

WOLF HUNT

story and illustration by

Lorri Frandsen



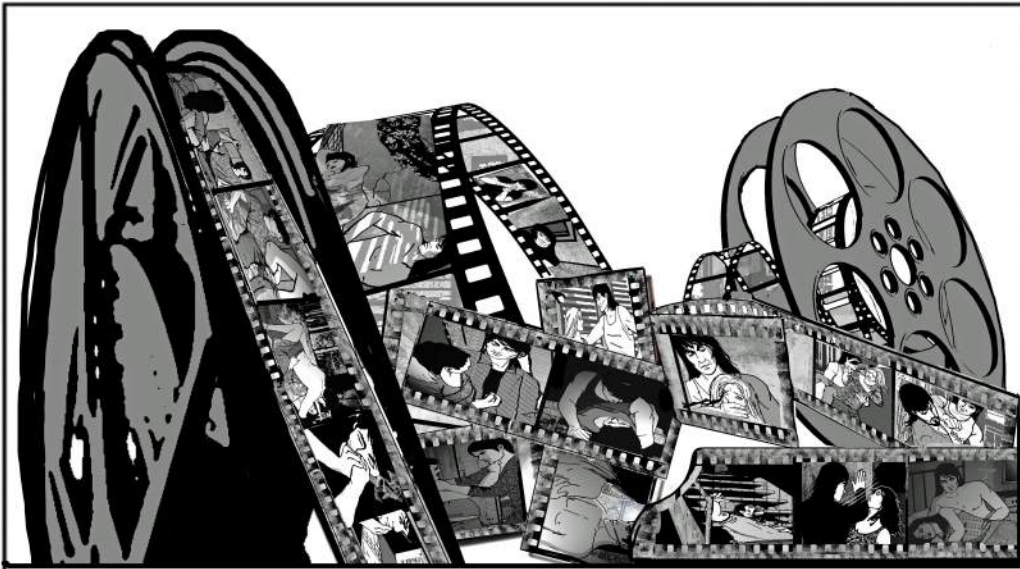
*for my husband, Kell, who made this book possible
through his love and encouragement,
and who shouldered many of my responsibilities so I could write.
Thanks for being such a good friend.*

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Author's Note

'Wolf Hunt' is a work of fiction and thus names and incidents are drawn from my creative imagination. Any similarity to real people and events is purely coincidental. However allusions to street life, prostitution, and the underworld of Kolkata have some basis in fact, as do references to Francis Thompson, an historical figure who lived in the nineteenth century. Also, the main character's spiritual battle and inner struggle mirror my own experience in some ways.

For best effect, I recommend reading my first book, 'Pushpa Unveiled', as some of the characters and events in that story dovetail with this one, and make for a deeper understanding of all the characters.

I hope this story will be a source of entertainment and blessing to you.

Lorri Frandsen

Chapter 1

GRAVE



Yeah, this is the exact spot.
Man, there were a lot of people that day.
Seemed like all of Kolkata came out to see the spectacle.
Guess it was a gratifying sight to see a bad man go down.
Especially a two-bit pimp and pusher like Wolf.



He certainly deserved to die.
There was nothing good in him. Nothing that counted.



I don't even like to think about all the stuff he did,
although I guess sometimes it's good to remember what you were...



Funny how the moment I went under, my whole life flashed before my eyes,
like they say can happen when a man faces death.
I wasn't expecting that.



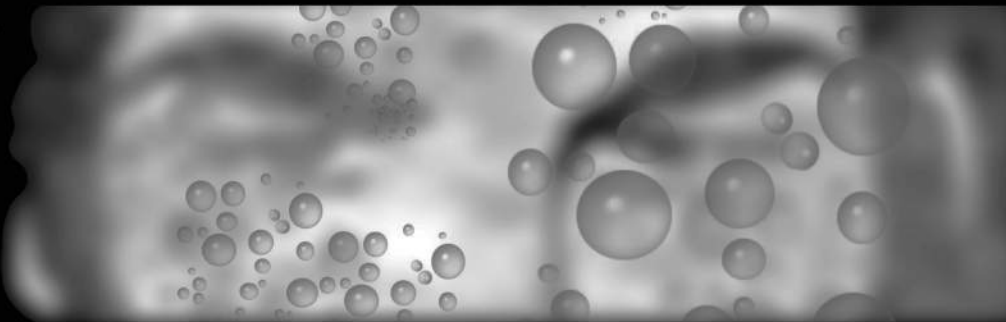
...or wanting it either.



