



"One early winter afternoon I had come home with my friend Kuni. Mother was next door chatting as usual. The servant woman said that there was a pot of extra hot water on the stove if I wanted a bath. When she turned back to her cooking, I looked at Kuni. Between us we lifted the brass pot off the fire and poured it into the tank of cold water in the bathroom.

"I slid the little bolt on the door and we took our clothes off. For a few minutes we stood fondling each other and then my friend poured some of the hot water still in the brass pot over the floor. We lay down and did what I now know was the number 69. It was fantastic. It was not the first time, but maybe the hundredth time, and every single time was different, good, positive, and exciting, both physically and mentally.

"We were still on the floor in that position when a terrible noise erupted as the door came crashing down and nearly smashed Kuni's head. We both jumped and looked with horror and total fear at my elder brother. The servant woman appeared next to him and, after a few minutes of his screaming, my mother came rushing in. He turned and bolted the door.

"My mother and the servant woman stood in total silence as my brother cursed and cursed. The words he used I hardly knew the meaning of. My friend handed me my clothes and I put on what I could. My brother then stepped forward and grabbed her by the arm and dragged her out of the bathroom, and, opening the back door, shoved her outside. He then returned and grabbed me and like a wild animal beat me until I fell on the floor. My mother tried to stop him, as did the servant woman, but they only got shoved out of the way. He picked me up by the hair and beat so on the stomach, by the crotch, and the breasts. I fainted."



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