Porus.

***Rustom C. Chothia***

Mumbai, India, 16th March 2000.

## ***A Note from the Publisher***

It gives me great pleasure to publish the **Second Edition** of this popular work of Porus Homi Havewala, whom I have known for many years, both in India and abroad. Porus has been a good friend and my colleague in the computer industry since a long time. I am proud to associate my name to the **Saga of the Aryan Race** and its continued publication in India, in book form, after being serialised in the Jame-Jamshed since the late Eighties. The first Edition of the book sold out rapidly and demand has been heard for more copies around the whole world, hence we have decided to reprint the second Edition.

If you require more copies of this book kindly refer to the **Traditional Zoroastrianism Home page** on the internet at <http://www.zoroastrianism.com> and click on the third link for the Saga. On the Saga page, look for the link titled "[How to get the Saga in book or electronic form](#)". We whole-heartedly thank the people listed on this page, for helping us out with distribution of the **Saga**.

We thank Neville Gandhi who helped us to distribute the first printed edition. Neville is a childhood friend of the author and his selfless work for many years in support of the **Saga**, for the sake of furtherance of the Zoroastrian religion, is much appreciated.

We thank Firdosh K. Sukhia, who has now taken on distribution of the second printed edition. We also thank Zenobia Patel, the previous distributor of this edition.

We thank Mr. Rustom C. Chothia, a man of true faith in our religion who has written a beautiful Forward for the Second Edition.

We are pleased to announce that the Saga has recently been translated into Russian by our internet friends, and is being read in Russian by many avid readers in St. Petersburg and other

cities in Russia. Translations of the Saga into other languages are most welcome.

We also like to invite our Zoroastrian readers to join the **Traditional Zarathushtris Mailing list** on the internet, where Chapters of the Saga of the coming Volumes are electronically posted each week. This is a free mailing list where born Zarathushtris from all over the world have joined, the only criteria being faith in the Mazdayasni Zarathushtri religion of our forefathers and belief in it's ancient tenets such as marriage only within our community, the sanctity of all of our scriptures, Rituals, Mathravani, Agiaris and Atash Behrams, and the ancient method of dakhma-nashini.

To join this educational mailing list, please refer to the **Traditional Zoroastrianism Home page** on the internet at <http://www.zoroastrianism.com> and select the first link. The steps to join the mailing list are shown on the page that will then be displayed. Once you follow the steps, you will be welcomed into the mailing list by its Parsi administrators.

May this book truly inspire our Zarathushtri youth in the days to come, and may Ahura Mazda, our Wise Lord, reign supreme.

I am publishing this book in the beloved memory of my dear departed parents *Coomi and Jemi Buchia*, who have taught me all the values of life.

**NOZER BUCHIA**

20th March 2000.



## **Vol I and II**

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## DEDICATION

By the Grace of God



We pay homage

*The Saga of the Aryan Race is dedicated to the Fravashis of*  
**Homi Maneckji Havewala**  
*beloved father of Porus Homi Havewala,*  
**Coomi and Jemi Buchia**  
*beloved parents of Nozer Jemi Buchia, and*  
**Roda Baji Karkaria,**  
*beloved aunt of Porus Homi Havewala.*

***May the Fravashis of our forefathers bless us, and  
inspire us to have staunch faith in our sacred Aryan  
religion, that Ahura Mazda gave us birth in.***

***KE UZEMEM CHORET VYANAYA PUTHREM PITHRE?***

**Who (but You, Ahura Mazda) caused the Son (Puthra) to  
be instinctively obedient to the Father (Pithre)?**

*- Asho Zarathushtra.*

# **The Saga of the Aryan Race**

by Porus Homi Havewala



**Volume I**

***The Great Migration***



## Chapter One

**T**he Story begins twenty thousand years ago, in an age shrouded in the mystery of time. An Age of Heroism, an age of strength and unbridled courage when men as strong as lions and women as pure as moonlight waged war against evil and fought for the welfare of their race and children.

At this time, the world was almost uninhabited. Except for a few savage tribes in Africa and India, the earth lay barren. It was the breeding place of dangerous animals and untamed jungle lands and deserts where no human could survive.

And yet, amazingly, there was one place on earth that was peopled. The very top of the world, the North Arctic region; was populated by a race of people who proudly called themselves, the **Aryans**. By this they meant simply, the Pure and the Noble Ones. They formed the first civilised nation in the history of the world.

The Arctic region in those days, was not as icy and cold as it is now. It was warmer and the Aryans lived there very comfortably. The Aryans called their land **Airyanam Vaejo**, which meant the Homeland of the Aryans.

Great Kings ruled over the Aryans in the North in that era of time. We speak of the time of King **Jamshed**, or **Yima Vivangaho** as he was called in those days.

There was no King greater than King Jamshed. A Man above men, he towered tall in his love for **Ahura Mazda**, the Eternal God. He led the Aryan race in the worship of Ahura Mazda, and the Aryans were thus called **Mazdayasnis**; Worshippers of Mazda.

King Jamshed was dearly loved by his subjects. And with very good reason. His was a Golden Rule. A rule in which there was no poverty to be seen in his Kingdom. Disease was brushed away from his subjects. It was said that when father and son used

to walk on the street in the reign of King Jamshed, *each appeared as young as a fifteen year old!* Such was the purity of his subjects at the time.

Of all his happy subjects, we speak of one family under his reign. The family of **Noshirwan** the Warrior.

Noshirwan had been a Warrior since he was fifteen years of age. A Warrior of the Aryans always had a Chariot or **Rath** of his own, and so Noshirwan was called a **Ratheshtar**. Meaning, the Charioted Warrior.

Very fair, tall and manly; with a leonine beard, he had married when he was fifteen to a girl he had seen one day on the streets of King Jamshed's capital. The milky-white Aryan girl with long beaded plaits running down the back of her flowery dress, was very beautiful. Her young and innocent face was aflame with devotion as she mouthed the words "**Ahura Mazda**" while walking on the streets. **Havovi** was her name, and she had entranced Noshirwan when he saw her. He found from her parents that she had reached the age of fifteen just as he had, and so he had waited till it was time for the **Yasna**.

