

DETECTIVE AND THE KILLER



Jai Prakash Dangwal



Detective and the
KILLER



JAI PRAKASH DANGWAL



SAI BLESSED PUBLICATIONS
NEW DELHI

Published by

SAI BLESSED PUBLICATIONS

154 Pocket 7, Sector 12,
Dwarka, New Delhi 110078
jpdangwal@gmail.com

Sales of the digital fiction
through Website vividcolorsoflife.com

FIRST DIGITAL PUBLICATION JULY 2013

Copy right © JAI PRAKASH DANGWAL

ISBN 978-81-87085-05-8

ISBN 81-87085-05-3

All Rights Reserved

No part of this digital Publication may be reproduced, stored, or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, or by any means that is electronics, mechanical, photocopying, recording and otherwise without the written permission of the copyright owner and publisher of this book.

Publisher's Note

This is a work of fiction. Names, Characters, Places and Incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, are entirely coincidental
Sales through website vividcolorsoflife.com

Type Set by Guru TypeTypograph Technology
Cover Design and Illustration by Subhajit Dass



Dedicated to the breath

That keeps all creatures alive.

With special thanks to my readers





Preface



A duel is always going on between Virtues and Evils. This fight continues in every person. The balancing factor of virtues is morality and that of Evils is immorality.

This means the actual fight is between morality and immorality. The ultimate motive of life is to achieve success and happiness. It is about enjoying yourself and having a good time. Some people work hard in life and reach their goal by fair means and some wants to grab that by unfair means.

By fair means a person gets peace in life and fruits of his hard work. By unfair means a person can earn huge money and manage all comforts of life for him and his family but unrest would always accompany him. Thirst of greed and wealth never ends and the person steps in immoral activities and enters in the world of crime which has no limits to stop.

All moralities in such cases don't work and can't check a person from down fall. Some thing that can change such person is love and surveillance of Guru to show him right path.

In this fiction there is competition among three notorious criminals for bagging a contract to eliminate an unidentified detective. The competition is very tough but interesting.

Here you will find glimpses of unforgettable romance, glance of the crime world, gravity of spiritualism and significance of Guru who can sacrifice all for welfare of his notorious disciple.

There is suspense, curiosity and excitement that continue in every chapter. I hope the readers would enjoy this.

And we reach the conclusion in the end that process of reforming the evil never ends.

Acknowledgements



I would like to thank all the people who have been a part of the long journey in writing this fiction and without whom the book would not have been published.

I thank S.P. Dangwal for his excellent professional assistance in formatting the book.

I thank my learned friend late Dr. Chandra Mohan Chamoli for his literary assistance and guidance.

I thank my esteemed reader Martina-may Byrne for appreciating my work and for her support.

The contribution of Rajneesh Agnihotri has always been a great support in my works.

I am deeply indebted to my better half Nita Dangwal who has been an immense support in my work and life.

Most importantly my deep association with the characters of this novel who brought life into my writing and resulted in the successful culmination of *Detective And the Killer*

I thank my father and my spiritual Guru Late K.P. Dangwal for enriching my spiritual thoughts in my writing and life.

I thank my all friends, readers and near and dear ones for their generosity for admiring my works.

Learning is a process in life from beginning to end. In Hindu religion whether a human being or a creature from whom we learn some thing new about love, life and God is treated most significant and respected as Guru/ teacher so I thank sincerely to my all such Guru.

Blue Beauty



One could easily get lost in the fashionable complex of the sprawling metropolis Mumbai. There were wide roads, sidewalks and lots of people using them. On both sides of the roads were multi storied buildings housing business companies. The huge crowd moving to and fro portrays busy life of the city. One of the buildings frequently visited by a large number of people was called 'BLUE BEAUTY'. Blue because of the uniform coloring on the outside with a shade specially chosen to make it distinct from other; Beauty because of its architectural grandeur.

The BLUE BEAUTY had fourteen floors, the top having been rented out to a company MEDICO'S PARADISE dealing with life saving medicines.

A secret meeting had been called by the top management of MEDICO'S PARADISE to deal with what the top beneficiaries of the company considered to be a life and death issue for them because they had something sinister to hide unlawful and dangerous activities for the society and the country.

