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Published in India by Prowess Publishing
YRK Towers, Thadikara Swamy Koil St, Alandur,
Chennai, Tamil Nadu 600016

ISBN-10: 1-5457-4305-3
ISBN-13: 978-1-5457-4305-8

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication

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The Mad Truck

NAÏVE MORNING OPENED itself to have a peek of the sizzling Sun....day. The east raising sun was just unveiling his crimson face, his brilliant shafts quick to lit the domain up bright. So swift was his ascent through the cerulean sky that he easily pretended, keen in his duties, he hardly noticed anything weird. In fact, at first sight, his swift radiant eyes failed to point the sequence of abominable events, enough to evoke goose bumps.

Scanning quickly through the poles of the third planet, he widely yawned: “One half is bustling, while the other is snoozing. Nothing special. A same day as every day.” He was about to stretch himself lazily, when the curious sight struck suddenly into his field of vision.

A massive giant, marching across a big coastal road in heavy thudding steps that the ‘Lord of Light’ himself felt vibrating. That’s only for a fleeting second. The next moment, without warning, the giant quickly shifted himself to the shape of a weird vehicle. Quickly zooming in his vision, ‘The Lord of Light’ observed the vehicle, a truck, bulk enough to pack in itself, a densely populated town. In fact in its length and breadth, it has blocked the entire marvelous coastal road.

“Something odd is about to happen over earth,” wondered the lord of light, further zooming in his vision to follow the track of the mad truck. With a loud roar accompanying a wild jerk, the truck began to speed madly along the road ahead. The scene reminded a racing predator in morbid appetite, ready to engulf any oncoming unexpected preys. ‘The Lord of Light’ zoomed still more his vision to have even closer view of the mad truck. He was at once taken aback at the glimpse of the driver of the truck.

“Raithkanya,” he shouted in astonishment. “You are behaving like a lunatic.”

“It’s none of your business to snarl at me, Lord of Light,” sneered the driver. “I am just pursuing my orders.”

“Pursuing your order?” exclaimed Sun God. “What’s your order? From whom?”

“I just can’t open my order from invincible Paramathma. You can observe the oncoming events to discern the order yourself,” replied Raithkanya, the driver of the mad truck.

No sooner did Raithkanya uttered the name PARAMATHMA, immediately, the Sun God fell shut as though received double plaster for his lips. To be authentic, he could not wait himself to visualize the order issued by Paramathma to the driver of this mad truck. Quickly he zoomed out his vision for the panoramic view of the vehicles, off the road, miles behind and before the mad truck. To his great astonishment, the great coastal road cuddling the shores of the roaring ocean was entirely desolate save the brand new blood red SUV, hurrying toward the mad truck in even higher speed. The two vehicles were racing head to head toward each other with such a disastrous speed that there hardly lay a mile or two before the two could deadly collide with each other. Counting the driver, the SUV was loaded with only two itinerants. One in the passenger cabin was a tired looking, dull young man while the driver was an athletic, brilliant faced youth of around twenty. The driver was in the one hell of a hurry. His strong legs pressed the accelerator pedal so hard that the speedometer arm swirled rapidly from hundred to hundred plus eighty. The cheerful boy is all set ready to welcome his deadly collider in a couple of seconds.

The Lord of light again zoomed in his vision to get a closer look at the young driver of SUV.

“Gosh! I do not wish to see him die,” he screamed, getting himself beneath a chunk of cloud. Sudden gloominess shrouded the bright morning.

“Hey Vishwa, Cheer up, man. The outer weather is reflecting your inner mood,” the boy in the driver cabin laughed at his dull friend, riding swiftly through the lane.

The young boy indeed has two valid reasons for him driving in such a monstrous speed. The first of course was, no single vehicle to bar his way. The second – more valid was – he wants to reach his destination hyperquick. The boy seemed intensely jubilant, extreme euphoria gushing through his

veins. “I wonder the miles long coastal road possess no gap in median, save the one we just crossed,” said Jeeva, the driver of SUV.

“Jeeva, why don’t you control your speed? I am feeling queasy,” the man in the passenger seat cried annoyantly at his friend.

