

# THE SECOND SHADOW

## CHAPTER 1

### The Bridge

Durgadas lights another cigarette. That's six in a row. It will be an hour and a half. There is a loft located where the bridge ends. That's what we're sitting on. We mean me and Durgadas. Both are silent. As soon as he finished his sixth cigarette, he took another one. He took a drag on his cigarette and walked around the loft. Looking at the water, I throw a couple of small pebbles. There was a very beautiful sound coming from the water. The sky is clear today, there are no clouds. In the distance, some clouds can be seen in the sky near the forest. At this time of twilight, the birds are returning to the nest again. Those who came from the village to take wood to the forest also returned home long ago by this route. We also got up this time. This time, darkness would soon descend on the hill at the end of the Tirupata forest. As soon as Durgadas removed the bicycle stand and stepped on the pedal, he said,

"Will the plan work out?"

I said, " I have planned everything with proper information. Don't think too much. "

Durgadas, however, did not fully agree with the plan. He said, "What if there's a problem, what if we get caught?" What will happen then?"

I said , " Give me some time. I'll take care of the whole thing. "

"It's too late, go home. I'll arrange something by tonight. "I see tears in the corners of his eyes. He wipes his eyes with the edge of his shirt. After a while, Durgadas left. He will go to Chitrapur village to the businessman Dinesh Babu. You have to borrow some money from him. The price of medicines in the market has increased. Most of the monthly income from work has to be spent in that direction. Four months on, the office where Durgadas used to work as a clerk is no longer closed. So for a few months, the family has been in a lot of trouble. His mother is very upset with him. The doctor comes regularly twice a month to check-up. This month, he said, there have been some good signs. He assured that it will take a few more months to heal this disease. Even though Durgadas left, I was still sitting. I don't want to go back home. I also felt that the plan was not right. Bansi thinks. The water flowing under the bridge and the chirping of birds, the cool weather seemed to weigh his brain heavy.

As he turned his hand to the side, he held a small box in his hand.

He forgot the cigarette box here. Lying on the loft, looking at the sky, thinking of all this, suddenly an idea plays in his brain. He sat up now. Ashwatha hurried away with his bicycle parked at the tree.

Instead of taking the road that leads to the village of Chitrapur, take the opposite route. The bicycle moves fast.

Today is Shukla Paksha Ekadashi. The moon is peeping through the branches of the row of trees in front of the path. It's as if it's moving along with him, with his bicycle. The call of crickets and frogs is very hoarse now. A kind of noise.

The bicycle is heading towards Nabinganj. Usually not many people travel on this side of the village. Shalban starts from the adjacent side. Paddy fields on the edge of Shalban. A frosty breeze blows from time to time. The bicycle slows down. He puts more pressure on the pedals. Continuously, he reached Nabiganj around an hour. After another fifteen minutes, he came in front of Harihar Babu's house. The bicycle was left in a bush some distance away. He walks slowly towards the back garden. Then he waited.

After a few hours, he did the job. It was twelve o'clock or one o'clock in the night. He lowers the sack from his shoulders to the ground and tries to pull it with his hands. Fails, Bansi can't pull anymore, the sack seems to be stuck in contact with something on the ground. Feeling a little more shoulder pain. Suddenly, he was awakened by the sound of the bushes nearby. Take a look around. In this silent night, he could not see or hear anything suspicious except the call of the fox coming from the distant fields.

Bansi now used more force on the sack. He was finally able to. The sharp stone in contact with the ground cuts a part of the bottom of the sack. Four fingers, visible in that part , protruded from the suffocating dark room inside the sack.

Bansi shouldered the sack again. He's been carrying it on his shoulders for a long time. After walking for another two minutes, he reached the land he had bought from Dhananjay two months ago. He digs along the edge of the field on the north side. Of course, he doesn't have to be too buoyant. Then they throw it away along with the sack and cover it again on the ground.

Bansi returns. He was about to go home with the bicycle parked in the bushes. Then Hira saw him. Gradually he made a loud noise. Bansi rides his bicycle fast. No one knew anything about the whole incident. Except two. Hira and the second shadow of Bansi.