The Yasna was a huge open-air religious ceremony of the Aryan race. The Yasna was by far the holiest ceremony and was conducted by offering oblations to the **Holy Fire** in a huge altar erected on an open space of land. The ancient Aryan verses of praise and prayer were sung with zeal by the worshippers. The Aryans worshipped Ahura Mazda and His holy elements Fire, water, earth and wind; the plants and the faithful animals on the earth; and the Sun, the Moon, and the constellations of Stars in the bright heavens above. For, as they sang with love and devotion; these precious things had been made by Ahura for helping man, and for being protected by man in turn. It was a cardinal sin to make impure the gifts of God. For this reason the Aryans never washed or bathed in a river, and followed the principles of hygiene and ecology thousands of years before modern science invented these words.

At the time the Yasna was held, the fifteen year olds of the race, whether men or women were accepted into the membership of the race by the Initiation ceremony, or what we

now call the **Navjot** ceremony. The boy or girl was given the **Kusti** or Sacred Girdle to wear, which was called the **Aiwiyaongahana** in those days. On wearing the girdle, the boy or girl became a true member of the Mazdayasni Aryan community. He or she wore the Kusti proudly, as a symbol of righteousness and as a sign that he or she was a full-fledged member of the Aryan race. Such a person had a right to vote and speak in meetings of the race, and the boy could now be accepted for training as a warrior and Ratheshtar so that he could defend the Mazdayasni religion from enemies and his race from extinction.

It was at this **Yasna** ceremony, about twenty thousand years ago; that Noshirwan and Havovi were accepted into the Aryan Mazdayasni fold. As Havovi stood there proudly wearing the Kusti and being congratulated by her family and friends, Noshirwan walked up to her.

Havovi's attention centred at once on this tall dazzling young man, and her heart-beat quickened as those surrounding her made way for him. Noshirwan stood before her, and smiling from his deep brown eyes; spoke the words:

*“I have chosen you as mine, O beautiful Havovi. Do you accept me, a member of the Aryan race, as yours?”*

The happiness shone in Havovi's eyes. The young man before her was strong, manly and a courageous **Ratheshtar**. The light of his valour shone in his young eyes. And he was wearing his newly won Kusti so proudly, she thought.

*“YES, I do.....!”*. And her eyes bowed down in maidenly shyness.

Immediately, a roar of enthusiastic happiness broke out from the circle of people gathered around. With happiness in their eyes, the parents and friends of Noshirwan and Havovi blessed them and wished them a long life and many Aryan children.

They were wed within the next hour, by a **Zaota** or **High Priest** of the religion. Standing in the open air before the sacred fire altar, the Zaota asked them to respect and faithfully obey the Aryan Institution of marriage, to learn to love each other for the rest of their days, to pay devotion to Ahura Mazda together as man

and wife and to please Ahura, the King and the race by begetting many children.

For, as the Zaota explained, to bring forth new lives into the world was a Godly task. Each new life had to be trained by the parents to be a Ratheshtar, a warrior of God and to defend goodness and fight evil in the world. The more Ratheshtars the parents brought forth into the world and trained properly, the more pleased was Ahura Mazda and the King.

Havovi enjoyed her married life. Noshirwan treated her with great love and affection, and in every sense as his equal. The years passed by blissfully, Havovi inspiring her husband to new heights of courage and glory as he fought to protect the outlying areas of the Aryan homeland from marauding wild beasts and savage uncivilised tribes.

One day not long after, when Noshirwan had gone with his Rath to patrol the limits of the homeland, a small girl child was born to Havovi.

The child was dazzling in its beauty. When Havovi looked at it for the first time, she gasped in admiration; forgetting the labour pains through which she had just passed. Skin as white as the snowy clouds in the sky, eyes as blue as the deepest waters in the North; and hair as soft and blond as a Sun-beam come down to the earth. And a smile so innocent so as to melt a stone into water. Havovi's heart swelled with pride as she whispered...

“O Smallest, Newest Entrant into the Aryan Race! I, your mother; proudly name you **Yasmin!**”



## Chapter Two

It was Evening and the sun was lolling on the horizon. At the North of the world, in the then warm Arctic, the Aryan community had made its abode. The day's work had ended and the people met in the square as usual, men and women together; to sing and dance in joy under the light of torches and to raise thanks to **Ahura**.

The Aryans had always been filled with the zest of life from time immemorial.

The girls formed a long line, shoulder to shoulder and arms around one another's waists, and started dancing to the sound of clapping from the gathered men. The crowd watched, entranced. Out of the entire line of girls, one girl outshone the rest, just as the moon outshines the stars at night. Tall and delicate and as beautiful as a red rose, the girl had finely chiselled features, ocean blue eyes and long golden hair forming a gorgeous halo behind her face. As she twirled her body in tune to the clapping, her well-formed breasts and her perfect body entranced all the men who saw her. The crowd was enraptured, and a collective sigh went up from the mouths of those who had assembled that night: "*Who is this flower of the Aryan race?*"

A proud voice answered. It was the voice of Havovi, the wife of Noshirwan.

***"It's my daughter Yasmin!"***

By this time the young men had also noticed the beautiful fifteen year old. One by one they came up to her, their hands clapping in rhythm to the group song, their faces smiling and their eyes looking deep into her; but the maiden shook her head and lifted an arm each time to send the distraught reject away. One by one they came, the fair, the handsome youth of the Aryans, until she lifted both hands up in despair, her lips bursting out in song:



"Fair face and handsome demeanour  
These are not all I seek for;  
But manly bravery, the pride of a warrior  
A True Believer in Ahura Mazda,  
Such a youth will I wed  
And keep as my own for ever!"

Suddenly, a shout went up from the assemblage. "Make way, make way, a messenger from King Jamshed!". A heavy Rath was drawing near, the sound of its iron wheels rumbling through the ground. The dancers broke away and mingled with the crowd as the Rath came into the clearing.

The crowd gathered around as the Ratheshtar reigned in his horses. As he turned to face the people, they saw that he was a tall youth, with penetrating deep-brown eyes that commanded their attention at once. He was dressed in the armour of a Ratheshtar, which meant a coat of mail made of rings of brass, a helmet of brass and a belt to support a sharp sword. He also carried a long and heavy **Vadhare** or club made of iron, with a horned bull's head at the top.