Clutching the wheel in one hand, Jeeva gently tapped the shoulder of his friend with other hand. For a fraction of second, he took his eyes off the road to gaze at the sickened green face of his friend, “Vishwa, my heart is racing, much higher than the speed of this vehicle. I want to meet Shakthi. Inform her that every hurdle in our path was cleanly chopped off and nothing remains to bar us anymore, any further,” he went on ecstatically.

“No-th-thing to b-ar o-u-r w-a-y. There is verrry big thing,” stammered Vishwa, apparently going to swoon.

Bewildered, Jeeva turned to face the road. At once, his soft face with evergreen smile shrivelled, and in the place filled a wild thrill. A rapid aggressive fire spread all through his nerves that gave him several quick, urgent commands. A monstrous truck is rushing madly towards them, blocking entirely the path ahead. It’s hard to escape the mad truck if continued to proceed in the same direction. The wide coastal road indeed has room enough for four vehicles abreast. But, this anomalous mad truck single handedly has occupied the entire width of the road. Neither side did it allow meager path for other vehicles to pass through. Even if there was, it would really be of no use for the giant vehicle is rushing towards them in zigzag course.

Quickly, he reversed the gear and steered the SUV back, far faster than the bang of his fight hormone. But, even the splendid speed seemed no match for the chasing mad predator. The anomalous vehicle so gently, so easily and so quickly approached the reversing SUV that, they were soon, nose to nose. Jeeva pressed the accelerator pedal hard to the point of bursting. While in the course of rapid reverse, he swirled the wheel hard to the right that, soon the SUV took an acute reverse U-turn through the only available gap in median of the miles long coastal road. Closely missing the target, the mad truck hurried forward with the same disastrous speed, as if it is impossible even for its sorcerous driver to control its speed. Vishwa, his dull friend, tried to speak something. But the words got arrested on the way through his throat. All he could do was, to snap once his lips, and to swallow a bit of saliva to wetten his tremendously scorched voice box. With a breath of great relief, his scary eyes observed the road through which the mad truck had vanished off the sight.

For few moments, Jeeva was silent. Shifting the gear to neutral, he cautiously observed the road on either side of the barricade. "It's odd and fishy," he mumbled, swerving the vehicle round to proceed ahead, but on the wrong side. "No vehicle to point us to be in wrong side," he added in hushed voice. He proceeded along the seemingly danger free road in ever higher speed.

Vishwa could feel his nerves trembling even hours after the chase. There followed a prolonged hushness inside the car.

"Just another fifty kilometers and we will be back at home," Jeeva broke the silence, slipping himself to a relaxed posture. "The truck chased us in purpose it seems," he added airily.

"We have no enemies going too far to the extent of murdering us. Must be a drunken driving," Vishwa said in squeaky voice, sounding in the manner, indeed, not sure of his own words. Still, his insides were trembling hard to calm his arrhythmic heart.

"Don't you notice something odd here?" demanded Jeeva in ultracool voice.

"Do you mean the size of the truck that-

"Even more than that," Jeeva said hastily even before Vishwa could complete his words.

Vishwa scanned around, blankly. On one side was stretched a desiccated land with distant peaks and the other side was filled with bushes and dead woods. But, the obvious oddity did not fail itself to hit the blunt brain of Vishwa.

"There is no vehicle except ours in this usual busy road," he screamed, his eyes opening wide.

"No vehicle except ours and the anomalous truck for very long hours," said Jeeva. "I have not even got a glimpse of single other vehicle," he sounded as if it's a casual matter imbibed in it no cause for worrying.

"How is it possible?" exclaimed Vishwa. "How could a usual busy road, be suddenly go without a single vehicle, that too in the usual traffic hours of the day?"

"Do not know," replied Jeeva. "Possibly, every path to the coastal road might have been blocked, I guess, due to some great riot."

Vishwa silently gazed at his friend as though bereft of the ability to speak.

"You were roaringly snoring as we crossed the accursed spot, spurted with fresh blood and filled with heaps of dead arms and legs," Jeeva sighed.

