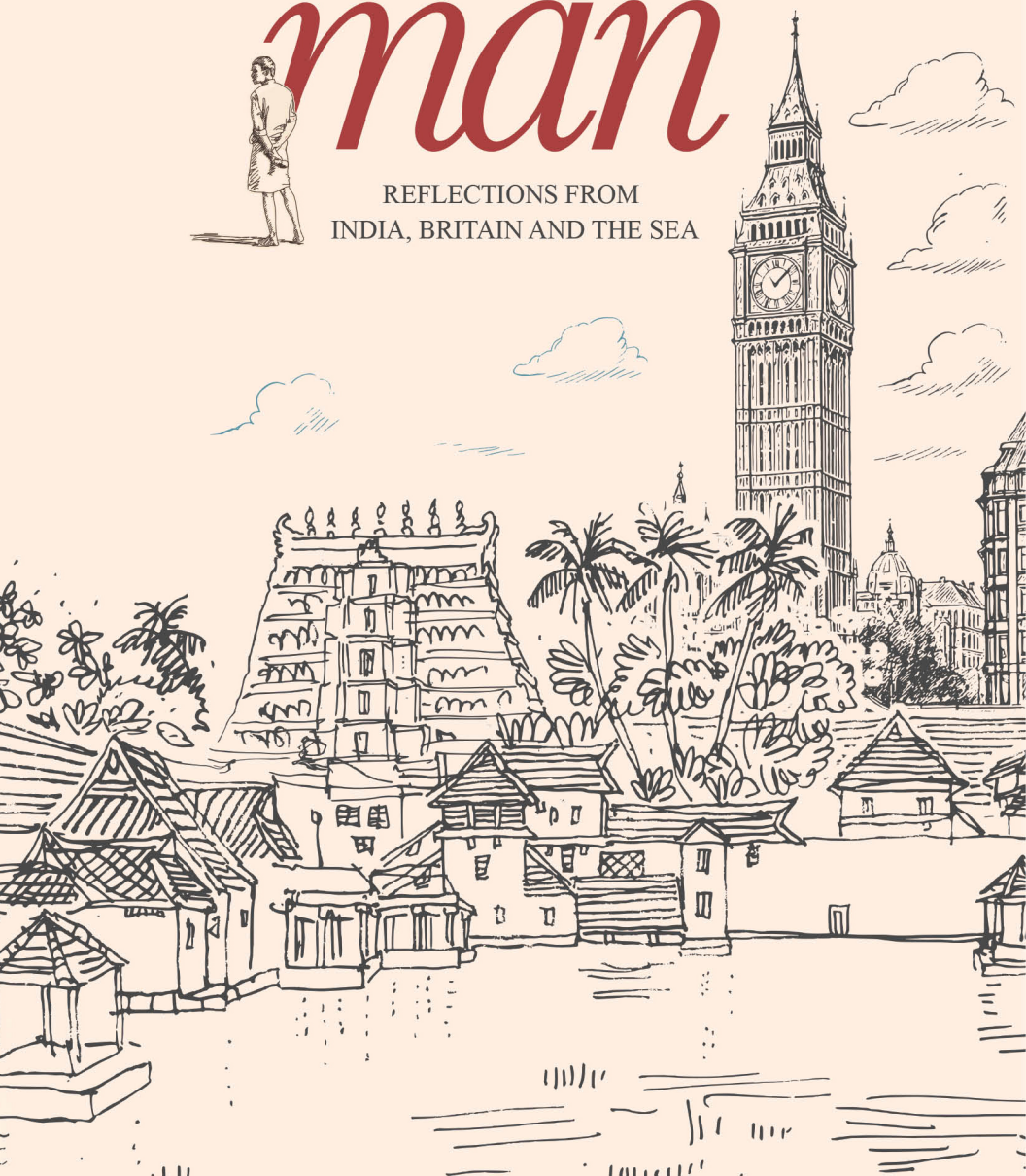


GOPI CHANDROTH

# INDISH *man*



REFLECTIONS FROM  
INDIA, BRITAIN AND THE SEA



# INDISH *man*



REFLECTIONS FROM  
INDIA, BRITAIN AND THE SEA

GOPI CHANDROTH

TWAGAA

[HTTPS://TWAGAA.COM](https://twagaa.com)

First published in 2025 by



[HTTPS://TWAGAA.COM](https://twagaa.com)

TWAGAA INTERNATIONAL

Mumbai (Maharashtra), India

Email: [hello@twagaa.com](mailto:hello@twagaa.com)

Website: <https://twagaa.com>

Copyright © Gopi Chandroth ([gopistory.com](http://gopistory.com))

Cover Design by Sucharita Suri ([sucharitas.world](http://sucharitas.world))

Book Typeset at Seek Red ([seekred.com](http://seekred.com))

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, except as may be expressly permitted in writing by the publisher.