The young Ratheshtar began to speak. All eyes were riveted on him. This included Yasmin, who; lost in the crowd about her, felt a tremor in her young breast as she perceived this youth.

And then she heard his voice, which sounded as the rumbling of a great waterfall; distinct and commanding.

***"My Aryan blood brothers and sisters! I am named Peshotan by my mother, the son of the Aryan Framroz, of the clan of Athwya. My ancestor was the great Faredun. I am the Ratheshtar, the warrior of Lord Ahura Mazda and of the Great Aryan King Jamshed."***

"The King of Kings Jamshed has ordered me to convey to you, his Aryan subjects whom he considers as his own children; the following message which I now speak in his own words:

**“I, King Jamshed,** Worshipper of Ahura Mazda and ruler of the Aryan nation of tribes; pay respect to you, my good subjects.

“An issue of the utmost importance has emerged, which has led me to take a decision. Indeed, this decision is of far-reaching consequence to the history of the whole Aryan nation. It must be reflected upon by each member of the race.

“Due to the blessings of **Ahura Mazda**, I have been able to fulfil my obligations as a Ruler and have given you justice, peace and prosperity. As you, my people, well know; Ahura Mazda taught me His beautiful religion which we know as the **Mazdayasni** religion. Only one man had been taught the religion by Ahura before me, and that man was **Gayomard**, the first man in the world. Having been taught His religion, I asked Ahura to make me His Prophet. But Ahura declined, saying that I was unfit for the task; and that I should be content with Righteous Kingship over the Aryan race. So saying, He blessed my reign with peace, plenty and prosperity.

“Accepting the Will of Almighty Ahura Mazda, I asked Him to choose another righteous person as His Prophet, and Ahura promised me He would do so in the days to come; when the good Mazdayasni religion would lose its vibrant vitality and need a saviour to redeem it from such a state. Such a prophet will be the Great **Zarathustra**, born to one of your descendants; my people, and from thenceforth the Mazdayasni religion will be called the **Mazdayasni Zarathustri religion.**”

Surprise and awe was written large on the faces of many of the people who were listening. Tears welled up in the eyes of some, and a whisper went up from the crowd.....

“Praise be to Zarathustra, the Promised One!”  
“Praise be to Ahura Mazda, the Lord of Lords!”



### **Chapter Three**

The Ratheshtar, standing upright in his Rath, paused in his reading. The people were now agog with excitement. They had understood that King Jamshed had something very important to tell them.

*“Go on, Brave Peshotan; read on!”* came a voice from the crowd; and others took it up. Peshotan raised an arm and immediately the tumult subsided.

“My Aryan brothers; I continue the King’s message.”

*“I, King Jamshed; ruler of the Aryan race, have thus been favoured by Lord Ahura Mazda. But my dear subjects, troubled times loom menacingly ahead for the Aryan race.*

“The Great Ahura Mazda, the Lord of the Aryans; has told me thus:

*“O King, evil times will strike upon the Aryan race. In the form of cruel winter, evil will come. Snow will fall, lakes will freeze, crops will die. The homeland of the Aryans, Aryanam Vaejo will become totally cold and inhospitable.*

*“I Who am Ahura Mazda, your God and the God of the whole world, wish to warn you of the coming events. It is my wish that the Aryan race and the Aryan religion be not extinguished. Therefore, you should take the necessary steps.”*

“So informing me, Ahura Mazda has obliged all of us. He has made it possible for us to prepare for the great journey that our race should undertake.

“So prepare, my dear Aryan subjects. We must leave our beloved homes and move southwards. We must uproot our houses and our hearts and move along. Remember, we do it for the welfare of our children, for the future of the Aryan race. We do it so that the Aryan Mazdayasni religion will not die out. It is for the future that we must leave our ancient homeland and move.....!”

A hush fell over the gathered people. They looked at the Ratheshtar, who had become silent, his face bowed down in thought. They looked at one another. It seemed the worry and fear that had suddenly come over their faces would boil over into panic. At that instant, an old lady shrieked:

***“Southwards! Great Ahura, protect us from the monsters and barbarians who dwell in such places. How will we ever pass through such troubles!”***

The Ratheshtar’s head swung up when he heard those words. His chest swelled and a glow sparked on his face, the red glow of manly courage as he sang with emotion and feeling in his voice:

“A Ratheshtar am I, a warrior true  
To protect good, and fight evil is my due  
Faith in Ahura Mazda is my shield,  
My sacred girdle is my armour -  
And my prayers are my swords so sharp!  
Ten such as me can overcome  
Ten thousand demons and monsters...  
So my people! Do not worry,  
Have faith in Ahura and let us be gone!  
Let us be gone to make a new home,  
For our children; and their future,  
So that the true religion will ever live on,  
Have faith in Ahura and let us be gone!”

At that precise moment there was a clap of thunder. Angry clouds had gathered in the heavens above. Lightning burst and fell, shaking the sky; seemingly threatening to split the earth apart.

And then it happened. For the first time in the history of the Arctic, snow fell in an angry rush; then hunks of ice driven by

a howling ice-cold gale. *The attack of evil* on the ancient homeland of the Aryans had begun. The Golden Age of ancient mankind was over - the dreaded *ice age* was to follow.

But the people did not panic; they plodded valiantly in the storm towards their homes, their chests thrust defiantly out against the gales; singing the name of Ahura Mazda on their lips.

The day of the great tribulation of the Aryan peoples had arrived.

In the hearts of Yasmin and all those on that day twenty thousand years ago, there was but one desire - to keep the flame of the religion of Ahura Mazda alive and strong. There was only one question burning in their minds - whether the evil spirit would succeed in vanquishing them in the tons of snow that were falling all around, covering their homes, their roads, their chariots, their crops and their farms and numbing their bodies and minds; or whether they would be able to struggle through the long journey southwards; through the dangerous lands on every side; where monsters and barbarians lurked at every step - through all the difficulties and tribulations that surrounded the Aryan race at that time.

And in the breast of young Yasmin; there burnt the flicker of hope that she would meet this brave young Ratheshtar again. But then her mind told her that the chances were very low that she would ever even see him again, in the course of the great Aryan migration southwards when tens of thousands of people would travel with her and it would be very hard to meet Peshotan again.

