

The Horrific Night

I need to take a huge breath to visualize the moment when I parted from a sweet village where my very soul resided. And this way a journey started; a never-ending journey which changed almost everything in my life. I still can't forget a single moment of that deadly night.

I was just a twelve year old kid then. It was around seven in the evening and completely unaware of everything I was having my best time, lying under a tree, resting my head on soft grass, nature's very own pillow, feeling the fresh gust of breeze, gazing at the mysterious sky and trying to figure out the last edge. The yellowish sky was expanding out into the blends of pink and orange around the bright moon. The breeze was warm and I could hear a pack of dogs barking raucously. I smiled as moonlight illuminated my face.

An hour rolled on. I was still enjoying the fervour of beautiful evening when I heard the screams echoing through the streets and before I could understand anything I noticed a hoard of hooligans rushing all around. As I rushed to the street to guess what's all was happening, I found a mutilated corpse lying on the ground. The blood had already pooled around it and the whole body was being crimson stained. Hardly could I think over to scream, I noticed a

dark figure stepped in my way and it was the moment when I dementedly ran to my home.



Our country is a home of many cultures, religions, castes, sects, beliefs and ideologies, but we proudly represent the idea of unity in diversity. This country is unique for its communal harmony, peace, tolerance, cooperation, brotherhood and non-violence across global arena. We as a nation always follow the way of secular democracy which grants the equal right to everyone irrespective of their religion and community, but at a certain extent we are badly failing to protect the very basic idea of constitution, the dream of our nation's forefathers. The communal clash between two major communities in this country is like a blot on our existence, which often brings unimaginable consequences. This vicious form of inhumanity always comes in front to destroy the very social fabric of this nation. Political influence and religious misconception are the main driving force to stir such kind of violence.

I couldn't forget a single moment of that unfortunate night as yet and still sometimes pass through the same mental agony. Hatred and mistrust between the two communities can have such kind of disastrous consequence, I'd never thought of even in the wildest of my dream. A boy from our community had raped a girl of Hindu community and it again fuelled a deadly communal riot. People from the both communities were on the road to butcher each other.

When I entered into my house, I found that my father was reading newspaper. My mother was in kitchen and my sister Ilma was assisting her. My younger brother Musaib was sleeping peacefully in a room.

And before I could share anything to them, we heard the knock on the door. A group of hooligans were banging the door dementedly. My mother looked terrified and ran to me and within a moment the intensity of the door knock increased unexpectedly. My gaze lingered over at my father who was trying to figure out about how to tackle the situation when I saw a hoard of hooligans barging into my house. My father horrifyingly pulled my sister into a room and locked. My mother and I were also hid in the other room where Musaib was sleeping.

"What do you want? Why have you barged into my house." my father asked frightened.

"You fuck hole. Do you know what all one of your men has done to our women? You cuntbag! Now we are going to clean our house." A man shouted and banged on the door where my father had locked himself.

"You Muslims pigs, you have been slaughtering us, the Hindus for centuries. You are the real cancer of this country and we need to eliminate you. So long as you will be on the earth, we can't take a breath in relax." Another one in the crowd shouted by brandishing a sword.

"You are misguided. There is nothing like that." My father tried to convince.

"Misguided? You bastard, you know what? When you all come in this country for the very first time we all have welcomed you wholeheartedly like our own brother but in return what all you have done to us. You have destroyed our temple and culture. You are still raping and converting our women. Just get out of the room, you assmucus." Another one in the crowd shouted.

“This is not true. We don't do anything which is against the wishes of Allah. We truly believe in him.” My father said.

You all are the cruel monsters. You only want your Allah to be followed by everyone and you don't even hesitate to kill others who don't comply you.” Another one shouted.

“No, Islam is the name of peace. It is a very peaceful religion. We both are same. We are brother. You can't paint the whole society with same brush for the misdeeds of a few.” my father calmly begged.

“Islam and peace-this is the best joke you cunt. You religion is only meant to murder, rape and loot. We have always respected you all like our own brothers but in return what all you have done to us. Look in Kashmir what you all have been doing with our Hindu brothers. Wherever you are in majority, you all people don't even hesitate to crush us. That's the true colour of yours and your religion.” a man in the crowd shouted.