INDISHMAN - Reflections from India, Britain and the Sea

ISBN eBook: 978-81-991736-1-3

Paperback: 978-81-991736-4-4

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Dedicated to the memory of my son

*Aniruddh Gopinath*

(1987-2009)

अयं निजः परो वेति गणना लघुचेतसाम् ।  
उदारचरितानां तु वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम् ॥

The small-minded think this is mine and that is another's.  
For the noble-hearted, the entire world is family.

~ *Mahā Upanisad (Book VI, verses 70–73)*

# Contents

<i>Preface</i> .....	<i>xi</i>
----------------------	-----------

1. Eden of my Childhood .....	1
2. TLC.....	6
3. Heirlooms .....	8
4. Room 235 .....	12
5. A Staircase for Sale.....	15
6. One Way Ticket for Goats.....	19
7. Language Problem.....	22
8. Horrible Homophones .....	24
9. Duality .....	26
10. The Weight of Smoke .....	29
11. Pretty Preity's Dainty Dimples .....	32
12. The Elusive Reflection.....	35
13. Upper Class Travel.....	39
14. What's in a Name?.....	43
15. Speaking Like a Native .....	46
16. The Caves of Cheddar Gorge.....	50
17. Pico de Gallo .....	51
18. Breakfast at Josie's.....	54
19. Music Lessons.....	57
20. Police State – or Shangri-La? .....	60
21. Wabi Sabi in Penang.....	63
22. Hearing Loss and Dementia .....	65
23. The Clive Collection .....	68
24. Munnar, Kerala.....	70

25.	Secrets.....	72
26.	The Pacer .....	74
27.	Ganesh Chaturthi and the Coconut Problem .....	76
28.	Mahashankh (The Great Conch Shell) .....	79
29.	An Onam Present From Mahabali.....	82
30.	Punctured Pride.....	85
31.	Waking up from Hibernation .....	87
32.	Valencia.....	92
33.	The Invisible Light.....	96
34.	Umme Farah .....	100
35.	The Rope-Snake Conundrum.....	104
36.	To Ask or Not to Ask .....	107
37.	Where has that India Gone? .....	110
38.	The Mad Bank.....	112
39.	Form-Fill Phobia.....	115
40.	The Difficult Type of Honesty .....	118
41.	Where Are You (Really) From? .....	123
42.	Oh Lebanon! .....	127
43.	Salsa Sally.....	130
44.	A Young Man in an Old Person's Skin.....	131
45.	Truth, Lies and Half Truths .....	133
46.	Sherlock Holmes Near Home.....	137
47.	Video Bell .....	140
48.	Burglary.....	142
49.	The Planet and Me .....	144
50.	The Talking Robot .....	147
51.	Cheap Elephants.....	150
52.	A Tribute on Father's Day.....	153
53.	Woof.....	154

54.	This Miserable Business Called Truth.....	155
55.	A Glass to the Past.....	157
56.	Photo Feast.....	158
57.	Love – 2050 .....	159
58.	Eyes That Don't See.....	160
59.	The Cure for Boredom.....	162
60.	Privacy? What Privacy? .....	163
61.	Code 100 .....	165
62.	Eclipsed by the Rain .....	168
63.	Parsing .....	170
64.	Jumping to Conclusions .....	171
65.	Ambushed by a Book.....	173
66.	The Tyranny of Hope .....	174
67.	Noise Festival .....	178
68.	An Open Letter to My Cycle Thief.....	181
69.	Thalassery .....	184
70.	Chaos in the Canal.....	185
71.	The Technology of Ice .....	189
72.	The Black-and-White Dog.....	192
73.	The Magic Potion .....	198
74.	The Indian Marine Engineer.....	202
75.	Of Kittens, Roses and Grandchildren .....	206
76.	Monty G.....	209
77.	Indian Emotions.....	211
78.	Temple Trouble .....	212
79.	Lost, Found and Lost .....	214
80.	The Vet.....	216
81.	Birthday Saga.....	218
82.	Where is Osama? .....	220



