

[1]

“The girl is mad or would make me mad.” PSI Murthi shouted , “Where is that girl now? Form where is she?”

“Why are you so hyper about that girl?” PSI Shakina asked.

“A Chinese girl found unconscious on the beach near five caves at this early morning. Thanks god, she is still alive.”

“So what? Is it the first case of this type, in your career of police? What’s wrong with you? And how could you tell that she is Chinese ? ”

“Sis Shakina, She is looking like Chinese.”

“All Korean, Japanese, Chinese or Philippines girls are looking same.”

“Whatever she is, but there are many interesting parts of this story, which makes me mad.”

“What are they?”

“First, she is not in official visitors list from any of such countries. Secondly, she was found half naked. Thirdly, one flute was found near her. Fourthly, we could not found her local address. Fifthly, there is no report of missing any foreign girl. Lastly, she was found on the sea shore unconscious and there are no signs of any clash with anyone.

Who is she? What happened to her? Where is she from? Why is she in India? How she entered in this country? What was she doing at the beach late night, rather early morning? She is looking suspect. Is she entered illegally? Is she involved in smuggling of anything like drugs or arms or a part of any mafia gang or ....”

“Yes, I understand the points you raised. It would be interesting to solve this case.”

“This is not the case Sis, it is a mystery. I smell the big international conspiracy. It may have some dangerous plan to ... it may be threat to the top post... I mean... are you getting... I mean the government ... I mean the prime minister...”

“Mr. Murthi, please cool down. You know that I would solve the mystery with all angles you raised. Relax now. ” PSI Shakina assured him.

“Thanks my friend.”

“ That girl, what is her name?” Shakina asked.

“No one knows about her. Her photos are already sent to all police stations, all airports and all railway stations, all ports... and we are waiting for any clue.”

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“You have options to choose from various activities ...”

Amaya interrupted the lady on the counter at Hotel, “What are the activities available at this time?” Amaya pointed her eyes on the wall clock of the reception. It was showing 12.39 AM.

“The night is still young and you may hang out yourself with many activities as our Hotel never sleeps.” The young lady replied with proud and smile.

“Oh, really, it’s wonderful and interesting too.” Amaya showed some interest. Her words encouraged the lady receptionist to talk further, “We have café, we have music lounge, we have shopping options, and we have gym and spa and...”

Amaya found the list was going long. “Any natural place, to escape?”

“Of course, yes.” Receptionist replied with enthusiasm, “We have grass lawn on the right hand side while on the left, there is a fountain. If you want to wander in the moonlight, there is a track straight.” Smile was on her lips.

“What would you suggest my dear friend? May I call you a friend?” Amaya laughed, “What is your name my friend?”

“My name is Nisha, while her name is Varsha.” She introduced her colleague.

“Hello Miss Amaya. How are you?” Varsha involved herself in the conversations.

“Hi, Varsha and Nisha, your name sounds beautiful. I know the meaning of your names. Varsha means the rain, Right?” Amaya smiled.

”Oh yes. What about Nisha?”

“Nisha means a night, correct?”

“That’s also correct. It’s wonderful. You are from Japan. How did you know the meaning of Indian names? Do you know any of Indian language?” Asked in amaze.

“Yes, I know little Hindi.”

“How did you do that?”

“One of my friends on facebook taught me some words of Hindi. But, more interesting fact is that the meaning of my name is the combination of both of yours.”

“What is that?” both Nisha and Varsha asked in surprise.

“My name is Amaya; it means night rain, Nisha and Varsha.”

“It’s pleasure coincidence.” Varsha said.

“Miss Amaya, where do you want to dissolve yourself?” Nisha asked.

“I guess, I should go back to my room and take a long sleep.” Amaya concluded.

“Your wish. Have a sound sleep. Good night Miss Amaya.” Varsha greeted her.

Amaya left the counter and turned to lift to get in to her suit. The lift stopped at 8<sup>th</sup> floor. She moved to room no 809 and locked herself.

Amaya was so tired that she wanted to relax and rest. She took the shower and changed the dress. She was in solid black night gown

She looked her reflection in the mirror. She liked it. She left the mirror and settled on the sofa.

TV remote was in her hand. She used it, to check and change all possible channels. Within half an hour, she found nothing interesting on the screen. She turned off the idiot box.