Yasmin closed her eyes momentarily, her lips whispering in prayer:

"O Ahura Mazda! Giver of Mercies!  
This much I ask you today -  
That I meet this brave young man again,  
Peshotan, heroic Ratheshtar -  
Who has moved me as no other."



## **Chapter Four**

The sun was invisible. Darkness hung its dark hood over the entire world. Snow was falling incessantly, whipped by an ice-cold howling gale.

The beautiful homeland of the Aryans, **Airyanam Vaejo** had turned into an iceland.

Through the cutting snow, through the howling wind; the bravery of man shone. A long struggling line was plodding on its way; the Aryan race was leaving its beloved motherland.

Tears in their eyes, the men and women bade goodbye to their homes; their gardens for the last time. Carrying their precious children in their arms; they boarded their Rathes or chariots. Their faithful animals with them - the dogs, the cows and bulls, the goats and the roosters of their household; the Aryans started to drive the horses of their Rathes southward.

As they drove on that day twenty thousand years ago, they saw their houses crumble and fall under tons of snow; they saw the trees they had planted with such care and love wither and die; the birds in them falling to the iced ground frozen to death. Yet they did not flinch, for they had faith in **Ahura Mazda** and breathed His Name with every step. They were the true Mazdayasnis; the Worshipers of Ahura Mazda.

It would have been easier just to give up and die.

But they had to live, for their children and for the bright tomorrows. They had to live so that the ancient Aryan religion of Mazda could live, so that this pure faith would not die out; the faith which had been entrusted to **Gayomard**, the first of the Aryan race and the first man on earth.

The Ratheshtars, warriors drove in their heavy Rathes; arms at the ready. Their mighty swords, long spears and heavy

Vadhares; maces with the great Aryan horned bull head at the far end were ready to strike violently in the defence of the followers of Ahura Mazda.

Peshotan, the brave Ratheshtar was riding at the forefront. At his side was his commander, the Aryan general **Darab** who had been placed in charge of this band of *ten thousand Aryans* by the great Aryan king Jamshed himself.

The four powerful white horses that drove the Rath of Peshotan, neighed vigorously as he reined them in; stopping his Rath at the beckoning of General Darab.

Darab, a very brave warrior of the Aryans; looked at Peshotan. He was proud of this dashing young man he commanded.

**“Peshotan,** my brave Lieutenant. I have full confidence in you. Go, organise the Ratheshtars to protect our people from all sides.”

Peshotan bowed in acceptance. Darab lifted his hand and pointed to the curtain of snow behind him.

“And you yourself, I ask you to pass from the start to the end of our line and back again; assuring that our people are safe and no mishap occurs to them during this long journey.”

This time, a puzzled look appeared on the young Ratheshtar’s face. General Darab was quick to notice it.

*“Speak out your doubt.”*

Peshotan looked devotedly at Darab. He spoke with fervour in his voice.

“My General, I would rather be here; at your side. Ahead of us lies land filled with fiendish monsters and savage barbarians. You will need every Aryan sword you can find; every fighter to fight in the cause of good against evil.”

Darab smiled.

“Peshotan, the middle lines must be guarded as well as the front. You speak thus, but what if an enemy were to penetrate

our lines and reach our people, unknown to us? Who would protect them then, if they would call out to us so far placed from them and we would not hear them? The Aryan people need you, brave young man, go! Do not delay longer; the snow falls thicker.”

Peshotan extended both hands and grasped the palms of his commander in his own. This was the salute of the Ancient Aryans, known as **Hamazor**. A spiritual force seemed to travel into each of the two men as both jointly breathed the words:

***“Victory to Ahura Mazda!”***

Good would surely triumph over evil.

As the two warriors parted in their Raths that day twenty thousand years ago, their pure faces reflected their devotion and faith in the great Ahura. Each knew the awesome responsibility upon their shoulders. But as faithful warriors of God against evil, they knew they had to do their duty; to protect the ancient Aryans against all the dangers that faced them at that time. This was their vow, they would lay down their lives to this end.

What if one battle were lost. What if it seemed that evil was succeeding over truth. That was only a transitory illusion. The war would be won, the war of goodness over evil. And goodness whose other name was Ahura, would reign supreme in the end.

*This was the great promise of the Ancient Aryan faith.*





## **Chapter Five**

Peshotan swung his mighty horses around. The ground shuddered as his powerful Rath (chariot) thundered back the way he had come. Minutes passed into hours. After some time, through the darkness and the falling snow, he could now barely distinguish the long line of Aryan families in their chariots; travelling much slower than him.

There was a burning flame placed in a partially covered canopy in each Rath, and it was in that light that the families were able to follow one another. The flame, so zealously protected from the falling snow and the howling winds was the personal **Sacred Fire** of each Aryan family.

From time immemorial, from the start of the world; the Aryan race had worshipped the holy element of Fire. Fire, they had always sung; was the greatest gift of Ahura to man.

When Ahura made the world, when he made the plants, the animals, and man; all were lifeless. Then Ahura created Fire; and Lo! It was this holy Fire, the spark of life that entered the breasts of Ahura's creation and made them vibrantly alive. Fire, the vivifying force was that agent of God which had given them life, which had made each human a warrior on the side of Goodness against evil, a **Ratheshtar**.

If man did not follow this God-given duty, if man did not fight against evil in whatever form he encountered it throughout his life, then he was a betrayer of God's army and a coward.

In the hymn to Fire, which was intoned by every Aryan family once in a day; the Aryan paid homage to Fire as the Universal Purifier. Fire, the purest element of God; inspired the Aryan to greater heights of purity and heroism. The family prayed that the majestic Fire may ever remain burning in their household, and they may remain under its purifying influence.

Peshotan turned his horses to the far right of the line of Aryans. He motioned to the Ratheshtars he saw to fan out on all sides; indicating with his powerful heavy **Vadhare** or horned bull-headed mace the directions he wanted them to protect.

One Rath was coming straight towards him. As it drew nearer, he saw that it was his childhood friend, **Feroz** in the Rath.

The hands of Peshotan and Feroz met in the Ancient Aryan greeting of Hamazor, as their faces smiled. Feroz, a powerfully built young Aryan was a faithful friend of Peshotan. Their families knew each other since many years ago, and Peshotan and he had played and prayed to Ahura together.

