

"WE are in for some good luck. Financial gain, to be exact", I said to my husband who was engrossed in the newspaper. He just raised an eye-brow and looked askance at me, wondering perhaps what had come over his down-to-earth, level-headed wife.

"You may not believe in the intuitions of a lady, but the pointers—one after another—are unmistakable," I said, continuing my onslaught.

Impatiently, he put the paper aside and looked up in the manner of one trying to find what

# DAME

# LUCK

By Mini

hazard is tut-tutting you!" I ignored it and said, "Did you count the chirping or whatever you call it? Exactly, seven times," I said.

I thought I should use Dell-lah's charms to make him

lore, a car, a house. My husband put the newspaper aside. "Listen, my dear," he started, in the tone of one trying to make a dim-wit understand a simple thing. But I was not to be put off that easily.

"You know something? The draw is on the seventh. What a coincidence!"

"How about two inches of coffee," he asked in what seemed to be a desperate attempt to change the subject.

I decided to be equally irrelevant. "Just two days and I will give you miles and miles of coffee!" I said and went into the kitchen and prepared some coffee. Sipping it slowly, my husband said, "You were mentioning about some lady near the temple who had promised to send a household help. Any luck?"

"You sit there and ask me if I have any luck. Just you wait and see. In another 72 hours I'll be able to engage a battalion of servants, not just one".

Whether I was going to get the prize or not, the thrill of anticipation was itself sufficient compensation. Every day I found auspicious auguries, all pointing to Dhana Labham, as succinctly put by the astrologer. But, my husband was doing all he could to prepare me for the thundering disappointment which, he was sure, was awaiting me. Pooh-poohing the prospects he would say, "Don't forget you are one of several lakhs."

"Yes, but I am a Libran". Even this clinching factor didn't make any dent on him.

"There are thousands of Librans," said my husband without realizing that slowly he was



There she stood . . . .

it was all about. And as if wisdom had suddenly dawned on him he said in a voice which did not belie his imitation, "I don't think all this preamble is really necessary. I'll get a lottery ticket for you, if that is what you want."

"I have bought the ticket, not one but seven, which is my fadic number. It was a task to select tickets with numbers adding up to seven but I did it though the agent was a bit annoyed," I announced proudly.

I hadn't given the floor to him, yet. "My left eye has been twitching for the past two days and . . ."

I stopped in the middle of the sentence. There was a lizard on the wall which was trying to transmit some message. As I listened intently, my husband trying to be witty said, "Even the

understand the implications of what I was trying to say. I took my seat on the arm of his easy chair and said in a voice, at once warm and cloying, "I am sure you think I have gone nuts. Please listen to me. I am a Libran. You know what it means? This year the configuration of planets is highly beneficial to Librans. Jupiter is ruling my destiny. Even the forecast in the Tamil weekly says Dhana Labham is strongly indicated".

"Listen," my husband said, if you do get a windfall I'll help you to spend it. Just now, you have enough work on hand and the servant maid has also gone for good. Why don't you come down to earth and get down to work?"

"Don't you understand what I am trying to tell you?" I said. "It is a question of just two days and we have to plan everything from now on. A house in Banga-

veering round to my way of thinking that my chances were much better than several lakhs of others. I now came out with my irrefutable argument.

"May be, but how many of the Librans know that they have to give a little prod to their luck? How many have studied their horoscopes and astral numbers and bought seven tickets with numbers adding up to seven?"

Beaten hands down, all that he could do was to shrug his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness.

The draw was on 7th evening and on the next morning we were both up before sunrise waiting for the newspaper. After a wait which seemed an era, there was a knock on the door and as the milkman had already come and gone, my mind took me to a possible telegram bringing the glad tidings. The idea caught like wild fire and we rushed to open the door.

There she stood, the servant maid sent by the lady near the temple.

"My name is Dhanam," she announced, unasked.

There was no need to look into the papers for the lucky numbers adding up to seven. Our Dhanam had arrived!

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LIGHTER  
VEIN