"You saw it?"

“Terrible! I wonder the riot arose just after we crossed the road yesterday, and ended in single day, just before we return back today. The smell of blood was fresh in the air,” he said.

“Thank God! I was not awake as we crossed the horrible spot. The smell or sight of blood will make me faint,” Vishwa said grumpily, his bristles stood stiff as though received a dose of toxic venom.

Jeeva did not reply anything. There is no other sight in his view other than the hastily falling back black road.

“If the road was riot blocked, how come our vehicle managed to enter into it? And also the anomalous truck?” Vishwa asked, more in a manner to distract his friend out from his hasteness to hell.

“We have taken a detoured route to escape the throng of rushing vehicles in the usual busy roads. The path we have taken is least known to many or possibly least expected. Hence, I guess, our entry to the road remained unblocked,” suggested Jeeva.

“I can’t bear this journey anymore. I am waiting for the hour back at home, deadly fatigued after the violent chase,” said Vishwa in dreamy voice, his lids sagging to close. Indeed he wanted a good night’s sleep, stretching wide his legs and arms.

“What’s that?” Jeeva cried suddenly. As a matter of fact, his eyes had captured something dangerous over the rear-view mirrors. But, in the manner he sounded, Vishwa perceived nothing perilous.

“Wh-at is wh-at?” he turned back sleepily from his passenger seat in a rather boredom voice. Stuck by the sudden horror, he at once froze to a dumb folded statue.

“Ann....nother trr....uck,” Vishwa found it hard to part his parched out tongue from the palate above.

“It’s not another truck. It’s the same one that chased us minutes before!” Jeeva said in unanxious voice.

“I never believe this!” said Vishwa, sitting stiff, fastened by sheer horror and wonder.

“Sounds weird, of course!” said Jeeva, trying to sound casual. “The road indeed was not sufficiently wide to allow enough room for the anomalous truck to reverse its course. Also, there exists no gap in median in this miles long coastal road save the one we have escaped. Even the gap was not wide enough to allow a monster vehicle to pass through it. NO WAY COULD THE VEHICLE HAVE REVERSED ITS COURSE SO QUICKLY

EXCEPT WITH HELP OF SOME SUPRA-HEAVY CRANE OR SIMILAR SUPERNATURAL PARAPHERNALIAS.”

“How could you say it, the same truck? Might be another one!” blurted Vishwa. His hard beating horror struck heart was anytime ready to jump out of his greatly gaped mouth.

“No doubt, it’s the same truck, same giant sized, same anomalous shape and the same dusky grey colored,” said Jeeva. “And now, watch out for its number quick.”

“It’s GOD. GOD is chasing us to kill,” Vishwa screamed, watching the racing vehicle.

“What are you blaspheming?” asked Jeeva in rather angry voice.

“GOD for sure, is chasing us to kill,” repeated Vishwa, his voice quavering.

Jeeva glanced at the rear view mirror. No doubt, his friend was true. Over the sapphire number plate flashed the scarlet letters ‘G O D’

“Something is missing”, said Jeeva in perplexed voice. “It’s ‘G O | D’, the horizontal line in the middle to complete the ‘three’ is missing.”

“No, the plate reads GOD. GOD will kill us soon!” Vishwa said firmly, not ready to take his eyes off the rapidly approaching truck.

Jeeva, who is congenitally adamant was not ready to give up that easily. As a matter of fact, he is not sure whether GOD is chasing him to kill or not, but, quite confident beyond doubts, he knew, the vehicle racing behind him is no ordinary truck. The marvellously huge vehicle is charging towards them in miraculously high speed that never could have been imagined of. Even if he tried his best to speed the vehicle along the length of the coastal road that has now taken a kinky course, his nerves augured him that, it’s not going to work. At a sheer unexpected hour happened a even more freaky event that propelled strong heart of Jeeva to skip several beats.