83.	A Gentleman in the Cage .....	222
84.	BCC.....	226
85.	Tree of Beliefs .....	227
86.	Weight of Secrets.....	229
87.	Fear of Patterns .....	233
88.	Generalisation .....	236
89.	To Be Honest .....	239
90.	What's the Worst That Can Happen?.....	243
91.	Of Suitcases, Stations and Goose-Down Pillows ...	245
92.	Trump 1.0 and The Matrix .....	249
93.	Experiments with Spirituality .....	251
94.	Lost in the Basement .....	257
95.	Lost in the Alhambra.....	259
96.	Lost in Granada .....	262
97.	No Return .....	265
98.	Horn OK Please .....	266
99.	Not Brilliant.....	268
100.	Fear of Conductors.....	270
101.	Charlatan GPT .....	273
102.	Cat in the Bag .....	276
103.	Rory and Me .....	279
104.	The Last Light.....	286
105.	<i>Khuda Hafiz</i> : Encounters with Humanity .....	289
106.	Warning Bells from the Future.....	292
107.	British Etiquette .....	294
108.	Football Didn't Come Home .....	298
	<i>Acknowledgements</i> .....	301
	<i>About The Author</i> .....	302

# Preface

At an interview for the UK Civil Service, many years ago, a psychologist analysing my personality test results said to me, “Your profile is neither typically British nor Indian. What are you?”

“I am an Indishman,” I would respond if I were asked this question today.

I am a product of diverse cultures, deeply influenced by the ancient value systems of India and the fine and gentle sensibilities of Britain. My sea career took me to faraway places and I was fortunate to visit almost every corner of the world. I like to believe that the widely varying ethos of the global family has made an impact on me. And that is reflected in these stories.

Over the years, I have realised that human beings are all very similar in their hopes and aspirations. Yet, it would be completely wrong to make generalisations about their character, nation, or community. Each of us is a unique individual with our own special, human stories. Man’s worst enemy is perhaps his dogma.

When I talk about this book, the first question I am asked is: ‘What is it about?’

I struggle to answer this because the book does not fit neatly into one genre. It comprises personal anecdotes, reflections, travel, a bit of street-philosophy and pure fiction. Fortunately, there are only seven pieces of fiction: ‘The Elusive Reflection’, ‘Salsa Sally’, ‘Ambushed by a Book’, ‘Love 2050’, ‘No Return’, ‘Rory and Me’ and the ending of ‘The Last Light’. The rest

are lived experiences. You may find that hard to believe – I do too, in retrospect. An ex-colleague at the Marine Accident Investigation Branch had once remarked that situations are specially set up to capture my reaction on a secret camera, as in the American TV show ‘Candid Camera’. When I reminisce about the episodes that led to these stories, I begin to wonder if that is true.

*Indishman* does not have to be read in any particular order. Think of it as a jar of sweets. I sincerely hope you like some of them.

~

## Eden of my Childhood

**T**here is a place I cannot visit anymore except perhaps by writing about it.

Saturday morning – we set off in our black Hindustan on the 30-mile trip from Thalassery to Kunnoth. It is a weekly routine that spans from the beginning of my memory until I am nine. Father drives, mother sits in the front, a child or two squeezed in between them. My other siblings sit at the back, pulling my ears or occasionally pinching me just to pass the time.

We stop at Koothuparambu to visit my uncle, father's brother. The brothers tell each other little anecdotes, their trademark laughter sounds like they are having wheezing fits. Father's grey-green eyes twinkle in delight and his face reddens as the stuffed deer heads on the wall stare down at us indulgently. Their disproportionately large antlers mesmerise me with their elegant symmetry.

The yellow milestones on the side of the road, the seven white furlong markers within each mile, the verdant moss and blood-red hibiscus flash by as we resume our journey. Father stops the car after a few miles and gives a silver rupee to Bhaskaran, who waits by the roadside in expectation of his weekly gift. His lifeless limbs, afflicted by polio, are contorted in impossible directions. He smiles and waves goodbye, dragging himself off the tarmac.

The next stop is Mattannur, home of Kuttiraman, the child who spent his life in servitude to our family.

