

The Revenge

Jay was looking at his friend with eyes full of revenge and rage, “Yes this is the perfect time to do justice to my only sister” He told himself in a fervent whisper , and it seemed that he was being swirled by the storm of vengeance in his mind. "What am I supposed to do?" he murmured to himself. At once, he felt a sudden urge to erase the man figure whom he suspected to be the cause of his sister's suicide, forever from the face of the earth. Jay, on the other hand, felt guilty because he welcomed his friend Amila into his home and placed complete trust in him. But “Why Amila? Why did you do this to us?” Jay's heart cried. While Jay was lost in his storm of thoughts, Amila lay on the chair over drunk, with dizzy eyes with no clue about what fate he awaited. Jay 's feet moved hurriedly towards the kitchen.

Jay came out with an iron bar which looked like a pestle made of iron and Amila looked surprised. "Hey!! Machan, what are you doing?" He couldn't even finish the word. The bar went up and down several times and on the chair, did Amila lie motionless, drowned in a pool of blood. Jay was seated next to the body, with a faded nightmare of his sister's pale face.

"Your sister was pregnant when she committed suicide." The words of the doctor echoed in his ears.

Jay was petrified when he saw Amila looking at him with an expression of utter rage and revenge , his eyes had turned diabolically red. Jay rubbed his eyes to see if he was dreaming. His lips quivered and wanted to ask if Amila had risen from the dead.

Something was definitely not correct. Did he really kill Amila? There is no pool of blood, no iron bar in his hand. Oh! That was a dream. I had fallen asleep! What an evil mind I had.” Jay murmured to himself. But what has become of Amila, then? Why does he look so shattered and tensed?

“ Machan!, I killed him” Amila said, with his fists still clenched and tension shaking his whole being. While you were dreaming I had that wretched bastard sent to hell”

“What are you saying, whom have you killed?” Jay almost screamed half risen from the chair.

“I had to kill that bastard machan, I did not want to involve you in this.” Amila confessed and squeezed Jay's shoulder.

“Who the hell did you kill? And Why? Tell me right away!” Jay shook him by the shoulders so hard that Amila almost fell over. .

“Yes, I killed that postman who did this to her. She told me everything in a letter before she committed suicide.” Amila cried and opened his palm to show a crumpled sheet of paper.

“She did not want you to know these things.” Amila sobbed.

“But, but I killed that bustard, that was not an accident, I made it happen, I sent him to hell.” Amila had an evil smile on his face which manifested the ecstasy of accomplishing a task of retribution.

Jay hugged his friend and sighed. All he could say through his sobs was “I am sorry...I am so sorry.. I thought ... I thought...it was...”

“Yes, Shenaya, was my first and last love..... he took me away from me forever, how can I see him live?” Amila's voice was shaking, yet his words were marked with clarity and purpose. The two friends stayed hugging each other further. Meanwhile the sky was suddenly overcast foreboding an impending downpour with thunder and lightening.



