


THE LEGENDARY SOURSOP HEIST

A BIRTHDAY THRILLER FOR SHRADDHA



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DEDICATION

For Shraddha, whose adventures deserve to be immortalized. Happy Birthday!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to Grandma's backyard for hiding the most dangerous fruit known to mankind, and to Shraddha's endless jealousy for inspiring this thriller.

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Chapter One: The Backyard Mystery

At the far end of Krishnavyshak's grandmother's house lay a backyard that seemed ordinary at first glance. It was the kind of garden most grandmothers kept, with hibiscus flowers leaning toward the sun, neat rows of clay pots, and a birdbath that collected both water and fallen leaves. Yet behind its simple charm there was something peculiar.

In the middle of the yard rose a tree unlike any other in the neighborhood. Its branches were broad, its leaves darker than the surrounding foliage, and upon those branches grew fruit that gleamed even in the dim light of dusk. It was a soursop tree, though those who whispered about it in hushed tones spoke of it as if it were a relic from a forgotten legend.

Children on bicycles slowed whenever they passed the house. They would lower their voices, eyes fixed on the rusting gate that concealed the treasure. The older residents told tales in the tea stalls, saying the fruit possessed power: that one bite could heal wounds or fill the heart with strength, and that those who were fortunate enough to taste it would find good fortune chasing them for the rest of their lives.

Yet no one had ever dared to steal from the tree. Not because of any curse, but because of the watchful guardian who lived in the house. Krishnavyshak's grandmother had eyes that seemed to notice everything and hands that moved quicker than one might expect. The neighbors joked that she had more cleverness in her little finger than most had in their entire bodies.

And so the fruit remained untouched, swaying lightly in the wind, waiting for the one reckless soul who might try.

Chapter Two: Shraddha's Jealousy

Shraddha had always envied that tree. Every time she visited, she found herself staring at the soursops that dangled like emerald lanterns, each one looking ripe enough to burst with sweetness. Her envy only grew whenever she saw Krishnavyshak wander into the garden as if the treasure was of no consequence at all.

She began to dream about the fruit at night. In her mind she saw herself seated upon a throne carved from the roots of the tree, a crown of soursop leaves on her head, servants bowing as they offered her endless bowls of soursop ice cream, puddings, and juices. She imagined opening a palace where travelers from every corner of the world queued for hours to taste the delicacies she alone controlled.

The more she dreamed, the more bitter her envy became. Until one day, while glaring at the glowing fruit from across the fence, Shraddha made up her mind.

If the fruit would not come to her, then she would take it.

Chapter Three: The Fence at Midnight

The night was moonlit when Shraddha began her mission. She crept along the outer wall, clutching a small torch between her teeth and pulling gloves tightly over her hands. The neighborhood was quiet, yet the stillness only heightened her nerves.

When she reached the fence she placed one foot upon its rusted bars. The moment she shifted her weight, the metal groaned with a noise so loud it made her freeze. She held her breath, listening for footsteps or the creak of a door opening. Nothing came.

Cautiously she tried again, but each movement caused another groan. Sweat beaded on her forehead as she imagined the old woman's eyes snapping open in the dark. Yet somehow, after what felt like an eternity, Shraddha managed to climb over and land on the grass inside. Her knees trembled but she grinned. The mission had begun.

Chapter Four: The Dog of Doom

Her triumph was short-lived.

From the shadows a low growl rumbled, deep and menacing. Shraddha turned slowly, and there he stood: Bubbles.

The name had always seemed laughable, suited more to a cuddly pet than a hulking guardian. But Bubbles was no toy. His fur bristled like steel, his teeth gleamed under the moonlight, and his eyes glowed with a predator's focus.

Shraddha lifted her hand in what she hoped was a friendly gesture. "Nice dog," she whispered.

Bubbles barked so violently that she leapt backward in terror. He lunged forward, and the chase was on.

She darted through the garden, weaving between flowerpots and diving under the clothesline. Bubbles pursued with relentless energy, snapping at her heels and sending her heart into her throat. She tried throwing a biscuit from her pocket but the dog barely noticed. His mission was simple: protect the soursop at all costs.

At last she rolled beneath a wooden bench, narrowly escaping his jaws. The dog snarled above, pacing, unwilling to leave. Shraddha lay in the dirt, panting, her clothes torn and her hair wild. Yet she was still alive, still in the game.

Chapter Five: The Secret Traps

The tree was now in sight. Its branches swayed as if taunting her, the fruit glowing faintly in the night. Shraddha pushed forward with determination.

Her first step triggered a nearly invisible wire. A clay pot swung down from above and smashed into the ground beside her, shattering loudly. She gasped and rolled aside, realizing too late that the garden was rigged.

The flamingo statues, which she had once mocked as tacky decorations, suddenly blinked with red lights in their eyes. A chain of tin cans clattered as an alarm. Shraddha stumbled forward, frantically smothering the noise with her scarf before the racket could carry too far.

Her path turned into a gauntlet. She zigzagged between traps, ducking under ropes and leaping over tripwires, her heart pounding with the thrill of the escape. She felt less like an intruder and more like a spy in some dangerous thriller.

Yet against all odds she advanced, one step at a time.

Chapter Six: The Glow

At last she stood before the tree.

The soursop she sought hung from the highest branch, glowing as though it carried the moon within it. Its green spikes caught the faint light, its weight pulling the branch low enough that she could almost reach.

Her hand trembled as she stretched toward it. The cool surface of the fruit brushed against her fingertips and a shiver of triumph ran through her. All the danger, all the sweat and bruises, had led to this moment.

“This is mine,” she whispered, eyes wide with wonder.

But the night was not finished with her yet.

Chapter Seven: The Showdown

A voice sliced through the silence.

“Is it really?”

Shraddha spun around.

Grandma stood only a few steps away. She was not groggy from sleep, nor surprised. Instead she looked sharper than ever, her posture strong, and in her hand she carried her most fearsome weapon: a rolling pin.

“You thought you could steal my fruit,” Grandma said.

Shraddha stammered, “I was only checking if it was ripe.”

With slow, deliberate steps, the old woman approached. What followed was a battle not of fists but of wits and quick movements. Shraddha lunged left. Grandma blocked her path. Shraddha darted right. The rolling pin cut off her reach. They circled each other like duelists, the glowing soursop dangling between them like a prize.

For every desperate move Shraddha made, Grandma countered with effortless precision. Finally, with one sharp glare and a deft step, Grandma brought her to a halt. The contest was over.

Chapter Eight: The Birthday Twist

Shraddha closed her eyes, bracing herself for punishment. She expected scolding, perhaps even banishment from the garden.

Instead she heard a laugh.

When she opened her eyes, Grandma was smiling. Her laughter was warm, rich, and filled with kindness. She lowered the rolling pin and reached for the fruit. With one gentle motion she plucked it from the branch and placed it into Shraddha's hands.

"My dear child," she said, "if you wanted the fruit, you should have asked. Happy birthday."

The words stunned her. All the jealousy, the plotting, and the fear dissolved in an instant. She had not won the heist, nor had she outwitted her opponent. Instead the treasure had been given freely, wrapped in love rather than secrecy.

The garden filled with laughter. Even Bubbles stopped growling and wagged his tail, as if he too understood the moment. Shraddha held the glowing fruit against her chest, unable to believe her fortune.

The legendary heist had ended not with triumph or shame but with family, laughter, and the sweetest gift of all.

And when she tasted the fruit at last, it was better than any dream she had ever dared to imagine.