Kuttiraman was found standing at the gate when my brothers returned from school. This undernourished, semi-starved child, wearing only a red loincloth, was hired to look after me. I was almost the same size as him, although several years his junior. Kuttiraman grew up with us, finally emigrating to America and returning to Mattannur to become a mini-landowner himself. His story needs more telling, for his is also the story of the velvet revolution of Kerala, where the world's first Marxist government was democratically elected.

No American dream, though, for poor, crippled Bhaskaran. One Saturday, the last that I remember, a driver drives us to Kunnoth. Father is dozing, and Bhaskaran, having recognised our car, beams in expectation of his rupee, but the driver does not stop. I remember looking at him through the rear windscreen. His look of baffled disappointment still haunts me. The resentment of an entire people is distilled in his eyes. Why didn't I wake up father? Why do I still feel as if it was all my fault?

Onwards from Mattannur and across the bridge over the Iritty River. If you go there today, you will see a placid lake, the river having been dammed many years ago. But, to me, it is alive: a wild, galloping beast, furious, snorting iridescent sprays onto moss-laden banks, raging ahead in tumescent turbulence as giant, uprooted trees, like flotsam, cling to its deep, silver mane. We cross the bridge and leave the roiling river behind.

We arrive at Kunnoth and park our car by the stream that bisects our land: the stream where we catch tiny flame-coloured fish with a Kerala *thorthu* (a porous woven towel) and gently release them, the stream on the banks of which bushes

of pineapple and sugarcane proudly flaunt their fecundity. In contrast, carpets of tremulous touch-me-nots close and withdraw when we trample them under our wellingtons.

Wellingtons are mandatory, even in the blazing hot summer. It is protection against venomous snakes. I see more of them in father's vivid descriptions and never really in flesh. But stories about snakes are sufficient to make us keep our boots on. We tread on dead leaves and abandoned ant hills without fear. We are told never to poke a stick into any hole in the ground or on earth mounds because even a newly hatched cobra could slither up the stick and kill us faster than we could withdraw the stick or drop it. Such is the fear of snakes that a harmless water snake frightened the hell out of us. But serpents are part of every story and our Eden was no different.

The tenants and labourers wait for father to pay their weekly wages. We slip away to cavort in the stream and climb smooth guava trees. We bite through the thick skin of sugarcane to relish its fibrous sweetness and finally return to the cool veranda of our thatched-roof house.

Banana leaves are placed on a ring of soft bark of the plantain tree, and ripe jackfruit leaves stitched into conical shapes with the spine of coconut fronds serve as spoons. Naranettan, manager and maître d', serves us hot rice gruel with delicious tapioca stew, whole black lentils, and a mélange of tender jackfruit with freshly grated coconut and spicy pickles. A dollop of ghee from the milk of our own cows, a couple of sweet little bananas, a piece of jaggery, and we are ready to go out again. Mother forces us to rest a while before we sneak out. All the used leaves and spoons are thrown into a huge compost pit behind the house. We rarely see or use plastic.

In the evening, father takes us along on his inspection of the farm. We are accompanied by a few tenants and Naranettan. People seek father's attention, invariably asking for his help in what seem to us as trivial matters. A woman needs a few rupees to buy a cow, someone wants to dig a small channel to divert water from our stream to their tenured land, someone else wants a piece of land to cultivate some grains. I cannot remember the details or if the decisions were in their favour, but I see most of them go away with a smile.

At dusk, father sits on an easy chair on the veranda, and tenants and others congregate in the compound below. The men stand, ever so slightly stooped, as a mark of supplicant respect, holding their customary thorthu turbans in their hands. The women stand to one side, whispering softly among themselves. Father, his socialist disposition in conflict with his feudal authority, speaks kindly to them, and I imagine metes out justice where required. He does not raise his voice at the tenants or even speak harshly to them. Or do we only remember what we want to, and forget the harsher moments? I narrate this as I remember. The concepts of feudalism and the inequities of disproportionate land ownership do not register in my six-year-old mind. But there is a restive unease that makes me slightly uncomfortable.

The weeks roll into months and years. Father shifts his law practice to the High Court in Kochi, and our visits to Kunnoth become infrequent. Naranettan leaves under a cloud and is replaced by Jaleel, the brave-heart who chopped a deadly king cobra in two with his machete as it stood on its tail hissing at him. Or so the story went.

