

Pritis C Majumdar



Love in
Crisis

Terror of the Terrorists

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Chapter 1

Uma Cracked Down on the Terrorists

Uma had become terror to the terrorists in Kashmir. So, her posting had always been kept a secret to ensure that her movement could not be traced by the terrorists.

During her training period, she became a unique double handed perfect revolver shooter. She learnt karate, boxing along with her normal schedule of training. The higher authority awarded her with gold medal and a special award to her for extra ordinary outstanding performance as a trainee officer.

She had placed an ad in both electronic media and newspapers for the rehabilitation of the young men and women of Jammu and Kashmir whom the terrorist groups of Pakistan, Taliban, Afghanistan and other foreign areas beyond the western border of Jammu and Kashmir had already trained.

The advertisement declared one lac fifty thousand per head in cash and offered employment to every terrorist who surrendered.

In a short period of time, a lot of secret messages arrived through various organizations and NGO's. They were ready to surrender but under one condition, they wanted to surrender in groups and not individually for their own safety.

Uma discussed this approach with the higher authorities and members of ruling parties and local organizations like the All India Depressed and Deprived

Women Organization (AIDDWO). After much discussion they agreed.

Uma started to get them to surrender area wise.

As the superintendent of Police, Uma visited the jails daily. Searching for her parents there had become a routine for her, although she had no idea what they looked like, still she never forgot to search for them. She checked the jail register daily to see if she could find any names like Md. Ibrahim and Ayesha Begum. But her efforts yielded no results and thus she returned to her Bungalow every night with a broken heart. She didn't know how else to search for them.

Uma loved reading in her free time and one day while reading she came across one poem

Fight the Terrors

Who can leave behind their country?

Their birth place full of bounty?

Floods of people afraid of murder,

Fleeing for survival, to the country of their neighbor.

Partition of my country

Partition of my body

Creates Hindu Muslim Christian,

Capitalism and Marxism

Enmity from religions

Enmity from resources,

Generates extreme terrorism

To kill humanism

Oh! Brothers and sisters!

Come forward together

To save the world,

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Fight the terrors.

She loved the poem especially the last two lines, which she read repeatedly. To save the world

Fight the terrors.

While she was reading her phone rang.

It was past ten in the night, she jumped to pick up the call thinking it is from her grandfather, but instead a frightful voice said, “Madam, one criminal escaped from the jail, the forces are already on the move looking for him.” “Damn it, how did it happen?”. Without waiting for a reply she ordered them to send her a vehicle filled with armed forces so that she could move out immediately.

After combing from him throughout the night and a few rounds of firing he was finally caught, injured. He was immediately taken to the military hospital and extra precautions were taken to ensure that he does not escape again.

As per the register his name was Abdul-Kareem.

Next day Uma visited the hospital to check on status of Abdul’s health.

She found him unconscious. The Doctor said that unless 72-hours are over, nothing can be said.

She looked at him he was lying on the bed with his arms outstretched that’s when she noticed the tattoo on his arm. The script was in Urdu so she asked a nurse to help her read it. . It read Md. Ibrahim.

She was surprised after hearing the name. She started observing his face minutely so that she could describe it to his grandfather who had once described a terrorist like Md. Ibrahim to her.



Chapter 2

Uma's Father was identified

Uma described Ibrahim's face to me on phone, but I was reluctant to confirm anything until I had seen him with my own eyes. I asked her to keep a watch on him, until I could see him in person. She made arrangements for my stay at her place.

I'm filled with pride whenever I think that my granddaughter has now become the Superintendent of Police, if her mother could see her now, she would have taken pride in her daughter's success and would have been the happiest mother.

I have raised her myself since she was six months old but now don't have to worry about her anymore as my granddaughter has now become a brave heart, courageous self-dependent woman. Not only this, she had also fire of zeal within herself from the very beginning of her academic career and thus she got interested in civil service examination. Her first choice was Indian Police Service, since this IPS was the right choice she took to search her parents. As soon as I arrived, Uma and I rushed to the hospital.

I, after my meticulous observation on Ibrahim's face from different angles, confirmed him fifty percent as Uma's father. But I could not disclose this to her. The reason was Ibrahim was still in bed and thus, I could not verify his style of walking.

I told her that we should wait till he fully recovers and could walk freely.

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My visits to Ibrahim had become a matter of speculation between the hospital staff as they could not figure out why the grandfather of the SP would visit a terrorist.

We realized the impact it could cause and hence I stopped visiting him. In the meantime Uma was seriously attacked while returning to her residence after a surprise raid on a particular den of the terrorists in Kupwara district. The raid was very successful and they recovered a huge number of arms and ammunitions including rocket launchers and powerful grenades.

Uma, was admitted in the same hospital as it was the best one in Kashmir.

Naturally, I had to visit her regularly in hospital.

Md. Ibrahim was gradually recovering. The Dr. had advised him to start walking slowly with assistance to regain his strength.

There was a common hall where the patients could sit, walk, pass time and witness the flow of visitors which was useful for the quick regaining of both mental and physical strength. The hall was in the same floor and at a distance of a few yards from the wards and VIP cabin. One of the VIP cabins was occupied by Uma.

Ibrahim started to walk regularly during the visiting hours.

One day I observed Ibrahim looking at me curiously, as if he could recognize me. I walked away as fast as I could to avoid his gaze.

But I can't avoid him for long, after all I came here to identify him and to do that I had to observe his style of walking. My intuition said that he was Uma's father, the real Md. Ibrahim, who was my tenant and had earnestly asked me to look after his daughter until they were released.

I became busy with Uma's, early recovery. The Doctors were taking special care of her due to her position they therefore, were not in a hurry to release her till she was completely fit for duty.

Since I become busy with Uma, I could not concentrate on any other work. So I had to overlook Ibrahim for a few days in the common hall. I could not watch him while he was walking. But I felt that he had been watching me. A lot of different scenarios played in my mind in the event of him being Uma's father.

I was not sure whether she would act as a strict police officer with Ibrahim who was a hard core militant or behave emotionally as should be in case of a child who had just found her long lost father.

Whenever I faced a dilemma I tried to follow the messages of Lord Shri Krishna who guided Arjuna in the great war of Kurukshetra between Kaurava and Pandava depicted in the great epic of India, Mahabharata.



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Love in Crisis

The book *Love in Crisis* is a tale of a teen-aged girl Uma, searching madly for her own parents who were arrested and jailed by the police on charge of terrorism at her six months old. She was raised by Sam Roy, a widower (70) as his grand-daughter. It is a new kind of love story too between a young (teenage) lady Uma and an older widower, Sam. While telling stories of other women of various religious sects being tortured through fatwa of clerics and sexually abused by the males right from father to office bosses, the victimised women unitedly protested against patriarchal and societal terrorism. The reason, human being, particularly, women first expect love, peace and a secured shelter. Sam became much embarrassed when Uma came to know that she was a daughter of a Pakistani terrorist father and Hindu mother of Indian origin. She was terribly shocked and wept silently days after days. Incidentally, she joined and was posted as police officer (IPS) in Indian Jammu & Kashmir. She vowed to search her parents and ultimately got them. But was it possible for her to accept them? A confusion between duty to her motherland India and emotional sentiment fixed her to decide. To know her decision, you have to read the book in a single breath.



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