



TEN TWISTED TALES

Guruprasad Nagarajan

Ten Twisted Tales
(Excerpts)

A collection of short stories
by
Guruprasad Nagarajan

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Dedication

This collection of short stories is dedicated to my wife, Aparna, who encouraged me to write more than just ads. And to my parents who let me follow my heart.

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(Not included in this sample: God and the Left Hemisphere, Clinical Karma, Poisoned Dreams, The Clown and the Teacher, Baba Femi's Dummy and Colour)

Ten Twisted Tales is a collection of short stories with a twist, inspired by the masters, Roald Dahl and O.Henry. Hope you enjoy the sample stories. You can purchase the collection at www.guruswriting.com and at major e-tailers such as Amazon, Barnes and Noble and Nook.

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Tidal Justice

The Confession

‘I’ve come to confess the crime of killing my husband. Is there anyone I can talk to?’ asked the slightly built, short woman in her fifties. She had traveled all the way from Phuket to this remote hill station in Thailand, and the strain showed on her face, lined with years of not-too-pleasant living. There was a quiet dignity about her frail frame, in the way she held her head high, in the slight unconscious lift of the chin. She wore a simple checked skirt and a pink shirt, and stood about 5 feet 2 inches in her beach slippers.

The startling confession had no takers as her statement was made in her native tongue, German. ‘Yes,’ said the youngish policeman in his mid twenties. ‘Inspector,’ he pointed to a chair which was behind a fairly old table, covered with dusty files, a paperweight, a pen stand with some fountain pens and ballpoint pens, and a telephone. Behind the table was a window that offered a restricted view of the mountains in the distance.

‘Where is he?’ asked the woman, again in German, noticing the three other constables who were talking to each other.

The attendant pointed to the chair again and pointed outside the entrance, his hands driving an imaginary vehicle.

‘When will he be back?’ she tried to use sign language.

He smiled widely and shook his head. She took a seat on the bench by the wall opposite the inspector’s table he pointed to and looked around the small, out-of-town police station. It wasn’t intimidating, not that she had seen or been in any police station. In fact, her little village in Germany didn’t even have a police post.

She had married young, as an escape from her stepmother, and the fire she fell into had shrivelled her dreams and aspirations. Herr Sontag seemed an all right young man, a bit of a womanizer, but with his dashing youthful looks, that went with the territory, she reasoned. Her coming into his life would change all that, now wouldn’t it? The honeymoon was over very quickly, in a year and three months. She realized he hadn’t had a proper job, and all he did was some odd jobs here and there, and sometimes satisfy the smoldering embers of desire in older, married women abandoned by their partners’ greed for success in their careers. The pre-honeymoon passion had resulted in a child. A boy. It was to him she devoted her life. Soon he too was taken away from her. A passionate photographer whose work was published in all the respected magazines, he was killed on one of his assignments in Africa. Shot, ironically. Since then she had been living an empty, meaningless life while Sontag, (“never call me by my first name, you...”), had had roaring success in his new found business. The money from his nightly pursuits had earned him a reputation and contacts, which he used wisely and had invested shrewdly. His rise in stature saw her role in the house diminishing more and more, till she was no more than a servant, looking after the house, which was huge now.

Her position as his wife was long gone, replaced by prettier, younger ones who didn’t care who they slept with as long as they had money to live lavishly. It wasn’t just the demeaning routine of her life that she had to put up with, it was the constant jibes and insults which were almost always followed by physical abuse. It didn’t matter if anyone was present.

Which was why, when he had asked her to pack up and leave with him to a far off land to look after his needs and his floozy, that she decided to put an end to it all. She had had enough. She would find a way out. She would disappear, take her bag and just go away, find a job with a kind soul. In her hometown it was risky as she might be traced by Herr Sontag and brought back to hell.

Now as she sat in this hole of a police station, waiting for the inspector to come, she realized what triggered her suppressed anger, buried deep beneath her soul and covered with meaningless things like family respect and honor, to erupt, to come hissing out in a cataclysmic outlet of fury. It was her son's photograph and what Sontag did to it.

Does she get away with it? Was her decision to murder her abusive husband justified? Can she live with the guilt? Find out by purchasing Ten Twisted Tales at www.guruswriting.com

Silk Cotton Love

Chapter 1

The man with no arms carrying a wooden basket containing trinkets, books and beads had startled her.