The room filled with silence. She enjoyed the silence for some moments. During the silence, she recapped the whole journey from Tokyo to Mumbai. Mumbai was not in the list or route at all. Amaya took the Qatar Airlines flight no QR 5541 from Haneda Airport, Tokyo. The flight landed in time at Hongkong. From Hongkong she caught a flight no QR 817 for Doha Qatar and expected to reach at Doha by 23.25 local time, after a long journey of more than 9 hours. Her final destination was Cairo, Egypt for which she has to catch another flight from Doha Qatar. There was a sufi music concert at Cairo and Amaya was invited to perform with renowned international artists. It was a great opportunity for her to enter the world of music at greater platform. She was very much excited and happy for such a big event.

Amaya has to play guitar with the troop. She could play flute too. But guitar was her first love, first choice and first passion. She was master in both, at the younger age of 21.

There was no music background in her family nor was she trained formally. Still she could play two beautiful instruments. She did not know how she got the knowledge of music. People were saying that it was a God's gift to her.

She had uploaded many Videos of her music performance on you tube. Thousands of people liked and shared her videos. These videos reached to the sufi forum of Cairo, Egypt and the forum was very much impressed. They invited her to perform with them at an international concert.

Everything was fine and good until the flight NO 817 crossed the eastern border of India. On her seat no 26 k, she was resting comfortably. The announcement from the Captain's cabin knocked her ears and she came out of the sleep.

"We are passing over India and the flight has to reach the destination within 3 hours. But, there is an important announcement for all of us. I request you all to fast the belt and concentrate on the instructions from our crew team.

There is nothing to panic as we are very safe in the hands of our Captain Mr. Brad. Due to some technical fault, the fuel is going to exhaust faster than expected. There may be some leakage in the fuel chamber. We are in touch with Mumbai Airport and we have requested them for emergency landing to take fresh fuel.

We are happy to announce that our request has been considered and very soon we would be safe on Mumbai Airport. We would fly again as soon as the fuel ..."

Rest of her words went in vein. Everyone was panic and frightened. She kept appealing to keep calm while all passengers kept behaving like immature children.

Amaya was calm and cool. She helped the crew members to control the passengers. After 9 minutes, crew was able to settle down them cool.

[ 2 ]

The flight landed safely at Mumbai Airport. Everyone was unhappy and angry, except Amaya. Amaya has studied the 90/10 principle of management by Stephen Covey. She always practiced that principle in crucial situation.

According to the 90/10 principle, whatever happens to us has two parts. First part is an event part which is external part, on which we have no control. It has only 10 percentage impact on our life. The second part of the event is very vital. That forms 90 % and would decide the impact of such event on our life. That part is our reaction to that event. This is purely internal part. We have full control over this 90 %, i.e. reaction to the event. It is our choice how to react on such events. If we take some pause before reacting, we can control our reaction.

If we keep our mind cool and accept the things as it is, we could react normally and would lead to positive outcome of the event.

Amaya recalled the said principle and kept cool and calm. She accepted the fact that the flight was landed at Mumbai airport and she has to wait till the things go in right directions. She has no control over it. She had to react on such a situation very cool so the result of the situation would not be worst. She smiled.

Unlike other passengers, she started to indulge herself on the new place, people and moments. Very soon she was in comfort. She observed the Mumbai Airport, visited various shops and gathered many new things. She was delighted. She thanked God for giving her an opportunity to step on the land of India.

She always dreamed to see India as the land of Budhdha. The fault in aircraft gave her a chance to touch the land of Budhdha. She closed her eyes and bow to that land. A positive vibration touched her body and she felt divine. She took deep breath and sat in Padmasana. She remained in meditation for a long.

The time was running out and after four hours, still there was no news from the airlines. The passengers were loosing their patience. But, Amaya was undisturbed. She was stable and happy. After 5 hours, it was announced that the flight was not in a condition to fly and the passengers had to wait until it get repaired or alternative arrangements made.

The airlines transferred all the passengers to the Hotel and made all arrangements for their transit visa and comfortable stay.

All were settled at the Hotel Sea Mount. They took their dinner, enjoyed the hospitality of the Indian Hotel and rested in their respective rooms.

Until that moment, Amaya was calm and cool and was following the 90/10 principle and hence reacted very gently to the new situation.

Suddenly, she lost all wisdom she gained through the said principle.

She was not disturbed. She tried to do something but couldn't decide as she was not sure what she wanted to do. She gave a rough glance to the room. She turned off the A/C of the room. She moved to the window, slid the curtain and opened the window.

A fresh air filled the room as well as her breathe. She liked it. The air was cool. It was naturally cool and hence sweeter than the air of A/C.