Feroz smiled again. Was he remembering those forgone years in their lost homeland, **Airyanam Vaejo**? Peshotan's eyes were misty with memories. How they had enjoyed those childhood days together, when they had attended the **Aryapatastan**, the religious school of the Ancient Aryans. In the school which was held in the open air amidst the glories of nature, masters taught them the principles of the Aryan faith of Ahura Mazda along with training on how to use arms. Everyone was trained to be a warrior; just as everyone was taught the sacred hymns and trained to become an **Athravan** (Fire Priest). It was up to the individual to make his choice. The girls received equal status as the males, and received the same training in arms as well as tending the fire.

Peshotan's mind turned back to the present. He pressed the back of Feroz's hand again. His lips were just beginning to form a word when suddenly a ear-splitting roar split the air.

Peshotan and Feroz spun around in their Raths. Their eyes pulled wide open in shock and surprise and for a moment they stood paralysed in their Raths in the falling snow.

It was something that none of them had ever seen before. *A Monster.* A huge thirty-feet tall black animal with long woolly hair, wicked curved tusks and large red gleaming eyes. *A mammoth of the prehistoric era.*

And it was rushing straight at the two Ratheshtars, on that day twenty thousand years ago.



## **Chapter Six**

The blood-curdling roar of the monster mammoth thundered in the air as the two Ratheshtars gathered their wits about them.

They knew what they had to do. Under no circumstance could this monster be allowed to pass into the midst of the Aryan families, the women and children not very distant from them. It would be a massacre if they could not stop it.

The two Raths (chariots) broke away and fanned out like twin thunderbolts in the opposite directions, stopping when they had gone far enough from one another. Without wasting another moment, Peshotan and Feroz picked up their heavy brass spears and urged their great white horses towards the monster elephant.

Their young throats shook the air with the Ancient Aryan battle cry, ***“Victory to Ahura Mazda!”*** as they rushed headlong against the terrible beast.

Feroz was the first to throw his spear.

The heavy brass spear hissed through the air and struck the mammoth in the shoulder. Roaring with pain, the prehistoric elephant swung towards its tormenter and, picking him up in its long trunk, threw him into the sky.

His mouth screaming ***“NO!”***, Peshotan reached the maddened elephant and with a tremendously powerful throw, slammed his deadly spear straight into its skull.

Lost in its death throes, the monster elephant sank to its knees as Peshotan rushed his chariot to where the body of Feroz had fallen. Tears in his eyes, he jumped from his Rath and lovingly placed the dying warrior’s head in his lap.

Feroz, his eyes half closed and already dimmed; looked up as a tear fell on his cheek.

As the snow fell in torrents around them, and as the howling wind passed like a demon over their heads; the dying warrior whispered in halting gasps to his weeping friend:

"Do not cry, my noble friend  
Since I die to save my people -  
I leave you now for ever,  
To Ahura's arms I go  
And when - I am gone -  
You too must do as I have done  
And protect our ancient religion from harm!  
I die, but the Faith of Ahura Mazda  
Must never die out!"

The last words were barely out when the brave youth's eyes lost their flicker of life.

Peshotan stood up. The snow was already beginning to cover the body. He forced his eyes away and ran towards his Rath.

Some distance away, the ten thousand strong band of Aryans was continuing the tremendous journey southwards. The snow storm that had lasted for so many days had now abated. The air was filled with a sharp chill, and the Aryan men and women rubbed their weary eyes as they looked at the sky.

The sky on that day twenty thousand years ago was beginning to fill with an azure blue sheet of colour as the grandiose sun arose. The sun, the beloved of the Aryan race. The giver of warmth and life to the world, and the special creation of Ahura Mazda for the benefit of mankind.

Many of those on that great journey paused for a moment to bow to the shimmering golden sun, and the air reverberated with the chanting of thousands of powerful holy verses or **Mathras** of praise for the shimmering orb of light.

If the Sun were not to rise at all, the Aryans sang; the evil spirit would destroy the entire creation. The Sun, known to them as **Hvare Khshaeta** (Golden King) from which the word **Khorshed** was later derived; was eternally brilliant, and the emitter of strong light. When the Sun's rays shone, thousands of spiritual beings created by Ahura sent down the lustre to the earth; to render prosperous the righteous creation of Ahura.

When the Sun rises, they sang with devotion and fervour; the land created by Ahura becomes purified. The flowing waters of the rivers are purified, the waters of the spring, the sea and the stagnant waters are purified. The Sun's holy rays even purified the wisdom of the human mind and increased the righteousness in the person who kept his mind open to the sun's purifying influence.

This was their fervent wish and desire, that the Sun would influence them to be more righteous, more pure and ever truer in their devotion to the great Ahura Mazda, the ancient God of the Aryans and the God of the whole world.



## **Chapter Seven**

**S**o, the Aryans claimed with zeal, he who gives praise to the Sun that is eternal; offers resistance to evil and to the darkness, offers resistance to the thief and plunderer, offers resistance to sorcerers. He who gives praise to the shining sun; reveres **Ahura Mazda Himself**, reveres the eternal holy laws, reveres his own soul, whoever reveres the Sun that is eternal, brilliant and emitting strong light.

This was why the pure, the noble Aryan race had always paid homage to the rising Sun on the break of dawn; and this was what they were doing now; ending their hymns with a fervent prayer to the Sun to lend them its pure and mighty strength, the greatest strength created by God; so that they could struggle against the evil which threatened to extinguish their race and so that they could surmount all the difficulties in the great migration to the south.

Ahead of that long and courageous line of Aryan families lay a long wide expanse of frozen ice; utterly cold and lifeless and unfriendly. All around them, on every side; stretching as far as their eyes could see was that same chilling whiteness.

Wherever their tired faces turned, they saw frozen ground and huge mountains and chunks of ice.

**Yasmin**, the flower of the Aryan race was among the great line of families. Her beautiful face was aglow with devotion as she praised the rising sun with upraised hands and put on her sacred Aryan girdle or **Kusti**. She then paid tender respect to her mother and father at the break of the day, as every Aryan whether man or woman was wont to do.

**Noshirwan**, her father drove the Rath with the ease born of experience. He had grown old, yet the same strength, the same courage had not left him as when he had fought with wild animals barehanded in his youth. His faithful wife, **Havovi** stood there at his side, her hair blowing in the breeze and one arm around her husband's waist.