“Please don't misunderstand our great religion.” My father again begged.

My father looked horrifically all around to find a way out. My sister was completely scared and she was trembling in fear and came close to my father.

“Just come out. I want to deep my sword into your blood. We need to get rid of this cancer. Just come out you blind follower of so called holy Quran.”

And it was the sentence which put the petrol in the wording of my father.

“Just shut up. What do you want? How long will you try to oppress us? You also rape our women. You also kill us and then you

always point finger at us you countless god follower morons. I am alone right now. You can do whatever you want but don't worry, we will take revenge you fuck hole.” My father shouted angrily.

“We will eliminate you from this whole country. This country really doesn't need you all orthodox duffers.” Someone among Hindu shouted.

“First you look at yourself you shum. You are not even unite in yourself. You are divided in the name of caste and creed. You all don't even hesitate to suck your own people's blood under disguise of caste superiority and you moron point finger at the greatness of our Allah. You try to prove that you all are so great and tolerant? Just get lost from here. Do you forget what all you have done with Babri, you dickhead worshippers? You have destroyed our mosque, you have raped our women and now you show the example of your superior religion. Intolerance is what your religion teaches you, you hypocrite morons?” My father shouted like a mad.

“Just shut up and lick my froth, you jerk. Babri was our property. It was initially a Ram temple and it was destroyed by you. And don't forget how many were killed in the blast of 1993 you cruel monsters.” A man in the crowd shouted and it was the moment when they rooted out the door and entered inside with sword brandishing.

My father tried to come forward to protect my sister who was still trembling in fear and her entire body was wet in sweat.

Before my father could resist them, one among them grabbed my sister and pulled her away someone has caught him by wrist

“You have raped our women and now it's our chance to take the revenge.”

My father tried to rescue her but a man put the sword on his neck. Through a thin hole from room we were watching everything. My body started to tremble in fear.

A few men were dragging her by pulling her hair and she was almost begging for help. Her horrendous screams were echoing all over.

“Please leave her. She is just a sixteen year old baby. Please show her grace.” My father begged and struggled hard to protect her but he couldn't even move an inch.

“Just shut up, you bastard. Now it's our turn.

They started to tear the cloth of my sister. A man slapped hard on the cheek of my father. Another took hold of his hand. He was struggling hard to get rid of them and still crying. A man punched hard on his belly and he fell on the ground and his front jaw was broken.

“This is the same hand through which you slaughter our holy cow.” The man roared in anger and before he could understand anything, they chopped off his both hands. My father cried in pain and blood profusely came out.

My sister almost cried like a rooster to get rid of. Someone had overpowered her mouth. Another man came forward and almost made my father clothless.

I wanted to cry but couldn't. My mother put her hand on my mouth.

My father was struggling hard and yelling in pain. Another man with a big turban and sword came forward and put the sword across his feet.

“These are the same feet which always move forward to destroy us.”

I instantly closed my eyes as I couldn't witness it. My mother almost pulled me back and cuddled me hard. A man gauged out his both eyes from his socket and chopped off his both legs and kept a sword across his penis.

“This is the same thing through which you debauch our women, you skunk.” And within an instanced they had slashed it.

The cruelty was reflecting upon everyone's face. It was the moment when they had mutilated his whole body like monsters. Floor was soaked with blood. My dad was no more in this world and everything happened before my eyes and I couldn't do anything.

Now they moved to my sister. She resisted and struggled hard to protect herself and begged like a rooster. A man slapped on her cheek and her lips started to bleed. They took off the every single cloth from her body. She was yelping in fear and a number of men were dipping their beaks in her. They played with her body like animals and raped her till she lost her sense.

My sister was still lying on the floor unconscious.

I tried to move to her room but my mother caught my wrist forcefully. She was well aware of those horrible consequences. She didn't want to endanger my life. We helplessly looked at each other. There was nothing except the never ending tears in our eyes. The crackling sound of house setting in fire could be heard all around.



The communal conflagration had shown it worse face. People from both communities were using the act of retaliation and counter attack. Innocents were being slaughtered and butchered barbarously by cruel miscreants. My eyes hung over at my mother who was not even able to scream. She sensed the fear circling in the surroundings, but she wanted my betterment. She didn't want her son's life to be ended this way. And yet unaware of everything, my four months old brother Musaib was sleeping peacefully in bed.