She looked outside window. The window was approaching the road. The road was silent. The road was lonely. A solitude was prevailing there. The silence and solitude attracted her.

Her ears caught some voice. She concentrated on that voice. She tried to identify that voice. She did it. It was a voice of sea. It was the voice of the waves of the sea. Amaya gathered that her hotel is on the sea shore. The sea was around. She always like to be on sea shore. It was her favorite place to hang out.

Her cell's screen lighted up. She received a message on her cell phone. She gazed at it with no interest. She just opened it. It was from one of her friend greeted her on her 23rd birthday. She, at once, realized that she has to enjoy her birthday. She checked the time, it was 2.11 am.

*I must celebrate my birthday. It is a strange but pleasure to celebrate the birthday at totally unknown place. This is the first birthday out of Japan. So it's beautiful to make it most memorable birthday. Let the new experience knock the door.*

She was born on this day 22 years back. As always told by her dad, she was born in the night at 2.43 am and it was a rainy night. So they named her Amaya- which has meaning night rain.

When she was 3 years old, she asked her mummy about the meaning of her name and at that time, dad explained her.

Mom and Dad, she missed both. It was her first birthday out of Japan, without her mom, dad and friends. She was totally alone, was in total solitude. Some tears encroached her eyes and reached and rested on her cheeks. She saw her face in the mirror, rubbed her fingers on the cheeks and cleared the tears. Still the cheeks were wet.

Amaya looked outside window, again. She looked at the sky to thank the God for her birthday.

"Let me celebrate my birthday." She talked herself, looking at the sky.

She found full moon in the sky. It was bright. The moonbeam was so strong that the whole sky was glittering. She liked it.

Her mind ordered her to move out of the hotel and rush to the sea. She followed it. She changed her dress. She was in thin transparent orange colored top and pink skirt. She grabbed her mobile and flute.

While she was passing through reception counter, Varsha caught her. She followed Amaya, "Amaya, do you want to move out of the hotel?"

"I caught some voice of sea waves. I guess, the sea is very near. I want to walk on the sea shore."

"Sure, it's great idea. Our hotel is on marine drive. You can enjoy the company of sea. The most beautiful part of this area is Golden Necklace. This part is naturally shaped as necklace and the yellow lights on that is giving a beautiful look of golden necklace."

"Oh, it's interesting. I think I am on right place."

“One more interesting part of tonight is a full moon night. The white sand with the moonbeam would give you pleasant experience. It would give you a silver look on the beach.

“So the great combination of Gold and Silver look at one place at the same time. I am lucky that I am on right place at right time.”

Yes, exactly. But...”

“What but...?”

“It’s too late and the roads are empty, sea shore too. It is ...”

“Night is still young, were your words, right?”

“But, if you want to walk on sea shore, I suggest to take a cab. Let me call one cab for you. Our cab service is the best amongst all, and is complementary for all our guest within the city. You..”

“Thanks, Varsha. But I want to walk on the empty road. I want to meet the roads who is wearing the solitude. I would prefer to move alone.” Amaya replied and moved hurryly outside the hotel.

[ 3 ]

She was on the road. The road was calm, silent and lonely. The road was breathing, slowly and gently. Amaya could hear the voice of breathing by the road. She put her ears on the road, she could listen the heart beats of the road.

During the daylight, the road always panting heavily. The human being rapes the road and the roads are helpless. But, in the night, the same road is full of life, full of fresh fragrance. One must meet the road in the night.

Amaya felt the presence of the road like a living creature. She made it her friend, her partner and companion for this night. She sat on her knee and touched the road with her palms, "Hi dear friend, how are you?"

The road replied, "Hey, let's walk together."

The road was walking with Amaya, step by step, holding hands of each other. They both moved towards sea shore. The road stopped there. Amaya amazed, "Hey, what are you doing? Don't stop dear, walk with me till the sea. Hold me till the end, till the sea, till the moon disappear, till the morning dusk..." Amaya urged her new friend, the road.

"No, I can walk no more with you. My friend, the sand is there and would accompany you. Be friend with the sand, the white sand." The road said good bye to Amaya.

She gave it a parting look with smile. the road smiled back.

While Amaya was on move forward to step in to the sand, one jeep stopped near to her. The jeep was in full speed and hence the driver used short break to stop the jeep at once. It generated a loud shriek, breaching the silence of the night.

Amaya shocked with sudden arrival of the jeep. She turned to the jeep and at first sight her eyes caught that it was police jeep. She read ' Bombay Police '. She gave an observing look to the jeep. She read the number plate - MHZ 2186.