Right in front of the vehicle, over the middle of the road, suddenly poked out the figure of a beautiful girl with stern, fierce face as if descended directly from the world of dead. Jeeva was highly astonished to see his wife Shakthi appearing abruptly in front of the vehicle. He knew very well: the picture now in his retina must be a mere illusion or probably he is being lured by his supernatural enemy, in the chasing mad truck. Anything may be, he is sure not ready to risk any further. His brain cells gave him a quick urgent command, that was the last ever command he received over the earth. The command indeed was apparently simple, but the consequences were rather terrible; The order was to move his right leg a little. No-it’s not the whole of his right leg, below ankle- only the foot; Not even the whole

right foot, the heel remain fixed to the place and the toes shifted deep from the accelerator hard into the brake pedal bringing the vehicle to an abrupt halt just brushing the virtual girl ahead. Sudden blackness engulfed them that he felt himself, suffering an episode of 'acute glaucoma'. No doubt, the supernatural enemy chasing him for mysterious purpose had now outwitted him. In a couple of countable seconds, he will be going to lick the taste of death, however unpalatable may it be. All of a sudden, without warning, he felt few stone fingers clutching hard his forearms; his friend, Vishwa, frozen in fear.

At the exact moment, 'a scarlet figure' seemed more like a hybrid, flashed momentarily in front of his eyes. "Welcome, my dear Jeevathma, to our cherished land," the figure laughed.

That's only for a fraction of second. Soon the red figure vanished into darkness, even before Jeeva could discern exactly its shape.

At last, he found himself hearing a loud THUD, followed by a heavy jolt right from the rear of the car. The sudden jerk sent into himself a surging wave of spasm all through his muscles. Eventhough he had tightly closed his eyes, he could feel his vehicle soaring high and high. With an even greater momentum, it returned back to hit the ground, crumpled in toto. No need to mention, the mad truck had at last managed to finish its mission perfectly, no need to mention again: successfully.

The Mysterious Missing

SOME MYSTERIOUS POWER deliberately had hauled our hero Jeeva into an horrible accident. Before having a look at his further status, let us have a quick visit of Mr. Shriman, Inspector general of police, North zone at his office. He is one of those prominent characters to unravel the mysteries behind the accident.

You might be possibly amazed — Why do we want to meet him in this dead night? The time now is exactly *half past twelve*. Do not mind those howling wolves and hooting owls for they guessed us, two walking ghosts cleaving through the dark. Do mind in a couple of hours, as the twinkling stars being engulfed by the young shafts of the early morning golden sun, Jeeva will be meeting his weird enemies in mad truck. Of course, we are now in the night before the accident, standing in front of the north zone police station. “*But, Why have we arrived here, that too in this grave night?*”

Let us sneak in to face the horribles;

The empowered commander of the North zone is now shaggy, haggard, lying frazzled on his low arm chair. His legs extended up on the muddled table before. Hark, another police man is now entering into his room, having a polite debate with him, possibly the one under his orders, I guess. What’s the matter they are discussing about?

Shit! It’s not audible. We have to move still nearer to get clear account of the debate between the two cops.

“Sir,” another police officer started with a stiff salute, “The riot had completely been quelled. Every traffic to the coastal road had been blocked

and diverted. Even death now can not pass the road without your orders,” said Karthick, the deputy Inspector general of police. He looked ballpark thirty, enthusiastic eyes and energetic arms.

The IG at once gave his deputy, no reply. He did not even motioned a slight from his stretched posture that the deputy guessed him to be in deep sleep. Starting as a low whisper, the IG slowly raised his voice, “Death, for sure, knew its own way to by-pass. The unexpected riot is costing me a whole sleepless night. I can’t wait anymore to set off to my son, who is eagerly awaiting my arrival. All at the same, I do not want to take a chance. The rioters might resurge back anytime. Keep a tight watch, proclaim emergency, and restrict anyone, even the locales to enter the road.”

The deputy wished him another stiff salute and left the room with no further words. The next couple of hours that followed, had IG plunged deep in his dreams, his body motionless on the wooden chair, as though he was a dead log. But, presently, all of a sudden, as a reflex action, his whole body shook, letting out a violent jerk. He seemed to have woken up half way in a terrible noxious dream.

