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'Turn on the TV fast.' Two planes crashed into the twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York City, a reader told the BBC news channel. The visual live was incredible even bysci-fi cinema standards. The 100-story twin towers had deep cuts in the middle, as if someone had cut through a loaf of bread. Two planes in a row suggest a planned terrorist attack, a military intelligence official said on TV. The world will never be the same again, the Israeli prime minister said. We've half-closed the shutters. Everyone in the temple gathered around the televisions, where the towers collapsed again and again in repetition. Smoke, soot and dust filled the streets of New York. Thousands of people are reported to be dead. What ... Ish said as he returned to the store. Muslim terrorists, I guarantee you, her mother said when his phone rang. He saw then and stood in attention. Parekh-ji? Mom said his voice was subordinate. I didn't hear Parekh-ji's words. I watch it,' Mum said: 'They turn into a threat Yes, yes Sir wear ready for the election of Parekh-ji, yes,' Mum said, wiping sweat from her chest, 'Belrampur is not a problem... Yes, other areas need work, but you know HasmuKh-ji. He doesn't spend that much time... Bittu Mama has moved away from us. Parekh-ji gave him election advice next week. Later in the night, photos of the first suspects were made public. A few months ago, four Muslim boys entered flight school. They hijacked the plane using the knives of a box cutter and summoned one of the most spectacular man-anastasias in the world. A thin old man named bin Laden has released an amateur idea, claiming it's all his big idea. What happened? Umi asked her mother when he finished his call. HasmuKh-ji takes everything for granted. He's not knocking on the streets of his office. Parekh-ji not happy? Umi said. He's fine with me. He's not too worried. The bye election is only two seats in Gujarat's Real elections next year. 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dozen dishes in front of us. Eat, and don't get so sentimental about politics. Emotional speech is OK, but in your mind always think straight, Parekh-ji lectured mom. We ate dhokla, handwi, gugra, goth, dalwada and a few other gujarati snacks. I felt full even before the main course arrived. Now, listen, Parekh-ji said as he finished his glass of mint chaas, 'things aren't as it seem. The defeat of Homuh-ji has a history. We expected it. A what? Mom said that while Imi and I were, Ish had valiantly invaded the food. Hasmukh-ji's seniority in the party earned him a ticket. But it is part of the school. The same school as the current Chief Minister. Our high command in Delhi is not happy with them. They are not? Mom kept saying stupid. No, no, no, no, no, no, We could be a Hindu party, but that doesn't mean we preach religion all day and don't do any work. Gujarat is a place for business, it's not a lazy place. The high school student didn't like the way the administration handled the earthquake. People want to lot in it, I know you guys, too, he said. We nodded. The mention of the earthquake still hurts. Before the pre-fighting for these places were a boon. The old school supplied them with a candidate. We knew they were weak. Of the count, hard-working people like Bittootried are their best No, hopeless candidate hopeless candidate. So we lost both theseats. With the main elections in twelve months, the whole party mechanism is exhausted. And high command finally gets a chance to make a change. What changes? Mom said. They are replacing the Chief Minister. A what? For the loss of two seats? My mother said, The total number of places... One hundred and eighty plus, Parekh-ji said as he broke his bajra rati , but like Isaid, it gave cause for change. And Gujarat is vital to our party. We can't afford to lose him. We ate dhokla, handwi, gugra, goth, dalwada and a few other gujarati snacks. 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Unofficially, she's done it since birth. No bag, please, I said, as I kept a box of cake in a backpack with books. I kept my backpack on my lap until I got home. Entering Vidi's house, hiding the cake, was quite difficult. Ish being in the house made it worse. India played England's Calcutta Eden Gardens in a day-night match. Ish plonked himself in front of the sofa with sandwiches, milk, chips and biscuits - all he needed to survive for the next eighthours. Father Isha sat at the dinner table, continuing his doctoral thesis in the newspapers of India. As is often the case when Ish was around, his uncle was disgusted with his face. I snuck a backpack between my arm and side body to keep it horizontal. India batting - Ganguly and Tendulkar. Seventy without loss after ten oatmeal, Ishaid and shouted: Mama, saute! An uncle took a bottle of ketchup from the dining table and hit it as hardas possibly on the coffee table in front of his son. Thank you Dad, Ish said. Can you move. I can't see the TV. Isha's father gave his son a dirty look and moved. Sit no, Ish told me. Learning, I said, pointing to Vidi's room. Oh, you're here for this. She's studying for her birthday, dedication dode. Some people are serious about their lives... said Isha's father, still reading his newspaper. Ish pressed the volume button on the TV remote as loud as possible in protest. His mother made him a monster, Father Isha said, and went to his room. Tendulkar hit four and the monster slammed. Don't worry, Daddy's fine. Ish said when he saw my nervous expression. Hey, wish and that's it. She liked it. I forgot this morning. Ish grabbed the sandwich and topped it with lots of chips and He bit Abigail. My friend found bliss. I Am I find mine. I went up the stairs, my heart was beating fast. Happy Birthday, Miss Eighteen, igreeted as I closed the terrace door. She was wearing shiny red jackets and white trousers. The choice of clothes was a bitover on top, but it was ok on the birthday, I guess. Did you know eighteen is the only number that is twice the amount of its numbers? She said. I took out the cake and put it on the white plastic table. Cake of ten! Someone's going high-end,' she teased. You love chocolate. They have the best. I opened the box. She got up from her chair and came up to me to see the cake. You've changed since we had this thing. What's the thing? I looked into her big eyes. This thing, she said, and came forward to kiss me. We kissed during almost every class since last month, so it wasn't a big deal. Sometimes we kissed when she was solving the problem. On other occasions, we took a kiss break everyfifteen minutes. One day, we didn't kiss at all as she made a mock test. However, we did for him in the next class, where we spent the first ten minutes kissing while the rest discussed her mistakes. When we felt the urge, we kissed. When we felt guild, we learned. Somehow we've balanced mathematics and romance quite well. We went to the edge of the terrace. The last bit of sunlight disappeared as thesky became dark orange. The evening breeze was cold. In the distance we saw the temple of Imi. She twisted her arms with mine and looked at me. Tell me, she said, swiped a strand of hair off her face, should I become a doctor? I shook my head. Then how can I get out? Apply to which college and just go, I said. She said how she pulled my hand. How do I even get to use foot to apply? How will I support myself in Mumbai? Your parents will eventually come around. They will pay for your research. Until... A loud roar went through the pol and struck us. India got into the top six. Until then, what? She said after the noise subsided. Until then, I will support you, I said. Shesmyl. We'll walk around the perimeter of the terrace. So my mentor doesn't believe I need to figure out the math problems? Figuring out the math of life is more important, I said. Who you are, what do you want compared to what people expect from you. And like the tokeep that you want, don't get by people too much. Lifetime is optimizationproblema, with tons of variables and limitations. Is it possible to run away and not urinate on my parents? You can minimize the boozy-off condition, but can't make it zero. We can only optimize life, never solve it, I said, as we approached the corner. Can I tell you something strange? A what? When you say hardcore math, like these terms that completely pass over my head, she said, her hand in the take-off motion over Yes. It turns me on. Vidya, your courage... I said, shocked. Makes you blush, doesn't it? She said and laughed. So we're cutting this Or what? I said change the subject. Of course, follow me to Vidya Cafe, she said. We slid under the water tank and sat on the floor. She brought six pinkushions and a rug. I brought them out of my room so we can have a little partyhere,' she said and passed the couple to me. She had a stereo under her pillows. Music? She said her face is beautiful as a song. I nodded. 