In-charge of the official setup of the company Drek had joined recently. He was assisted by a team of dedicated executives. The main among them were Prabhakar a lanky fellow head of the accounts, a young and beautiful girl Katherine private secretary to Drek, Denis middle aged Anglo Indian head of sales who managed orders from their different branches and supplies to the

parties. Virendra a retired government servant a consultant, and Trishna; a sharp middle aged lady secretary, Goonga, a dark, tough square faced man with an upturned nose was a mysterious person.

He was dumb and deaf but very shrewd. He acted as in charge Security and communicated with the staff members by gestures. He was reserved and liked to remain aloof. Drek had two telephones on his table, one for general use and other locked for a specific purpose. Its number was secret and known only to the people who were behind the show.

The locked phone started ringing, Drek got alerted and fixed his eyes on his wrist watch. He noticed that the bell rang thrice after a gap of two minutes between rings. Drek smiled and lit a cigarette. He took a long puff and closed his eyes.

He waited for some time watching the telephone impatiently but he was disheartened as the telephone was silent. To pass the time Drek picked up an invoice from tray which was raised against M/s Nair Medical Store and was put up there for his signature. He raked his memory and found that the party had not paid for the previous supplies and Denis had been instructed not to make further supplies to the party until the payments made.

He called Denis in his chamber and asked him, 'Why did you make supplies to Nair Medical Stores despite my warning?'

'I have not made any supplies to them,' Denis spoke softly.

'Then why this invoice is raised?' Drek shouted at him.

Denis looked at the invoice and said calmly, 'It is a fake one; you can ask the accountant about it.'

'Any way, how did you come to know that it is fake one?'

'Because I did not supply material to the party,' Denis said. Drek did not want to enquire him further about the matter. He called Virendra and said to him, 'Explain me about this invoice?'

'Haven't you seen such other invoices kept on your table?' Virendra counter questioned.

'No it was the first one which I picked up,' said Drek.

'It is a secret money generating policy of the company, you sign the invoice and pass on to the accountant,' Virendra said.

Drek shrugged his shoulders as he was feeling that things had been messed up.

Suddenly the locked phone started ringing and their attention was diverted. It rang thrice as before at two minutes interval and then again it was silent. Drek smiled, Virendra became alert. Exactly after five minutes the phone rang again.

'It is over now. The complete signal is received,' Drek thought and he told Virendra, 'All of you leave the office. Only Goonga should stay here.'

Within ten minutes all had left the office except Goonga.

The stage was now set for the secret meeting. Exactly at 4 p.m. One person with a brief case entered the MEDICO'S PARADISE. Goonga saluted him but he did not care, went straight to the conference room and sat on a chair. He opened the brief case and took out some papers. Goonga placed a glass of water on the table. He asked him some questions through gestures. In reply Goonga showed him a loaded pistol which he had hidden in his pocket. The stranger signaled him to remain very alert on duty and not to leave his place. After some time two persons entered there and smiled to each other. The older broke silence, 'Sam do you know the person we are meeting today?'

'No, I don't know,' Sam said to him.

'Well how can we trust him, he can be a cheat,' He asked him.

'It is not so Bhatia! He is a professional,' replied Sam.

'Sam try to understand, I don't want too many to get involved in this case. I want to make it one man's game,' said Bhatia.

'To hire a right person we are consulting an agent,' Sam said.

The third person Aslam who entered with Bhatia whispered, 'Should not discuss so loudly. We will listen to him and then

make up our minds.’ In the meantime fourth person entered the room. All of the three stood up in token of respect to him.

‘Be seated please,’ he said and occupying seat for the chair person asked Sam, ‘Has he not come yet?’

‘No Mr. Roy, he didn’t come,’ Sam told him.

Roy informed them, ‘We all need to be very careful. The news is not good. The Government detective is going to submit his report within four months. He has collected lot of information about us and now he is looking for proofs to trap us. He is dangerous for us. He knows a lot about us and we know nothing about him except that he is very clever and shrewd.’

Just then someone having a long black beard, wearing a cap with its felt down covering his eyes and face entered there.

