



# little magazine

## IMPUNITY

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER  
PART II

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# the little magazine



## IMPUNITY: PART II

### FICTION

- 8 **Salt** by **Mannu Bhandari**  
When the master's salt runs too thick in your veins, freedom becomes an illusion (Hindi)
- 14 **The wound** by **Ashokamitran**  
Picking pockets isn't just child's play (Tamil)
- 20 **Smoke** by **Gulzar**  
Religion survives death, with fatal consequences for the living (Urdu)
- 23 **Crying Engine** by **Paul Zacharia**  
A hairdresser takes centre stage in the ISRO spy scandal that wasn't (Malayalam)
- 27 **Compensation** by **Nabaneeta Dev Sen**  
A villager gets to thinking of what the government really owes him (Bengali)

- 32 **Jungle** by **Swadesh Deepak**  
In the Naga hills, a man lays his personal ghosts to rest amidst collateral damage (Hindi)
- 39 **A touch of fire** by **Rashid Haider**  
A scene witnessed during the 1971 liberation war refuses to go away (Bengali, Bangladesh)
- 46 **Danse Macabre** by **Zaheda Hina**  
A brief tour of Kabul, with the Emperor Babur for a guide (Urdu, Pakistan)
- 56 **Faceless people** by **Thamaraichelvi**  
In mindless armed conflict, innocence becomes a casualty (Tamil, Sri Lanka)
- 62 **The unknown cry** by **Mohan Bhandari**  
In Punjab, the memory of police torture lingers on like a phantom limb (Punjabi)
- 65 **Sweat-marks** by **Sara Joseph**  
We carry caste in our genes. Is that why it is impossible to leave it behind? (Malayalam)
- 70 **Release** by **Vivek**  
A family meets the army (Tamil, Sri Lanka)
- 73 **No man's land** by **Anuradha Sarma Pujari**  
The only place on earth which is really free lies between national borders (Assamese)
- 79 **Sin** by **Paramita Satpathy**  
A child eludes hunger, but at a cost (Oriya)

### NEW FICTION

- 91 **The Calf** by **Danish Safi**  
Inside the zone of insanity created by prohibitory orders (English)
- 95 **We read the news** by **Indira Chandrasekhar**  
And then we become the news (English)

AVTAR PAASH



## Lines to Our Own Insecurity

If these be the terms for the security of a nation  
 the precondition of life is to have no conscience  
 any word other than 'Yes' be obscene to the naked eye  
 the mind should bow in reverence to unjust moments  
 Then the security of the nation is a direct threat to us

We had thought of nation as a pious home  
 where there is no place for gloom  
 A person is free to flow in the streets like rain and thunder  
 free to sway in the fields like stalks of wheat  
 and give meaning to the immensity of the sky



We had thought of the nation as a fond embrace  
 We had thought of the nation as joyous as work  
 We had thought of the nation as loyal as sacrifice  
 But if the nation becomes a workshop  
 to strip us of our souls  
 If it becomes a laboratory to turn us into fools  
 Then we are threatened indeed

If the peace of the nation be such  
 that our identity be broken like  
 stones rolling down a borrowed mountain  
 The forever rising prices mock brazenly at our wages  
 Bathing in our own blood be our pilgrimage  
 Then we are threatened by this peace

If the security of the nation demands  
 that every protest be extinguished in the name of peace  
 Courage means only dying at the border  
 Art should blossom only at the despot's window  
 Intellect should be put to use only by order  
 And labour will only be a sweeper outside the citadel  
 Then the security of the nation is a direct threat to us.