Yasmin sat her tender body down on a small seat in the Rath. Her lovely pure and innocent face, deep blue eyes and golden tresses shone shimmeringly in the rays of the Sun, as she looked at the hills of ice all around. She looked breath-takingly beautiful. The suffering she had undergone so far in the journey had brought a greater light to her face.

She was thinking of the brave warrior Peshotan, and of the day she had first seen him when he had delivered the great Aryan King Jamshed's message to the people. Her mind wondered whether she would ever meet him again. Her eyes were lost in deep thought when it happened.

Suddenly, with a gushing roar, only twenty feet away from Yasmin's chariot the ground split with a tremendous force. The ice sheets on which a number of Rathes (chariots) were driving crumbled devastatingly beneath their very wheels and a huge chasm split the earth into two great halves under Yasmin's and her parents' terrified eyes.

Piteous cries and screams and the neighing of horses rent the air as the Rathes that followed were desperately forced by their riders to a grinding halt. People rushed forward to the edge of the yawning chasm, but there was nothing they could do.

The Rathes and their unfortunate screaming occupants were lost in the tons of snow and ice that cascaded into the chasm down from its opposite sides.

It was an icy grave, a grisly icy death for many Aryans.

It was a victory of the evil spirit over Man, Ahura's finest creation. Albeit, the victory was a temporary one. *The evil spirit would be vanquished by Ahura in the end.* And man as the Ratheshtar, the warrior of God was an important tool that would bring about that end.



## **Chapter Eight**

**N**oshirwan, the aged warrior quickly assumed command. Ahead of his Rath and the others that followed, lay the vast ice chasm that had swallowed up the unfortunate ones. But they had not died in vain.

In the hearts of those who saw them die, there arose the renewed desire that they would surmount all the trials and tribulations that faced the Aryan race at that time. They would preserve the ancient religion of the Aryans, the religion of Ahura Mazda and see that it would never die out from the face of the earth. This they would do, while there was blood running in their veins and the breath in their nostrils.

Noshirwan observed that the chasm stretched on either side as far as the eye could see. He turned around in his chariot and faced the Rathes that had come to a standstill.

*“My fellow Aryans! There is no time for us to loose. We must cross this chasm. Let us follow it on our right, so that we may see where it ends or becomes narrow enough for us to cross.”*

The occupants of the chariots raised their hands.

*“We are with you, brave Noshirwan! Lead us on.”*

Everyone knew this brave aged warrior, and the feats of war he had performed on the battlefield. They knew he was a true warrior or Ratheshtar of Ahura Mazda on the side of good against evil.

Noshirwan whirled his Rath around. His wife Havovi and daughter Yasmin looked at him proudly from the back of the chariot as he led the Aryan Mazdayasni families on that day twenty thousand years ago. Horses neighed vigorously as the chariots changed course to follow the path of the vast ice chasm.

Snow and ice were kicked up in a flurry as the chariots went on for a time, and just when it seemed that there could be no narrowing to the chasm and that it would go on for eternity; the vastness changed and narrowed down to a mere two or three feet.

Noshirwan reigned in his horses and stopped his chariot, raising one arm for those following his chariot to halt. There could be no point in following the chasm endlessly, when it could be crossed now.

“Worshippers of Mazda! Now is the time. We shall cross over the chasm and resume our great journey southwards.”

“However, it is foolish to risk crossing on our loaded chariots. Let us dismount and cross over on foot; leading our horses and chariots over after each of our families have crossed.”

There was a hum of approval from the two hundred families that had come with Noshirwan. Then, one by one; the Aryan families crossed. The women and children crossed first; jumping over the three feet or so wide chasm; and then the men of the family led their horses and chariots over; at times lifting the chariot wheels over the chasm.

Noshirwan declined to cross over until every Aryan family in his charge was safely on the other side, shaking his head each time a friend asked him to cross. It was only after an hour had passed by, and the two hundred families had crossed safely across; that the last of the Aryan families prepared to cross over.



Yasmin and her mother Havovi crossed the chasm slowly, the name of Ahura on their lips. No sooner were they on the other side; then they turned and beckoned to Noshirwan to cross.

The aged warrior Noshirwan took the rein of his mighty Rath in his hands, and his horses were beginning to stride majestically towards the chasm when the unexpected happened.

Suddenly, with a dull roar, the ice beneath Noshirwan started to rumble. Yasmin and her mother looked on in shocked surprise as the ice sheets began to break away once again and Noshirwan stood in his Rath, unsure of what was happening.

***“Father! Go back!”***

Yasmin was running towards the crumbling chasm, her face crying in panic and then she jumped across the disintegrating chasm towards her father, disregarding the tremendous danger and her only thought for her father.

As her foot touched the other side, the ice broke away in a huge sheet and started to cascade down into the huge crevice.

Yasmin lost her balance and was falling away from her father into the hungry yawning mass of crumbling ice when Noshirwan reached out one strong arm and caught her by the waist; pulling her and himself away barely in time from the cascading danger rushing into the bowels of the earth.

Havovi stood on the other side, her eyes and features shaking in panic as she saw her husband and daughter on the other side of the awesome and uncrossable vastness that had sprung up in between.

She was starting to throw herself towards her loved ones, screaming out their names; unmindful of the yawning gap before her when her friends caught her and held her back.

The clouds in the heavens above, long silent spectators broke down and tears of their agony poured down when they saw what had happened on the earth that day twenty thousand years ago.

*An Aryan family had been separated by the evil one.* Loved ones had been torn apart. An Aryan wife who had never wilfully separated from her husband, an Aryan mother who had never let her precious daughter be removed from her eyes from the moment she was born; was now forced to let both her husband and daughter part from her as the Aryans families continued their great migration southwards.

*If the heavens could weep, they wept now.*



## **Chapter Nine**

Night had come and gone. The lone Rath (chariot) was rumbling alongside the great ice chasm, its weary occupants searching for an end to its vastness. Then they would cross and at long last join the hundreds of Aryan families that had gone across before them.

Yasmin closed her eyes. Crying her heart out, she clung to the breast of Noshirwan.