‘Hello everybody,’ he spoke fast and sat on the chair placed for him. He said further, ‘I am the Agent you are looking for.’ Four pairs of curious eyes fixed at him.

‘So you are the Agent Mr. . . .?’ Roy asked him.

‘You can call me Agent.’ He replied with a queer smile.

‘Why do you look upset, is everything okay?’ Roy asked him.

‘I will tell you later, I don’t have time. It is better for all of us to leave this place as soon as possible after concluding the meeting.’

Sam asked him, ‘But why?’

The agent did not respond to him and said to Roy, ‘Give me fifty percent advance of my commission and listen to me please; I don’t want questions in between. I will clear your doubts later.’

‘This is our first meeting. How can we trust you without detailed discussion?’ Roy said to him.

‘Yes, we don’t know each other but I have been asked to work for you on the recommendation of your under world associates. If you trust me, fine, if not I will leave this place,’ said the Agent.

‘But you have yet not discussed the deal,’ Bhatia said to him.

‘I am coming to that point but first my commission,’ he said.

'What do you mean by that?' Aslam asked angrily.

'I mean what I say,' said the agent coolly.

'Remember! We finish him, who cheats us,' Sam threatened him, pointing his pistol to him.

The Agent laughed and then relaxed in his chair. He leaned forward and said to him, 'You can't harm me, I am not a fool, I have left my man on guard and if any harm comes to me, your Blue Beauty will turn into ashes along with all of you.'

'You are not talking like a friend,' groaned Bhatia with anger.

Agent said with a crooked smile, 'You are threatening me. You have not paid me a single penny, how can you doubt my integrity?'

Roy noticed the situation turning tense. He said to Sam, 'We must trust each other, please give him the money.'

Sam opened the brief case which he had brought with him. It was full of currency notes. Handing over brief case to Agent he said to him, 'Please count the money.'

'I trust you and I wish you trust me too. I am very fair in business. I have put me in danger for you only on the request of your under world associates. Your Government suspects your hand in big crimes and to work for you means to invite trouble for me. I always play safe game, I don't take lives but I manage killers without any one's suspicion in this business.'

He paused, and then continued, 'Sorry we wasted time in unnecessary arguments. We should come to the point. The first information is that someone in your organization is a traitor.'

'What?' All of them were stunned.

'Information of our secret meeting leaked,' Agent said.

Bhatia asked him, 'How do you know about that?'

'I was being followed by someone,' said the Agent.

Bhatia asked him, 'Where is he now?'

'He is lying unconscious on the road; most probably he would have been taken to the hospital by now.'

'Did you do that?' Sam asked him.

'I do nothing, I only manage, I had to reach here and contact you safely. I managed that, the poor fellow met an accident with a speeding car,' said the Agent.

'Thanks God,' said Roy heaving a long sigh of relief.

'Now listen very carefully,' said the agent and continued, 'Let us talk about the deal. You need a contract killer to finish the detective whose identity is unknown and who has sufficient material to burst your racket. I have with me crime history of three notorious and hardened criminals who can do anything you want from them for money. You have to choose one of them whom you think suitable for your contract. I am giving you three files of these criminals; each file describes the style of working of the criminal and his crime record. You can study the files and inform me about your preference.'

He paused a little and then warned, 'All the three files are very secret and should not be passed to any person other than you.'

Suddenly the agent became serious. His eyes narrowed and he spoke firmly, 'It is my warning, follow it strictly otherwise you yourself will be responsible for inviting your own misfortune. I will send my man to collect the files after your study.'

The Agent handed over the three files to Roy and said to him, 'Rest of fifty percent of my commission I will collect from you after you finalize the contract killer. I wish you a success.'

'Will you please give us some clues about the person in our organization who is leaking our secrets?' Roy asked him.

The Agent said leaving his seat, 'Sorry I don't know, my deal is over. Good bye friends.' And he left the office.



File Number One



Sam closed the door of his bed room and took out file number one from the safe. He switched on the bed light and took an easy position on the bed. He looked around to make sure that nobody was near to spy him.

Sam was worried because of the information given by the Agent that some body from their side was leaking out secrets. He had instructed his servant not to allow anybody to disturb him. He had chosen this farm house far from his residence for the sake of secrecy. After making sure that it was a safe place he opened the file and started reading.