'I'll put on Boyzone, my favorite,' she said. I took out a bag of eighteen candles that came with a cake. Let's light all of them,' she said. I wanted to go turn on the light of the terrace as it got dark. Let it be, she said, and pulled my hand, lit the eighteenth candle. What if someone comes? Both my parents have bad knees. They never go up to the terrace. And Ish, well there's a match on. We heard two consecutive raos in the pol. Indian innings reached theslog oatmeal. She let out my hand when I sat down again. She looked beautiful as the candlelight flickered on her face. The song is called No Matter What Started Playing. Like all romantic songs, the lyrics seemed special to us. No matter what they tell us no matter what they teach us, what we believe is the true candle flame seems to go to the rhythm of the music. She cut the cupcake with a plastic knife that hit the box. I wished her again and put a cake in her mouth. She held it in her mouth and leaned over to me. Shespused me back on the pillows and brought my mouth close to mine for a myshare cake. She kissed me like never before. It wasn't like she had done anything sensible, but there seemed to be more of a feeling behind it. Her hands came up to myshoulders and under my shirt. The music continued. I can't deny what I believe I can't be that I don't know this love forever That's all that matters now I don't know if it was a candle or a birthday mood or pillows or whatever. But that's when I made the second mistake of my life. I opened the top button of her jacket and slid my fingers inside. The voice inside me, I took out my hand. But she kept kissing me as she unbuttoned the rest of her top. She pulled my fingers to her again. 'Vidya...' By this time my hand was in places impossible to get out of the forany guy. So, I went with the flow, the feelings, the desire, nature or anything else people called things that evaporated human rationality. She took off the jacket. Take your hand off, they won't run away. And? I said. How else can I remove this? She said, pointing to her bra. I moved my arms touter her stomach as she took off her bra and lay on top of me. Wash it off, she said, tugging at his shirt. At this point I could jump off the terrace if she asked me. I followed her instructions instantly. The music didn't stop, just like us. We went on and on as thetiny cake candles burned one by one. Sweat beads glistened on our body. Seeing nothing said in everything, one time in Average. Are you going to come down on me? She said after she did the same to me. I went downstairs and came back. We looked each other in the eye as we looked alone. Screams from the pols continued as England lost wickets. Only four candles were left burning by the time we finished. We combined the pillows to make one mattress and lie on it. Only after we were made werealise how cold and cold it really was. We covered ourselves in my jacket and put our cold feet inside the lower pillows. Wow, I'm an adult, and I'm not a virgin anymore, so great. Thank God, she said, giggling. She was hugging next to me. The sense of reality struck as passionsubside. What have you done, Mr. Govind Patel? Look, I still have goosebumps,' she said, and raised her hand. A little pink bumpsdotted her flawless, light skin. Fuck, fuck, fuck, Govind, what are you doing right now? Touching the gergusebamps? My voice was getting stronger. I'm so glad it happened. Don't you? I didn't say anything. Say something. I must go. Don't you like it here? In here? Do you realize we're on top of your father and mom and brother? Stop going crazy,' she said. I am so sorry. I'm nervous, I said. She felt my body shaking. Are you okay? I don't know why, but I had tears in my eyes. Maybe I was scared. Maybe because no one kept me like that ever and asked if I was ok. Maybe because He knew it would be possible for me to feel so. Maybe it's because I was interfering with my best friend. Normally I never cried, but with so many reasons at the same time, it was impossible not to. Hey, I'm a girl. Let me do that part, she said. I looked into her wet eyes. I sat down and got dressed. We went outside when the moon lit up the terrace. I checked the watch. I overworked class time by thirty minutes. I love you, she said from behind, opening the terrace door. Happy Birthday, I said, and I left. Hey, you missed the best part. We're going to win this. Stay on, Ish said, as I reached down. No, I'm very tired. I'll watch it at home,' I said, as I reached the main door. Eat dinner, son, issa's mother said as she set the table. I made a special birthday party for Vidy. No aunt, my mom cooked at home as well, I said. Such a good boy, she said tenderly as I left the house. Seventeen Hold it tight, it shakes,' Umi said. She stood on his feet on a chair to reach the ceiling. We wanted to drop the tricolor tapes from the ceiling fan. I held the feet of the chair, Ish stood next to us with glue and cello. I'll fall, Umi warned, hanging with his right foot from the chair. It's not my fault. The chair is squeaky fold, I said. The less, we would like to celebrate our resurrection after the earthquake a year ago. Although the thought of that day still made me tremble, I was relieved to have fully paid off our loans. Our business was from a year ago, and it all came from this store. 'Preparing January 26? Continue at the same time, my mother's record distracted us all. Omifo fell from his chair and landed on the floor. The ribbons fell on his head. You let go! He blamed me as everyone laughed. Mom put on the table a brown bag of samosas and a few yellow pamphlets. We grabbed everyone's self. What exactly are you counting on? I asked idly. How many times have we made love,' she replied. Wow, our score is eight. Are you watching? I said. I keep track of a lot of things. How and what? As today is February 21, only five days before my period. So it's a safe day. It's safe anyway. I used a condom, I said, as I shifted my pillow for comfort. About? So now you trust physics over math? Sheflipped over to rest on my elbows and poked her feet into my shins. Are you still shy about buying condoms? I get them from an unknown chemist in Sputnik. And I have enough now for a while. Oh, really,' she climbed over me. So no problem in using another couple? At the same time, our score reached nine. Good night Auntie, I told Vidi's mom. I always hated this part, the moment when my aunt offered me something to eat or asked me why I worked so hard. I came home with my thoughts. Nine times in two months. We did the love on average once a week. Nine times meant that I had lost all the benefits of a doublet. I can't say I made love to her by accident, in impulsive. You don't do something by accident nine times. Although sometimes there may be another accident. And I found out about it exactly five days later. ★ There is something you need to know, she said. We came to Ahmedabad Textile Industry Research Association (ATIRA) campus lawns. She SMSed me that we should go on an urgent walk, whatever that means. We were told at home that we had to go and buy an areally good math guide. After that, no one interrogated us. Atira lawns in Vastrapur swell with strollers in the evening. Several couples held hands. I wanted to, but I didn't. We fixed our view on the ground and made a slow walk. Fataunties wear sarees and sneakers and with a firm determination to lose weight on us. What happened? I said and bought a bag of peanuts. It's too late, she said. I was trying to think about what she meant. I couldn't. A what? I said. My period, she said. Men can't answer when the P-word is being spoken. For the most part, it scares them. Really? As? I said, fighting for words. What do you mean, how? It was supposed to happen yesterday, the 25th, buthasn't. Are you sure? Excuse me? I don't know if it happened? No, I mean, are you sure it was February 25th? I'm not too bad atmaths. Okay, but ... I said. I didn't have anything of value to offer in the discussion. I offered her peanuts. She is But what? She said. But we used protection. And how is it with girls? Are they always on time? I asked. Nothing in the world was always on time. My. I don't usually care. But now that I'm with you, I'm scared of even a little lot. And the alarm creates more delay you want to see the doctor? I was desperate to offer a solution. What can I say? Please check if I'm pregnant? Another P-word freak men. No, she didn't say you can't be a pregnant? I said. Sweat flared on my forehead as I ran three times around the lawns of ATIRA. I rubbed my hands and took a deep breath. Why not? She answered, her face tense. And you can be supportive and nothyperventilate. Let's sit down, I said, and pointed to the bench. I threw a bag of peanuts in the dump. She was sitting next to me. I was debating whether I should put my armada around it. My being close to it caused this anyway. She was silent. Two scissors rolled out of her eyes. God, I had to accept something. My mindprocessed alternatives with lightning speed. (a) Make her laugh - bad idea, b) step back and let her be - no, (c) Offer potential solutions like the word - hellno, (d) Hold her - maybe it's okay to hold her, hold her and tell her you'll be there for her. Do it, moron. I slid closer to her on the bench and hugged her. She hid her face on myshoulder and cried. Her hands grabbed my shirt. Don't worry, I'll be there for you, I said. Why do I just have to deal with this? Because I'm biologically male, I mean. But I think she knew it. Look, seeing we used the rhythm method, we used protection, I know it's not bragged percentage, but the probability is so low... Seeing just shook his head and cried. Mathematics is always terrible in reassuring people. No one believed in the likelihood of emotional moments. The family was passing by. The man was carrying a fat man on his shoulders. I found hisymbolic a potential burden in my life. The thought of the train began again. I've been two years old. I have big dreams for my business. I have a mom who supports. Think about it, I have to take care of my friends' careers too. Avid? She's only eighteen. She needs to learn more, be a PR person or whoever she wants to be. She couldn't go from one prisoner to another. Okay, the worst case I have to mention the A-word. She slipped away from me. The cry made her eyes wet and her face pink. She looked even more beautiful. Why can't men stop noticing beauty, ever? We got up to walk back in a few minutes. Let's wait another day or two. We'll see what we have to do then, I said as we reached the auto booth. It's probably a false alarm. I'm overreacting. I had to wait a day or two longer before I told you,' she said. She clasped my fingers in the car. Herface ranged from calm to worrying. We were silent in the car for five minutes. Then I had to say it. Vidya, on in case it's not a false alarm. What are we going to do? Or should talk about it later? Are you telling me what you want to do? When women ask you about your choices, they already have a choice in mind. And if you want to maintain sanity, you better choose the same. I looked her in the eye to find out the answer she expected of me. I couldn't find it. I do not know. That's too much news for me. I can't tell you what we're going to do. Pregnancy, abortion, I don't know how it all works. Do you want me to have an abortion? No, no, I said I don't know. What's the other option, marriage? Sorry, I'm eighteen. I just passed out, she said. Then what? I do not know. I don't want to think. Please don't talk about it,' she said. We were silent for the rest of the auto-journey. Here, take this math guide to show at home, I said, and handed her the book when she got home. Vijay and I exchanged ten messages, you're sleeping and not that night. ♣ What happened? Ish said as I put my head on the cash drawer early in the morning. No problem. Couldn't sleep well, I said. Thinking of Pandit-ji's daughter, Ish laughed. I ignored him. Every few hours I had a desire to send Vidya a message something happened. But she'd tell me if something happened. I opened the calendar and tracked down all the dates of our proximity. Apart from the first time a few months ago, I always had a defense. Can they be late for some other reason? I didn't know and couldn't ask anyone. Ish and Umi probably didn't even know the P-word.And there was no other woman I knew other than Vidia. And I couldn't ask momanyway. I picked up the phone again. How does this happen?, I sent a neutral message. The next night, I had a little sleep. I jumped out of bed early in the morning to SMSher again. I've had a text message from her already, a bit of pain, nothing else. I threw the phone away. I wanted to get to the store early to pick up supplies because of the recession. Somehow, I hated being late anyway. Eighteen Trains ever on time? My mother's loud voice interrupted us while we were at work. Ish pulled a heavy box of wickets out of the godown. Mum, are you here so early? Umi said. Mom kept two pink paper boxes on the wicket. He had a tick from love prayers on his forehead. I bought a hot kachoris for my son and other sows. Their train was supposed to reach him at 5 a.m. But it's five hours late. Now, what to do? I thought they were going to be with you, my mother said, and she took out kahori. So the leftovers of breakfast for us? Umi said and laughed. They're absolutely fresh. I'll get more when they come. Eat them while they're still hot, come Ish, Govind,' Mom said. I didn't know you guys were coming here so early, Mom said. The store's watch said. Had some work in the godown, I said and took a bite of kahori. It tastes very good. We ordered tea and sat on chairs outside the store. Mom talked to Oma about their relatives. Ish and I discussed a delivery plan for the day. The store only opened at nine. could eat in in Third round of tea? Ok? Yes good,' the mom said and called for tea-boyagain. I had two kachoris and felt full. Mom got up to leave at 9:30 in the morning. I wrapped the boxes back for him. Keep them,' Mum said. 'I'll get more anyway. 'No mum, we've had enough...' My mother's phone call interrupted me. Mom picked up the phone. His face is serious. His mouth opened, and his eyes rushed around. I don't know the coach's number, why are you asking me? Mom said. What happened to Mom? Umi said. Mom put her hand on the phone and turned to Umi. This is a junior party official in Ayodha. He put our Sevac team on a train the day before. Now he's a coach's nocce. And he doesn't tell me why,' Mamasaid. Wait, said Umi and went to the store. He came out with a notebook. Here, I tagged the PNR number and other details while doing thebooking, Umi said. My mother took the notebook and spoke again on the phone. Okay, listen, they were in the S6... Yes, he says S6, one hundred percent S6, hello listen ... Why are you praying when you talk to me? Hey, hello... The man on the other end hung up. Mom tried to call back, but no one picked up. What is going on? I said. I do not know. I have to... I'm going to the station, my mother said. I'll go with you? Umi said. No, it's fine. I had to go anyway. I'll find out. Mom said it and left. Two hours later, the whole country found out. Stop flipping through the channels, I was yelling at Imi, they all show the same thing. We stopped at NDTV. Newswriter repeated the news for the tenth time.'At least fifty people were killed and more than a dozen injured when attackers set fire to a bogie from the Sabarmati Express near Godhra station in Gujarat onWednesday. The channel dialed in a railway official from Godhra by phone. Can you tell us exactly what's going on sir? Told the newswriter. We're still getting reports. But around 8:30 a.m. SabarmatiExpress arrived at Godhra station, the official said, as his voice waned. Hello, can you hear us? Newswreader said several times. Yes, now I can, the official said, and continued his story. From what the channels knew at the time, the crowd stoned the bogie from the Sabarmati Express. In the swamp were the car of the seevaks, returned from Ayodha. Passengers closed metal windows to protect themselves from rocks. Themob threw gasoline on the bogie and set it on fire. What kind of crowd is this? Does it look intentional? the newspaper reporter asked. A railroad employee avoided controversy. Police have arrived and are investigating the