At times we scratch our head long enough and still fail to recall a particular thing. Disgusted, we give it up and doze off. And surprisingly enough next morning we wake up with a solution and are overwhelmed with joy. Last evening Ganukaka happened to tell me a story, and I had left. A problem which had proved a hard nut to crack, ever since I started learning sums in school two or three decades ago, was solved yesterday, after all these years in a jiffy.

He would be at the end of his tether making both ends meet for half a dozen kids and a wife. The poor chap was always sulking. When the war started there was a boom in the iron market. He launched an independent partnership and his dealings reached the bracket of half a million. The became indispensable to him. When one of his children was ill he didn't have the time to call a doctor in the hurry of leaving town. His wife but the child lost its life.