The first page of the file carried the title, 'The Butcher'.

On second page **Warning: Information from this file should not be given to anybody else. The Butcher does not excuse those who betray him. Love your life and keep every thing to yourself. Remember Agent's eyes are watching you.**

The Crime Record of the Butcher

Actual Name: Jagbir

Age: Around fifty years old.

Physical Appearance: Well built, tall, left arm chopped off from the shoulder, pox marked broad face, long mustaches, red burning eyes and short nose.

Habits: Uses abusive language, Drunkard, calm and quiet but mischievous, shows no interest in women, has no sense of beauty, some times to satisfy his hunger of sex he needs only woman even the ugliest one, he describes that sex organ in all the women is same neither beautiful nor ugly, enjoy that and forget. In the criminal world he is known as Butcher. He is leader of his own gang.

Past History: Started his crime with murder at early stage of life. After this there is a chain of crimes he has committed which are not necessary to be described.

S. N. Jha, a famous criminal lawyer saved him many times on technical grounds or on benefits of doubt. For the first murder no F. I. R was lodged as nobody came forward to do so.

For the second crime killing his own sister, he was released by the court on the ground that he killed her in self defence.

Details of the Second Crime

Jagbir the Butcher was a spoiled child roaming around the village. He had only one sister Reshma. His parents died very early when they were kids. The two were brought up by the near relatives. When they grew up they started living on their own in their parental house.

Jagbir had a very bad reputation in the village. He was a lazy man and did not like to work in his farms. He employed a young man named Raja from a distant village to work in his farms. Raja was told to live in the farm in a house built on stilts. His job was to keep an eye on the farm and prevent the wild animals from destroying the crops in the night.

This he did by beating the drums. Reshma was young and beautiful. No one dared to approach her due to terror of her brother. She herself was also tough and strong like her brother.

She was bold and fearless and needed no escort to walk long distances at night. There was no boy in the village who could dare to tease her. Suddenly one day she saw Raja with her brother. The rolling eyes of the boy were slipping over her body. A broad smile came on his lips to see her.

She found herself lost for a few moments. This had never happened before. Jagbir broke the silence and said to his sister, 'From to day you will cook meal for him also. He is our servant to work in our farms.'

'What is his name?' She asked.

'Raja, he will live in the stilt house and will collect his meals from you,' Jagbir told her.

She could not bear his look and turned her eyes away. Jagbir asked Raja to go and attend to his work. Just as Raja was to leave he warned him, 'Listen guy! I want you to be honest otherwise . . .'

Raja asked in an amusing tone, 'Otherwise what?'

'I will pull out your rolling eyes leaving there two black holes or . . .,' Jagbir chewed every word.

Raja asked him, 'Or what?'

Jagbir caught him by the shoulder and jerking him violently, threatened, 'I can kill you.' Raja didn't react but left the place with the same smile on his lips. Reshma could not sleep that night. There was some thing special in him that made her restless.

Next morning Raja came to collect his breakfast and gave Reshma a naughty smile. The bold girl felt a bit meek and timid before him. She gave tiffin to him and said, 'Now you go.'

He touched her hand and held it for some time. She pulled her hand away and warned him, 'Behave yourself. If my brother sees it, he will kill you.'

Raja laughed and said, 'So what? I can give even my life in exchange for your tender touch.'

He went away. She was dumb, 'What sort of guy he was, He was not afraid even of his notorious brother,' she thought.

She knew her brother would not pay him any salary but only his meal. She knew that her brother won't leave him now and it won't be easy for Raja to get rid of him. She could not understand why he had accepted this job.

One day Reshma asked him, 'You don't get any salary except the meals, what for you are here? Don't spoil your life, run away.'

'What for? You want to know from me? You know that better,' he replied with a smile.

'I don't know,' she said innocently.

'Then better try to know,' he said and left for the farm.

Reshma could not understand him. But she was sure that Raja was not there for merely a job. She tried to neglect him but she couldn't. Whenever she tried to forget him, his smile, innocent face and dancing eyes appeared before her. She took pity on him to find that he was spoiling his life there. His brother used to take hard work from him but he never showed any displeasure.