Kerala enforces the Land Reforms Act, one of the two

Indian states that implements the federal Act. Most of our tenants became landowners. Kerala transforms from a poverty-stricken, caste-ridden plutocracy to a thriving, egalitarian, socialist state. The people of Kerala stand tall with their thorthus proudly crowning their heads.

On a journey from Thalassery to Bangalore, you will pass Kunnoth on your left just before your car starts climbing up the Western Ghats. If you recognise the Eden of my childhood, stop your car and peep inside. If nothing else, you will see the shy touch-me-nots. Touch them gently, on my behalf.

~



## 2

### TLC

There is something about an unknown abbreviation that touches a nerve of insecurity in me. I am too inhibited to ask for the expansion just in case I am the only ignorant one in the room. But it is like encountering a missing rung on a ladder – it disconcerts and throws me off track.

My first accident investigation, back in 2007, was a fire that sank a yacht off the coast of Corsica. It was a private luxury yacht, carrying a family of twelve passengers and four crew. The fire that started in the fo’c’sle soon engulfed the entire vessel. The family escaped using the tender they had been towing. The skipper and crew tried unsuccessfully to extinguish the fire. Finally, they raised a Mayday call and jumped into the sea.

I interviewed the skipper on the phone a few days later. He narrated the events in minute detail, reliving his ordeal. He could not reconcile himself to the tragic loss of his vessel. The memory was still raw, causing him considerable distress. I could hear the tremor in his voice. I allowed a gentle pause to demonstrate my empathy, then continued the interview.

“So, you swam to the boat that responded to your Mayday call. Then what happened?”

“Yeah, they took us on board. Gave us dry clothes and blankets, and lots of TLC.”

The abbreviation ‘TLC’ was not part of my lexicon. But I

dared not bare my ignorance by asking. However, my mind strayed. I only half listened to the skipper. I was stuck on TLC, and I knew this had to change. I did make an educated guess, but had to confirm. So, I interrupted his flow.

“What’s TLC then? Some kind of sandwich?”

It sounded so much like BLT. Surely, it had to stand for tomato-lettuce-cucumber.

The skipper was too polite to laugh, but I could sense his smile through the phone. I was glad it was a telephone interview. My innocent expression would surely have cracked him up. He gave me the correct expansion. I could hear the lilt in his voice that told me I had lifted his spirits, even cheered him up a bit.

From that day on, I made a point of challenging every unfamiliar abbreviation. I no longer cared if people thought any less of me. I realised that in the business of saving lives, pride has no place. It was my first true epiphany in the profession. Accident investigation is like mathematics: if you don’t understand every step, you are bound to lose the plot.

~

## Heirlooms

**A**n heirloom has no monetary value for its owner – until it's stolen or lost. If you find that assertion outrageous, do read on.

Let's assume you own a diamond necklace worth about £1 million. That's what it would cost to replace it today. You inherited it from your mother, who got it from her mother, who got it from ... you get the idea. It's been in the family for several generations. It's valuable not just in monetary terms but also in emotional value. It is an heirloom. So, you would never sell it. Not to buy that jazzy new car you've always craved, not to finance the house extension you dream of, not even to send your children to Harvard. OK, scrub Harvard – let's say MIT.

You hold on to it as if your life depends on it. You wouldn't part with it even if you were starving. Well, maybe if you were starving, but how many hungry diamond owners are there in this world?

What you guard with your life, what you lose sleep over, is in fact worthless – monetarily speaking. Sentimental value? Certainly. But you can't eat sentiment, nor can you exchange it for a new car. You might as well store a piece of granite in your high-security safe. Lose it, however, and suddenly its financial potential dazzles you with its brilliance, like the floodlights of a Premier League match – or like diamonds.

Let's explore this further. Imagine, one day, your diamond

necklace – God forbid – is stolen. You file an insurance claim. A cool million lands in your bank account, taking the sting out of your loss. Yes, you'll miss the heirloom. Your children will be deprived of their inheritance. But new money opens doors for you and your children. Loss metamorphoses into gain.

And the thief? He's laughing all the way to the bank. No sloppy sentiment for him, no emotional baggage, just unadulterated profit. With the proceeds, he might send his children to medical school, buy a yacht, retire to a Caribbean island. The potential is vast. The loss of an heirloom, then, improves life for two parties: you and the thief. Three in fact, if you include the bank – £2 million is not something even a bank would sniff at.