“Am I imagining things or is it true?” He wondered to himself, his hands tightly clasping the arms of the chair.

Dead sure, he is not imagining things! Now he could hear again, the same horrible cry, banging loud on his eardrums. It’s a snarl, so close to his ears.

Concealing his inner tremblings, his eyes scanned quickly through the room, and finally fixed at the single far end window, through which could be seen the dim-lit corridor behind.

Stuck with the sudden horror, he at once felt his bowels and bladder at the mouth. His strong hands shuddered at this sudden terror. As a dull shadow, he could vividly see the outline of an ugly, horrible, old lady. Her whole body wrapped in untidy, tangled masses of hair, through which barely visible, her pale baleful eyes and wildly sneering lips. Fresh blood oozed through corner of her lips. At an exactly unexpected moment, as the IG was dumbly peering at her, the woman let out another loud, even more horrible growl that curdled even his last drop of blood.

“Am I the selected victim for a vampire attack!” he wondered. “I must be dreaming or imagining things.”

He was neither dreaming nor imagining things. The old lady confirmed it by banging her head ferociously to force break the window bars. His hand

involuntarily reached for the hand-gun lying carelessly on the table before. But the pistol needs no use now as the female monster quickly stopped it endeavour to enter in. Through its enormous hands that looked alike of an ultra sharpened claws, it tightly clutched the bars of the window. It beamed dreadfully at the IG with a deep desire to devour him. For next few seconds, a grave silence engulfed the deep dusk that suddenly was torn off by a harsh, unbearable noise. The monstrous female had begun to sing in a shrill voice, more in a note of screech-

*Keep your nose
Away from the
Mysteries around you
Else-
End up with
Miseries for you*

It giggled, sending a forth waves of vibration, shaking the basement of the structure. Opening wide its enormous back tucked wings, it was about to fly, when suddenly, as though remembered something, beamed longingly at him for obviously prolonged moments. It then brought out a red round object and threw it right on to the edge of his table. The old lady fled off, letting out a final, everloud, earsplitting shriek. There is now no noise inside the room, save the creaking fan right over his head, that seemed a revolving giant, anytime ready to thump straight on his head. He was still as statue, knowing not what to do. To be truthful, he was too shy to admit, he is shuddering from head to heels. With great difficulty, he at last managed to lift himself up from the chair to slowly reach the lonesome object at the far corner of the table. He was so scared that, he even imagined, the red rounded ball will anytime bump, blast on his face. With trembling hands, he seized the ball that was nothing but a crumpled piece of paper. Quickly, he unfolded it. Inside, it was written in loopy scrawls:

Beware of my warning:

“Keep yourself away from any mysteries around you to evade yourself landing up in miseries.”

-Subordinates of Satan

The IG scanned the paper again and again to perceive at least something out from it.

“What on earth does it mean?”

At last he has to admit, he inferred nothing out from the paper. Endless queries sparkled the twigs of his neurons that ultimately flamed up his entire brain. “Is this really a letter from ‘Subordinates of Satan’? Indeed, addressed so! Have I received the letter from a mysterious ghoul or it my mere illusion? Is this a sly of any of my enemies to tame me off? Even so, what’s the need for anyone to send this letter in such a weird fashion!” he wondered.

Ruminating deep, he sat still staring at the letter for long. At last, as the fresh shafts of the early morning golden sun, gleamed up his stern face; he tossed the letter aside onto the table with the final verdict –

To every people residing in my North zone;
 To all the prisoners in my custody;
 To all my enemies and even to my colleagues;
 Thinking of me is a *‘dream of Lion’*;

It’s a shame on me to have been tamed by those pusillanimous terrorists. They are just trying to petrify me, pretending themselves as perilous devils. My nose for sure will plunge deep into whatever mysteries surmounting me. First of all, I will have to solve the puzzles behind this mysterious letter. As he got up with the final resolve, all at the same, another pressing painful thought jumped its way into his nerves that pushed aside all other thoughts even the mysterious letter off his mind. In a momentary flash, the thought made him miserable.