That day also he was full of joy like other days. Reshma said to him, 'You are a mysterious man.'

'Yes, I am,' he said.

'Who are you?' She asked him.

'I am Raja, son of a very rich land lord,' he said.

'You are son of a rich land lord! Then why are you working for us?' She asked with surprise.

'Once I saw you in a fair. I was excited to see you. I decided to get you at any cost. So I am here, I love you,' he said laughing.

Reshma's cheeks turned red. His words were soaked in deep feelings for her. He whispered again, 'I love you.'

She was getting nervous and breathing hard. What was in him which made her feel so. She would have slapped or kicked if some one else would have uttered these words to her, but his

looks fascinated her so much that a feeling of love for him and not annoyance, arose in her heart.

She controlled herself and said, 'Do you know my brother?'

'Yes, I know him very well,' he said.

'Are you not afraid of him?' She asked him.

'Not at all, I love you.'

'He can kill you.'

'Let him but . . .'

She asked him, 'But what?'

'In case I die without enjoying your beauty, my soul would keep wandering. But if I die after enjoying your beautiful body, I can die with peace. Death won't be a heavy price for that.' It was the first time that his voice was trembling. He came closed to her, laughed and played with her hair.

For a moment she lost her senses. He stepped forward and kissed her. She couldn't resist and felt herself burning with the heat of lust. Her heart was thumping. He locked her in his embrace, with one hand he gripped her waist and the other hand was running on her body.

'Leave me,' she whispered trying to push him.

'No . . .,' he said untying the knot of her silky thick hair.

'Some one can see us,' she said trembling with fear.

'Let us be seen,' he said pressing hard her with his body.

'Oh . . ., no . . .,' she quivered.

'Oh . . ., yes . . .,' he tightened his grip.

'Stop it,' she said.

'I can't, your soft body is fascinating me,' he said.

Some how she managed to push him away. He was smiling. She turned to move but he stopped her and said to her, 'At three in the morning I will beat the drums with a pause in between. The beatings of the drum will call you — Come on Reshma

come on, your Raja is calling you, can't you hear my heart beats in the drum beats. Please tell me, will you come?'

She did not reply and moved away from there. First two mornings Raja's drum gave signal but all in vain. Reshma did not come to him. It hurt him and he did not go to her to collect his meal for two days. But he was not disheartened and he continued passing signal by drum beats third day also, fixing his eyes on the farms in the moon light waiting for Reshma.

Suddenly he saw some body was approaching him. She was Reshma. Her long hair were spread over her shoulders. Soon she reached there. He held her hand and pulled her inside. Her lips were trembling and sweat was shining on her fore head.

'Why did you not come last two mornings, you know? I couldn't sleep for two nights, I have not taken meal for last two days, look how pale I am looking,' he said.

Reshma touched his face and whispered, 'I love you.'

'I know . . .,' he said looking at her charming face.

He kissed her and whispered into her ear, 'Expose your beauty.'

'No . . .,' she said.

'Then let me expose your beauty,' he said.

'No . . .,' she said.

In excitement he pulled her hair which lifted her face and opened her mouth, he kissed her and unbuttoned her blouse and unhooked her bodice.

She tried to resist but couldn't and left her body on his mercy. She lost in a great pleasure which she had never experienced before. She was moaning.

He asked her, 'Is it paining?'

'No, I am enjoying, please suck me . . .,' She whispered.

He started sucking and gently biting her. She screamed with pain and told him, 'Don't eat me, just suck guy!'

She was very much excited and kissing his face. He mumbled her, it excited her more and in excitement she told him, 'Chew me gently, don't eat me.'

It continued for some time. He embraced her, She felt some thing hard was hitting her. He put off her Sari and pulled the string of her petticoat to pull it down but she turned her face and requested him, 'No, not to day.'

He stopped. She dressed up and wanted to go back to home but Raja did not leave her. She told him, 'Please let me go, tomorrow I will come a bit earlier and stay with you for some more time. Let me go please.'

Raja asked her, 'Promise?'