‘Books, bracelets, madam?’ he said cheerfully.

Catherine wanted to wave him away but his condition, she thought to herself, warranted at least a cursory glance at the contents of his basket, which hung uncomfortably below his bare chest and was held on either side by a leather strap that went around his neck. Every now and then, her eyes would wander from the glass beads and small, carved items to the stump. It was a morbid fascination, she told herself, that draws one’s attention to a deficiency. Or an unnecessary addition, like a sixth finger. He did have arms, she noticed, it was just that they were cut off at the elbow but to the ordinary eye, it was as good (or bad) as no arms.

On the basket was a sticker that said, “I rather work than beg”. That was one of the many traits Catherine admired about the people in Siem Reap. Their dignity. No one would have blamed them if they had resorted to crime or begging after what they had been through, she mused as she rummaged through the basket. But for all the misfortunes they had suffered through a war-raged past, there was at least one thing suppression and bloodshed couldn’t take away. Eventually, she settled on a carved wooden figurine and a book on Angkor Wat. She paid him off and watched him chat with almost every tourist he bumped into. A familiar figure perhaps, she thought.

‘Another coffee, ma’am?’ asked the waitress with a smile. Wondering which well of optimism they drew their strength from, she declined and asked for the bill. She had to go back to the hotel, which was only a few minutes’ walk from the Old Market area where she had come for a bite. It was her third day in the city of Angkor Wat and she felt there was something about the place that connected her to it. And the tour guide her hotel had arranged for her. His name was Champra, and he was a fairly handsome young man who couldn’t have been more than Catherine’s age, which was 23. She couldn’t verbalise her feelings but there was something timeless about the whole feel.

She had taken it easy the first day, just strolling about the neighbourhood and getting the hang of the place. Yesterday, she went to Angkor Wat with the guide. Catherine instinctively felt quite comfortable with him, and her instincts were seldom awry, which was a true asset for any single girl travelling on her own.

Today, she had asked him to take her to Ta Prohm. Champra was waiting for her when she entered the hotel lobby. He brought his palms together in a salute saying, ‘This way please, the car is waiting.’

Once they were inside, Champra told her they would go to Ta Prohm, have lunch on the way, and then go to other temples.

‘You see Tombraider?’ asked Champra.

‘Yes, I saw’, said Catherine.

‘The temple we are going to see, they shot the movie there’.

Wondering how an architectural achievement by an ancient civilization can be reduced to be associated with a Hollywood trash flick, and rely on a stupid celluloid creation for its stature, she shook her head in disbelief.

As if reading her thoughts, Champra said, 'So many centuries this temple has been around, but people remember it as Lara Croft temple, bit sad, huh?'

'Where did you get that?' he asked, pointing to the figurine Catherine bought earlier, which had slipped out of the bag as she was rummaging inside for her lipstick.

'Oh this? I bought it this morning from a man. Poor thing had lost both his arms', she said.

'So you met my dad?' said Champra.

'That's your dad? Wow, I admire his principle to work instead of using the handicap as an excuse,' she said.

He kept quiet. She didn't pry. It was not a tense silence. It was more like a journey within that you didn't want to disturb. Maybe he got along with his dad, maybe he didn't, it was none of her business anyway. She looked out at the passing scenery till they reached their destination.

At the temple, he explained how this was a monument dedicated to the king's mother and how the place was once buzzing with activity.

'There were 12,500 people living in this place. The stele records tell us that there were 18 high priests and 615 dancers. In the nearby villages over 80,000 people lived and worked for the royal family. It was very rich then'.

She was amazed at the ruins and the way the temple had been preserved. Fig stranglers had taken over, spreading their thick roots deep into the walls and the foundation. It seemed as if the trees towering high into the sky had the buildings as their roots.

'When the people left at the fall of the empire, the trees took over', said Champra, leaning against the trunk of a fig strangler, whose lattice roots had choked the life of its host plant hundreds of years ago.

'How can such a huge structure be hidden? How can anyone 'discover' a place like this? It's not like it's a treasure trunk that was buried under rubble, is it?' asked Catherine.

'I know, it's hard to believe it was buried away from human eyes until 500 years ago ... ah, look at this,' he said excitedly. There between the crevices of this massive tree, hidden away in the deep recesses where Champra's fingers were exploring aimlessly while his mind was trying answer Catherine's question, he had stumbled on something that looked ancient and precious.

