

The Undergraduate's Mission

A Story Of Sensible Determination...



Subham Paul

What would you plan if you have
the chance to fool some of the
most dangerous men in your city?
Did I say, fool?

Get the answers to such heady
questions as Aarav goes through
the tough mission of saving his
father. What will this mission give
him- Success? Or Death??

The Undergraduate's Mission

A story of Sensible Determination...

S
U
B
H
A
M

P
A
U
L

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S MISSION

A Story Of Sensible Determination

© Subham Paul 2013

To my loving parents.....

A Gentle Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted in this book are purely fictional. Any resemblance to any character , religion , region, individual,object or incident in reality is a coincidence. The author hereby does not take the responsibility of any questionable action taken by any reader.

The author respects the integrity of each and every person who comes across this work and has no intention of portraying any individual, organization, sect or religion in bad light.

The author strictly condemns the consumption of alcohol, smoking and the usage of slang in public speech.

STATUTORY WARNING

Overconfidence
is injurious to health
and causes
Failure.

To The Ones Who Deserve It...

Any common citizen would avoid visiting a police station for many reasons, and for writing a story which rests almost entirely on the subjects of crime, police and law, a number of experiences were quite necessary. So on top of everything, I thank myself for having landed in trouble needlessly, the trips to the police stations at Bhawanipore, Ekbalpore and Watgunj, Kolkata, which turned out to be fruitful, and to the officers for co-operating with me (and, also, for showing me hints of their characteristic sense of rowdiness and humor at times).

A huge thanks to the scores of pickpockets who end up featuring in stories and films because of their sheer skill, tact and luck.

Also to the never ending evolution of technology that makes life so easy yet complicated. Had duplicate gadgets been absent in the markets, this story would not have been possible.

My parents, who are the reasons why I am a living human being. My friends Arnab Banerjee, Saikat Dutt and Bhaskar Jha, who are completely crazy, but are some of the bright spots in this challenging outside world.

A huge salute to God, who, according to me, is the best manufacturer, dealer, manager, entertainer and caretaker ever...

Special Acknowledgements

Ashoka Bar	Café Coffee Day
McDonald's	The HHI
Tantra	The Park
Eden Gardens	Jadavpur University
Royal Enfield	Red Bull
Sprite	Wagon R
Coca Cola	Facebook
Jaguar	Samsung Mobile
Indian Railways	Kolkata Metro
Kolkata Police	Kolkata Port Trust

Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose International Airport

Akon
Enrique Iglesias
Kolkata Knight Riders

Present Day.... August , 2012

Midnight, in a nightclub at Park Street, Kolkata.

A party is in full flow, with revellers finding their souls lost in the mood and intoxication surrounding them. While a group of middle-aged men are having a blast among themselves, a youngster, possibly in his early twenties, is at a corner and talking with a beautiful young woman in a blue party dress. He looks a bit worried as another man with a blue cocktail approaches them and starts talking with the woman.

"Yes indeed, I thought over it, I'm glad to be here," said the woman.

The youngster looked at her with an upset expression, but the man was extremely pleased, both with her answer and the youngster's face.

"Her being here will be better for our business here," intervened the youngster.

"Bunk the business fellow. Her presence is enough for everything!" the man said and stared flirtatiously at her adorable figure from top to toe. Her blue party dress matched the colour of his drink, and as expected, he held her hand and took her to the dance floor. The youngster sees this and leaning on the wall, gets lost deep in his thoughts about how he had reached there.

Chapter 1

Ten months ago.... September , 2011

"Its all right son, I've spent all my ten years like this," said a weak elderly man with unkept hair and beard, to a comparatively young face. The two of them are in the department in a prison where the inmates are allowed to interact with their kith and kin across a grilled barrier.

The young face said, "You certainly don't deserve to be here Papa."

"As long as I was an intelligence officer, you could have boasted this. Now I am just another prisoner who has to spend his life in this manner and live in the fear of getting killed any day," hushed the man, taking in small sips of water every time he paused.

"On top of that the lawyer is an asshole. You haven't told me even now why you are here. I don't trust the reasons that everyone seems to know. I'm sure you are not wrong," protested the youngster.

"I am here because I must have done something wrong."

"You have said this every time I come here. I can help you out, I can, I have to. But you just won't let me do that, will you?"

"And what about your studies? Your mum's condition? The safety of you both? As long as I am here, you both are safe"

Aarav asked after a pause, "And what about you?"

The man replied by putting his head on the table.

"You have stayed silent for the last ten years. A man nearing 51, who looks like a 70 year old and has spent 10 years in jail, has no idea about his future and has no faith in his 3rd year B.Tech son nearing 20. Fine!"

Aarav's father lifts his face, wipes his weak eyes and replies- "As long as I was Officer Gaurav Mitra, I was respected by everyone. Things are different now. Your mum has stopped coming here way back. But you still come here, I have the best son in the world in you. I'm proud of you."