"Ey ladki, kya kar rahi ho rod par itani raat gaye?" (Hey girl, What are you doing on the road at this late night?) One person in police dress came out of the jeep and asked with commanding voice. Amaya could not understand his words hence remain non responsive.

The police man got angry and was about to shout, he realized that the girl is not a local girl. It looks foreigner and might not understood the local language. He calm down himself. He was not good at English still he attempted to arrange his words to ask Amaya.

He tried to be polite as much as possible, "Hello Miss, you are ... What are you doing here... late night... alone... on the road...do not afraid... Bombay police... is ... I am Police Inspector Rana."

Amaya observed Mr. Rana from top to bottom and satisfied that he is a police inspector. She smiled. PI Rana responded with smile. The tension was receding slowly, disappeared finally. Amaya explained him the whole story. PI Rana talked to someone on his wireless device keeping vigil watch on Amaya.

Amaya was also watching PI Rana. She started to analyze his personality. He was looking around 35, handsome, well built, strong as well as soft. He was in Bombay Police dress, with revolver on his left waist. A rude gentleman, she concluded her observation.

The conversation on wireless stopped, PI Rana looked again at Amaya, satisfied with her explanation, smiled at her, opened the jeep's door, took a chit of paper, wrote some numbers on it, grab the steering, locked the door, opened the glass window and instructed her, "Miss Amaya, take care, it is late night. If you want any help, you can call me at this number." He handed over the chit to Amaya, "I am on patrolling throughout the night around this area."

"Sure, Sir. Thanks for the concern." Amaya waved her hands with smile. The jeep left the place and disappeared on the lonely road.

She stepped into the white sand. The white sand was looking more white in the moonlight. The moonlight was spread all over the beach. There was a beach of 500 meter between the road and the sea waves. She found the silver look of the sand. She gathered the words while talking with Varsha, 'it is a combination of gold and silver'

Suddenly she realized that she hadn't looked at the golden part of the beach.

"Oh... My ... God..." She turned her neck 360 degree from right to left. Yellow lights attracted her eyes. On the left side, yellow lights were in curvy shapes. She observed them and found that it was looking like a necklace. The golden necklace.

"What a wonderful!" She shouted in joy. Her cry spread over the beach, echoed in the air and dissolved in the sounds of the waves. She did jump, dance and sing a song. She enjoyed those moments whole heartedly. She felt that those were the happiest moments of her life. She remained there for some more moments.

A voice of sea was continuously knocking her ears, and through ears on her heart too. She turned to the sea. She walked towards the sea, on the white sand.

She found a sweet and white bed sheet on the earth. She bent on her knee, touch the sand, put the palm on it for some moments. The sand was dry but cool.

Amaya took some sand in her fist, hold it in her palm, opened the fist and gave a sweet look at the sand. The sand was still, except some grain were leaving the palm on the tune of a wind. She smelled the sand. It had a fragrance of the sea. Amaya took deep breath and filled her lungs with the smell. The sea entered in her.

She looked at the waves. Still there was a distance of 400 meters between sea and her. She wanted to rush to the sea, meet the sea and bosom the sea. She glanced at the sand on her fist, she tossed it in the air and rushed to the waves. Some grains of sand fall on her, on her hair, on her head, on her cheeks, on her clothes, on her body, on her bosom, on her arms. Amaya looked at all of them, smiled and rushed to the sea.

Amaya was in hurry to meet the sea, so she tried to run, but couldn't. The sand did not gave her the surface to run over it. She dropped the idea of running and started walking.

Her destination, the sea, was at her eyes distance. She could see it, but still looking at a far distance. She wanted to reach there at the earliest but the sand was preventing her speed. She felt that the destination is beyond her reach. She stopped, thought that the *destination would remain*



*there, it won't move away. It would remain there even after hours. The destination is beautiful, while the path is more beautiful. I must enjoy the path and the journey. It seldom happens that both the path as well as destination is beautiful. I am the fortunate person. Thanks God.*

She bent on her knees and bowed to the sand in gratitude. A wind waved with shower of some particles of sand on her head. She accepted it as the blessings of the sea.

Slowly, Amaya was on the way to sea. She loved her path. She involved herself in the path. The path became her friend.

There was a silence on the path, solitude too, along with herself and her wind. She felt that, that wind was for her. It was her own wind. No one could part with the wind. It was her personal wind. She hugged the wind. She smiled.

She was walking on the sand. The voice of her walk was the only sound on that path. She kept walking, kept listening the sound of her own steps. The sound of feet sounded like a poem.

