



*It all Flashed
back because
of a magazine*

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Ten Years Before

Good Morning Raj!!!

I Raj Agarwal, had everything which a middle class person wants in his life I had a BMW, personal bungalow and a government job. I was a person with no type of enthusiasm in any kind except my job. I was not interested in any kind of entertainment especially in love and all those boring stuff. My usual habit was to sit in my balcony enjoy the peaceful weather of Shillong. It was morning 7:30 all those pine trees with their chocolate brown cones and strawberry pink cherry blossoms. Small sweet birds chirping and blazing blue waterfalls near my villa and both of my hands were busy in holding a newspaper and a hot coffee preferably espresso. Generally I don't keep my phone in morning time but I was having it today.

Suddenly my phone rang; it was from an unknown number probably a foreign number. I picked up the call and then a manly voice spoke out.

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“Raj Agarwal. Indian Raw agent.”

“Who are you and how do you know about me” I replied in astonishment.

“Apne Kashmir, Mumbai, Delhi ko bacha sakta hai to bacha le is bar hum bhi tumhare sath Diwali manaenge... lekin khun ki.”

He disconnected.

Sweat ran down my spine. I got panicked, and called my head i.e. Indian Foreign Affairs Minister “Salman Khurshid” and then I narrated him the complete story. And I again got a new task to do and I had to leave my coffee which got changed from hot coffee to cold coffee.

He asked me to meet him in his office at 9:00 A.M. I was there by 9 and from then our secret meeting got started. He introduced me with my Mission Partners and I was one of the best agent in Minister’s eye and I was instructed to locate the bomb before it blasted.

I was sent to Kashmir my partner Jay. Mukherjee was assigned Delhi and Krisha. Patel was assigned Mumbai.

It was the first time when I was going on a mission with partners. Till now I had done only missions which were solo. I was nervous but I knew that we 3 could accomplish our mission together.

With a determined mind I set off for the airport towards my next mission, saving India.....

Mission Kashmir

After the meeting I reached my hotel and started gathering my stuff.

Mobile, walkie-talkies, clothes, dairy milk and other essentials; and as usual I forgot my toothbrush that is my infant habit. And the next morning at 6:15 A.M. I started my new objective I had to reach Kashmir locate and diffuse the bomb. I flew from Indira Gandhi International Airport, Delhi to Sheikh Ul Alam Airport, and Srinagar by 9:00 A.M.

My team had made my contacts with the Kashmir police team was then I started my work. “Yaar ye Kashmir itna bada hai kaha se shuru karu samajh hi nahi aata” I spoke to myself.

Then I switched over to the ever helping google baba. I took a flight from Srinagar and arrived at “Pahalgam” which was a nice tourist place in Kashmir.

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When I reached there I came to know there is a population of just 5,992 (approx.). After seeing this I was like “oh teri! yah pe toh 5,992 population hai aur usme se 3,000 jitne toh muslim hai mai to gaya.”

Though I was an agent still I was afraid of mass. I knew if they would lift up their arms then none of my tactics of fight would become useless.

It was evening 7:00 and I had no information about the bomb and I was left with 25 days. Blank minded.

I came back to my hotel I was like rats are playing football in my stomach, my eyes were stretched up to keep up, yawns came like local trains and I was exhausted like a dying rat in the middle of cats.

But my phone was not at all exhausted it rang up with full enthusiasm, I picked up the phone.....

“Chod de Palgaam ko. Chal bas itni hint deta hu ki vo ya to Sringar meh hai ya to Ahemdabad meh” he told.

“You have not mentioned about the Ahmedabad and why now?” I replied with an utmost shock in my voice.

“You fool I am helping you and you are pointing out my mistake. Shame on you....” He replied in an outraged tone.

And now I was panicked and was not able to understand what to do. My mind was set at a spin.

Suddenly I thought that let me check where is this number from? So I tried to find out and my suspicion

was correct, the number came from the Kashmir region of Pakistan.

I informed Sir. Khurshid and I was returned with another surprise.....

He told me that Jay and Krisha were also told that the bomb was in Ahmedabad and Surat and Ahmedabad and Delhi respectively.

“Okk... now the story is getting clear but sir...”

“But what Raj? It’s urgent. Do one thing I am sending a personal plane you come in that fight to Delhi and then let us see what we can do next. I will inform to Jay and Krisha also” Sir told to me.

And it was the completion of my second day in Kashmir and I was feeling much stressed and hungry that I went outside to see how Kashmir was and to eat some Kashmir street food. Kashmir was really a wonderful place. The place could calm the fire in every burning heart with a blue hue in the sky and little insects chirping.