matter. Only they can comment on it. Ish, Umi and I watched TV non-stop. We canceled all deliveries during the day. Mum doesn't pick up. I tried ten times, said Umi and threw him phoneaside. The TV channels reached Godhra station. We saw the charred gods. The rest of the train has already left for Ahmedabad. The tea seller showed more than therailway official. The crowd had Muslims. They quarreled with All the women, the children, said the tea seller. We have fifty-eight people killed and more than twenty injured, according to reports from Godhra Hospital, the newswriter said, and we just received confirmation that the burned bogie was the S6. Did she say S6? Umi said, addressing me. I didn't say anything. I didn't want to confirm the bad news. Is she? My brother is that bogie. Umi said it and ran out. We left the store. Every shopkeeper had a tense expression. They burn small children, see what kind of community, florist told hisneighbouring mithai shop owner. Early morning at the train station. Look at their guts,' another shopkeeper said. They struck America in broad daylight too. Now the bastards have reached the Fajrurat. And Delhi will suck their dicks, said the florist. The temple rarely heard curses, but today it was different. Of all the days in my life, today was sensible. Umi left the temple with his father, mother and wife. Allshopkeepers, Ish and I gathered around them. Take my Dirage. I say, take your Dirage, - the screams of my mother's wife echoed on the walls. I'll go to the station and find out, Umi said. He tried mom's phone again, but he didn't connect. Don't go, the city is not safe, the florist said. Umi's mother grabbed Umi's hands. There may be a curfew soon. Let's close the shops and go home, the florist said. The shopkeepers have dispersed. The tears of Dhiraj's mother never cease. Don't worry, Mom's going to call. The news is sketchy. We don't know what happened, I said. 'I'll help them close the store, Umi said. We went back to the store. We had customers that morning and didn't texpect anymore. Do you have Ish bhaya gloves? My worn out, Ali's voice struck us. Weheard packed the store by 1 p.m. What the hell are you doing here? Ish said. Ali was puzzled. He was wearing a yellow T-shirt and an old pair of jeans. Luckily, he wasn't wearing a skull cap. I am preparing for training. We have one at 4:30 today not? Have you seen the news? I said. We don't have a TV, he said. And yourabba? He took Ammy to his parents in Surat. He'll come in at six. And you didn't go? Ish said. How could I? We had practice. I don't want to do hundreds of push-ups for missing practices. All said, and laughed. Hey, why are you closing the store? My gloves...' It's OKAY, you come with us. Not one at home, Ish said, as he knocked down theshutters. Us? Omy said in a firm voice. You go Imi, your parents and aunt needs you, Ish said. And you? Umi said. I'm taking Ali home. I drop him off when his parents come back. Umi looked at me to say something. I shrugged. Do you want to come to me? Ish told us. We left the temple. I wanted to see See it. But it wasn't the best time, and Seemig would still be in a better mood. I would like to know if I should SMS it again. No, my mother will, too, I said. he's probably in the kitchen making dough for the evening chokla. I got home. Over lunch, I told my mother what happened in Godhra. My mother made me swear that I would never fall in love with a Muslim girl. I felt tired after two sleepless nights and events on TV, and took an afternoon nap. Imi's phone call woke me up. Hey, what happened to Umi? Contacted your mom? I said and rubbed my eyes. The watch phone showed that it was 5:30pm I lost my brother Govind. He died on the spot, Umi said, and his voice broke. He cried. I got out of bed and got up. Mom called home. He's devastated, Umi said. Is he home? I said. No, he went to the party office. All working with him to support him. He told me not to tell his wife or anyone else. How they didn't guess. It's terrible. Oh, it's terrible, I said. I can't keep quiet at home and not show it. I have to get out, Umi said. Then come home, I said. Umi said I don't know, can you stay on the line? I said. I put Umi's line on hold and called Ish. He took after ten rings. Ish, where are you? Why do you take so long to pick up? I'm in the bank. I came with Ali to practice. Is it time to practice? A what? I'm sick of staying home all day. And Dad gave me dirty looks because Ali was with me. So I said screw it, let's hit a few balls. Ish, terrible news. Dhiraj is ... I said and stopped in the middle of the sentence. Oh no, he said, isn't it? Yes, Umi told me. His mother told him to keep quiet at home. He wants to get out. Come here then, Ish said. Okay, I said. Come to the bank. Leave now before it gets dark, I told Umi. Mum, don't cook for me. We'll do something in the bank, I said as I left the house. ♣ The problem started in the city. I heard that the crowd burned two buses in Jamalpur, Umi said. We went to the backyard training area to have lunch. Umi cooked potato curry and rice. Rumors or truth? I said. True, the local TV channel showed it as I left, said Imi. It's weird at home. Mami is still praying for Dhiraj's safety. Umi's body was shaking. He burst into tears. I held his hand as he hugged me. All looked at us. I smiled back at him. I went to the room where we kept the books and brought three Phantom comics. I gave them to Ali as he happily readthem with his food. We sat away from Ali so he couldn't hear us. 'The crowd that burned Jamalpur's bus, Hindu or Muslim?' I said. I don't know, I'm really scared,' Umi said. We finished dinner and cleaned the kitchen with eight. We were planning to leave when Isha's phone rang. It was his father. Ish hesitated to pick him up and did so only after half a minute. I had dinner. 'I'll be back in half an hour...' Ish said, what? We turned to look at Ish. I only heard him. Conversation. Ok... Ok... Look, I'm at the bank. We're safe here. Yes, I promise we are On the streets ... Yes, we have bedding here. Don't panic. I gave Isa a puzzled look. The building in our pol caught fire, Ish said. Wow, which one? I said. Muslim on the corner, Ish said. Did it catch fire? On your own? I said. That's what Dad hopes. But it could be the Hindu mafia. Dad told me to stay, whoever you are. Our moms will be worried. Govind, too, Umi said. Call them, Ish said. I can't take Ali to my house either. His parents don't even have a phone, Ish said. I called my mom and told her I'd be safe at the bank. We have slept overat the bank several times in the past. Many drinking parties ended with us going out on mattresses in the branch manager's room on the ground floor. We sat on the sofas in the cashier's waiting area and played cards after dinner. Ali was asleep soon. Ish brought a blanket from the manager's office and hid it in a separate sofa. Umi dropped three cards. Three aces, Umi said with an extra-straight face. Hexax is bluffing. I listened to the cards. I wondered if they should be turned. Loud chants broke my mind. What's it? I said. I saw the time - 10pm It's Hindu chants, Omisaid. Angry-Hindu chants, Ish said. Calls to Shiva and Rama combined with the drumbeats. We climbed the stairs for two floors to get to the roof of the bank. The city absorbed orange on a thick winter night. One, two, three - I saw three balls offlame through the pols. The nearest flame came from a building fifty meters away. There were people in the street. They threw stones at the burning building. Icouldn't see well but could hear the screams of people inside the pol. Thescreens mixes with festive chants. You may have heard of the riots several times or even seen them on TV. But witnessing them before your eyes stuns your senses. My neighborhood was like a movie disaster. A burning man ran across the street. The Hindu mob chased him. He came across a rock and fell, about twenty meters away from us. The crowd crowded over him. Two minutes later, the crowd moved away while the man lay still. I witnessed the death of someone for the first time in my life. My hands, face, neck, legs are all cold. My heart was beating as irregularly as it was on the day of the earthquake. Nature caused this disaster, man did it. I don't know what's more dangerous. Go inside, Ish pulled my sleeve. We went downstairs. My body was shaking. All is well. Let's go to bed. The police will be here soon. By morning everything will be fine,' Ish said as he hugged me. Can we sleep together? I said. Yes, I admit it, I felt very scared, Ish nodded. He took Ali off the couch. We went to the branch manager's room on the ground floor and closed the door. I checked my phone before I go to bed. Seeing me missed the call. I was unable to call or text back. Ish was lying next to me anyway. I kept the phone in my pocket. I took three blankets and slept in the middle next to Ali. Umi and Ish surrounded. We are turn off the lights at 10:30 p.m. at 11:30 p.m. I woke up again. We heard a crushing noise. Someone shook the main gate of the bank. Who is it, I said. Let's find out, Ish said, and shook Imi's foot. 