[4]

Amaya reached at the sea. The sea welcomed her with a big wave. It rushed to the shore and showered on Amaya. She got wet, fully, with the salty shower of the sea. She accepted it as blessing from the sea. She smiled at sea. The sea replied with shower of another big wave. She was wet again.

She desired to bath in the sea. She looked around. No one was there. She acted on her desire. She removed her top and skirt, put them on the sand. She was in bra and panty. A cold breeze passed through. The wind touched each and every curves of her half naked body. She shivered little, with cold. Her body felt the current, which she liked. The wind went naughty. Another breeze came and touched her. The wind started to tease her, romantically. The wind was playing with her body. the wind was sexy. She enjoyed it.

Amaya removed her panty first and then the bra. Two tiny hills jumped out. The brown top of those hills rose tightly in passion. She left her clothes on the sand and rushed in to the waves of the sea. The sea was on full tide. The waves were on their full height.

She stepped into the sea. Waves showered her. She moved further deep in the sea. The sea was covering her body gradually. Her calves were in the sea. She moved further deep. Her knees then thighs were in the water. The sea then touched her waist-line, sinking the waist within it.

The water crossed her stomach and reached to her breasts. The sea was between two hills. She moved deep, further. The sea covered both the hills. Her breasts engrossed in the sea. She moved deeper, the water covered her shoulders and then touched her neck.

Amaya stopped. Stood there. Moved her arms up in the air, stretched her body, relaxed. She moved her eyes around the sea. The solitude was prevailing there too. No one was there except she and her sea. The sea was waving, touching the shore and coming back.

Amaya waved her arms and did swim with the waves. She felt warm and fresh. She exhausted after the swim for 26 minutes. She stopped at some point within sea.

She found the shore at the distance of more than 300 feet.

She looked at her clothes, which were still lying on the same place .

She glanced around in the sea , everywhere the sea was there . Waves were rushing to the shore, generating the voice. The voice was turned in to a rhythm. Sound of each wave was generating a music. A beautiful music, a sweet music. It was rather a melody.

Amaya left the sea and reached at the shore. She collapsed on the shore as she was exhausted.

Every wave was touching her and merging back in to the sea. She allowed them.

Some foam rested on her body. She touched the foam, it disappeared. Some more foam touched her body. She could grab one of them. She looked at the piece of foam. It was white and was looking more white under the moonlight. She grabbed another one on her palm, observed it from

all corner and then blew off it away. The foam travelled like a balloon for some inches and dissolved in the sand. She did it again and again. She enjoyed it with fun.

Amaya gazed around. The beauty of the sea under moonlight was spread everywhere. She focused on each corner of the sea. She found every frame, every scene was attractive, fascinating and eternal. Every frame was inviting her to capture and imprison in her mind, heart and soul. She tried to capture as many as frames in her heart, but every new frame replaces the old one. Her heart couldn't store every frame. She decided to capture them in her mobile camera and store them forever.

Amaya moved to the clothes. Her clothes were still there. They were just more wet . The mobile and the flute were also there as they were.

Amaya picked up the mobile and started shooting of the sea under moonlight, frame by frame. She clicked innumerable shots in her mobile.

Amaya shot some videos too. She wanted to capture the waves as well as its sounds. She could do it. during the shootings, she forgot that she was alone on the beach, there was a late night and she was naked. She moved here and there while shooting. She was far away from the place where she put her clothes. She rushed to that place.

After satisfying herself with camera shoot, she sat on the shore. She remained silent for some moments. She could hear the voice of waves and wind. Her heart was in joy due to melodious sound. She concentrated on the sound of wind and waves. She could separate them from each other. She liked it, smiled on her discovery.

Amaya closed her eyes, everything disappeared from her sight. The only thing touching her was a sound of waves and wind. She felt that the sea was telling something to her. The sea wanted to talk to her. She focused on the sound of sea. It was pointing her to something. She tried to catch the indication of the sea. Slowly, slowly she found that the sea was inviting her to play some music in resonance to the sounds she was listening. She ignored such invitation and remained calm, listening the sound without interruption. The sea invited her again, she ignored again. She kept ignoring the invitation as she wanted to dissolve herself in the sound of sea, in the sound of wind. But the wind and the sea had a different plan. They played their game.

A wind blew from shore to sea with intensity. It took Amaya's clothes to the sea and a wave came from the sea grabbed her clothes. The wave dragged her top to the sea while merging in the sea. She looked that but ignored. The second wave dragged her bra and skirt, too. The another one dragged her panty. She ignored again. She allowed the sea to drag all her clothes.