'Such a beautiful bracelet, looks so exquisitely carved', said Catherine in awe.

It was a simple but intricately chiselled bracelet made out of wood. Its texture was similar to that of ivory. Centuries of dust and neglect had sealed their own signature on it. There were keenly etched figurines of animals and dancers.

'I want you to have it, as a memory, huh? Something to remember your visit to Ta Prohm', said Champra. It seemed like a proper gesture.

'Wow! Really? That's very sweet of you', said Catherine. "Are you sure? Don't you want to give it to your sister or somebody?"

'No, I feel it belongs to you,' said Champra, as he handed the bracelet to her. As they both touched the bracelet, something happened. A current from another

dimension seemed to course through their bodies, the crests and troughs of the waves overlapping in a strange ancient harmony. It lasted two seconds..

Is the love of Catherine and Champra from a different time? What happened then? Were they together? Or is the time not ripe enough for their love to bring them together? Find out by purchasing Ten Twisted Tales at www.guruswriting.com

A Nobody in New York

Chapter 1

To

The Editor

The New York Times

NYC

Dear Sir/Madam,

I will be long gone by the time you receive this letter. Here's what I'm going to do: I'm going to finish this letter, the coffee and muffin I just ordered, post this letter, and take the elevator all the way up to the viewing deck of the Twin Towers and hurtle vertically to meet the road. You may think suicide is a cowardly act, an escapist way out of life's problems. We can discuss the virtues of it later. Right now, I want to bring your notice to the tragedy that has made me take this drastic step. If I digress, please bear with me. Consider this the last wish if you will.

I'm a chemical engineer, working for a leading global multinational company, Atomic Inc, headquartered in this lovely town that embraces people from all backgrounds, cultural, political, social and economical and other 'al's with a democratic hug. It also embraces evil from its steaming street level criminals to the high-rise hoarders whose standards of justice and goodwill drop lower as their positions go higher.

I hail from a small town in India. A small, beautiful, picturesque town with a river running through it. Children played by its banks during the hot summer school holidays and learnt how to swim, and how to give and receive. They learnt to have fun and learnt togetherness. The river gave life to all and rarely took one even when it was swollen during the monsoon season. The sunset and sunrise by the river, the elders performing religious rituals by the banks, school teachers taking classes under the shade of trees that lined either side, the multi-coloured birds that came from all over the world nesting there (much like the city we are in, Editor, only it was safer and cleaner), the grandmothers and young mothers carrying water from the sun-dappled sheet of the silvery river, the townsfolk bathing further up ... it was beautiful. And perfect. Until the said chemical company opened a small factory on the other side of the river.

It wasn't a welcome sight or addition to the peaceful village. It replaced the farmland with its refreshing green squares of paddy, fruit and vegetable patches, shade giving trees and flowering shrubs, and the huge water pipe that pumped fresh, cold water from the well to the land. All of it was gone and in its place was the ugly, squat building that was cordoned off from the rest of the town with its high walls that had glass pieces stuck on the top. Who was going to scale the 10-foot wall to peek inside a drab factory, I ask?

Soon, it made the farmers redundant and the fruits of their labour, a memory. We had to buy our grocery and vegetables from the next town miles away, or pay ridiculously high prices if we wanted to buy at our stores. The blue skies and wisps of summer clouds were usurped by the strong smelling, ugly clouds of smoke belched out by the ominous looking smoke stacks. The place was known for its sweet smelling flowers and fruit, we grew a lot of mangoes there, my dear sir, a lot, and they gave off an aromatic scent you couldn't imagine if you tried. That and jasmine flowers. Ever had a whiff of the heady fragrance of these flowers from the hair of a girl you always

wanted to speak to but didn't? The fragrance seeped inside your skin, mingled with the fresh morning smell of the earth and the rain, when it did rain, and stayed there. It never left you. People who say the sense of smell is the last to go don't know the half of it. The fragrance, the aroma, the earthy smell, all was bleached dry and our olfactory senses were assaulted regularly by the hideous, foul smelling chemical that the factory spewed out every day.

