

My name is Krishna Madhwan, at least that is what is printed on my birth certificate. Although they tell me that my actual, ancestral second name is Lund (in colloquial usage slang for penis in India, so they changed it but even today you will find Lunds in India). But if you know my story that second name is more appropriate and it should be Madlund if names represent actions and intentions. So, my REAL name is Krishna Madlund, or translated: Krishna, the one with the crazy penis, and this story is of how I became this person.

Born in a god-fearing, traditional household in Bombay (before they changed the name of this city and many others in India to appease the Gods) I was least interested in doing anything. Happiness for me meant a good shit in the morning, some good mom-cooked food, and a nice snooze, especially in the afternoons. Life was good until I was 9 years old. Every night my mother would force-feed me some religious mumbo-jumbo which I did not understand and it did not bother me if she also force-fed me her delicious hand-made slurpy, yummy meals. Then my brother Vasudev who was 10 years older decided to crack the most difficult examination in India in 1975 for entrance to the much-hallowed Indian Institutes of Technology (IIT). This was going to be a life-changing moment not just for him but also for me, but I did not know this at that time.

Vasudev was also very good at athletics and sports in general. If he was the over-achiever, I was the under-achiever, a classical Yin-Yang, Black-White, North-South kind of divide. In comparison to him and other kids of my age I was fat, lazy, and stupid, a hopeless loser. My parents thought that since Vasudev was obviously going to be the achiever, all resources should be pooled towards him. This meant that he was the prized possession of the entire Madhwan household since he was also the first Madhwan to get into a technical college. All the other male Madhwans were traders and shopkeepers and in earlier generations they were landlords (or lund-lords) when they were living in Pakistan, before the 1947 partition.

This was a remarkable achievement if one looks at it objectively. India was, after independence in 1947, rapidly modernizing and these colleges were the ‘temples’ that the first Prime Minister of the country had encouraged the people to divert their religious fervor. Entry inside these temples was highly restricted and only the most diligent, academically superior made through these doors and Vasudev thoroughly deserved this recognition. Vasudev was doing very well at this college and was coming into his own and excelling in many spheres, including Athletics and Cricket (truly the only ‘secular’ religion of this country); however, in a cruel twist of fate one day he fell on his face and severely injured his eyes while competing in the athletic 100-meter hurdles event. This apparently minor accident had a very significant fallout in the lives of this Madhwan household.

My father was a hard-hearted man with a soft demeanor and his name lived up to the expectation: Pakhandi, referred to by everyone else as Khandimal. He had to fork out a huge sum of money to get Vasudev operated and the only available doctor was far away in London, UK. My mom was a sweet angel named appropriately Rajpari Devi or Pari as she was called by most, and she was the opposite of Khandimal with a hard exterior and the softest angelic heart. She convinced Khandimal that they would somehow manage the cost of this operation and trip abroad and she would personally cut corners and save scrupulously on household items and clothes and food and not expect even a single sari (a traditional Indian woman’s cloth) as a gift for her.

Vasu and Khandimal had a short but successful trip to Europe for the operation and managed to save 50% of Vasu’s eyesight in both eyes. However, the finances of the Madhwan household took a huge

beating. There were no more trips on vacations or going out for movies and dinner, and other things that people in India were waking up to with rapid globalization. Clothes and books were handed-down to me from my elder brother and even going out for a movie as I grew older with my teenage friends was frowned upon. And Khandimal became a miser for life. Traditionally in the banking and finance area, the ancestral Madhwans had created quite an enviable reputation for their financial acumen. Following their footsteps, Khandimal learned the value of scrimping and being a miser came naturally to him. As a result, I suffered both from Khandimal's inherent penny-pinching attitude, now compounded with the financial dire straits they faced due to Vasu's operation.

I scraped through academically at school and being fatter than usual was teased for not being quick on my feet although my weight was an advantage in sports that relied on upper-body strength such as arm-wrestling, table-tennis or those that required brains, such as chess. Also, I regularly failed in all the academic areas and was generally an easy-going almost lazy kid who loved eating mom's delicious, wholesome cuisine even if it was strictly vegetarian (but included eggs for breakfast). I loved failure and being considered lazy, stupid and a loser because no one expected anything more from me. Watching and playing Cricket (India's national pastime) was my favorite way to spend time with not a care in the world. The problem was Vasu's over-achievement which made my parents compare me to him and realize that they better intervene otherwise I was destined for a life of failure. Until I was 13 years old, I was tagged a 'failure' at school and at home. Then at 13, Vasu was encouraged to bully me and push me towards excellence in Mathematics which was my weakest academic area. Using my imagination and being highly creative, I combined my love for Cricket with my hatred for Math and excelled without any close competition from my classmates only in Mathematics. No other subject matter deserved my interest.

Using the template of Vasu and because of all the hoopla around IIT and the entrance exam (Joint Entrance Exam or JEE) for this hallowed, much-desired vantage point enabling a leap into the corporate world, I too got tempted to prepare for JEE. Having seen the past few papers and questions from previous papers I immediately liked the style and difficulty level of the questions. No question in the actual JEE was a plug-in kind of question; each required substantial expertise in the main subject matters: Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics for one of the most competitive examinations for entry to a technical college (at age 17-18 years) for any technical institute in the world. My first love (and only love for quite a while) was the eternal language of the Universe: the lovely, graceful, deep, sexy, and ultimately adorable Ms. Mathematics. Kapil Dev, the Indian cricket captain had just miraculously won the World Cup in 1983 and this had a hugely distracting influence on every teenager's academic study for IIT.

In comparison to boring, staid subjects like Literature, History, Geography, and even Science, Ms Mathematics was always fresh, exciting, ready for a challenge and gave immediate correct answers or responses. She was in my eyes always truthful, honest, law-abiding, and generous soul I came across. It was in my mid-teens that puberty hit me HARD. Like so hard that my primary focus in life was my lund and its shenanigans, and the very profound realization that I have a mad dick. For the next few years and then later into middle age my penis never shifted from my focus. Masturbation became a sport and a very intense sport - when you got to go, you got to GO, wherever and whenever it strikes. IIT JEE went for a hike – I did not have time away from my lund. I completed some half-ass Bachelor's degree from the University of Bombay and around the age of 25, when my lust had reduced slightly, sat for another IIT entrance examination for a M.Sc in Mathematics which I cracked and came 9th in India.