"Yeah, that's what you wanted right? A life of dignity, honour and Pride! Happy birthday again, Papa, I've to leave now," and Aarav stands up and plans to leave. But he is stopped by his father's call-

"Aarav, will you stay back for a few more minutes? Please?"

Chapter 2

Five months later.... February , 2012

A busy moment at the Chandni Chowk market near Esplanade. A tram has just begun its trademark sluggish journey and some of its faithful users get on it without any difficulty. A group of beggars has just received the news that FOOD is being distributed in the nearby mosque. And an SUV is strolling under 20 kph and announcing the world that a business shutdown has been called for the following day.

Amidst all this, Aarav is seen walking on the pavement, dodging obstacles such as lamp-post, makeshift stalls, goods and obese people. He stops outside a mobile showroom and enters it after examining it from outside.

"I need a good phone of any brand having camera, bluetooth, music player and all, with or without touchscreen, but without a tracker."

The shopkeeper smiled, "We have plenty of them sir, just have a look at these-"

"Within 4000," declared Aarav while looking at the models arranged in the show-case.

The shopkeeper then took out one handset after another, of weird names and attractive appearances. Aarav finalized on five of them, all looking expensive and the total amounting to Rs. 16500.

"I'm not giving more than 14000."

"Impossible. Exactly 16500. These are branded items *Bhai!*"

Aarav banged his fist on the table and almost shouted with a well adjusted frown, "Take it or leave it. I know my price will give you enough business. I will take more phones from here later if I get these at my price. Don't make me talk much, there are millions of shops like these," and saying this he made for the door. His stubble helped.

"Wait wait! Ok! But *Bhai* we can't take it below 15000, we simply can't. And I'm keeping it this down only because you are going to take more," pleaded the shopkeeper, who almost came out of his place so as to stop Aarav from leaving his shop.

"All right, but make it quick. Any nice bar nearby?" asked Aarav as he started walking around and looking at other phones.

"Ashoka's fantastic. Metro's good too, not far away, *Bhai* your name please-"

"Aarav Mitra. Hey its Aarav, not Arab. Yeah, Mitra, thanks," , having made this small correction he took his phones and stepped out of the

shop. He made a brief call, and uttered "Ashoka Bar". After a slight stroll in the heat he entered the bar.

After waiting for five minutes and sipping in a soft drink, another youngster joined Aarav. He seemed to be of the same age but looked way less rugged than Aarav did.

"Yes boss, these phones are perfect. I can fit the trackers that you bought yesterday in these. And no one will have the ~~shit~~ of a doubt that these Chinese beauties can be tracked as well!"

"Softly, Aadi! And thanks. How long will you take?", asked Aarav.

"Come to my place tomorrow evening, say at 5 pm. It'll be done by then."

Aarav- "Done. See you tomorrow, I'm leaving now." Aarav makes way for the door and is stopped by Aadi quickly-

"Hey what about my beer? You promised me right?"

Aarav pointed towards their table where a waiter was bringing half a glass of a dark brownish drink, and he said, "There it is. You know I don't drink. Bye!"

The waiter approached Aadi and said, "Sir, your rum."

"What? Oh yeah yeah.. Keep it.." exclaimed Aadi after hearing the name Rum. He quickly composed himself and took the glass and sat down. After looking here and there and inspecting the glass with a terrible expression, he drank all of it at one go.

Chapter 3

"Wow man, that's how you look really. Wonder how that little beard changes your look completely. Why don't you stay clean shaved every time?" asked Aadi as he escorted Aarav to his room the next evening.

"Are you done with the phones? And yeah, how was your beer?", Aarav asked him with a grin.

Aadi did a short moonwalk and lovingly showed him both his middle-fingers. After appreciating himself with a pat, he resumed, "I've moved on brother. Anyways, there's a bit of a problem here."

"What?", asked Aarav as he inspected a handset.

"The tracking signals I'm observing from these cannot describe the exact location of the phones. It's like, I can understand the range in which the phone is present, but to know the exact location I need a software that can link the phone with my computer as well as cross-link the phone-tower nearest to the phone with the software. And this stuff is used mainly by the cops."

"Can't we download that?"

"Impossible man!"

"But said you could do it," Aarav frowned.

"Yeah I can, who said I can't? But the trackers you have bought are original ones, genuine ones. A home-made, personalized one may solve this fuss but hang on, I need at least a decade to learn that magic," saying this Aadi changed the song in his computer.

Aarav switched the speakers off and asked, "That means we finally need the cops?"

"Yep."

"Do you think that's worth all our hard work? They will not give a ~~shit~~ to our problem and on top of that the five phones getting lost at the same time," Aarav walked around the room and stood by the window.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