Sure, it gave jobs to the people, and some managed to buy bigger houses and cars among other unnecessary accessories we were doing well without. But what made it worse, if that was possible, was the killer chemical and the waste that started finding its way into our bloodstream through the life-giving river. The river died, Editor. Have you watched a river die? It's slow, and painful. It's like watching your parents die in front of you while you watch helplessly. The roaring, flowing, soothing, calming water of life, that bubbled and inspired, rippled and listened, cleansed and quenched, was sucked out of the earth, leaving a bone-dry, bare ground on which it flowed, nurturing and nourishing generations on its banks. Its pure, clean, refreshing waters to which our good qualities were attributed to, which was the breath of our little happy town, was polluted, corrupted, poisoned and murdered.

The deadly poison claimed almost all the lives on the banks. The town was covered in the suffocating, grimy soot, and its thick, oppressive blanket hanging heavily like an unwanted burden on a weak bull, sucking the life out of every living thing.

I'm not relating the story of just one tiny village on the corporate map of your conglomerates. I am sure there are many. But this one is dear to me, because I was born there, as were my parents, and theirs. And my son was born there too. He was 8 months old when he died of poisoning. You know what poisoned him Editor? Breast milk. The very thing that was supposed to nurture and nourish his fragile body, with his tiny hands and feet, his fragrance of innocence and trust, his soft pink toes that brought immense joy to anyone they kicked, took his life away. The shock killed my wife. And my parents went with her too; she was always a little scared of going anywhere alone. And that's how it leaves me now, in this concrete and glass city. Alone, with everything precious and dear taken away from me...

Does he get away with his plans? What can a common employee do against the might of a mega corporation? Find out by purchasing Ten Twisted Tales at www.guruswriting.com

Clinical Karma

'I am sorry to say you have HIV', said Doctor Sebastian, not feeling much sorry for the patient.

The doctor was a fanatic and believed anyone not following his religion was bound straight for hell and had no business being here. Especially people who had contracted such vile diseases through debauchery and decadence. There was even a hint of cruel satisfaction in his delivery of the news. Doctor Sebastian brooked no dissent to what the pastors in the church had taught him ever since he was a kid. He strongly believed that God was punishing people for their 'sins', which made him vehemently oppose ideas like same sex relationships. He believed everyone in the world would go to hell if they didn't come to his church. Not just any church but to his church.

Russell's mind went numb. He wasn't expecting this bombshell when he woke up in the morning. Or rather was woken up by his baby boy who wouldn't let him sleep once he was up, which was usually by 6 a.m. He had moved to Singapore fifteen years ago and had become a permanent resident recently. He was an electrician who took up extra courses doing late nights and weekends and had gotten two degrees from a London university. It's true that when he was single, which was till two years ago, he used to visit a few sleaze joints with his friends once in a while. On his stag night, his friends had forced him to drink way too much and taken him to a strip club on Orchard Road. From there they went to many other pubs following the sleaze trail and when he woke up, he wasn't even sure where he was. In the bleary eyed confusion, he had taken a taxi and gotten home somehow. Surely nothing happened? Even if it did, it couldn't have led to this? No way. He knew colleagues who went to these types of places regularly and they were healthy and happy. Why should it happen to him?

'Are you sure, doctor?' he managed a weak response, still in deep shock.

'We can send it for a second opinion but it's a waste of time', said the doctor. 'Serves you right for visiting hookers,' his eyes said. He wasn't a fan of too many foreigners on his little island, foreigners with their own gods he didn't understand, their smells and their languages, taking away opportunities and jobs that rightfully belonged to the locals.

'God puts us here for a reason', said Doctor Sebastian, looking at a picture of the good shepherd as if they had a secret deal, and continued, 'And we are here to follow His words and be a good human being, and stay away from sins. If you don't follow the words, then you will be punished.'

Russell, who was in no mood for evangelical messages, sat there like a stone, his mind reeling from the news.

'And when God doesn't want sinners, he takes them away,' Doctor Sebastian allowed himself a one-inch smile. 'We may not, rather you may not understand it, but

He works in mysterious ways.’ Soon a day will come when only his type of believers will be on the planet, he thought.

Russell felt devastated, despondent, and a sense of fear and disgust filled his heart as he staggered to his feet and walked out of the consulting room. Were the eyes of the patients who had come for normal ailments like the flu mocking him? There was judgement in their eyes and in the antiseptic air of the clinic.

The morning sun beat down harshly, as if punishing him for his transgressions, he thought, as he stepped out of the clinic and onto the pavement. ‘This is the end,’ he thought to himself as he walked aimlessly. It was supposed to be a routine test before his next promotion, and there were some complications with his liver and heart. But he never expected this. Not in a million years.

