

Dr. Aggarwal sat in court with an aura of total solitude. He was unshakable. His eyes were glued on the judge and his ears tuned to the frequency of the judge's voice.

Dr. Aggarwal's daughter had been brutally raped and killed by a 28 year old man, named Rishabh. Rishabh had done things to the doctor's daughter which even the most cold-blooded terrorist would flinch before doing. Let's spare the graphic details, shall we? We are better off without the description, believe me.

Dr. Aggarwal didn't want to miss even a single word the judge said. But, by carefully observing the proceedings and the case with utmost involvement, he almost knew what was coming. It just needed to get official.

The judge made his judgment.

"Mr. Rishabh was involved in a case of theft and murder, a year and a half ago. After the court ruled that he was to be treated for mental illnesses, the report turned out positive. The prosecutor has submitted the medical statement. Given the proof that this crime has been committed in a time when the convict is mentally unstable, and that it was during his time in treatment, the court orders that Mr. Rishabh is to go through more intense treatment and medication. The rape was done during parole."

Dr. Aggarwal's wife and younger daughter broke into tears. Everyone, *everyone*, knew that Rishabh was not mentally challenged. He had probably paid the doctor crores of rupees for the fake certificate. Everyone loathed the doctor at that point of time. Dr. Aggarwal being a clinical psychiatrist himself knew this fact with cent percent guarantee. How difficult was it for a politician's son to get a fake diagnosis?

But he didn't cry. He simply stared. His eyes lazily floated around and landed gently on the convict. Rishabh winked at him and brandished a sadistic smile before being pulled out of court by the police. Dr. Aggarwal continued to stare. Deadpan.

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There was a visible change in Aggarwal's demeanour since the day of judgment. He became more and more vengeful by the day. He had broken all the glass at home, smashed the T.V. to pieces and had burned down all the curtains to ash. To a neutral observer, they could have deduced that the frustration was real and that the doctor was losing his mind. People started maintaining a distance from him. Dr. Aggarwal would spend hours in his wife's lap crying out every litre of grief he had dissolved into water. He would get up at night and would rip apart every slice of bread at home. Things were getting more and more obnoxious. He continued going to clinic, though.

But most importantly, he was not his own self anymore. His priorities in life had changed. All he cared for now was vengeance.

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One day, the doctor's wife woke up to an envelope on the pillow beside her. Without regarding the note, she ran out of the room and ransacked the entire house looking for him. Fear was not her first reaction. It may have not even cropped up. After searching in vain, she and her daughter tore open the envelope and began to read.

*"Just like how Lord Ram killed Ravan for kidnapping his wife, I too will kill the doctor who kidnapped my daughter from me. But in my case, forever. He will be granted a death hundred fold vicious than what Lord Ram gave Ravan. I will make him burn. Just like Dussera. Pray for me."*

Both of them quietly burned the envelope and the note off and got about their duties without shedding a tear.

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Dr. Aggarwal sped across the city and reached the doctor's clinic. Just like good finds and finishes bad in an instant, so did Dr. Aggarwal find this clinic. Don't ask how, but he had no problem in locating the hospital.

Dr. Aggarwal wore a strange combination of clothes. He wore an orange *dhoti*, along with a rich, well-decorated *sherwani*. It was very a striking contrast. While the *sherwani* was a kind which was supposed to be worn at a marriage, the *dhoti* was very simple. It was covered with prints of the word 'Ram' written in Devanagari script, in yellow colour. The *sherwani* though, was pretty long and extended almost to his knees. The doctor had painted his entire face blue. So blue, that he was unrecognisable.

Dr. Aggarwal barged into the clinic. He had with him a bag and a hand pistol. A six round pistol. The receptionist immediately got up, frightened by the sudden intrusion of a gun-brandishing cartoon of a man. She trembled as Dr. Aggarwal menacingly stuck the gun to her throat.

"Where is your doctor?" Asked Dr. Aggarwal in a low, raspy voice. He needed every bit of energy.

"He... has..n't c..c...come yet, Sir." Replied the receptionist, trembling in fear.

"Where is his office?"

"The room behind me, Sir."

Dr. Aggarwal continued towards the room. Before going into the room, he turned around, oscillated his finger back and forth in a vertical plane and told the receptionist-

"Not a word to anyone."

The receptionist simply stood there, petrified.

As soon as Dr. Aggarwal went into the room, the receptionist dashed out of the building.

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The doctor walked into the room. It was totally dark. But he didn't bother to switch on the lights. Instead, he pulled aside the curtains by a very tiny amount, just enough to let a sliver of sunlight pass through the glass. The room was very muted and cozy, though. A desk was placed right in the middle of the room. Simple and ergonomic furniture lined the walls. A glass tower at the right corner of the room behind the desk housed his degree and certification. Dr. Aggarwal smirked at the sight of those papers.

He plopped the bag on the desk and lazily wandered around the dark room.

*Ram has entered Lanka*

Dr. Aggarwal wandered and came in front of a sink which had a mirror stationed above it. He stared hard at his own face. He could see Lord Ram staring back. Immediately, the doctor started washing his face. He vigorously scrubbed his face, to get off any remaining blue paint and stared back into the mirror once he was done. Dr. Aggarwal rushed across the room and reached for his bag. He took out jewellery from the bag and wore as much as he could.

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Dr. Aggarwal removed his dhoti and lay it across the large desk. He then collapsed the glass tower and extracted the documents out of them. He lay them gently in the middle of the big, orange cloth. He opened the bag for one last time and took out matches and some diesel and matches. He spilled a quarter of the can on the desk and put the desk in flames. While the inferno-like flame danced around on the table, he wandered back to the mirror.

The doctor stared at himself yet again. But this time, he broke down into tears violently and started slapping himself with mechanical precision. After a few seconds, the doctor mouthed a few words.

“Forgive me sweetheart. Yes, *I* was that monster of a doctor who granted that vile son of a bitch that botched up report. He was totally sane, but something tells me that I wasn’t. He gave me 25 crores for that, but snatched away something invaluable from me. But don’t worry, justice will be served. Lord Ram has come to kill the demon. FORGIVE ME!!!”

Screaming thus, Dr. Aggarwal emptied the rest of the diesel can on himself as he darted across the room and jumped onto the desk.

*Ram has killed Ravan.*

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