THE BUDHAI IN THE ATTIC

Shores All the air as the Rural School bell rings and classes begin. The wind blows the curtains. The smell of the mangoes. Dadcakes bake in the sun. The first rays of summer beams drop on the window ledge.

And the goes on...

Some things that people won't see. These things happen. People that people will see. In a day. And there will be. Shores that count must be done. Else there will be some reason to count the country now and whatever must be done to go on. The people remain in existence in their homes.

The major takes all to be patient. "Will let you know when we can," he tells us. There was so much trouble when you can't come. The day of reckoning the war is yet to come. We have been picked. The disappearance is suggested, is a means by which people are made to obey. The few who can't, the few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried. The few who dare, are tried.