Because some memories bring pain...



And I have lots of those.



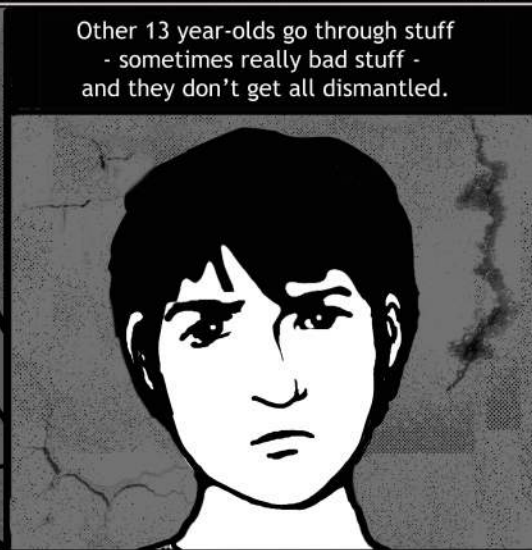
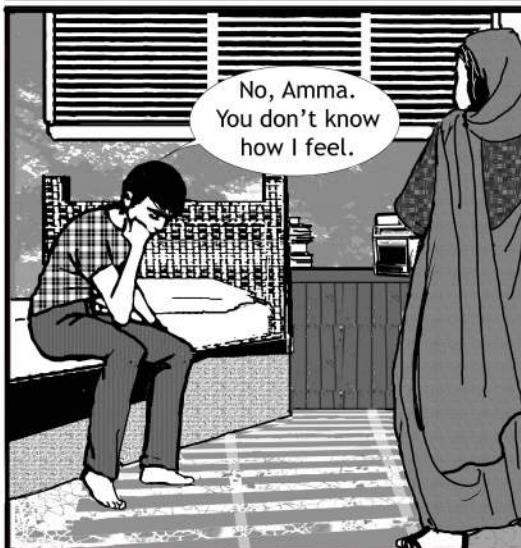
I guess they never completely go away.
They're locked in the brain.
Not just the event itself, but also all the feelings that go with it.
The worst are the ones that cut into your soul and tear at your gut.
Those are the ones you never forget.



Like the one I thought of as I went under.
It started with this fan whirring above my head.
I was staring up at it, watching it go round and round and round.
It had an hypnotic effect, numbing my brain so I couldn't think.
And that's just what I wanted...to not think...or feel...anything at all.



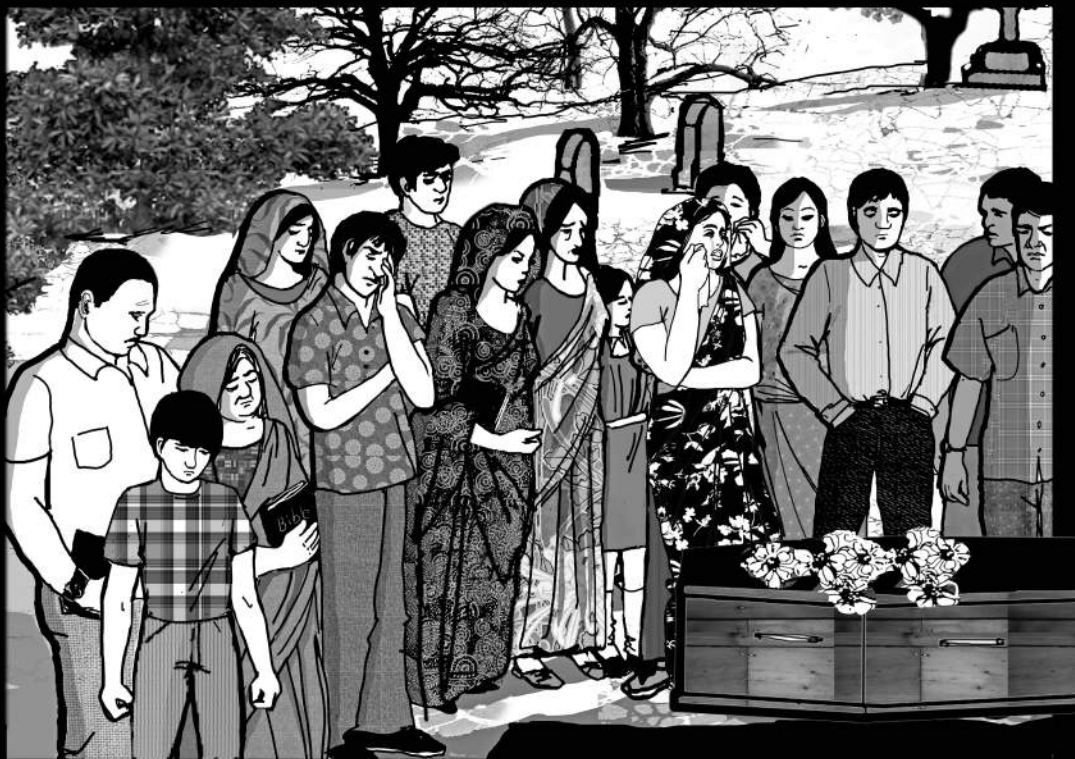
Amma's words broke the spell.

