



Hideous
Malignant

A Z E L A X N I

M. AISHVARYA

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Azelaxni

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By

M. Aishvarya

About The Author



M. Aishvarya, who is fondly called Maverick Aishvarya by his friends, likes to read fiction. He has the hobby of writing essays, short stories and novels. He aims at being a prolific writer. He completed schooling in St. Joseph's Convent Higher Secondary School, Sambalpur, Odisha. He completed his graduation with Honours in English and distinction in the year 2014 from Gangadhar Meher University, Sambalpur, Odisha. He completed his M.A in English in the year 2016 from Sambalpur University, Jyoti Vihar, Burla, Sambalpur, Odisha, India. He is working as a Lecturer in English at Vikash Junior College, Sason, Sambalpur



About The Book

Hretha was living a happy life in a village with her parents and her brother, who used to play pranks with her. But the world she knew begins to fall apart when a strange disease affects the village. The villagers thought it was some sort of a plague which would go on for some months and then get cured, but it was not an ordinary plague. The plague had been sent to the village by an entity that had remained dormant for several ages in the forest near the village. Something has awakened it. The entity has caused the plague to intimidate Hretha and force her to leave the world of human beings.



Chapter 1

Preparing To Welcome



It was the season of winter. Snow had laid its blanket on the top of the mountains. Trees had frost clinging to their branches. Animals had gone for hibernation. The most beautiful place during that season was within the house; the fireplaces were always lit and people would stop wandering around very early in the evening as the cold breeze eventually became too cold to tolerate. During that time, whoever observed any forest compared it with an artist's painting.

As usual, the sun rose in the east. The birds began to leave their nests in search of worms, and the animals roamed around for new pastures. A man walked to a shop that had its shutter down. He unlocked the shutter after a big yawn. After opening the shutter, he dusted his hand on the sweater he was wearing and got into the shop. On the shop was a hoarding on which it was written, "Mike's Hotel, Rosinberg". So, one could know from the hoarding that the shop was, in fact, a hotel and located in Rosinberg.

Rosinberg is a village that is surrounded by a forest. But the advantage it enjoys is that it is the village nearest to the township of Rosinal. Unlike other villages, it is not supposed to be covered with forests, being close to the township, but the thing is that the people of Rosinberg can be exemplified as great nature-lovers. Rosinberg is the home of some three hundred villagers. The village enjoys the facilities of a school, a high school and a college. The people living there earn their means of support mostly from agriculture. Some of them earn their livelihood by selling fruits, making furniture out of wood or even selling firewood in the township of Rosinal. It is for this reason that they had a thick forest around the village. A place full of trees can definitely become a tourist spot or a place for a vacation, so sightseeing is another specialty of Rosinberg. Sometimes, even filmmakers use this site for their movies. A lot of things can be described about this village, but let us, for the time being, look back to “Mike’s Hotel”.

“What would you like to have, sir?” asked one of the waiters working in the hotel, opening the menu book before a customer.

“I have not come to eat anything. I have come here to order for a cake. I have to take it home,” replied the man.

“Sir, what kind of cake do you want?” asked the waiter.

The customer looked at the menu book where varieties of cakes available in the hotel were listed; then he looked at the waiter’s face and said, “Chocolate cake”.

“Then you have to wait for some time, sir,” said the waiter.

“Okay, no problem,” said the customer.

“Mike’s Hotel” was the most popular hotel of the village. Here, one could get delicious dishes. The price of the food was a bit high, but the taste worth the price.

“Good morning, miss!” a waitress greeted a lady sitting on a chair. “Anything you would want to order?”

“Just a packet of sweets,” said the lady.

The waitress showed the menu book to the lady. The lady ordered for the kind of sweets she wanted. The waitress left. After a few minutes, the lady went out of the hotel with a colourful packet in her hand. The packet most probably had sweets in it.

The lady walked along the village footpath and halted at the wooden gate of a house. She opened the gate and entered the courtyard. She closed the gate and walked towards the entrance door of the house.

“Where had you been, Eirmikiwoni?” asked a feminine voice. “Today, you seem bubbling with joy.” Now, it is clear that the lady with the sweets was Eirmikiwoni.

Eirmikiwoni halted her steps and looked to her right. She could see a woman staring at her from the other side of the boundary wall. The woman lived in the neighbourhood.

“Today my husband will be back home by the evening, so I have bought sweets for him,” said Eirmikiwoni.

“That’s why I see so much of excitement,” said the woman, looking at Eirmikiwoni.

“Yes,” said Eirmikiwoni. “See you later. I have to do a lot of work, like cleaning the house before my husband comes,” she added.

Eirmikiwoni opened the lock of the door with a key and entered her home.

After getting into the house, she headed straight to the kitchen and kept the packet of sweets in the refrigerator. Then she went to another door. She knocked at the door and shouted, “Hretha! Hretha! It’s morning.”

The door opened and a girl in her early teens walked out of the room. She was in a pink frock.

“O great! You are looking beautiful in this frock,” said Eirmikiwoni. “Now, I hope your brother Rev returns home early before Dad returns, so that he can wear the new clothes that I have got for him.”

“But, Mom, it is Dad who is to bring new clothes for us and not we who are to be dressed in new clothes for him,” argued Hretha.

“You are correct, my little child, but the thing is that the purpose behind getting you wear new dresses before the arrival of your father is to add to the occasion of your Dad’s return. Don’t we wear something new when we have to welcome someone special?”

“Yes; but why do we wear new dresses at that time?”

“New dresses have a shine on them.

“In the same way, Dad is also someone special for you and all of us; I have made you wear the new dresses today as we’re preparing to welcome someone special.”