There I found that Kashmir is also famous for its Momos and I also enjoyed a dish named Thukpa (pronounced as thuuuup pa) which was a local dish from Leh-Ladakh. I gave up myself to the night beauty of Kashmir.

The next day the police team came to my hotel to pick me up and the inspector told me.

“Sir now you can only do something to save India from this attack.”

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“I will do my best” I replied and then he came to leave me till my flight I found that Jay and Krisha were also there and then by 11 A.M. we reached the Red fort and by 11:30 we started our meeting.

“Raj kaise rahi tumhari trip?” sir asked me.

“It was nice” I replied.

And then he asked us that there is a common thing in mine, Krisha and Jay’s case that the victim had told us Ahmedabad as the common place and our Pakistani agents have also informed us that they saw the Pakistani ISI agents looking for Ahmedabad map and I think the blast is going to be in Ahmedabad.

“So let us leave for Ahmedabad” I suggested.

“Leave tomorrow morning our team will manage your living and flight there.” Sir instructed to us.

Ahmedabad

The next day we all reached there by 9:00 A.M. and during my journey only one thing was tickling my mind how the man on the phone knew my details and how was he tracking me.

We reached the airport and started towards a 5 star hotel named “The Grand Bhagawati” and rested for an hour and started our task.

During the rest time I surfed on the net about the crowded and popular places in Ahmedabad. Ahmedabad was a chilly hot tempered city. Lots of monuments, people and a variety of food.

After the rest, Jay and Krisha came to my room and then I started telling them about the places they need to go and how they need to do their work. I thought that Krisha was a girl and so it would not be safe for her to go at crowded places searching for victims at Sabarmati Ashram and

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Akshardham temple. But soon my perception was proved false when she told me.

“Sir I have done many such tasks before so don’t be afraid of giving me crowded place as a target I have adapted to such things” in a pleasant voice.

So I instructed her that she needs to check out at Sabarmati Ashram and at Akshardham temple, I also commanded Jay and I went to the main police station of Ahmedabad branch and told them about the bomb blast and the precautions to be taken.

I then started to go in every street and those places which I was thinking to be chose as the victim places.

Again my phone rang it was the same number Mr. bomb.

“Raj Bhai... Ganapati Bapa Moriya... Soch raha hu ki bomb ko meh Mumbai ke sabse bade Ganapati ke andar hi daal du aur phir tum kuch na kar pao.

Vaise ek baat puchu Rajbhai..?”

“Puch” I replied in anger.

“Why are you looking in the streets of Ahmedabad?” he asked me.

“How you came to know about this?” I asked him in shock.

He disconnected.

I came back to the room and then I mailed the number to our location team to check where this call from was.

Ahmedabad

Within a minute they informed me that this call was from “Mumbai.”

Then I thought that he was saying right that the bomb can be in the biggest Ganesh of Mumbai which was at Lal Bagh presently.

So I told Jay and Krisha about the call and told them that I am going to Mumbai and you both stay over here and inform if there is something is wrong.

Jay agreed but Krisha told no as she also wanted to come to Mumbai and join me.

“Ok then....” I told as it was difficult for me to carry on the work alone in Mumbai.

We reached the Ahmedabad airport and at the ticket counter we told the lady to book two tickets to Mumbai.

She asked us to pay 2,000/- then we both opened our agent card and gave it to the lady and then she told “Ok so you both are Agents and so your cost will be given by the government. Huh” she told laughingly.

“I am not having enough time please say when the next flight to Mumbai is.” I told that lady in urgency.

“The next spice jet will be leaving for Mumbai in half an hour” she replied and gave us our tickets and cards back.

I read Krisha’s card it was written Krisha A. Patel 22 years old. And then we set at the waiting corner and waited for half an hour.

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Krishna was a young girl of 22 years having blonde hairs, blue eyes and small lips.

When we were waiting for our flight we thought of amusing ourselves with a little talk.

“So Raj why did you choose this job?”

“My father wanted that one day I should make him proud and I was also interested in doing such tasks” I replied.

“What about you.... Krishna?” I asked her.

“Well I was belonging to a middle class family and when I was young my father and my mother died. I was bought up by my uncle and aunt. Soon I was inspired from Kiran Bedi and then I also got some interested in doing such difficult task and so this was the reason of choosing this job.” She said to me in her sweet voice.

After having some gossip our flight was announced and then we set off for Mumbai.

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