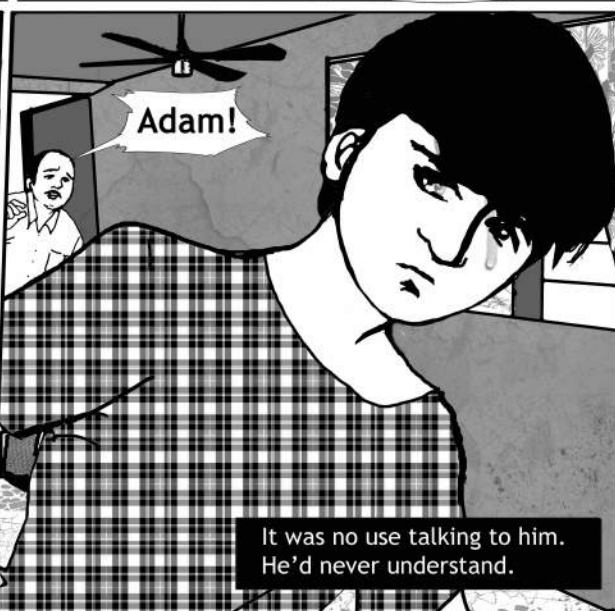


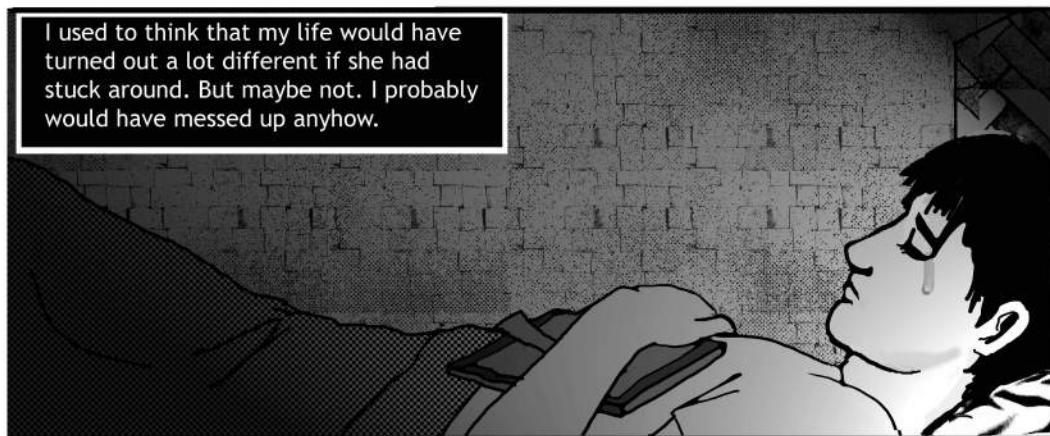
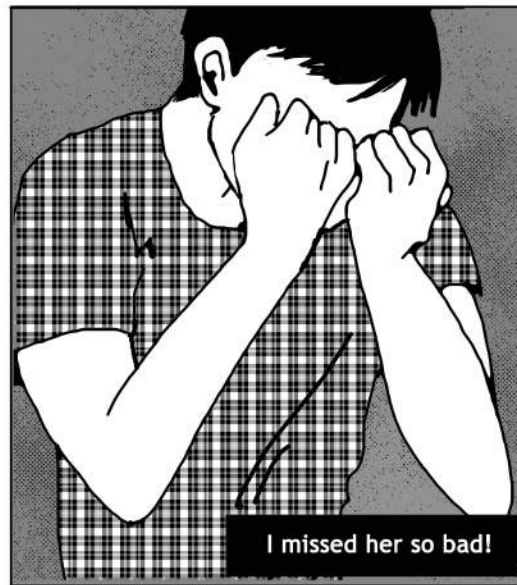
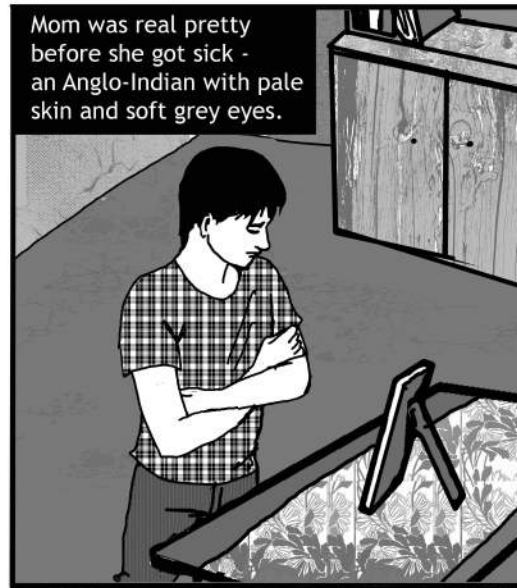
But me...I don't know...something seemed to snap inside. When I saw all those people from church standing around my mother's coffin, I felt pain tighten my chest and pierce my gut like a knife. I felt I was dying. Maybe in a way I was, because my hopes and dreams died with Mom that day.



...and so did my faith.