“My Son,” he sighed, “How can he be slipped my mind? Ajay is alone in house. The deaf child, by now would be desperately looking for me.”

Instantly stocking back his revolver, he was about to get off, when the landline phone over the table banged loudly as though over his head.

Even before he could possible say a ‘hello’, the voice on the other end went on swiftly as if in a rush. The following few second witnessed the hard, dry face of IG, with the receiver pressed to his ears took over a series of staccato expressions: First wrinkling to a wrath, then to a mock, that was soon overwhelmed by a puzzle and finally filled with amazement, he released the following words-

“For God’s sake, how is it possible for only the two vehicles to enter the road, while every other was restricted?”

“I accept it’s a pure mystery, how the two vehicles managed themselves to enter the entirely blocked East coast Road, only to meet themselves together with a terrible accident. But, even more mysteries are awaiting you, the moment, you arrive here.”

“What do you mean, Shanika?”

“Shanika, on the opposite end was silent for a while, then, her familiar voice went on, “The accident itself is a pure mystery. A single wagon lying in the mid-road, even its engine was crushed. Surely there must be a part played by another vehicle, possibly a giant one! But, HOW THE GIANT VEHICLE ENTERED AND LEFT THE ROAD, escaping the eyes of posse of our police force is a pure mystery.”

The IG stood rooted to his place, his mouth dumb-folded. His buzzing brilliant brain did not forget to remember him, the words – “KEEP YOUR NOSE AWAY FROM THE MYSTERIES AROUND YOU.” Is this the mystery that the ‘*Sub-ordinates of satan*’ meant for! The IG thought; if so, I will for sure plunge deep my nose to unravel any single mysteries behind this accident.

“Sir,” the lady called out, “Can you hear my voice. Or... the phone dead?” There followed a series of clattering noises.

“No, Miss Shanika, I am following your words closely. You can just continue.”

“Sir.....” Shanika hesitated a while, “More mysterious than the missing vehicle is another mysterious missing.”

The IG was peculiarly silent. The events from the previous night had blunted his power of amazement that, he is now ready to hear any astonishing news of the world as a routine occurrence of the day.

Shanika, on the opposite end continued, “Jeeva, the driver of the vehicle was missing off the site of the terrible accident.”

“How do you possibly guess, the man was inside the vehicle at the moment of accident? Perhaps, he might have moved out of the vehicle even before. I mean, before the site of accident.”

“You may be possibly right,” said Shanika, “But, What justification can you provide for a vehicle that had escaped miles of chasing, but has no driver inside it? The trails of the two vehicles are perfect on the road.”

“What about the other man in the vehicle- his friend?”

“He’s Vishwa, the driver’s intimate friend. He was the only other man in the vehicle and also the only man remaining in the vehicle now.”

“Is he alive now?” the sudden curiosity was palpable in his voice.

“I am sorry to say, the man was dead, but died rather mysteriously,” said Shanika.

“What mystery have you sensed from a man died of road traffic accident?”

“The man died, not of the accident!” snapped Shanika. “As a matter of fact, the man had no grievous injuries, not even a milder abrasion. He seemed a scary statue, petrified.”

The IG rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “Have you removed the dead body out from the vehicle?” he asked.

“No, not yet, just waiting for your orders, Sir,” replied Shanika.

“Good,” said the IG. “I will be there in half hour.”

With these final words, he snapped the land-line. Taking notice of nothing in front of him, swiftly he got into his sirened vehicle to rush himself to the site of accident. At first sight, the crushed vehicle was almost blocked from his view by bunch of investigating officers from both the police and forensic departments. At the appearance of IG, every other drew themselves behind. He stomped ahead to the vehicle to have a closer look.

“The door is jammed. You can’t open it,” said a man in heavy spectacle, as the IG tried to force open the damaged door of the car.

“Mr. Venkat!” there appeared a forced smile in the hard lips of the IG. “What do your forensic investigations say? Any curious piece of information?”

The man pursed his lips. “Some giant vehicle, purposefully had hit the wagon from behind after miles of chasing. Nothing more could be learnt, unless the driver who had escaped moments before the accident was got caught or possibly the missing truck. Until then, every square inch of the case sounds mysterious!” he huffed heavily.