She was still naked. She remained neutral. She was well aware that she was naked and she needed some clothes to wrap her body as she was on foreign land. The absence of clothes could drag her to trouble. Still she allowed the sea to drag her clothes as she was confident that sea never keep anything within her and her clothes too would come back to the shore. She kept enjoying the sounds and scenes of the wind and the waves. Both of them were eternal and beautiful.

One more wave arrived to the shore and touched the flute. Flute moved some inches from its original place. Another wave with more intensity rushed to the shore towards flute. Amaya envisaged that, that wave would surely drawn the flute inside. She rushed at once and snatch the

flute from the mouth of wave. She came in action and jumped into the sea. She collected her clothes except her bra, pulled them to the shore. She put them at safe distance and again sat on her knees on the shore to feel the sound of waves and wind. The flute was in her hand. The sound invited her again, this time she couldn't resist.

She took the flute in her left hand, put it on left side of her lips, put right hand fingers on the wholes and blew some air with her lips. The flute turned alive. It generated some tune and then rhythm.

Amaya set the tune in resonance with the sound of the wind and the waves, and played it on flute. The tune spread over the sea. The sea was happy with that music. Her waves were in joy. They were running to the shore very gently. They were touching the shore obediently. The naughty baby turned calm and cool. That was the power of her flute's music. It looked like the sea surrendered to Amaya. The sea was under her feet.

The sea changed her pace and passion. Her waves followed the tone of flute. It was rising while the flute played ascending notes and falling while descending notes. Amaya played a long note and the wave rose high and remained in the air till the flute ended that note. The waves remained flat while flute played flat notes. All the rise and falls of the waves of the sea was following the notes of flute.

It was a confluence of flute, waves of the sea and the wind. The sand, the sky, the stars, the horizons, the moon and the moonlight; all were following the tune of the flute. The flute was in total command at that moments. The great concert amongst them was prevailing.

Suddenly the sea started playing different tune. Amaya noted the difference and tried to manage and cop up with her tune but the sea played unknown notes, played shrill sounds, the wind followed it, the moonlight turned dim, the moon was losing her shine. All the resonance were disturbed and the sounds from each were different. Amaya couldn't follow their notes as the notes were unknown, notes were unmusical, unmelodious. Amaya stopped playing the flute. Looked at the sea, at the sand, at the sky, at the moon and at the stars and moonlight. She observed that the sea was in unrest or more quivering . the sea was not staying at one place . All were in anxiety, all were restless. God knows, what was the reason for them being itchy. Amaya couldn't find it nor understood the changed situation.

Amaya stood and walked near to the waves, a big wave came and attacked on her. She turned wet. She found that one fish, travelled with that wave, was on her breast. The fish was very tiny and was struggling out of water. The fish was on the slope of her right hill near nipple. She observed it's struggle, grabbed it in her hand and threw it back in to the sea. She anticipated that the fish was safe in the water.

Another wave arrived with more power and attacked on her. It's splash touched her full body from hair to nail. Her flute along with her body got wet. Amaya got angry at sea. She took some steps back and rebuked the sea for her naughty behavior. She looked at the flute, it was wet. Some drops of water was in the holes. She hold the flute in her right hand and jerked with all power till all the drops of water cane out of the flute. The flute turned dry.

She put the flute on her lips, blew some air into it. The flute responded and played music. The music so played was not in proper tune. The sounds coming out of the flute were broken and dull. Her flute was damaged. She kept trying to get correct tune out of the flute. After few attempts, she could play the flute in its original tune. She played a tune of anger and unhappiness to rebuke the sea for her acts. But sea was still in different mood. Her waves were behaving differently. Amaya tried to understand the changed behavior of the sea. She heard from her mother that whenever the nature changes her behavior, she gives some indications about the moments to come. *Oh my god! Is these all indications about something to be happened? She checked the time on her mobile, it was 3.41 am. The night travelled too much, almost at the door of the dawn to arrive in the horizons, very soon. I must leave for hotel.*

[5]

Amaya put the flute on her lips to play the tone to say thanks and goodbye to the sea. She played a tune of happiness. The sea and the wind responded to it. She played it for few minutes and stopped. She bow to the sea in thanks and gratitude.

While Amaya bent to collect her clothes from the sand, her ears caught the sound of some musical melody, other than the sound of waves and winds. She paused to concentrate on that sounds. The sound was not from one instrument but was mixed up of guitar, flute, table and key board. She could identify them all separately. She concluded, after thorough analysis, that there must be a band of at least 4 people.