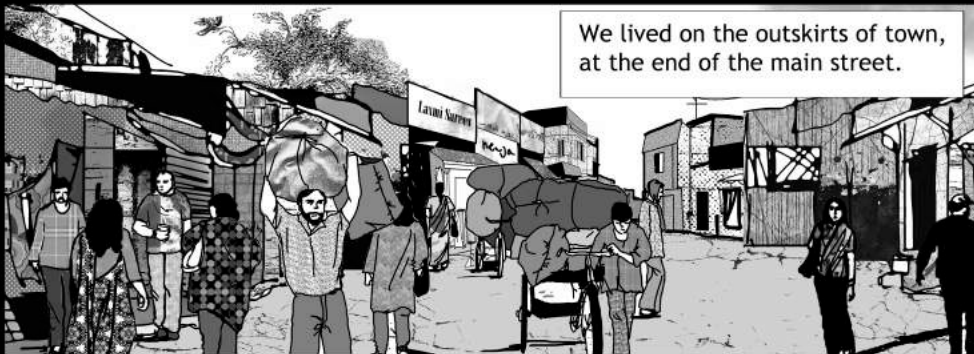




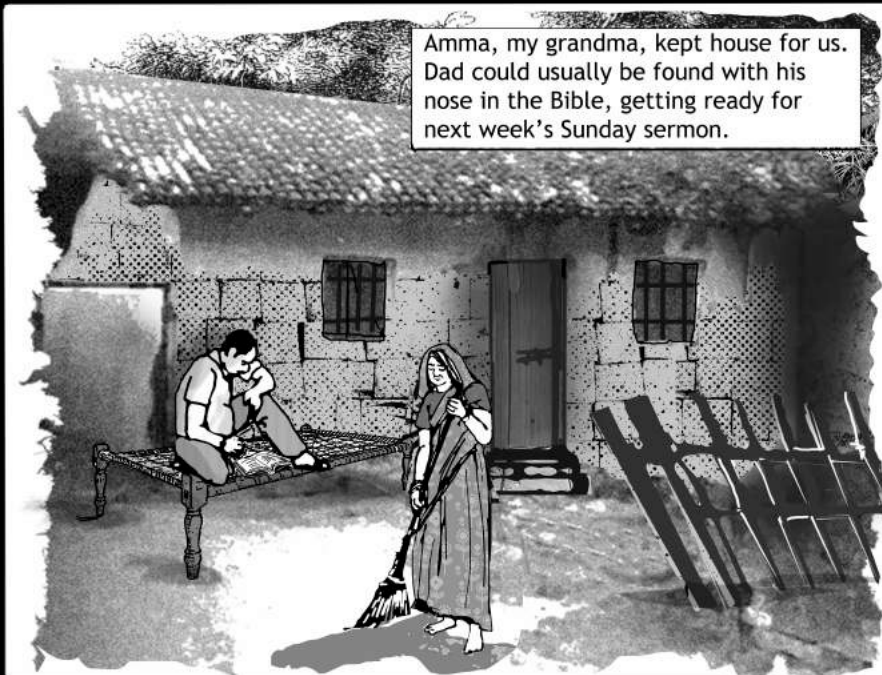
My hometown was in Odisha. The nearest big city was Kolkata, but that was a long way away. We never went to the city, which was a downer because our town was really boring. Every day was pretty much the same as the day before.



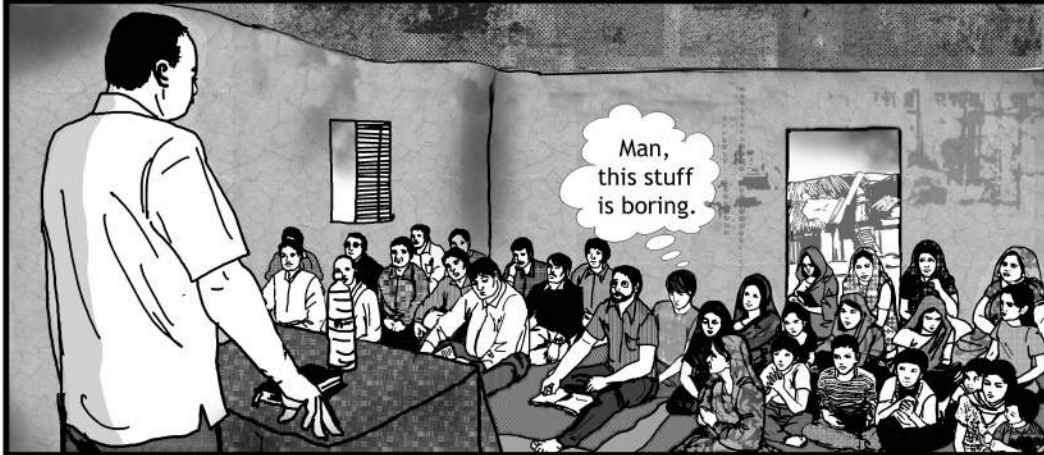
We lived on the outskirts of town, at the end of the main street.



Amma, my grandma, kept house for us. Dad could usually be found with his nose in the Bible, getting ready for next week's Sunday sermon.



I went to the same church Sunday after Sunday, year after year, listening to Dad preach the same sermons over and over again. By the time I was 15, I knew them all by heart. I used to count the minutes to when Dad would give the benediction and close the service.



Dad had dreams of my going to college and becoming a pastor so I could help him with his church work. That was a real laugh!

