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The Whiskey Traveler

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That final hopeless kick and I'm on my way. My scooter has refused to come to life again, after much trying. All alone and need to walk twenty miles in this pitch-dark stretch to my working women's hostel. I'm not scared of walking to my hostel alone, not after what happened to me one night, three months ago.

Not a carrier to take me the distance, I dragged my exhausted frame towards the never-seems-to-come finishing line. I was exhausted after all the targets, deadlines and overtimes that I have put in to make ends meet. This is not what people promised me when I joined Engineering, at least not the low-paying job and a not so worthy second-hand scooter which I have now.

I almost gave up walking for the day when I heard vivid thumping from a distance. I turned to notice a man on a cruiser, with a helmet not covering his bearded face cruising towards my destination. He saw me but with no reaction. He slowed his cruiser and got down from it without killing the engine. I could see tiredness written all over him, maybe that's the reason he didn't switch off the engine, caressing the throttle at regular intervals. With all his gear and ensembles he was no short of a stunner to me.

I never spoke. He walked the other side of the road, calm and at times gasping. A leather jacket hugged him and he wore a sling bag which constantly touched his denim. He appeared more of a roadie on a trip, with a baggage tied to his cruiser. All of a sudden, he came to my side with his cruiser, I had to reassure myself that everything was alright and there was distance between us. I lifted my head to see a group of men crossing us, directing soft jeers and wry smiles at us. After walking for few minutes he pointed to a motel on that deserted stretch. I had fifteen miles to go. I walked into the motel. The receptionist did everything to assure him that his bike would be safe and taken care of.

I hurried into the washroom and unburdened me of my clothes for a shower. Coming out of the washroom I saw him sipping a glass of whiskey with a bottle of Jack Daniels beside him. I went and sat near him. He wasn't muscular and had a lean frame unlike a roadie. While my eyes were reading him, his eyes were fixed on his glass. The next instant his hands brought my face to

his. He parted my lips so softly that I drowned in it. His fingers roved about me, casting a spell, conquering it part by part. And when he ventured below I became uncomfortable, but it seemed there's nothing stopping him. Did his eyes fail to notice? Did his fingers fail to read? That cut! That cut which ran from my vulva all the way to my thigh. One night! Three months ago! I fell into oblivion.

Next morning I woke up to the sound of that thumping again. There was a cup of hot coffee on the bed-stand with which I walked to the balcony. I saw him buckle up his gear, accelerate and stroll away, as if nothing happened the previous night. It was so similar to how I pulled myself up and walked to my office the very next day, three months ago, as if nothing happened. That cut! Those brunt marks! That nauseating semen! Those brute men! That fateful night! I cleaned myself and walked into my office the day after that harrowing night, as if, nothing happened.