Amaya stood on her feet, put the panty and top, without bra and skirt which were still in the bosom of the sea. She looked around to find the band of music. The band must be around, but couldn't found any one around her. She concentrated on the music to get the direction of its origin. She concluded that the sound was coming from the right of her, that is, from south direction. Amaya followed the direction of the sound. The mobile was in her right hand while flute was in her left hand. She kept walking to the direction. After 400 meters, she was near to the rocks and caves on the shore.

The sounds were coming from those caves. She followed. The musical sound was clear and loud. She moved closer to the caves. Sounds were more loud. She walked further and reached at the entrance of the caves. There were five caves at the shore of the sea. She entered into the first cave. No one was there. She moved to second cave, no one was there either. She crossed third and fourth. They too were empty. The sound was still coming across the caves.

After fourth cave, there was some sand, she crossed it and reached to the fifth and final cave. The sound was coming from the same cave, she concluded. She moved to the cave. She was on the face of the cave. One bird came out from the cave and passed touching her hair. An air, with coral scent, rushed in to her nose. The fragrance was wet. She liked it. Still there was no one there but sound was coming from the deep of the cave.

Amaya looked around. The cave was around 250 meter away from the main road. There was a narrow track between the cave and the road. No one was around, she was all alone there.

Amaya glanced at the cave. It was wide open, big and deep. The sea water was encroaching the cave from its left side. There was dark inside. The moonlight was not able to enter into the cave. Amaya used the light of her mobile and walked deeper inside towards the sounds and music. The air was getting more and more coral. It was much more intense. She was vigil and hence walking very slowly and step by step.

Amaya crossed around 150 feet inside the cave. Still no one was at her sight. The cave and the track was empty. Still the sound was coming out from the cave.

*Let me stop here and concentrate on the music.* She talked herself.

Amaya stopped, stood at one corner and focused on the sounds, music, the rhythm and the tune. She was attentive to listen the music. She concentrated on each note of the music. She found that the tune was known to her, the melody, the rhythm ... all was known to her. It was not just known to her, but she was able to play the same tune on her flute. She found that the same tune was created by her. Each note was exactly same to her creation.

She surprised! The tune she created while she was in the flight was not known to anyone except her. She never shared it with anyone. The music coming from the cave was the same.

Who was playing the same music? Who stole her creation? How did it reach to them? How is it possible that some stranger could play her tune, exactly in same notes? She was amazed, she was astonished, she was shocked!

Whatever happening was beyond her sense. She never encountered such a situation. She was disturbed, she was frightened. She closed her eyes and stood indecisive. She was in thought.

*Should I move further? Or quit? Or keep quiet till the sunrise? Or escape from here? Runaway from here?*

She was in struggle with her own mind, with her own thoughts. She couldn't conclude. She remained in the same state for some moments. Suddenly the music stopped. No sound was coming from the cave nor any music nor any tune nor any rhythm. Everything was quiet, everything was silent. She opened her eyes. Amaya missed some heart beats. She took deep breath and attempted to gather herself.

While she was fighting with her own, the sound and music started a fresh. The new tune was in the air. She focused on the new tune. The tune was never heard by her. But was very sweet and melodious. She liked it. She wanted to play that on her flute. She searched for her flute. She found it in her palms only.

She put it on her lips and was about to play it, her mind asked her, "What are you doing?"

"I am going to play the flute."

"No, you are going to invite trouble for yourself."

"How? I don't think so."

"It is dangerous to play here... you have no idea that who are playing such a tune, who are they? Are you feel that you are safe? Don't invite unnecessary problem. Escape from here. Run away... go... fast..."

Amaya took a pause. Gathered all courage and ordered her subconscious mind, "Don't lead me to the fear. I am going to play the music. The music never leads to any problem."

She put the flute on her lips, again and started playing it. Her tune was in resonance with the tune which was playing inside the cave. She was playing and moving to the deeper part of the cave.

[6]

Amaya reached at the inner part of the cave. There were four persons playing the music. She gave a look at them. There was a fire at one corner to lit up the cave and warm up too.

One man at the left corner was standing in front of a mid-sized key board. His fingers were playing the key board. He was in a black jeans and a wine red t shirt. He was looking around 25. He was playing with one hand and with movements of other hand, he was controlling the remaining three artists and the tune. It was looking that all instruments, all music and all artists were under his command and control. He was looking a leader of this musical troop.

