

A man with glasses and a beard, wearing a white shirt and a dark jacket, sits on a dark couch. He is looking at a laptop on a wooden table in front of him. The laptop screen shows a close-up of a woman's face. The background is a dark, textured wall with a large, faint watermark of the word 'talent'. Numerous US dollar bills are falling from the top of the frame, creating a sense of money being lost or wasted. The overall lighting is dim and moody, with a blueish-green tint.

A Wasted Talent

Souradip Ghosh

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*Love is the one thing that motivates us to do
both right and wrong!*

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*Before I made my choice,
I wish I had heard your voice.*

About The Book

A renowned business tycoon goes missing for two years only to be found dead in an unknown Himalayan cave. His wife, who was supposedly dead years before he goes missing is also found in the same cave alive, unconscious and pregnant. Few unknown dead bodies were also found in the surrounding areas.

A half burnt pen drive is also found in there but it is difficult to retrieve any data from it.

On interrogation, the business tycoon's wife says that she had lost her memory but probably she is lying in order to hide something.

A gripping romantic thriller that not only keeps you guessing until the very end but also provides you with a beautiful morale at the end depicting love in an unique manner.



About The Author

I am a 1991 Kolkata born First Class Accounts Hons. Graduate from St. Xavier's College, Kolkata. Writing stories had been my passion since my early childhood and it was my grandmother (my dida) who first motivated me to pursue this passion. She first recognized this talent within me when I myself wasn't aware of it.

Besides this novel, I have already written more than 300 Bengali poetries and 12 English short stories which are expected to be published soon.

To me writing is never a work. It is a leisure time for me which just turned out to be productive.

I just hope that you will enjoy reading it in the same manner as I loved writing it.



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In The Cave



It is difficult for me to say where this story begins. Believe me that is not because I am a confused author but because this story has different beginnings for different persons involved herein. But every story must have a starting point and, after many difficulties, I chose to start at a small unknown Indian village located at the base of the mighty Himalayas.

That was a normal day like any other day. The simple and innocent inhabitants of this village had gone up the mountains for various purposes. A group of middle-aged women had gone up the mountains to pick up some fruits, leaves and vegetables that they could sell in the local market while a group of old folks had gone up the mountains to pluck some medicinal leaves that have a high trading value.

A group of teenage boys and girls had gone up to play their childish little game of cricket. Since they belonged to poor families, their parents could

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not afford to buy them cricket kits of branded companies, and therefore, they used to make their own equipment. It was their financial limitation that enhanced their creativities.

They were playing cricket with their various creative rules. Some of them were like if anyone hits a six, then he is out. Moreover, there were rules like one drop, one hand out, and so on. While playing, suddenly a batsman hit a six accidentally. All the other players cheered, but the batsman closed his eyes in disgust upon himself as he was only two runs away from making a century.

But the most important thing at that point of time was to find the ball as they had only one ball to play with and if that got lost, then no one else would get to bat and there would be no game for the rest of the holidays. The entire holiday would be wasted. So everyone went up the mountains to search for the ball but no one could find it. However, it was not their fault.

The upper sides of the mountains were covered with snow and poisonous bushes, and there were many caves and the ball could have been anywhere therein. However, the kids were frantically searching but still they had no clue as to where to find the ball.

Two of the boys were searching for the ball inside a cave when they found something. But it was not the ball.. One of them stumbled over something. He fell down and on seeing him on the snowy surface, his friend came to help him. He got up with the help of his friend and he turned back to see what he stumbled on. It was a man. The man was bathed

in blood and was lying unconscious. His face had turned white and his body was covered with scars and injuries.

On seeing this, both the boys' blood ran cold. They quickly ran down the mountains, forgetting everything about their cricket match, to their village to tell this to their parents. As soon as the parents came to know of the matter, they informed it to the local police.

The police came and only one of the two boys was asked to show the place where he saw the man. The boy accompanied them to the cave and the man was still down there. But this time the boy was not too much scared as he had already seen it and his eyes got used to the abhorrence. The police at first asked him that if the man was one of the villagers. The boy thought for a moment and answered nervously, "No."

One of the police officers asked him, "Are you sure?"

The boy gave a positive confirmation. However, another policeman asked him whether he had seen the man before. The boy replied in negative and was allowed to leave the scene.

The boy vanished immediately as in a magic trick. The police officers did not tell the boy that the man was not unconscious at all. He was dead and that too probably a week ago. The boy actually stumbled over a week old dead body.

Two police officers were surveying the body while the rest five were surveying the place. Only their senior officer, who was the most experienced

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and the laziest and fattest of all, was just standing besides the body smoking a fag and giving obvious orders to his subordinates loudly.

“Search properly.” “Be careful as to what you see and what you ignore. Remember anything can be evidence.” (As if they don’t know that.)

One of the five officers who were surveying the place suddenly came across a bloodied and half-burnt woollen coat with a half-burnt pen drive inside it and before he could draw his senior’s attention to it, his senior called him by his name and asked him to come to him.

The officer picked up the half-burnt pen drive with his gloved hands and collected it in the evidence bag and the woollen coat in a big plastic bag. He went to his senior and asked him with due respect, of which he was not worthy of at all, “Yes sir?”

He took a deep puff looking at the dead body and then turning towards his subordinate said, “I think I have seen him somewhere before. But I just cannot remember where.”

“Great memory, sir!” exclaimed the subordinate officer in his mind but outside he remained quiet.

Before the subordinate could say or ask him anything, another officer called him loudly and said, “Sir! There is something that you might want to see.” The officer’s voice was excited as if he had found something important regarding the case.

He put off the fag and went towards the officer, being followed by his subordinate and

guided by his jiggling obese belly, and when he went there he saw something unusual.

Behind a huge boulder, there was a lady, almost of the same age as the man. Her hands and clothes were also covered in blood but her scars and injuries were fewer than those of the man.

Before the senior officer could say anything to anyone, the officer who called him said quickly, "Sir! I checked her pulse. She is still alive and though her heartbeat is very slow, it is still there. Maybe, she could be saved."

"What?" squealed the senior officer in excitement and said "Then what are you waiting for? New Year? Call the ambulance quickly."

"I have already made the call, sir," replied the officer instantly, "the ambulance will be here in less than 5 minutes."

The other officers were busy surveying the place. But they did not find anything linked to the case or anything unusual.

Two of the officers were surveying outside the cave and in the surrounding caves. But it was impossible for the officers to properly search all the caves because there were at least 100 caves and all of them were covered with snow, and small evidence could have been hidden anywhere. It might be overlooked, ignored, or lost.

Suddenly, one of the two officers who were surveying the area outside the caves and in the nearby caves signalled through wireless that he had found something and requested the senior officer to come there and see that.

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When they went there, whatever they saw was a bolt from the blue for them. Five men were lying there with various scars and injuries and all of them were dead.

Meanwhile the lady was quickly sent away in the ambulance to the local hospital while the bodies were sent away to the forensic laboratories for post-mortem.

The place was immediately sealed and special units were called in to investigate the crime scene properly and in detail.



Updates at The Hospital

The six dead bodies were kept in six coffins in the morgue room while a doctor was asked to examine the lady. The senior officer, just as a formality, requested the doctor to save the lady at all cost. He was well aware that she is an important, and may be, the only evidence in this mysterious case of the mountains.

The other officers, on the other hand, were busy enquiring the villagers to find anything linked with the case.

The officers knew from the doctor that the deaths have occurred at least a week ago and so how could the villagers were ignorant of the fact and came to know of that so late. The villagers had a prompt answer to that question. They told the officers that there had been occasional heavy snowfall since a month so, they hadn't gone up the

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