'Come Umi. We went downstairs. I turned on the main lights of the lobby. Ish looked into the keyhole. It's a crowd, Ish said, with one eye still on the keyhole. My mother leads the pack. We looked at each other. Ish turned the door handle and opened the door, Nineteen My sons, my mother screamed. We opened the main gate of the bank and opened it slightly. Mom opened her gun. He held a fiery torch in one hand and three-joke in the other. I expected him to cry when he saw Umi, but he didn't. He came close to us to hug. He took us in his arms. My son, the bastards killed my son, my mother said, not letting us go. I looked into his cold eyes. He didn't look like a father who had just lost his son. Alcohol and marijuana smelled of smell from the mouth. My mother was more saddened than saddened. My brother, my mother, Umi said, and held back tears. Don't cry. No one will cry today, my mother shouted and let us go. He turned to address the crowd: We Hindus only cried. As long as these bastard mothers come and continue to kill us for centuries. In a Hindu country, in a Hindu state, bastards can come and burn our children in broad daylight. And we're not doing anything. We're just crying. Come rape us, rob us and burn us. They think they can terrorize thewhole world, but we won't have the courage to do anything. Kill them, the crowd rested. The erratic movements of the crowd's bodies showed their intoxication. Byblood or alcohol, I could not tell. But the bastards made a big mistake. Today they tried to rape Gujarat. The bastards thought these vegetarians, what are they going to do? Come let's show them what we can do? Mom stopped to take a sip from his hip flask. We retreated to the shore. I hope they won't expect us to join. I won't, I whispered in Isha's ear. Neither I do, and let Umi inside too, Ish said. We told Imi to hide behind his back. In a delicate move, Ish closed the bank gates again and locked them. What are you whispering? Mom said and almost lost her balance. His firefighter fell to the floor. The crowd was clearing up around him. He lifted the torch back. Where's my other son? Open that gate, said her mother, without seeing Omi. What do you want mom? Can we talk tomorrow? I said. No, tomorrow, I want something today. Mom, you know, Imi needs to go home ... I said. I don't want Umi. I don't want any of you. I have a lot of people to help me kill the bastards. Ish came next to me. He held my hand tightly. So leave our mother, Ish said. I want a boy. I want this Muslim boy, my mother said. A what? Ish said. An eye for an eye. I'm going to stab him straight. Then I'll cry for my son. Take the boy, said her mother, and hit Isha in the chest. Ish struggled to stand upright. Blow torches lit dry grass on the Bank. The thick lock kept the gates closed and the crowd outside. Mom, you're drunk. There's no one here, Umi said. You lose your son first. Then I'll tell you that you're drunk, Mom said, and I know he's here because he's not home. Mom, your argument with your father, I said. I killed him with this. Mom picked up a three-joke to show us. There was blood on the tips. I looked at Ish and Umi. We made an instant decision. We ran to the bank. I closed the main front door and shut it. I sucked long, deep breaths. Relax, relax... we have to think, Ish said. I'm going to join them and get them, Umi said. No, it won't work, Ish said. They killed his parents? I said and kept breathing fast. The crowd hit the gate. They don't like our disappearing manoeuvre. I didn't know how long the lock would last. I sat down on the couch. I had to think, despite the deafening noise of the gate. We can try to negotiate with them, I said. They have madness in their eyes, they won't talk, Umi said. We could try to escape. Or fight them,' Ish said. Do you want to fight forty people who are under a spell to kill? I said. Then what? Ish said. I looked at Isha. For the first time in my life, I saw how scared he was. I kept looking at him in the hope that he would consider all options. Even the worst. Don't even think about giving up Ali, Ish told me, as his pointed finger swung into my chest. What else can we offer them? I said. The money? Ish said as his body trembled: You say people always say if there is money involved. We don't have much money, I said. It's not about the money for my mom, Umi said. It's true, Ish said, but if we buy the others, Mom can't do it alone. We have to disperse the crowd. I walked around the room. We didn't have any money. Yes, the rebels would be poor in the area, nothing to lose. But still, how do they speak? You're the best at talking money, Ish said. This can have the opposite effect. How do I separate my mother from them? I said. I'll do it, Umi said. We reopened the main door. The crowd stopped knocking trisulans into the front gate lock. Son, open the gate. You guys can leave, we'll do the rest, Mom said. Mom, I want to talk to you. Just you, Umi said sympathetically. Of course, open the gate to your son, my mother said. I went ahead and opened the gate. I raised my hand to calm the crowd. I had to seem confident. Move backwards, my mother wanted to talk to the other son, I said. His mother comforted him. I looked through the crowd to see any influential person. The man with the turban had sixteen behind him. He was wearing a gold chain. I said. This man came to me. He was holding a fiery torch. My felt the heat. Sir, I want to suggest Offer. A what? How many of these people are yours? Ten, he said, after some hesitation. If I make you ten thousand, can you slowly back off and leave? I said. Why? He said. Please don't ask. Think of it as an offering. And keep it a secret as I don't haveevenough for everyone. Why do you want to save the boy? He asked. Fifteen thousand in the past. My shop is in the temple. You can destroy it if I don't pay. The man in the gold chain returned to his group. He spoke to them as they sped back. He turned to me and nodded. Twenty-five percent of myproblem is over. My mother left Umi and came to me. What's going on here? Mom said. He did not notice how forty people were treated in a drunken state. Mum think again. You have a future at the party. Parekh-ji won't approve of it, I said. He took out his cell phone and dialed a number. Parekh-ji will not approve? Mom said and waited for the phone to be taken away. Yes, Parekh-ji, I'm in. Don't worry, I'll grieve later. It's wartime. And someone thinks you're not happy with me... here they say ... yestalk... 'My mother handed over his phone. The crowd was waiting behind us. Hello? Who is it, parekh-ji's voice came at the other end. Govind, Parekh-ji, one of Umi's friends. We came to Vishalu with you... I said. Son, try a day for us Hindu. So you support us? It's wrong, sir, I said I don't know why I called him Sir, it's wrong. A what? The train's on fire, isn't it? Not that Parekh-ji, they want to kill the boy. So what can I do? Stop them. Our job is to listen to people and do what they tell us. Not in the other way. People don't want that, I said. Today the stove needs a whistle to release the pressure. For women? I said. It doesn't matter. All it takes to satisfy your resentment. It hurts people to feel better. Unfortunately, today I can't think of a better way. It's going to be a terrible day or two, but if we strangle him, it could explode into a huge civil war. Your party will be accused of this, I said, trying to appeal to their own interests. Who? A few pseudos? Not the people of Gujarat. We make people feel better. They will elect us again and again. You wait and you see. Sir, this boy. One day he may be in the national team. My mother took my phone. Don't worry Parekh-ji, I'll take care of all this. You'll be proud of metomorrow,' the mom said and hung up. I looked back at another mini-leader in the package. I went up to him and walked away to him. 