I should know. I wear one such heirloom every day: a watch that belonged to my father. It's over forty years old. I wear it everywhere, despite the risk of getting mugged – whether in the Bronx in New York or Maputo in Mozambique. I've swum in the sea and sweated in saunas with the watch on my wrist. It runs smoothly, uncomplaining, drawing energy from the movement of my arm. I take it off only when I sleep.

Recently, I took an overnight train from Bangalore to Thalassery, my hometown in Kerala. Within an hour of boarding, I was ruing my decision to travel by train. I couldn't recapture the magic of train journeys past. Too much had changed. No more fresh breeze on one's face from open windows, no clack-clack of wheels on rails, which, like a sweet lullaby, induce somnolence. Instead, the coach is an air-conditioned cold-box with tinted windows that obscure the view. The internal noise is almost unbearable as fellow passengers complain about their government, the quality of

food, and cleanliness of toilets. Vendors march back and forth in the aisles repeatedly announcing their wares: samosas, cutlets, tea-coffee, biriyani veg and non-veg. The incessant ring of mobile phones add to the background din. Losing oneself in a book becomes an impossible feat.

I made my bed on the lower berth. I slept fitfully, having tucked my watch under the pillow. When I woke up after a couple of hours, I instinctively groped under the pillow. The watch was gone.

I searched everywhere – under the berth, inside the sheets, even in bizarre places like the upper berth, where it could only have landed by defying gravity. Desperation crept in.

Fleetingly, I suspected my co-passengers. Could it have been the couple who disembarked at 3 a.m. in Coimbatore? They didn't look like thieves. Could it be the man snoring in the next berth? Surely not – he was sleeping far too soundly. Then where on Earth was my precious watch?

In my mind, I was already filing a police report, making an insurance claim, preparing to argue with the insurance company. I could hear my brother-in-law in Thalassery chiding me:

“Only you would do such a thing!”

“Why carry valuables on a train?”

“You should have taken a flight!”

The loss of something I'd cherished for over four decades hurt. I sat staring through the tinted window, feeling oddly exposed. Over the years, I'd come to believe that while I had it on my wrist, the tutelary spirit of my father protected me. Without it, I felt naked, vulnerable. At least it was insured, I

thought. I could use the money to finance my long-planned trip to South America.

As the train neared my destination, I decided to check one last time. Shining my phone's torch under the berth, I spotted a glint in the corner where the side and division bulkheads met the floor. Crawling under, I discovered the tip of the bracelet – the watch was lodged between layers of linoleum. It was as if someone had placed it there deliberately. Perhaps a caprice of my writing fairy? Just so I could write this story!

I was flooded with immense relief – and mild disappointment. The South American adventure would have to wait. I realised then that the watch was more than a sentimental keepsake. It made me feel superhuman.

And no, it's not for sale.

~

## Room 235

What is special about this card key that occupies a prominent place in my museum of memories? The story may amuse you, but to me it is just one episode from a long list reinforcing my suspicion that I am the unsuspecting protagonist in a never-ending series of the American TV show, *Candid Camera*.

I was in South Tyneside College to attend a course on high voltage electric propulsion, in connection with an investigation. I had rung ahead to a nice hotel located by the sea and asked for a room with a sea view, but when I checked in, I was told that all the rooms with sea views were taken. Nothing new there; I rarely got a hotel room with a view.

Hurrying up to my room, I swiped the key against the door. It would not open. Frustrated, I looked around helplessly. I was late for class. A young hotel maid saw me struggle and came over.

“Let me help you, sir,” she offered, and I meekly handed her the key. It didn't work for her either.

“Hmmm. It may be damaged,” she said. “So finicky, these plastic keys. I'll get you a new one. Sorry about this, sir.”

I did not tell her that it was the story of my life and gave her a doleful look instead. Within minutes, she returned with a new key, and voilà, the door opened.

It was a room with a sea view! Not only that, it was spacious with plush leather furniture and a polished oak floor;

a large bed with goose-down pillows; and glorious white cotton sheets. The fragrance of the orchids on the pillows wafted across the room. Even the maid was surprised at the look of disbelief on my face. I had expected the usual: a dingy room overlooking a moss-laden concrete terrace; polyester fibre pillows that guaranteed insomnia; and mangy, smelly carpets.

‘My fortunes have changed, I have escaped from the clutches of the candid camera man,’ I thought as I thanked the maid, dumped my suitcase and ran to the class.