“Thanks for the piece of your information,” The IG said sharply, without cleaving his piercing eyes off the crushed vehicle. “A petrified man completely undamaged inside a totally damaged vehicle,” the IG whispered as if, the words should be audible only to himself not to anyone else around.

“Sounds more mysterious than the mystery letter, isn’t?” said a cheerful voice, so close to him, indeed, right from his back.

Overwhelmed by sudden shock, the IG quickly turned back to find Karthick, his deputy, standing with a brilliant smile.

“When and how did you arrive here?” voice of IG, as usual in ruder frequency. “And, how come you knew the letter without my knowledge. Is there any part played by you concerning the letter?”

The deputy’s face drifted scarlet as if he was made to masticate a raw chilly. But, only for a flash of second. Gulping hard his rumbling emotions that were about to burst open, he replied with a feign smile, “I never

thought you were so stress- myopic. I was right before you, reading the letter that you tossed on the table, while you were conversing with Shanika over phone. My vehicle was following yours all along, right from our station to this very site of accident. But, you claimed to have never noticed me. It's a sheer miracle, the eagle eyes of my boss that can even pierce through the opacity is now blunted, possibly due to lack of sleep or probably by the series of chained up mysteries or perhaps in frustration, being not able to at least visit Ajay, who is alone in house."

"Shut your shit mouth up!" the IG barked at his deputy. He sensed a sharp agonizing pain, jolt opening his ribs right at the mention of his lonesome son. "Can't your blank head quietly observe the mysteries here?"

"A petrified man inside a completely crushed wagon, with escaped driver," said Karthick. "What other mystery do you want me to notice here?"

"Just observe his hands," the IG said gingerly.

The eyes of the deputy that went over the arms of the petrified man opened wide in amazement. "The arms of the man were trying to clasp something over the driver seat before his death, the rigor mortis proves this," Karthick whispered in his boss' ears not to catch the attraction of the surrounding crew.

The boss rushed him out from the spot towards his vehicle, "Intensely scared of something, the man came to clutch the hands of his friend in the driver seat, possibly just before his death. I am dead sure the driver was there inside the vehicle, till the moment of accident. And then, after that, how had he vanished, opening the shock jammed door is a pure wonder!"

"No way, the driver could have escaped out from the site of accident through the shock jammed doors. I guess him ran out of the vehicle even before the accident to ice the cake for chasers to hunt easily their victim," suggested Karthick.

"Victim!" the IG laughed. "The chaser's target was the driver, not the passenger. The innocent victim might have fallen prey for those hungry predators, just for the crime of accompanying their true target, I mean the driver."

"That's just a blind guess," said Karthick. "The chasers might have targeted the driver or the passenger or even both."

"Of course a blind guess" admitted the IG. "But it was only with the driver, not with the passenger, that the mysterious chasers had vanished off."

“The driver had not vanished off and so the heavy vehicle that created the accident,” Karthick went on sarcastically, “The driver of the vehicle had escaped- just escaped, even before the heavy vehicle hit his own.”

“I pray for a heavy thunder to fell directly on your mud filled head,” the IG said gently as he got back into his sirened vehicle. “Not only the man, but also the wagon too had succumbed to rigor mortis; fixed exactly at the posture of death- the gear pushed to its extreme, the brake pressed to its depth and the steering swirled to the extreme left as though to evade hitting over a virtual barrier ahead. The vehicle succumbed to a sudden shutdown, as though waiting for its master, I mean, the driver to return back and restart it.

“I never saw its g-ear or b-rake,” Karthik stammered.

The IG, Mr. Shriman, took no notice of his words, even no other matter any further. Swiftly, he slammed the vehicle door shut, drove the pace to his peace, leaving aside every mysteries. The only picture that is now filling his brain is his only son, who is deaf, alone in house, and is long awaiting his arrival.

“I am on my way back, my dear son.” He thought, rubbing harshly, his heavy erythemic eyes that for long had forgotten a sound slumber and so in the days to come.