'Fifteen thousand, you take your people and leave,' I said. Mom, he's trying to buy me, the mini-leader is screaming at the top of his voice. No, no, you've heard me wrong that you're crazy or something? I said and went back to the jar. What's going on? Take the boy here, my mother shouted. Umi nodded to her mother. He to the main door. The crowd remained thegate and only the porch separated us. However, the gate was not lockanymore. Umi knocked on the front door. Ish opened it after confirming the man. They both disappeared inside. I was standing alone with the rebels. They suspected me of paying bribes. I wanted to run in, too. However, someone had to keep the crowd. Do they get it? My mother asked me. I think so, I said. I went to the door and knocked. Ish opened it for a nanosecond, and I slipped inside. I let out the loudest sigh ever. Ish wanted the door and blocked it with a sofa from the waiting room. They're waiting. If one of us doesn't show up in two minutes, he's attacking, I said. Where is he? I said. I locked him in the manager's room. How many people? Ish said. Thirty, I said. Twenty-ish, I want to talk to you, I said. Omi! Mom's cream came in the front door. Coming mom. Give us five minutes, Imiskim said. Fast, my mother said. I made Ish sit on the couch that locked the main door. Ish, I can offer some logic in the current chaos, I said. We don't have time, Ish said. I know. But I also know what would happen if we fought thirty people. We'll be alldie. They'll get Ali and kill him too, I said. Giving up three lives might save one. Can you show me the math inthis? Damn your math. It's not about business. Then what's it about? Why should we all die? Just because you love a child? No, he said, and turned his back on me. Then what? Because it is a national treasure, Ish said. Oh, and we're national filth? So maybe one day the baby will hit a few sixesand Indians will spend the day watching TV and get the thrill out of it. So what? What about my mother? What about Umi's parents? What about ... I said and quieted down. I almost said Seeing. I'm not giving up. You want to run away. Open the door and run. Oh, you can go too,' Ish said. I'm not going. But how do we fight them? Ish? Umi said. Ish told us to follow him. He took us to the kitchen. He told us to lift the kerosene canister each. It also took three buckets that we used to cool the beer. We dropped a step behind him as we made steps onto the roof. It's hard, I said. It's hard for sure,' Ish said as we reached the roof. The fires are dotted with the district's skyline. The weather didn't feel as cold as the first night must have been. We're coming! Mum said as his group pushed the bank's rusty metal gate open. They went to the porch and hit the main front door. Stop yelling at your mom, Ish said. Mom looked at the roof. Where you hide your bastard sister, mom said. The crowd threw fire at us. We were two floors high. Nothing came to us. One the torch fell on the arioter, and he squealed in pain. The crowd, maybe, But it can also be a pretty wash. After that, they stopped throwing torches. Ish kept his mother engaged. Mom, I was born without fear. You see, Ish said, and climbed onto the ledge on the roof. The crowd was distracted. If it wasn't, they'd have attacked the front door. Despite three bolts and a sofa in front, they'd break it in ten minutes flat. After that, they would have to break down the front door of the first floor and then filmsyone on the roof. Fifteen minutes later we were roasted in a blow. Isha's plan will be good.'Say Sai Sri Ram,' Ish shouted. It worked perfectly, the crowd had to participate. Most of the crowd didn't know if we supported them or not. At least not yet. Meanwhile, Umi and I poured kerosene out of the canister into the buckets. The canisters had a narrow neck, and the kerosene did not leak out. We needed a big punch. Ish struck Siva's pose on the ledge. Several drunken members of the crowd even singed over him. Perhaps Siwa came down tonight to bless the rebels. One, two, three, and go, I whispered like Umi, and I turned the buckets. Wethrew the oil forward to keep it away from the bank building. Explosives in the hands of rioters acted as an ignition. The river of fire fell on the porch of the bank. Panic spread in the crowd. It took them a few minutes to realize we were attacking them. Ish came off the ledge. We hid under the parapet. I raised my head high enough to watch the events below. Several people ran out of the bank gate when their clothes caught fire. I suppose it's ismush more fun to burn people than to get burned yourself. How many ran away? Ish said. Pretty much. There's panic down there. The rest of the people started jabbingtrishuls on the main door. I popped my body to count people. I appreciated more than ten, but less than twenty. We have to go down, Ish said. Have you lost your mind? I said. No, no, no, no, no, no, Let's get more people out, Ish said. Ish hurt people. Some of them may die. We threw a lot of kerosene, I said. We went down to the first floor. Ish opened the office door of the branch manager with a bunch of keys in his pocket. Ali waited for him inside and ran to hug him. I'm afraid, Ali said, and burst into tears. Don't worry, everything will be fine, Ish said. I want to go home to Abba. I ran my fingers through Ali's hair. Home is no longer an option. Ali, you'll be fine if you listen to me. Will you listen to me? Ish said. Alinod. Some horrible people want you. I need to lock you up in the vault. They'll never get you there, Ish said. He pointed to a claustrophobic six-on-six number. Over there? Is it so dark? Ali said. Here, take my phone. Keep the lights on. I'll be back soon, Ish said, giving away his cell phone. Ish put Ali in the safe. He gave him some pillows. Ali turned on the phone light. Ish closed the door and locked it. He kept the keys in his sock. Are you okay? Ish screamed. It's dark,' Ali said. Are you going to stay okay? Okay, we have to make another dish in the kitchen. Faster, Ish said. We left Ali in the vault and ran to the kitchen. The blows at the main door were long. I figured we had five more minutes before we gave the door away. Ish turned off the liquefied gas cylinder. Bring it to the main door, Ish said. Umi and I were carrying an LPG cylinder. We kept it under the sofa, blocking themain door. Oh, where do we keep the fireworks? Ish said. Upper shelf, Umi said. Ish is back with boxes of Diwali crackers. We usually burst them when India won the match.

Ish emptied a box of bombs on the cylinder. He took two bombs and opened the fuse to make it last longer. The crowd crowded at the door. One main door bolt became free. I open, you light, and everyone runs up. I see? Ish told Umi. Umi nodded. Ish climbed onto the sofa and tried to get hold of the bolt. It vibrated under the influence of the crowd blows. Umi lit the match and led it to the guard. As the fuse tip became orange, the Ish opened bolt. The sofa would keep the door in place for a few seconds, a time that we had to save our lives. Run, Ish said, jumping off the couch. We ran up the stairs. I was four steps from the top when the door came loose. Mother bastards we won't leave you. Killing his own people, he tried to bribe the mini-leader I had by opening the door. He and three other men entered the room. Hey stop, they were yelling at me as I kept going up. I looked back, the eights went into the bank. I was one step away from the top when my ears hurt. The explosion shook the boards on the ground floor when the main door exploded. I think the mini-leader took the worst kick off the cylinder. The other eight couldn't have been much better. I didn't know what we were doing. Prevent someone from retaliating by bending themselves. I've never seen body parts fly in the air. I didn't know if any of the rebels were left. I used two switch methods at the top to turn on the light tube on the ground floor. Smoke and pieces of paper from old files filled the room. Ish and Umi were left behind me. Is everyone gone? Ish said. The smoke dissipated in thirty seconds. Several people were lying around the room. I can't say if they were injured or dead. The former main door is now empty. Mom walked into a room with five other people. Maybe he was lucky or maybe he foreseen to send others to open the door first. Five people were taken to the wounded in the room. Mom looked