It was a good day of learning and I thoroughly immersed myself in the class, forgetting all about the lucky start to my day and the room with a view. After class, I decided to walk back to the hotel. The salty smell of the sea, the throaty lament of the seagulls, and the golden afterglow of twilight – all transported me back to my youth when I sailed the oceans as a marine engineer. Lost in reverie, I reached my hotel in a state of calm and well-being. After a quick shower, a cold beer and dinner, I was ready for bed.

I sank into the soft pillows and scented gossamer sheets. Gently, I transitioned to a make-believe world between wakefulness and sleep, where I always got the things I wanted, where rooms and restaurant tables with views were written into my life's contract, and where my journey on Earth was not signposted by one mishap after another. I yielded to sleep as my rumination on this lucky day mingled with my dreams.

Then I woke up. A big burly man was singing sea shanties in a booming voice as he staggered around the room switching on all the lights. He stood by my bed, swinging a little suitcase and balancing himself as if he was on the deck of a ship at sea. He sang, ‘Hey-ho the lazy sailor.’ I saw that the giant was



ready to collapse on top of me and screamed. The man froze, stopped singing and let out a deep growl like a tiger disturbed while mating. Then, realising his mistake, he turned and headed unsteadily back towards the door.

“Sorry mate, wrong room, wrong room,” he mumbled in confusion.

“No worries, just switch off the lights,” I was magnanimous.

I slipped back into my orchid-scented dream and woke up in the morning feeling fresh and rested. I was positive the episode of the drunken sailor had taken place in an unreal world.

The next day, the woman who greeted me at the breakfast hall asked for my room number.

“235,” I spoke over her head, eyeing several empty tables overlooking the sea. It was getting late for my class and I wanted her to get on with it.

“Mr Warburton? Edward Warburton?” she queried, with a slightly incredulous look.

“No, Chandroth, Gopinath Chandroth.”

“No problem, sir. I think they made a mistake on the list. It has Mr Warburton in 235 and yourself in 234. Not to worry, love!” she was apologetic.

As I was half way through breakfast, I had an epiphany: I was allocated room 234, but had occupied 235. That explained why my key hadn't worked. Edward Warburton, the inebriated singer of sea shanties, was not the intruder. I was.

To this day, I wonder where Mr Warburton spent that night!

## About The Author

Gopi (Gopinath Chandroth, formerly O. C. Gopinath) is, by training, a marine engineer, having graduated from the Directorate of Marine Engineering Training, India, in 1978. He has over four decades of experience in the shipping industry, the first fifteen years spent on merchant ships. Before settling ashore, he obtained a Master of Science in Software Engineering and a doctorate in Artificial Intelligence for machinery condition monitoring from the University of Sheffield, UK. The last fifteen years of his career were spent working for the UK Government's Marine Accident Investigation Branch as an Inspector of Marine Accidents.

He writes purely for fun and has been published in leading newspapers such as The Times of India and Deccan Herald. He has also contributed to several anthologies of short stories. He currently lives in the UK and shares his writings on his blog at [www.gopistory.com](http://www.gopistory.com). He can be contacted by email: [gopinath.chandroth@gmail.com](mailto:gopinath.chandroth@gmail.com)



# INDISHman



REFLECTIONS FROM INDIA, BRITAIN AND THE SEA

Neither entirely British nor wholly Indian, the author fondly describes himself as an “Indishman” – a unique blend shaped by India’s ancient value systems and Britain’s gentle sensibilities. His career at sea carried him to distant lands, exposing him to a rich tapestry of cultures and human experiences. These encounters, both extraordinary and everyday, have found their way into the pages of this book.

Refusing to fit into a single genre, the collection moves effortlessly between personal anecdotes, reflections, travel experiences, street-philosophy, and seven pieces of imaginative fiction. Through this eclectic mix, the author explores the quirks, contradictions, and common threads of human nature, reminding us that while our hopes and aspirations are often similar, each individual’s story is wonderfully unique.

*Indishman* is like a jar of assorted sweets. Dip in anywhere and savour each for its own distinct flavour, insight and warmth.

Gopi Chandroth is a marine engineer with over four decades of experience in the maritime industry, including 15 as a marine accident investigator for the UK Department for Transport. Holding postgraduate degrees in software engineering and computer science, he writes purely for the joy of it.

TWAGAA

[HTTPS://TWAGAA.COM](https://twagaa.com)

ISBN 978-81-991736-1-3



9 788199 173613