On his right side, a short young man was sitting on the sand near to tiny rock and was playing a Tablas. He was little short, might be 5 feet 2 inches. He was nearly 22. He was with long hair on his head. He had tied hair with a hair band. His skin was white and fair. His fingers were long and beautiful, attractive too. There was a thin beard on her face. Every pat on tabla was echoing in the cave and was creating the music more melodious.

Left to that person, a young boy of around 20 was playing the guitar. He was tall man, may be more than 6 feet. He was in the sleeve less black t-shirt and a sky blue short jeans. He was playing the basic guitar. His fingers were running on the chord of the guitar while his eyes was running on the last member of the group.

That was a girl, a young girl, a beautiful young girl. She was the fourth and last member of the troop. She was the only girl in the group. She was around 5'3", might be 19, slim, and very attractive. She was in Indian saree. The saree was light blue with colorful flowers printed on it. Her choli on her breast was pink matching with pink border of the saree. The long hem of the saree was on her right shoulder. Her left shoulder was open, her bosom was open. She was wearing necklace made of stones. She had long hair, untied. The hair was not waving as there was very little air in the cave. The light from the fire was reflecting on her face and hence her face was looking golden. Her eyes were closed. She was playing the flute.

Amaya looked at the flute. She surprised with shock. The flute was made of the metal, with 6 holes on it. There was a picture of a peacock on it after the last hole. It was 18 inches long. The color of metal was silver. Amaya glanced at her own flute, which was in her palm. She compared both the flutes. It was a miracle. Both the flutes were same. Exactly the same. There was no difference between them. It was like a reflection of each other. It was incredible.

She focused, again on that girl's flute. It was producing a sweet tune. Her fingers were playing on all the holes and generating the melody. The tune was so beautiful that Amaya forgot everything and involved in the music. She liked that tune She wanted to save the tune forever. She unlocked her mobile camera, set it on movie mode and put it on a rock on the corner focusing on all of them. The camera was capturing the most beautiful moments, the most beautiful music.

She stood near the camera, with closed eyes, concentrating on the each and every notes, rising and falling. The rock, the sand and the walls of the rock was dancing on the tune. The wind was so obedient that it was still lying at one corner. The wind, the moments, the sea, the waves the rock,



the cave, the sand, the time... everything was busy in listening the melody. Nothing was in hurry to move ahead. Everything was still and stable. The only thing moving was the fingers of the artists.

Amaya too, was composed. Her subconscious mind made up that she would play the same tune at the concert at Cairo. Each piece of rhythm was beautiful, matchless. She liked her own thoughts. She dissolved herself, fully in the music. She was in deep meditation.

The voice of bullet shooting from the revolver breached the meditation of Amaya. She opened her eyes. She saw that a young man was at the entrance of the cave and was firing from his revolver at the music artists. One by one he killed all four. He looked around, luckily couldn't find Amaya. PI Rana entered in to the cave chasing that young man. He ordered to surrender that man. The man turned to PI Rana and fired on him. PI Rana also shot dead. He gave a glance at all five dead bodies, satisfied with his work and left the cave. Amaya kept standing in silence while all the drama happened. She remained in the same pose for many moments. She was frightened. She did not dare to move at all. She wanted to cry, but couldn't as if the killer would be there, he could kill her too. She controlled her cry and remained calm.

She wanted to wait for the morning to arrive, but the morning was still at the distance. She gathered herself, decided to move out of the cave and report it to the nearest police station. She collected her mobile, which was still recording the moments. She stopped the recording. She checked the video recorded, watched it and satisfied that there is a sufficient evidence for reporting to the police station.

She picked up her flute. She did not touch anything there. She was, once, tempted to grab the flute of that girl, but she resisted and dropped that temptation. She looked her face in the front camera of mobile. She was looking like a jungle girl. She settled her hair, rubbed her eyes and cheeks, removed all particles of sand to clean her face and arms, rearranged her top and moved out of the cave.

The sky was still dark. She walked with vigil eye and looked around. No one was there. The sea was still alone, the beach was still in solitude, the waves were still touching the shore and merging in to the sea, the sand was cool and stable, the moonlight was still spread over the beach. Nothing was moved, nothing was changed outside of the cave. The only change was inside the cave, which was dangerous, which was cruel, which was brutal, which was unreasonable and unbelievable. She sobbed, then cried and finally cried loudly. She cried continuously. She couldn't stop crying. She collapsed on the sand. She was still crying. She went sleepy and went unconscious.

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