up. His eyes greeted us. Twenty-one traitors, you bastards, Mom shouted. I noticed his left hand. He bled to death, and the kerosene burned part of the left sleeve of the jacket. Catch them, my mother shouted. He and five other men ran up the stairs. Ish, Umi and I ran to the branch manager's office and closed the door. Hold them, Ish said. His hands trembled as he shuffled through the cricket we kept in the manager's office. Ish took the bat. Mom and his group got to the door of the branch manager's office. Open we'll break it,' Mum said, even they didn't knock on the door. They continued to threaten us, but they didn't act. Maybe they were afraid we'd blow up this time. My heartbeat sounded almost as loud as their screams. I don't have a phone. Give me yours, I'll call the police, Ish told me. We're not leaving, my mother's voice reflected through the door. I handed over my phone to Isha. He dialed the police number. Hell, no one picks up, said Ish and tried again. No one answered. Ish hung up and shook him in despair. Beep Beep, my phone said as the message came. It's a text message, Ish said, as he opened it. Hey, stay safe tonight. By the way, just got my period!! Cheers!! Not released? C U soon my hot teacher. Love - I. Message came from the provider Vidyanath. Ish gave me a puzzled look. Ish shrugged my shoulders and reached out to take my phone. Ish transferred the phone from me. He looked at me in shock. He turned to the message and went into the tail. He saw the number. He dialed it. I was close to cardiac arrest. Hey, cool no? I never thought I would celebrate a period - pounding Seeing from the other side when I saw my number. I heard her cheery voice, even though Ish was holding her phone. Seeing? Ish said as his eyebrows became tense. Ish bhaya? She said. Ish looked at me. He cut the line and kept the phone in his pocket. For a moment we forgot that we have killers at our door. Ish stepped forward towards me as I retreated until I reached the wall. Ish I can explain ... I said, though I could not. Ish ran aground. He raised his hand, and then he slapped! Slap! He put two of them on my face. Then he put his hand in his fist and punched me hard in the stomach. I fell to the ground. I felt a lot of pain, but I felt I lost the right to speak, including screaming in agony. I clenched my teeth and closed my eyes. I deserve it. I had to pay for the second mistake of my life. What the hell are you doing? Umi said that even though he understands the situation well. He's a snake. He'll sell us if he can, damn businessman, Ish said, and kicked me in the shin. Hey, Ish, do you want to be killed? Umi said. you mom, come if you have the courage,' Ish shouted and walked to the door. Ammy gave me a helping hand. I got up and leaned against him. I wondered if my intestines had burst. I told you so. Minutes, Umi said. I didn't do anything wrong. I said. I had sex with a barely legitimate student and my best friend's sister. It should be there, in the top ten morally wrong things could be done. My mother's patience ran out after five minutes. He ordered his henchmen to break down the door. They pressed the trisula against the door, but kept at a distance. The goal now is to survive, not settle scores, Umi said. Umi handed Isha the bat again. I held the wicket tight. We were watching the door. A few has more jabs and it will open. I let them in anyway, said and released the bolt. You Are You to kill me? Mum, come on, kill me. Why wait, Umi said, and opened the door. Moving towards Umi. Just tell me where the boy is, mom said. You don't get any boy here,' Ish boiled. The mother of five men kept her tri-noise. We've raised our cricket weapons. Oneman attacked Isha. Ish blocked him with the bat. Ish hit his leg, leg, hip and groin with the bat. The man fell to the floor. My hands were shaking when I grabbed another fat man. My wicket is stuck in the blades of the mistrishula. Our connected weapon was thrown into the air as we tried to pull it apart. He kicked me in the right knee and I lost my balance. He came to the right and pinned me against the wall. The third hit Isha with the blunt end of the three-way on the neck. Ish fell south. The man took Ish prisoner and pushed him against the wall. Umi crushed the fourth man's legs with a bat. The man fell to the floor. Umi hit him in the stomach, but the fifth hit Umi the back. The man grabbed Umi from behind. Buffalo, you can't get free now, said the man. H, tch. Stupid bastards. How to play with fire yes? Mom said when he was sitting on the branch manager's desk. The three of us were pinned to the wall. Three of the men blocked our bodies with trisules. My mother sat down on the branch manager's desk and looked at us. I want blood. Give me the boy, or it will be yours, mom said. He took out a flask and took a big sip of whiskey. There's no boy here, Ish said, as you can see. You can't be trusted like I saw, Mom said. He threw empty flakes at Ish. He punched him in the chest. Two of the wounded were lying on the floor. Mom kicked them. Go search, my mother said. The men hobbled and left the room. No one here, they were screaming as they passed the various bank rooms. Their voices were in pain. Something rested me that they had had enough. Mom came close to Ish. He pulled Isha's hair a lot. Tell me, bastard, Mamasaid. He's not here, Ish said. I will ... Mom said as the phone call interrupted him. The phone didn't belong to me or Umi. The ring didn't come from mom and his men either. Mom was watching the sound. The sound came from the manager's desk. Mom went to the wall at the manager's desk. He had a vault. The sound came from the vault. Open it, said the mother, pointing to the lock of the vault in the shape of a wheel. We were silent. Isha's phone rang again. I guessed seeing a call to explain to her brother. I said, open it up, Mom said. It's a bank vault. We don't have keys, I said. I wanted to do anything to make me less of a freak. Oh yes. The smart boy was talking. No keys, my mother said. My head turned to Ish. Ish turned his back on me. My mother grabbed me by the chin and turned her face to him. So we're idiots, aren't we? You don't have the keys, but how did the phone get inside? Look for them. Mom's henchmen have launched the most brutal search possible. The man searching opened my shirt pocket. He struck once and asked me to turn around. His nails poked me as he searched me from top to bottom. I told him I didn't have the keys more than ten times, but he wouldn't listen. He searched my pants and grabbed my groin twice to check. Whenever I tried to squirm, he jabbed me with his fist. Other men did the same with Umi and Isch. The man, searching him, tore off his shirt from Isha. He took a three-year-old and poked it in his chest. This bastard does not have it, said my man and gave up his grip. He pressed the metal wall again. That, too, said the man with Umi. This one has to be tamed, a man with Ish said as he tried to take off Ish's pants. Ish hit him the shin. I noticed blood on Ish's chest. Should I help, my mother said from the branch manager's desk. Don't worry, I'll tackle it,' said the man, even when Ish bit his hand. My mother came to Ish. He jabbed the blunt end of the three-joke again on his chest. Ish screamed in pain and fell. The man searching Isha hit him several times. Ish clenched his teeth and continued to kick. My mother reached into Isha's pockets. He felt something. Ish wore practical shorts under his pants. My mother took her hands out of her pants and put them in Isha's shorts again. He pulled out an abangle-sized breed. He had two six-8-year-old long keys. Ish lay on the floor, taking heavy breaths from his mouth. His eyes looked daffy, even when his body refused to cooperate. Mom spun the key ring in her hand. Never robbed a bank before, mom said, and what a prize is today. Father Eason, I will eradicate the clan. Mom took a minute to find out the keys to the vault. Not a mom, he's a baby. For me, Umi said. Mum stopped and turned to look at us. 