*“Father, will we EVER meet mother again?”*

Noshirwan, his face bleak without any sleep; soothed his daughter’s golden hair and pressed her to him.

*“Yasmin, Yasmin. My dearest daughter. Have faith. Have hope. Take the Name of Ahura Mazda. Believe in His majesty and mercy.”*

Indeed, the gift of Ahura to man is hope. Man can but hope, when through trials and sufferings he finds himself defenceless.

*“To be despondent is against our Aryan religion. To be dejected is not worthy of us. Let us fill our minds with cheerfulness and give thanks to Ahura that we are still alive.”*

Dawn was breaking, a glorious dawn and the sun was rising; bathing the whole land in its rays of light. The ice shimmered and shone pure white as father and daughter stopped the chariot to sing hymns of praise to the rising sun.

This the Aryans had always done since time immemorial; and this father and daughter did now; and then put on their sacred Aryan girdles or Kustis.

Yasmin then bowed down to her father; who blessed her with eyes moist with paternal love. Every Aryan child was noble enough to pay respect to his or her parents each morning. *The very word Aryan meant, the Noble.*

Noshirwan drove the Rath more slowly now. His daughter's rosy face was aglow with devotion and love as she looked at her father and listened to him explaining Ahura's Divine plan to her. The Aryan parents taught their children to be warriors of God and fight for God on the cause of Good against evil. Every Ratheshtar (warrior) of God was expected to fight evil in whatever form he encountered it.

If he noted evil tendencies in his fellow humans, he should speak out fearlessly against them and try to convert them to the good Path of **Asha** (Righteousness). If he noticed impurity and uncleanness in the creations of God such as the rivers and trees, he should try to make them clean and pure once again. For, cleanliness and purity both in body and spirit were very important if one wanted to follow the path of Asha.

It was the path of Asha that Noshirwan was explaining to Yasmin. **Asha** or **Ereta** (**Rta** in Sanskrit) was the great law of the universe. Everything worked as per this law, which had been created by Ahura. When the planets revolved, they were following the law of Asha. When the rivers flowed and fell into the ocean, they were following the law of Asha. When man was being righteous, he was following the law of Asha.

Thus, Noshirwan explained to his daughter; Asha meant following the Natural law. Being truthful, pure and devoted to Ahura was but natural, since He had created us. And being clean and not making impure any creation of Ahura was also the natural

law, and so following the path of Asha to the ancient Aryans included following the laws of ecology and hygiene thousands of years before modern science invented these words.

The sun had reached its zenith and the Rath; its wheels slowly turning rumbled ahead, the brave father explaining the faith of the Aryans to his devoted daughter. Suddenly, a hoarse cry pierced the air. Noshirwan and Yasmin, shocked out of their dialogue spun around in surprise.

Barely a mile away from them; shouting and shrieking; a group of riders was advancing on them. Even from that distance, Noshirwan could recognise them. He looked at Yasmin and said tersely:

***“Barbarians!”***

Barbarians! The sworn enemies of the Aryans. They were the tribes living on the fringes of the Aryan homeland and who did not believe in Ahura Mazda, yet had no religion of their own. They practised barbaric rites including human sacrifice, and worshipped demons and evil spirits.

The barbarians had always been jealous of the civilised towns and cities of the Aryans in **Airyanam Vaejo**, the ancient homeland. Under the great Aryan Kings who were known as **Kavis**, the greatest of them being **Yima Vivangaho** or **Jamshed**, the Aryans had reached the zenith of civilisation. The sciences of medicine, surgery, agriculture, ecology, astronomy and astrology were perfected by them.

This was the cause of fanatic envy for the barbarians, who had no civilisation to call their own.

And they had always eyed the beautiful and fair-skinned Aryan women with lustful desire.

And now on that day twenty thousand years ago, a band of these same barbarians was advancing with fierce whooping cries on Noshirwan and his lovely daughter; *Yasmin ...the Fairest of the Aryan race.*



## Chapter Ten

Noshirwan urged his Rath to a standstill. He stood there, tall and erect in his place; facing the advancing barbarians. For an Aryan to flee before enemies would be unthinkable. Noshirwan was a Ratheshtar, a warrior. Courage ran as blood in his veins.

*“Be brave, Yasmin. Act as a true daughter of the Aryans.”*

The aged warrior lifted his powerful bow and an ancient hymn reverberated on his lips as he closed his eyes for a moment.

The hymn was to **Verethraghna**, the Aryan Divinity of war who was the embodiment of Victory over evil. Verethraghna, in later centuries known as **Behram Yazad**; was always invoked by the Aryan warrior before battle was joined.

Then, with a hiss; the first arrow of the battle flew from Noshirwan’s bow.

The arrow flew fast and true, like a thunderbolt from heaven. Such was the force of the arm that had dispatched it that it cut like a scythe through the mass of barbarians, piercing the strongest of the horsed riders right in his throat.

Screaming, the rider plunged from his neighing horse to the ground; his breath drawn out violently from him.

The barbarians had almost reached the chariot. Screaming fiercely, they surrounded the Rath and then attacked the lone fighter. Yasmin crouched down behind her father as Noshirwan dropped his bow and picked up his heavy shield and his powerful iron mace or **Vadhare**, with the great Aryan horned bull head at the striking end.

Yasmin gasped in naked fright and horror as she saw the barbarians, the sworn enemies of her Aryan race for the first time.

Half naked and dark-skinned, they wore raw animal hides and necklaces of animal and human bones. Whooping and screaming, riding barebacked on their horses; their ugly swine featured faces were a truly frightening sight to the young Aryan girl.

Noshirwan swung his powerful Vadhare violently. The force of his swing was powerful enough to unseat two of the enemy from their horses. The next tremendous swing broke the skull of another.

Wary by now, the barbarian band urged their horses backwards; retreating before the swinging mace. They were beginning to feel they should have left this powerful warrior alone.

They were almost about to give up, and back their horses away in retreat when one of the party noticed the frightened figure behind Noshirwan's legs.

His face breaking out into an excited smile, the barbarian shouted out to the others what he had seen.

*Yasmin, the fairest of the Aryan race was now the prize of the battle.*

On one side of the battle was her own father, who was willing to sacrifice his very life to protect her maidenhood. And on the other side were the cruel barbarians, full of lust and desire.

