

‘If you are happy with my work,’ Savitri said, ‘then please grant me this one small favour. Let me spend this day with Satyavan, wherever he goes.’

‘If that is what you wish,’ said her father-in-law. ‘Go with him, Daughter, and my blessing will be with you both.’

So Satyavan and Savitri went to the forest together.

Satyavan gathered wood for a short while, but as his bundle grew heavy, he felt dizzy and weak, and fell to his knees. Savitri ran to him. Satyavan said, ‘Let me put my head in your lap. I shall feel better soon.’

So she knelt, and let him lie with his head in her lap. She stroked his head, but looked sharply about her. So keenly did she look that she saw Lord Yama coming to them. Lord Yama, who is Death.

Satyavan breathed his last breath and his soul rose from his body. Lord Yama caught it by the hand, and led it away.



Savitri gently laid her husband’s head on the ground. Then she followed Lord Yama and Satyavan’s soul.

Lord Yama heard footsteps behind him, and turned. ‘Savitri!’ he said. ‘Why do you follow me?’

‘I follow my husband, Lord.’

‘You cannot. Go back to the living. Don’t fear for your husband. He was a good man and will