'My Dhiraj was also a kid,' Mum said and went to the vault. Ish was sitting on the floor. The guard strangled Isha with a trishul around his neck. Don't touch him. It is a national treasure.' Ish grumbled. The man strangled him. I'll pay you what you want, I said. That bastard, my mother said. Mom pulled Ali out of the vault. His thin body in the white pajamas of kurt trembled intensely. His smeared face told me he was crying inside. Mama grabbabe ali by the neck and lifted it high into the air. Ish bhaya, Ali said as his legs dangled. The more innocent you look now, the greater the devil you'll be in ten years,' Mum said and knocked Ali down. He let his grip on Ali's neck. Stop it, Mom, Umi said as her mother picked up the three-way. You won't understand, said her mother, and folded her arms to pray. Run Ali, run, Ish shouted. Ali tried to run out of the room. Mom opened his eyes. He ran after Ali and crashed a three-ball into Ali's ankle. Ali screamed in pain and fell. Mom knelt on the floor next to Ali. Aren't you trying to get away from the son of a? I can kill you with one clean shot. If you want to be smart, I'll cut off your every finger one at a time. Mamaroar. His eyes were red, his white eyes barely visible. My mother closed her eyes again and muttered silent chants. He took his folded hands on his forehead and heart and knocked him three times. He opened his eyes and sobbed. Ali got up and tried to limp. Mom raised a three-shot high to hit. Mum no, shouted one in a loud voice. Umi pushed the man blocking him. He ran between mom and Ali. Mom screamed and hit. Stop your mom, Umi said. Even if Mom wants to stop, he can't. The strike already had momentum. Trishul entered Imi's stomach with a blunt thud. Oh ... ' Umi said as he absorbed what happened in the first place and felt pain later. Within seconds, a pool of blood covered the floor. Mum and his men looked at each other, trying to understand what had happened. Mom, don't do it, Umi said, still unaware that the three-way blades were five inches inside him. Oh, my son, my mother said. Umi writhed in pain as Mom yanked the three-eared out. I've never seen so much blood. I vomited. My mind is numb. Teman, who had pinned Umi earlier, now held Ali tight and approached his mother. Mamahad Umi on her knees. Look, the animal that you did, Ish screamed. Ish saw the scene of the bebaind. He never saw three-joke inside him. Only I have seen, and for years this image will continue to haunt me. Call an ambulance, you dogs, Ish shouted. Isha's kidnapper kept him super-stretched. Ali put his free hand on Umi's chest. It was moving up and down in asymmetrical. Umi held Ali's hand and looked at me. His eyes looked weak. Tears ran down my cheeks. I didn't have the strength to fight the man holding me. I don't have the energy to do anything. Leave us you bastards, I cried like a baby. You'll be fine, my son, I didn't want to, my mother said as he brushed Umi's hair. He's a good mom boy, he didn't kill your son. All Muslims are not bad.' Omisaid, his voice breaking as he swallowed for breath. Love you friend, said Comey as he looked at me, a line that might be called cheesy if it wasn't the last. His eyes are closed. Oh, my son, my son, his mother tried to bring him back to life. A what? What happened? Ish said. He witnessed the drama only from the behind. Mom put his head on Imi's chest. Ish started kicking and pushing him. The man hit Isha with his elbow. Ish grabbed his three-shot rod and got it back hard until he could slip out. He gave the man a blow to the groin. The man fell as Ish struck him again three times in the same spot. Ish kicked him in the head until the man passed out. Ish ran to Umi. Mom left Umi's body on the ground and got up. Ish came over and touched Umi's face. He's never touched a dead body before, let alone his friend. This is the first time I've seen a scream. He sniffed back, but the tears didn't stop. Look what you made me do you bastard,' Mum said: made me kill another son. But I'm not weak. I'm still crying, look. Ish ignored his mother. He went through the same numbness I did a few a few He touched Imi's body over and over again. Hindus are not weak, am I weak? Mom said when he turned to his people. People looked nervous because things didn't go as planned. The man who was holding Ali's weapon looked at his mother, looking for a guide for the next step. Hold it back next to this mother pimping businessman,' the mom said. The man brought Ali next to me and held him with a three-way. Isha's kidnapper recovered from a groin attack. He woke up and ran to Ish from behind. He hit Isha on the head with a blunt end of a three-joke. Oh! Ish said of the pain as he fell, semi-conscious. The man dragged Ishbak to the wall. Ish ran into Ali and me. No more chances, mom said as he came to Ali. His mother asked Ali's kidnapper to release him. I looked at Ish, about fifteen feet away. His kidnapper looked like he was going to be a good one. Ish looked at me. His eyes were trying to tell me something. A what? I asked myself what he was trying to say? I screwed up my eyes to look at Isha. He moved his eyeballs from the center to the left inquisitor continuity. He wanted me to run away and block my mom. Just like Umihad, to no avail. I examined my kidnapper. He blocked me, but his eyes looked at Mom and Ali. It's not like taking your eyes off a live murder. I can slip away. However, what was the point of being killed? Get ready for the pig, said her mother, as he picked up the three-way and took five steps back. Maybe I could extract myself and try to pull Ali out to me. So the mom's punch can hit the wall. Ish can push his kidnapper away, come from behind, and push us all out. Is that what Ish was trying to say? I had a limited amount of data outside of eyemovement. I had limited time. I couldn't analyze, I had to do the first and think later. Just the opposite, when I slept with Vidya. There, I had to think first and do later. Mom ran to Ali's. I knew I had to get out of control of the kidnapper, grab Ali and drag him to his side. I'm ready to move. However, I looked at my mother. The sight of his huge frame and sharp arms sent fear inside me. And I wasted precious time thinking about when I had to act. Ish and I exchanged another glance, and he saw my fear mixed with self-interest. What if the three-joke ends in my stomach? What-if did make me hesitant, but I cut myself off from it and did a Tomy dive on the left. I grabbed Ali and pulled him towards me. Mom hit, but I missed Ali Storso. One blade of the trishula hit Ali on the wrist. Ali would only be completely safe if I dived a second earlier. And here it is, what I didn't realize then, one second delay was the third big mistake of my life. Of course I didn't know I made a mistake then. Ish did exactly what I thought he thought and hit his head on the kidnapper to free himself. It would have hurt Ish, but I think Ish was out of pain Right away. Ish took his kidnapper's three-shell and punched him in the heart of the man. Manscreamed once and fell silent. Ish ran to us. He's fine, he's fine,' I said, referring to Ish. I held Ali firmly inside in the embryos. ★ There were The kidnappers left and Mum. We didn't want to kill anyone. We just want to leave, Ish said as he held a three-way in front of his mother. Mamahad was a trishul too. Their eyes met. My mother's man was watching the upcoming duel. I ran with Ali to the other end of the room. Men resort to us. Stop you bastards, men said as we reached the end of the room. One of them went and bolted the door. Ali lifted his bat off the floor. I chose one too, though not sure I could really fight right now, Ali was snu biting as his right wrist hurt when he lifted the bat. Heh? Want to fight? Two kidnappers said. Mum and Ish were still in their faces. Everyone had a stern look. Mom's spinning in her hand. One of the men turned to go back to his mother. I take care of it, you'll end up boy mom,' he said. Of course, my mother said as he walked away. When he left, his mother hit him three-way on the feet of Isha. Ish didn't expect this. He lost his balance and fell next to the operator's desk. You're damn weak, you know what, Ish said. I can finish you now. Thank you to your stars you were born in a Hindu house,' The mom said as he spat in Ish's face. Mom came to Ali's. Oh, you want to play, do you? You want to play bat with me, mom said, and told how Ali held the bat. I'll leave, my mother told her people, the boy wants to play. Yes, you're the son of Awhore, play with me,' Mum said as he danced around Ali, just from ali's startling bat. Ali pranced around as he came across two cricket balls being kept on the floor. Mom picked up one. Top. 3 mistakes of my life in gujarati pdf download. 3 mistakes of my life in gujarati pdf free download

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