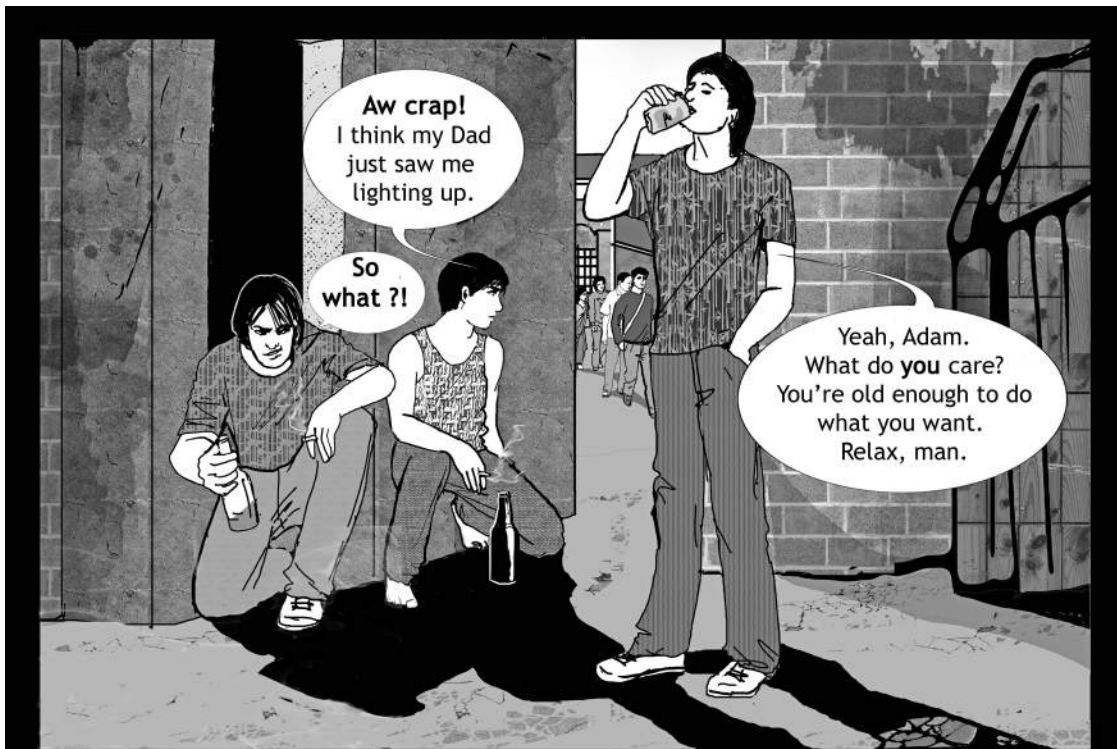


I didn't want anything to do with God. I could never forgive Him for ignoring my prayers and letting Mom die.



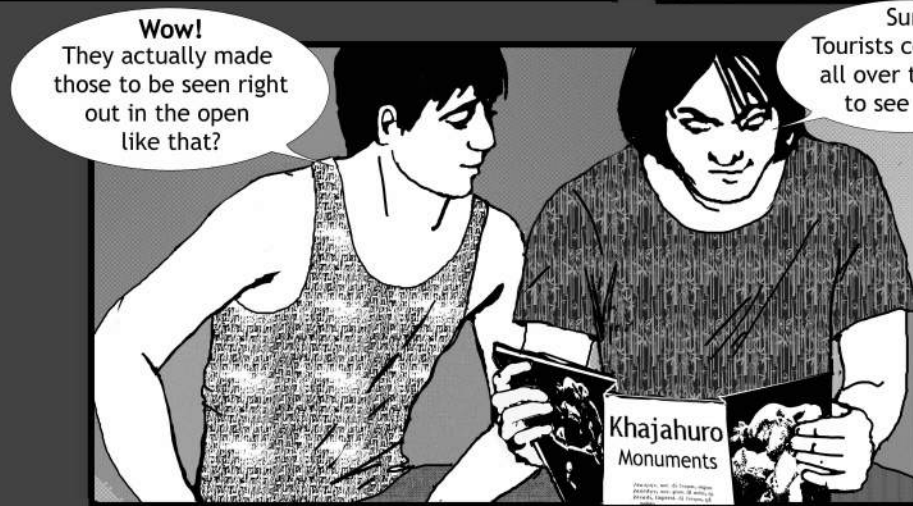
Of course I never let on what I was thinking inside. I hid my feelings from everyone, especially Dad...and pretty soon I was hiding a lot of other things as well.





Achish and Sanjt were two friends from town. They were different from the kids at church. I liked that they felt free to do as they liked without feeling guilty about it, probably because they didn't carry around any religious baggage like I did. They were also older than me and more experienced in the ways of the world. Under their tutelage I learned stuff I'd never dreamed of.

I discovered the 'secrets of conjugal bliss' within the pages of Indian classics like the Kama Sutra. Even travel brochures about historical monuments could be most instructive. And the booze, cigarettes, and drugs made it even more alluring and provocative.



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