My mother looked at me horrifically and screamed in a whisper, "I want you to run away from here Ayaan."

"And you *amma*?" I just horrifically asked.

"Just go away my boy. They won't spare anyone." She begged and I could notice her flesh began to shake under the visible layer of her body.

On the main road, houses were setting on fire with the help of Kerosene bottles and gas cylinders and children were being thrown alive. The gruesome atrocity was beyond any imaginable realm of callousness. Young girls and women were being tortured and raped and barbarously mutilated and slaughtered. Their breasts were being chopped off and different objects were being inserted into the different part of their body. No one was there to hear the plead of these innocent victims. People from both sides had come into the broad swing of atrocity. Through the window I saw a group of hooligans dragging a number of teenage girls into a hut and a few were mutilating a pregnant woman's body after raping her. My mother almost became numb by hearing those heart rending screeches and she almost begged before me in a very hissing sound.

“Runaway Ayaan. You have to run else they will kill you. Run away my son. Run for us. You need to take care of your brother. You need to go away from this place.”

She forced me into a tight hug but quickly she pushed me away by sensing that this emotional shower over the last moment of her life could deviate me from going away.

“I can't leave you this way *ammi*. You are everything, you are my world.” I almost begged.

“No, you have to. You just have to move on. You have to go far away from this murk. They won't spare anyone. I don't know who they are or whose fault it is but I am sure that they won't show compassion to anyone. That's the reality and you have to accept it.” I saw my mother's face full of tears.

“But how can I leave you this way? How can I imagine my life without you *ammi*? Without you I would be nothing. I need you. I need you at every stage of my life. Without you I will fade away.” I cried over by cuddling into her arms.

Hardly a minute went by when a gang of hooligans bumped into the door. The roar of guns broke us apart. Mustering her shattered strength, she forcefully pushed me away. She sounded panicked as another roar came in from the corner.

I fearfully tried to bury my face into her lap. Her affectionate hand smoothly ran over my head as if she wanted to bless me for the last time. She smiled looking at me as she didn't want to reveal her fear. I could feel the grasp of her hand. Slowly she shut her eyes. Tears escaped like river streams.

Once more she begged almost pushing me off. And it was the moment when I saw the last glimpse of my family. I quickly picked

my brother up into my arms and jumped out of the window. I turned quickly to grab a final glance of whatever I was leaving behind.



My eyes rolled across on the street and I found the house turning into flames. My nostrils filled with the acrid smell and ears buzzed with the heart rending screams of innocents. Within a moment my world went numb.

I heaved a long, excruciating, heart-wrenching scream. I ran away as fast as I could, holding my brother firmly into my arms. The heat across the streets was devastating. My bare feet were slapping hard against the ground and my throat dried. I felt unable to hold the weight of my brother. I saw corpses lying across the bright and dark streets. I didn't even remember which way I was going to? I just knew that I had to run away from the place for the betterment of my younger brother who was the only one alive in my family besides me.

I hid myself under a deserted hut which was situated on the outskirts of the village. Thin beads of perspiration layered on my forehead and my body cringed as pain rolled through my body. I clenched the mouth of my younger brother firmly so he couldn't cry. I felt utter suffocation and my head reeled in pain. The pain continued as I closed my eyes and tried to block out everything that had just occurred. Everything around me was completely charred. I was hungry and thirsty, but I couldn't move an inch.



The following morning came with all sorts of uncertainties and fears.

I stared blankly at the naked sky and oddly shaped clouds which seemed ominous. Life was complete hell for me. I didn't know where I would get food to survive. Musaib was continually crying in appetite and I was unable to offer him anything. Soon I realized that if I couldn't arrange something for him, then he would surely starve to death.

The next night when I was searching around a place to keep myself protected, I noticed some lights coming from the distance. I rushed to the place. It was a railway station and somehow it relived me. My eyes lingered across from the platform; lots of people were taking shelter in relief camps. Government machinery was trying to help them possibly the best by arranging the basic amenities and counselling but people were still frightened. Once more I looked at my brother. I soaked my hanky into water and wrapped it around his mouth. I then boarded a train without knowing where it was going to.