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A lot of people don't understand why for three generations, PS has been a big deal. Let me tell you a story. The year is 2000. I'm a bored 17-yr old staring at 2 months of holidays with almost nothing to do. Paati introduces me to PS. Appa enthusiastically agrees.

When I started reading, I struggled. With no formal training in Tamil, no exposure to literature and no idea of grammar and syntax, I started reading. I'd run to either paati or Appa for explanations every page. I'd try to understand the descriptions.

But then, somewhere around page 50, the magic happened. The intrigue at Kadambur gripped me. I had questions. I wanted to know what next. I wanted to understand the connections. I persevered. And over the next 20 days, I fell in love. I fell in love with the book. With words. With history. A month later when it was time for me to choose my field of study, I chose history. Because in those five, intriguing yet flawed volumes, I discovered that history is not about wars and dates. That it's about people.

I discovered that history is about stories. That one day, you and I will be history too and depending on how we live today, history will be kind or unkind to us. I fell in love with storytelling. I went on to do a million other things, but this love for stories hasn't died.

It's no exaggeration when I say that this book has defined my adolescence and college years in a way nothing else has. That love affair continues to this day. Perhaps this puts my fascination with the book, the history and now the movie in perspective.