Chapter 2

No Payment



A bus was plying on the road at night. On both the sides of the road was deep and dense forest. The bus halted at a bus stop. A few men got down from it and the bus left.

“What’s the time by your watch?” asked one of the men to another. All the men were in their winter garments. The man to whom the time was asked took out a torch from his pant pocket and focused the light on the dial of his wrist watch and said, “It is going to be eleven p.m.”

“Thank you!” said the man who had asked for the time and started walking.

The street lights were burning. The man kept walking.

“I wish I had someone to drop me at my home,” said the man while walking cautiously.

Walking on a lonely path would make anyone wish to find someone for asking for a lift. That man’s wish was heard. There was the sound of the hooves of horses. The man turned back. He could see a horse-drawn

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carriage coming. He moved aside from its path. The carriage halted in front of the man.

“Going home, sir?” asked the carriage driver.

“Yes,” replied the man.

“Get into my carriage, sir. I will drop you near your home.”

“Thanks a lot!”

The man got into the carriage and the driver of the carriage whipped the horses and they started running.

“Who are you?” asked the man to the carriage driver.

“Why?” asked the carriage driver.

“I am seeing a horse-driven carriage for the first time in the village, so I asked.”

“So you want to say that if you have not seen something, then that thing does not exist.”

“No”.

“Then why did you ask that question?”

“Just out of curiosity.”

“Too much curiosity kills the cat. Do you know this saying?”

“Yes.”

“Then you should not ask questions on things which you don’t understand.”

“I don’t agree on this point.”

“Why?”

“If a student is not curious how will he ask questions to the teacher? If he does not question the teacher, how can he learn?”

“Good argument. But I also know a saying.”

“What is it?”

“When we argue, we try to prove who the fool is.”

“You seem to be a learned man, then how did you end up becoming the driver of a carriage?”

“Call it destiny. Destiny makes a man.”

“No, man makes destiny.”

“Sorry, it’s destiny that makes a man.”

“No dear! It’s man that makes destiny.”

The carriage driver pulled the reins of the horses and the carriage came to a halt.

“You have reached home, sir,” said the carriage driver.

The man got down from the carriage and asked, “How much have I to pay you?”

“No payment, sir. I won’t take money from you, sir.”

“Why?”

“Just a good will.”

“You must get the payment of your labour.”

“No, sir. Let it be, thanks!”

The man remained quiet as the carriage-driver lashed the whip to make the horses start pulling the carriage. The carriage had not gone far away. The man turned towards the gate of a building. He was opening the hook of the gate when he heard someone saying, “Good night, Mervyn.”

The man could recognize the voice. It was the voice of the carriage-driver. He looked around but could see none.

“How can the carriage disappear so fast?” said the man to himself. He felt the surrounding to be very eerie. He opened the gate and walked up to the entrance door of the house.



Chapter 3

Welcome Home



The man knocked the door. The door opened automatically. There was complete darkness inside. He looked around and then entered the house, shouting, “Eirmikiwoni! Eirmikiwoni!” There was no reply.

“If no one is answering my call, then who opened the door for me,” wondered the man. “Eirmikiwoni!” he shouted once again.

All of a sudden the lights turned on.

“Hello, Daddy! Welcome back!” yelled Hretha and her brother.

Eirmikiwoni, who was standing behind the children, said, “Welcome back home, Mervyn!” Here we come to know that the name of the man was Mervyn.

Eirmikiwoni walked up to Mervyn and gave him a tight hug. The children embraced their father.

Mervyn sat on the sofa with Hretha and her brother, Rev, sitting on his each side.

The family engaged themselves in gossiping. Mervyn worked as a clerk in the post office that was in

Rosinal. Every month, he used to return home for a few days, and each time he returned, the family celebrated the occasion.

Mervyn had bought clothes and gifts for his family. The children did not take time to try their new dresses as soon as Mervyn handed them their new clothes.

Hretha went into her room and tried her pink top and black jeans pants. Rev entered his room to wear his black T-shirt and blue jeans pants. Both of them walked out of their rooms and stood before Eirmikiwoni and Mervyn.

“Daddy, how do I look in these new clothes?” asked Hretha out of joy, looking at the dress she was wearing again and again, as if she was searching for some fault in it.

“Nice!” remarked Mervyn.

“The dress fits well on you, Hretha,” said Eirmikiwoni.

“I will wear it this Christmas.”

“And me, Dad?” asked Rev, waiting eagerly for Mervyn’s comments on his dress.

“Very fashionable!” remarked Mervyn.

“Keep this dress to be worn only for parties,” said Eirmikiwoni.

“Okay children, it’s already very late. It’s time to sleep,” said Eirmikiwoni. The children left for their rooms.

Once the children were gone, Eirmikiwoni and Mervyn sat close to each other.

“You got clothes for the children, what about me?” asked Eirmikiwoni with a coy smile on her face.

“My love is always there for you,” replied Mervyn.

“That, you know, will always remain,” said Eirmikiwoni. The couple indulged in a passionate kiss

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M.AISHVARYA , who is fondly called MAVERICK AISHVARYA by his friends ,is a prolific writer. He completed his schooling at ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL, Sambalpur . He completed his graduation with first class and distinction in ENGLISH HONOURS in the year 2014 as a student of GANGADHAR MEHER UNIVERSITY, Sambalpur . He completed his MA in ENGLISH with a first class degree in the year 2016 as a student of SAMBALPUR UNIVERSITY, Jyoti Vihar, Burla, Sambalpur. At present , he is a LECTURER in ENGLISH at VIKASH JUNIOR COLLEGE, Sason, Sambalpur , Odisha, India



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