'Promise,' She answered. When she reached home, she found her brother Jagbir snorting. She heaved a sigh of relief to know that his brother had not any inkling about her missing from home for such a long time. When Raja came there to collect his meal he was looking very happy. He reminded Reshma her promise and she responded him with a sweet smile.

Next morning Reshma reached him at the appointed time. He pulled her closed to him, he kissed her and started making love with her. He asked her to putt off her clothes. She hesitated and then whispered, 'You remove my clothes.'

He made her naked. He was startled to see her beauty. She was more beautiful than his expectation. Every curve of her body was magnificent. He looked at her well shaped eyes, sharp nose, rosy cheeks, beautiful quivering thick lips, her long curly hair, brawny arms and well shaped body. She was looking very pretty trying to conceal with her palms her private part of the body. He asked her to remove her palms but she stepped back and said to him shaking her head, 'No . . . No . . .'

He wished to remove her palms from there but he changed his mind, approached to her and turned her back to him. He was

fascinated to see her thin waist. He couldn't stop himself and grabbed her in his arms. She resisted and said, 'Stop it, wild man!'

'Why?' He asked her.

'You have made me naked but you are still wearing clothes,' she said. He smiled and put off his clothes. He kissed her body. She responded moaning and groaning in excitement. He penetrated in to her. She screamed with pain and requested crying, 'Stop, please stop, I am dying with pain . . .'

Raja didn't stop. Soon she started equally enjoying with him.

After some time Raja was exhausted and he fell upon her tired. For some time they did not move, then she pushed him off and got up. She saw big blood spots on the bed sheet, she felt that she was still bleeding and got scared. She started weeping. Raja tried to pacify her but she didn't stop. She was staring the blood spots and weeping. Raja tilted her hair and said, 'Why are you crying? You were virgin, that is why bleeding caused. Don't worry, It happens so first time.' She only looked in to his eyes with hurt feeling and put on her clothes.

He told her, 'I am sorry for hurting you, please do come tomorrow morning, I will wait for you. I can't live without you.'

She did not reply and left for her home. Next morning Raja went on beating the drum wildly but in vain Reshma didn't come.

But she could not resist his call long and from next day she started again to go to Raja daily at three in the morning hiding herself and walking slowly and noiselessly.

Time passed and the lust of love and body went on increasing day after day. Reshma knew that the day their affair came to light, some very frightening incident will take place. She often cautioned Raja to be careful because the day her brother comes to know all this, he will kill him. But Raja never bothered for her brother. His smile, charm and jokes never changed.

That morning as usual on hearing the drum beatings she slipped out of her bed quietly and moved out slowly. She opened the gate cautiously but it made some noise. She was shocked, she waited there to watch whether the noise awakened her brother or not. She thought he was heavily drunk and was fast a sleep and the noise might have not disturbed him, she left to meet Raja.

But as luck would have it, that noise awakened Jagbir.

He smelled some thing wrong. He got up and peeped in her sister's room. She was not there. For the last few days he noticed people whispering with each other and used to stop talking to see him. He guessed some thing was cooking up but what was that he wondered. The beating of the drums could still be heard and he knew the sound was coming from his farms. Jagbir called his sister but there was no response.

He came out and found the main gate opened. He saw a shadow moving away in the farms. He followed the shadow and knew very soon that she was no one else but his sister Reshma. He became mad to see this but he controlled his anger and waited there. After some time two shadows came out from the stilt house holding hands, they embraced and kissed each other, then one of them came down, Jagbir knew that she was Reshma.

He swiftly turned back, moved fast and returned home. He lay down on his bed before Reshma reached there. In the morning while serving bed tea to her brother, Reshma noticed fire in his eyes and whenever she observed this she knew some thing unpleasant was going to happen. Jagbir becomes a devil and he can commit any crime on such occasions.

'What is wrong?' She asked him scared.

'Wrong? What wrong?' He counter questioned her with a cold smile. She could not dare talk to him further and left him alone. She was worried about Raja. At day time when he came to collect his meal, she warned him, 'Run away from here, Jagbir has smelled

our affair, run away otherwise he will kill you,' her voice was trembling and eyes were full of tears.

'I will not go alone, you also runaway with me, I can't live with out you.' He said.

'He will kill both of us.' She said.