‘What am I going to tell my family? My folks back home? God’, he slumped into a chair at a coffee shop. He was not hungry or thirsty or alive. He was shaken to the core, someone seemed to have reached inside and sucked every drop of life out of his system.

Ever since his simple, village wife Amritha came into his life, he had been true to her, never even walked past the lowlife pubs he used to go to with his friends once in a while. And of course once his baby boy was born, his past with his friends and their questionable habits had become a distant bad dream.

Now this shocking revelation from the doctor had wrecked his life. His simple, happy life he had built slowly and carefully.

‘What a shame this is’, he thought to himself as he looked around at the morning crowd. There were people from nearby offices. People in various outfits, mostly in office-wear, but some were in their shorts. They looked happy, content, and carefree, smoking their cigarettes, enjoying their coffee and breakfast. He was like that till yesterday. A little out-of-place memory of yesterday’s chat with his senior manager, Preston, played on his near-dead brain, which couldn’t discriminate between what was important and what wasn’t anymore...

... But all the sandcastle dreams were swept away by this tsunami of a diagnosis. For a moment, he pictured telling his elderly parents and siblings the news and imagined how they would react. They would be devastated. Utterly devastated. Incongruously, his childhood flashed before his mind. He was from a small village near Bombay where his father worked as a postal clerk. He was a well-read man, and although they were Hindus, he named his son Russell after Bertrand Russell. So he was Russell Talwalker. Kind of an odd combination but it got people curious and served as a perfect icebreaker in school and college, not to mention his workplace...

... The newspaper on the next table informed him about another dead body in the local reservoir. He could be one of them. A statistic. A mere number instead of a loving, caring father to a growing baby and husband to a trusting wife. Instead of being a proud son to a simple, middle class family, he would be a news item in a foreign land which will be forgotten in an instant, and soon enough by the family.

Nobody misses a dead family member or friend forever. Time will heal, but all the time since the beginning won't heal his condition...

... He decided he would just walk into the waters off the East Coast Parkway. He had been there on company parties and weekend outings. When you walked all the way to the Sailing Centre, there was hardly anybody around. He would just walk in and let the current take him.

Is suicide the only way out for Russell? Or can life offer a second chance? Find out by purchasing Ten Twisted Tales at www.guruswriting.com

The End

The Last Guitar

Ybanez Segovia looked fondly around his shop in the Gothic Quarter of Barcelona. Tucked away in one of the busy alleys, this small but famous guitar shop had been a refuge, an escape, a temple, and a home for the aging Ybanez.

Age. That was the reason for his wistful longing gaze around a shop he had been coming to for the past forty years. Soon, he would not be returning to his old routine, a routine that kept his fingers busy, his ears tuned, his mind sharp and his passion burning. In fact, it had kept him alive. Maybe it was this routine that helped him focus on crafting the best handmade guitars in the world. It was no mean feat as there were many guitar makers in Spain, especially down south. He had learnt his craft in Seville.

During the hot summer days when the soaring mercury levels forced the locals to shutter their shops for a siesta and sent the tourists scurrying back to their hotel rooms to rest their tired feet so they could go out shopping and sight seeing for longer hours later, he would be busy at the workshop, carefully examining various types of wood, selecting the right one and shaping it. Learning about tonal depth and sound clarity. Training his ears for timbre, richness and the correct balance. Holding the cut wood, knocking on it, listening to each piece before beginning work on his masterpiece. A Salamanca guitar had a reputation to protect and an ardent following to preserve. Every song that was played on stages the world over, every tremolo, every rasgueado, every liquid note traced its soulful feel to the hands of craftsmen like Ybanez, whose hands now couldn't hold the tools to cut, shape, saw, bend, fret and drill. Which was why he was going to have to leave.

His boss, Senor Vincent Salamanca, never asked him to retire. It was up to the craftsmen to decide when they wanted to call it a day because they were the ones who knew best about their abilities. Salamanca guitars were not mass made. It was a craft handed down many generations. Legend had it that the first Salamanca was made over 150 years ago, and when it was played in a village by Antonio Torres near Cordoba, the frisky cattle grazing nearby came to listen and stood still till the concert was over. Since then the Torres family became part of the Salamanca tradition, even now the great grandson only played the instrument handcrafted by the Salamanca family. More specifically, by Ybanez.

