

# The Archer's Revenge



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Destination Infinity

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Dedicated to  
Mrs. P. Vijayalakshmi  
My Tamil Language Teacher @ D.A.V, Chennai

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Aryan's mission was to kill the minister who was visiting the mountainous Temple town of Tirupati. Today was the minister's birthday and he had come for the blessings of the powerful God over seven hills. Aryan was waiting for this moment past six months.

Tirupati or Tirumala is a famous Temple town located over the hills in South India. It has two separate roads (both one-ways) – one for driving over the hill and the other for coming down. Aryan was waiting for the minister's car to approach, on the way down.

The downhill road contains some fifty hairpin bends (steep U-turns) to slow down speeding vehicles. In between the U-Turn was the remnant of the mountain itself. He was able to climb over this mountainous patch, four meters above the road and twenty meters before the U-Turn, using a rope. From this elevated position, he could see all the vehicles approaching the U-Turn. He could also see all the vehicles moving away from the U-turn if he moved over to the other end, a few meters behind his current location. Since Aryan was over the mountain (on the middle of the U-turn) and the road curved around him, both sides of the U-turn were accessible to him.

Aryan had kept a cluster of nails to puncture the car tires, below him, along the corner of the road. He had a long stick with

which he would push one side of the cluster of nails to the middle of the road. When the minister's car rode over it, the tires will - most probably - get punctured. A car with punctured tires will be difficult to control, especially while negotiating a U-turn, and there is a good chance that it may topple over the one-and-a-half feet high perimeter wall along the boundary of the mountain. There was no way anyone inside the car could survive such a huge fall.

But, there was a good chance that the driver might be able to control the vehicle, and manage to turn the vehicle successfully around the U-turn. If that should happen, the car will still have to stop immediately after crossing the U-turn for replacing the punctured tire. Aryan would use his bow and poison-soaked arrows to kill the minister, right there. Aryan was a trained archer - he rarely missed his target.

He was ready for action - he would strike the heart of the heartless minister, today. The minister had killed his father and hence he will have to pay for it with his life.

Aryan was suddenly distracted by the rotating lights of an Ambassador car. Why do some politicians still use Ambassador cars - the question was beyond him. Why they flashed the rotating lights and blared the siren on their car, was also beyond him. These things were not going to be of much use in Indian roads and traffic. It would only help potential killers, like him, to easily identify the car.

Fortunately, the car was coming alone - without any escort vehicles. There was another car about fifteen meters in front of the minister's car, but that was a tourist car. Once it passed, he quickly pushed one end of the cluster of nails to the middle of the road while the other end still remained in the corner. He was sure that at least one of the car tires would roll over it.

Not one, but both the tires on the driver's side (right side) rolled over his nails and were punctured instantly. While the



tires were deflating, the car briefly got out of control and was wobbling on both sides. Somehow, the driver managed to steer the car around the U-turn and stopped it 15 meters ahead of the U-turn.

Aryan quickly ran to the other side of the mountainous patch in between the U-turn – through plants, mud and trees – and noticed the car stop a few meters ahead of him. The car didn't topple over the mountain, as he had hoped.

Time for Plan B – he removed his bow from his shoulder and took out an arrow from the pouch tied on his back. The car was clearly visible to him below and his location gave him the perfect opportunity to strike from close range. He ducked behind the mud and grass to escape their notice. Aryan wasted no time getting into striking position with his bow and arrow.

But the minister had to step out of the car, for him to strike.

The driver got out first. He discovered that two wheels were punctured and informed someone inside. The security guards got down, opened the car's Dicky and brought out spare wheels. They had two spare wheels! Heck, they were well prepared for eventualities.

He waited in bated breath for the Minister to get down while the tire was being changed. All his planning and efforts over the last six months came down to this very moment. But it seemed he was out of luck today - the minister did not come out.

After the tires had been replaced, the guard knocked the window on the back door of the car. The window glass came down and he spoke something to the Minister, seated inside. At last, the car door opened and the Minister – in his white shirt and white dhoti – came out to have a look at the tires. Aryan stretched his bow and tightened his grip on the arrow. He was waiting for the minister to turn towards him. Aryan probably had only one chance and the arrow had to pierce through the Minister's heart in the first attempt.

After inspecting the wheels, the Minister turned to face the guards. This was the moment Aryan was waiting for. The Minister's heart was in his line-of-sight. He tightened his grip. But before Aryan could release his arrow, the minister was hit on his shoulder by another arrow.

Aryan's eyes widened and he froze for a moment.

He looked down to check if he had accidentally released his arrow. No, his arrow was firmly in his hands. Then whose arrow was that? Everyone near the car panicked. Before Aryan could recover from his shock, the minister quickly sneaked into his car, removed the arrow, and threw it out of the car's window. The security guards took their guns out and positioned themselves behind the car. They started shooting in the direction from where the arrow was launched, which was about 15 to 20 meters ahead of Aryan's position, on the mountainous patch above the road.

Aryan heard a loud cry. Probably, someone was hit by a bullet. Who could it be? Whoever it was, he had to save them. He now fired his arrow on one of the security guards, which hit the guard's hands. The guard dropped his gun, removed the arrow from his hands with great effort and winced in pain. Having realized that there were more archers, possibly all around them, the guards and the driver got into the car and sped away.

Aryan raced toward the place from where the other arrow was shot and found someone - dressed in a black shirt and black jeans - lying on the ground. Was the person all right? Was he already dead? Aryan turned him around to see. It was not a guy but a girl.

## About the Author

Destination Infinity is the online identity of Rajesh Kollu, who is basically a 'Professional' Blogger living in Chennai, India. He has an opinion on everything and is an expert on nothing!

He was forced to become an author because people kept pestering him with the lethal question, 'What do you do?'

When he answered, 'I am a professional blogger', people usually replied with questions like, 'What is a professional blogger? I have never heard of this? Do you know anyone who is \*also\* a professional blogger? Will anyone in their senses become a professional blogger? You quit your \*plum\* sales career for this? Do you earn anything out of your work? How do you eat?', etc.

Now, since (at least) one of his books has been (self) published, he can safely say, 'I am an author, I write book(s)'. With that one sentence, he aims to eliminate any further questions, especially the 'Do you earn anything out of your work?'

Because, it's quite normal to be an author and not be earning anything at all!! :D

You can follow his misadventures @ <http://www.destinationinfinity.org> ■