'Let him, either we will live together or will die together. Have some courage, we will marry and I will take you my village. I am only son of my parents, I have plenty of land, I promise that I will always keep you happy. I am working here as a servant only for you,' he said emotionally.

'You don't know him, he will find and kill us. For my love shake leave this place immediately,' she requested him with tears in her eyes. He wiped her tears. He smiled and said to her, 'You are scared so you are talking about death only but listen how can one kill us? Still you have to become mother of my children.'

'I take pity on you, why you don't see the danger. I love you but more than that your life, understand?' She said crying.

Raja turned serious and asked her, 'Did he express any doubt about? Just now on the way he met me looking quite normal.'

'He did not express any doubt but I saw a fire in his eyes which can burn you, me and our love. I know him very well, he is my brother, whenever he looks quite normal he does some thing quite abnormal,' she told him in enraged voice.

His face turned pale and he turned to move. She stopped him and said, 'Don't misunderstand me. I am telling you to leave this place only for your safety. I love you very much but I curse my love which is now danger for your life.'

'Don't curse love,' he said in trembling voice and moved from there leaving her crying.

'Please take your meal,' she pleaded, but he did not look back.

Next day she got up as usual and noticed that her brother was snoring. When he snores one can be sure that he is enjoying a

sound sleep. To day there was no sound of drum beats Dham, Dham, Dham which used to be heart beats of Raja to call her.

‘What happened to him? Has he gone from there on her advice or the warmth of love in his heart cooled down and he was enjoying a sound sleep? She thought, she was perturbed, She saw her brother and was satisfied to see that he was having a sound sleep as such no danger for Raja can be expected from him.

She thought that Raja might have left some message for her there, so she left the house and walked to the farms with full of tension and worries.

When she reached the stilt house she called him, ‘Raja get up, I have come.’ But there was no response. The light rays of the lamp were filtering out from the stilt house. She feared something had happened wrong.

She climbed up the ladder and entered in the room. There was deep silence but what she saw there was horrifying and unbelievable.

She screamed to see the still body of Raja lying before her. The usual smile from his face had vanished and a fear of death has taken its place.

His tongue was rolling out and the ever dancing eyes were bulging out. A thin nylon rope was tied round his neck so deep that it divided the neck in two parts.

His hands were spread wide, one leg was folded and the other was straight showing how he struggled for life.

She was shocked, her eyes dried. She wanted to scream but she could not. His words were hammering her mind; Death is not a heavy price to enjoy your beautiful body. She muttered with pain, ‘So . . . You have paid the price.’

She sat there for long fifteen minutes watching him. Then she touched his face, kissed his head and tried to loosen the rope from his neck but the knot was so tight and had sunk so deep in

to the neck that she could not untie it. She searched for a knife and cut off the rope from the neck. She held his stiff hand, kissed it repeatedly and muttered with choked voice; 'The bastard killed you, I will not spare him, I will take revenge.'

She thought that very soon the Sun will rise, people will know about the murder and her affair with Raja. The police will investigate the case and may arrest her. There will be hatred in every one's eyes considering her cause of death of the honest and pretty guy who was very humble and nice with all of them. How difficult it would be for her to bear that hatred in their eyes for her and to live in this village without him.

She made up her mind and picked up a big sack. She packed the dead body of Raja in the sack. While doing so, she suppressed her cry but now she could not stop her tears. She never imagined such bad end of her lover. She was a strong and a well built girl. She pulled down the bag and dragged it towards the river which was around one kilometer far from there.

After covering some distance she realized that she had not that much strength to drag the sack to the bridge over the river. Birds were chirping and she knew very soon the dawn will appear. She looked on the sack and for a moment she forgot all and wept bitterly embracing the sack.

She rested her head on the sack and spoke to dead Raja crying, 'Forgive me dear for dragging your body without caring that it will be peeling your skin and cracking your bones, forgive me . . ., forgive me please. You honored my body with your love and I am dragging you . . .' There was nobody to help her or to share her grief. She wiped tears with her sleeve and got up, her legs were trembling but she mustered courage, pulled the sack and walked through deep forests without any fear and stopped only after reaching on mid of the bridge over the river.