Ybanez locked the doors, walked through the mazy alleyways to the cathedral where his wife Carmina would soon join him from the little boutique hotel opposite, where she worked as an accountant. After their two kids finished college and started working, Carmina felt alone, and thought she was not contributing to the family. The end of a routine can do strange things to people. So she decided to help out at her cousin's hotel. The money wasn't great but it helped while keeping her busy. Maybe now they can take their overdue vacation, a plan they had been postponing for nearly forty years.

First it was the kids, their education, and if it wasn't one of the kids down with something, then it was the other. Ybanez and Carmina treasured every cent they made, saving it, planning for its use, and budgeting for it. It wasn't penny pinching, it was just that they wanted the best they could for their kids, and to insure against a day when the children might talk back and say, 'who asked you to have me?' The least you could do was give them a good education and the rest was up to them.

Sitting on the steps of the cathedral, Ybanez wondered about all the things they had given up, not in a wistful way, but just to see if he could make it up to his wife now. Not that she ever complained but he wondered all the same. The arrival of the

kids in quick succession signaled the departure of life as they knew it in the first year of marriage. No more late night dinners, concerts or theatre. Travel was out of the question.

But sitting here and watching people from all over the world was quite close to travelling. Some he could make out as locals, some were from the neighbouring countries, and some he had no clue about. 'But I'm sure they all love music', he thought. He wondered how many of them had heard a Salamanca.

Waiting here also gave him a chance to listen to some really talented musicians plying their trade in the alleys surrounding the cathedral and on the steps. He always judged them by their ability to play Asturias. Ybanez's benchmark was the soulful, gentle and beautiful rendition by Andres Segovia. It was still too early for the buskers, some of them were just unpacking their guitar and violin cases. So he sat there and watched the world come to him.

The seats at the few restaurants on the opposite row were getting slowly filled. It was a good place to have a restaurant even though it was a five-minute walk from La Rambla which had more restaurants and cafes but this side promised less touristy fare and prices.

Presently his wife waved to him from across and he got up to join her. They had been married now for over 40 years. Their sons, both working in different parts of the country kept asking him to stop working and pushing his frail old body but he would hear none of it. Making guitars that were admired the world over was not a job, it was his life, he would tell them. And he didn't want him and especially his wife to depend on anyone. People change, even one's own children.

He hugged his wife as she came up to him and kissed her on her cheeks. She had her own pleasant scent, not the perfume she was wearing which was light and refreshing but the scent she emanated, which he had been used to for their married years.

'Dinner?' he said.

Carmina smiled a yes. They held hands drawing glances of admiration tinged with envy from couples way younger who were already contemplating divorce after two years of togetherness.

This was their routine. Another of his routines, in fact. Every evening they would meet at the cathedral and he would wait for her to finish work and they would go to the little Al Corba restaurant, share a carafe of red wine and eat whatever the chef recommended for them. They had been coming to this family run restaurant so long the chef prepared something different every day.

Over dinner he told Carmina his decision to call it a day.

'My hands don't support my mind anymore, and I don't want to make a mistake, Mini,' he said.

She looked out to the milling crowd of locals and tourists and kept quiet for a while. It wasn't news to her.

'It's a good decision, Beno', she said. 'You've been doing this so long no one else will know better. How is Senor Salamanca taking it?'

‘Funny thing,’ said Ybanez, as he cut a piece of sausage, ‘he thought for the whole afternoon sitting in his office, and came out before siesta, and asked me to make one last piece.’

Carmina looked mildly surprised too. ‘What did you say?’

‘He said it was for Javier Torres. I’m thinking about it.’

‘Then you must’, said Carmina. Javier was a celebrated classical guitarist, a legend in the lineage of the great Segovia and Tarrega. He was supposed to have one last concert in Madrid before retiring. ‘And then we can take our dream holiday to Seville, where you grew up and where we met.’

Does Ybanez finally take his wife to Seville? How does his last guitar change his life? Find out by purchasing Ten Twisted Tales at www.guruswriting.com

The end

About the author



Guru has been peddling assorted products and services in the name of advertising for the last 20 years. He was born in Coimbatore, a small town surrounded by hills in Tamil Nadu, India. He lives in Singapore where he is currently adding more books to his repertoire. He swims, practises yoga and attempts to play the guitar. He loves to travel with his wife.

Also by the same author

Boogadooga Series – A chronicle of animal adventures for children set in a magical forest.