The barbarians attacked with renewed vigour. They had seen the prize.

Noshirwan was extending his hand to draw his sword when a spear pierced the right side of his chest.

***“Father!”***

Yasmin screamed as Noshirwan's arms dropped and he slumped.

The faithful horses of Noshirwan's Rath went berserk when they saw their master wounded and they charged at the barbarians, their hoofs flying. Yasmin caught the reins as the Rath tore through the encircling barbarians.

She urged the horses on, faster and faster. The barbarians, taken aback at the sudden charge watched their prize fleeing from them. Then, with a savage shout; they urged their horses after her.



## **Chapter Eleven**

**T**he Rath was rumbling over the iced ground, Yasmin at the reins urging her neighing horses on. Her long golden hair flew out in the rush of wind as she controlled the horses of her chariot.

Noshirwan, badly wounded and lying in the chariot; raised a hand and grinding his teeth; pulled the barbarian spear out from his body.

*“Yasmin - daughter - flee! Do not let these savages destroy your virginity.”*

Yasmin’s face reddened with fury as she heard her father’s words.

***“NO! No barbarian can touch me.”***

Her eyes were filled with a new courage as she bent one arm down and picked up her father’s sword.

The barbarians were closing in fast.

Noshirwan watched helplessly as they gradually drew abreast of the Rath on their neighing horses, their eyes gleaming as they raised their swords high.

Then, with a sudden strike, a sword cut at the reins in Yasmin’s hand. The reins broke and the horses of the Rath scattered, overturning the Rath. Yasmin and her father were thrown violently on the hard iced ground, Noshirwan groaning in pain.

Yasmin, though bruised, still had the sword in her hand. She sprang up from the ground and stood over her father.

The barbarians reined in their horses and galloped back to where the Rath had overturned.

They rode their horses slowly, forming a circle around Yasmin and her unconscious father.

Yasmin held her sword bravely in her hand. She was remembering the words of her father:

***“Act as a true daughter of the Aryans.”***

On that day twenty thousand years ago, as the barbarians surrounded the young Aryan girl, there was open lust in their eyes.

This girl was more beautiful than any they had ever seen, indeed the most beautiful in the world. Her golden hair, eyes as blue and shimmering as the waves of the ocean; her snow-white skin, the fairest in the land and her full womanly figure were like tantalising diamonds to them. And her defiance was fascinating.

Their eyes moved to the sword in the girl’s hand. And then their faces turned into hideous grins, as they looked at one another.

On that day twenty thousand years ago, evil seemed to have triumphed over good. Yasmin, her sword hand shaking in emotion; raised her eyes to the deep blue sky above. Desperate tears swimming in her eyes, her pure heart whispered urgently to the Lord God of the Aryans and of the whole world:

“Let Strength flow into my arms, O Ahura!  
Today I fight to guard my honour -  
Let the spirits of my ancestors  
Fill me with valour!  
I would die, but I will NOT  
Let a Non-Aryan trespass  
On even a strand of my hair!”

One of the horsed men dismounted and walked with raised sword towards Yasmin, his lips curling out lustfully. Yasmin looked at him with sudden rage and, speaking the name of Ahura in her heart; locked swords with him.

There they fought, the young Aryan girl and the barbarian; and the heavens themselves stooped down to watch.



Nature seemed hushed as the spirit and fervour of the girl to protect her maidenhood broke through the defence of the savage enemy.

The barbarian lay dead at her feet in the space of the next few moments.

Incredulous, the grins wiped from their faces; the other barbarians dismounted and rushed at Yasmin.

Yasmin, her face aflame with purity; held her own for a few seconds, her sword arm flying and maiming or killing the barbarians until she received a blow on the head from behind which knocked her senseless.

Swiftly, a barbarian picked her up and threw her on his horse which he then mounted; his face exult with jubilation as the others jumped on their horses.

Whooping with lustful joy, the barbarian band rode off into the horizon; leaving the chariot and the grievously wounded and unconscious Noshirwan behind.

*On the back of a horse, the booty of the barbarians; lay the unfortunate Yasmin; the fairest of the Aryan race.*

# **The Saga of the Aryan Race**

by Porus Homi Havewala



**Volume II**

***The Advent of Asho Zarathushtra***

### ***About The Saga of the Aryan Race***

*The Saga of the Aryan Race is a semi-fictional historical novel on the origins of the Aryan people. The Saga deals with the lives of the ancient Indo-Europeans about twenty thousand years ago, who proudly called themselves the Aryans - the Noble Ones. They were the first MazdaYasnis, the Worshippers of Ahura Mazda: God in the ancient Aryan tongue of Avestan.*

*Volume I of the Saga describes vividly the Great Migration of the Aryan ancestors from their ancient homeland Airyanam Vaejo in the North Pole, due to the Ice Age glaciations that occurred in that ancient age. Drawing inspiration from the sacred Scriptures of the Aryan Zoroastrians, in which the great journey is authenticated; the book unfolds the trials and tribulations that befell the ancient ancestors of mankind in their great journey to the South and the South-West, towards Iran, India, Greece, Russia, Germany and the other nations of Europe. The Aryans display great heroism against the bitter cold and blizzards, the wild animals and the savage barbarians. Romance blooms among the young, as they travel onwards to IRAN. The Saga is interspersed with heroic verse, in the great Aryan tradition.*

*In Volume II, The Advent of Asho Zarathushtra, the story takes up the life of the ancient Aryan Prophet Zarathushtra, eight thousand years ago. When the Earth-Soul cried out for a Saviour, Zarathushtra was born to redeem the ancient Aryan faith. The glorious birth of the Aryan Prophet in Iran is vividly described, followed by the many miraculous events in his early childhood.*

*Volume I and II of the Saga were published in the famous Bombay newspaper Jam-e-Jamshed in 1987-1988 and 1992. They proved to be very popular among young and old alike. Volumes III, IV and V are currently being serialised by the Jam-e-Jamshed, after which they will be published in book form by the Grace of God.*

*The Author, Porus Homi Havewala is a Parsee Zoroastrian, born in India and now resident in Sydney, Australia. His aim in writing this book is to inspire fellow Aryan Zoroastrians, especially the young, with faith and righteous pride in their ancient religion, like their Aryan ancestors in the days of yore.*