She brought there rolling one big stone and packed it in the sack with the dead body and With her full strength she lifted the

sack on her back, rested its one side on the railing of the bridge and holding her breath pushed the sack in to the river.

There was a splash in the water and the sack sank into the river. She remembered his words — I can't live without you Reshma. She wished to jump from the bridge to join her lover but she stopped as she had to take revenge from her brother.

She thought nobody had seen her but Jagbir was following her. He heaved a long sigh of relief to see the intelligence of his sister. Reshma sat there for some time totally shaken and broken and when she reached home she saw him pretending to sleep on his bed. With hatred she spat on him and lay down on her bed broken hearted, lost in memories of Raja and crying digging her face into her pillow.

The sun was rising in the open blue sky. She had no strength to leave the bed. Her lips were dry and the pillow was wet with her tears. Jagbir coughed and left the bed. He went to the toilet, brushed his teeth took bath and returned to his room. He said to her with a mysterious smile, 'Still sleeping, are you not well?'

She did not reply, she was in the state of a shock staring far away in the infinity. He teased her, 'Get up girl, Raja may come any time and ask for his brake fast.'

'Shut up . . .' She screamed.

'What happened? Why are you shouting?' He asked her broadening his notorious smile.

'He will never come now . . .' She cried.

'Why? Has he eloped?' He asked shamelessly combing his hair.

'No, Bastard! You have killed him,' she shouted at him.

Jagbir's face hardened and eyes turned red. He clinched his teeth and approached Reshma. He caught her by hair and told cursing her, 'You bitch! You fooled me, enjoyed nights with that pig and after quenching your thirst killed the poor lad, packed him in a sack and threw him into the river.'

She got maddened with his behavior and looked at him with her burning eyes. He slapped her and said, 'Don't dare to look me like that, don't look me like that.' He let her free, kicked her and left the house.

Her heart was crying and body was paining. She was determined to take revenge of her lover from her brother. Jagbir did not return home that day and Reshma sharpened the Axe on a stone the whole day.

Jagbir returned home next day drunk and tired. He asked for meal but she had not cooked any since the last day so she did not respond to him. He rested on the bed, went on abusing her and after few minutes he was napping, then he shut his eyes and started snoring. Jagbir's abuses had added fuel to the fire of revenge. Reshma thought that it was a good time to kill him.

She picked up the axe and caught the handle in a strong grip, raised it high aiming on his neck and with full force attacked at his neck but in the mean time he turned and instead of neck the axe chopped off his left arm from his shoulder. A pool of blood perfused all around and he let out a frightening cry.

For a moment he tried to concentrate and saw Reshma holding the axe dipped in blood and ready for another attack. He was fainting but before that his presence of mind worked.

He snatched the axe from her by his right hand and screamed with pain with pain hitting her head with the axe.

The next moment both of them fell down unconscious. Hearing the screams neighbors gathered there and called the police. Reshma was dead and Jagbir was admitted to the hospital where after struggling for life he recovered. He was freed by the court on the ground of self defence.

Nobody could know the story behind Raja's disappearance. People thought he had left village because of fear of Jagbir.

Gradually the gravity of the crimes of Jagbir increased. Now he does not indulge in minor crimes and works for making big money by unlawful deeds.

He is very cruel and in the under world he is known as BUTCHER and is leader of the Gang known after his name.

He is very clever but a careless person also. He is a drunkard, fond of sleeping and plans for big crimes. Often he leaves vital clues after the crime because of his carelessness and his gang gets busy wiping out the clues.

His involvement is known to be in fifteen murder cases out of which ten are political murders., in eighteen bank robberies and ten attempt to murders. Eight times he has been jailed for a total period of ten years in different cases. Twenty cases has been cleared by the court without any punishment because of lack of solid evidence for establishing the charges. In ten cases he was sentenced to jail and rests of the cases are still pending in the different courts.

He commits heinous crimes and his name is taken with fear in the criminal world. He finalizes his deals on the table.

For contacting him drop your visiting card in the letter box of Refreshing Tea Stall at the 12th mile stone of the high way no — 20. The Butcher will contact you to finalize the deal on his price.

FILE CLOSED

