

A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY FISHOK MANDIAL

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Bloody Juice

This is the story of me and my childhood friend, when we were doing graduation out of our home town. We usually travelled to home every month to see our family. My friend's father was doing a job at dam; it was on our way to home.

One day, we decide to visit his father's work place. It was a hill station, and had pleasant weather. After spending a day at my friend's father place, we continued our journey to home. While leaving, his father gave a bottle of juice for home. He put it in his bag and we boarded the bus for next town.

To catch the next bus to our native place, we needed to get an auto rickshaw from the main bus terminal to local station. The road was quite occupied, and was not in good condition.

Due to that, the bottle broke and its red colored concentrated fresh blood-like juice started coming out from the bag. Everybody in the auto was just looking at us with exclamation, thinking what these guys have in the bag! They were trying to keep away from us. I suppose they had mistaken blood for juice, were thinking that we have killed someone, and put his head or legs in our bag. I and my friend started looking at each other and felt embarrassed. Then, I saw the lonely place and asked the driver to stop there. We got off from it, and went to a railway track to empty the bag.

Juice spread to his clothes and books; so, also we cleaned them one by one, and put it in polythene we got from track. He had to throw his newly purchase bag! I knew how difficult it was for him.

In Kangra, Himachal Pradesh, India

About Author

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I am software developer works in Microsoft based Technologies.

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