

Dickey takes on shady medicos

The Deputy Attorney general of the Republic of Singapore was dignified and humble. He had come to India for discussions with the officials of Indian Bar Council and Judiciary. He was here to put together an agenda for the forthcoming Judicial conclave planned by his government. The main objective of the conclave was to address new ethical issues and other complications arising out of unregulated application of medical technology in the hospitals in Singapore. His government was hoping that the discussions would throw up guidelines to frame new regulations that would be introduced in near future. He was happy with the interactions he had with Indian legal experts. He could now appreciate exactly how far Indian government had progressed in bringing about required regulations to prevent technological exploitation in medical profession. He also could see how corruption in the Indian system prevented proper application of new laws. He was very keen that Singapore should be more committed in the implementation of new guidelines and regulations

He was happy he had brought together right type of people for discussions on a rather tricky subject concerning medical profession. He was particularly impressed by the inputs provided by a fire brand female lawyer from Hyderabad. He looked at her business card again. It showed the name as Kadambari. She was also known as a highly committed human rights activist and she had brought heaps of documents covering the atrocities committed by the medical fraternity and enormous influence and power they had to protect the erring professionals. During the heated discussions she took on some very big guns with very assertive and at times very offensive remarks. He thought it would help his cause if he could hold a one to one discussion with her after main meeting with expert council was over. So during one of the many tea breaks, he took Kadambari aside and requested her to stay back after the meeting got over.

Kadambari was very surprised to receive such a request. After all that is said and done, in New Delhi she was a small fry as there were many more successful and prominent legal advisors, with more political clout to help the DAG. But the request was made very sincerely and she also noticed some amount of anxiety. Ever helpful and considerate to other people's trouble,

Kadambari agreed to stay back and added that she had to go out with her partner, who would be coming in shortly to take her away when the conference got over.

He asked her, "Is your partner also in legal profession?"

Kadambari laughed trying to think how Dickey would have answered that question if it was put to him. She answered, 'No, he is not in legal profession. He does lot of investigative and troubleshooting work. More of trouble shooting, I guess , because I have a propensity to get into serious trouble and he always comes out as my saviour.'" As she said, her eyes twinkled. " He has other skills ."

'Tell me more about your partner. From your eyes I can make out you have some special relations .Your face shines nicely when you talk about him.'

"yes, he is a very special man. He is a very good friend of longstanding and is like my body guard when my cases go awry and threatening."

'You mean dangerous'.

"Yes You can say that."

'And He is good in his job?'

"very good"

'Then please tell him that he is also invited. We can have our meeting over dinner .Will that be alright?'

"If it is a dinner meeting, I suggest we have it in the Army club. .It is an exclusive club meant only for very senior army officers and very select civilian gentlemen. My partner is a member and we use it when ever we plan some thing really naughty.' As she said it she laughed loudly .Her laughter was contagious and lightened the mood

Ok, it is Army club then. Was your partner high up in the Army?.

'I do not want answer that directly. But I will say that when my partner retired , from the army, the Army Chief personally drove him home'

You don't wish to reveal his rank.

She smiled.

The meeting came to an end .All the delegates pushed their chairs back and stretched their legs, preparing to go out.

Dickey entered the room to take Kadambari away. As usual he was dressed in the most informal manner comprising of a Gurkha regiment khaki shorts nicely ironed, white round neck T shirt that was one size too tight, revealing his bulging biceps and broad fore arm. Kaddu always described his arms as Popeye arm. His long thick fingers were twisting out of shape a beaten up but clean white polo cap which he sometimes sported to cover his crewcut head.

The DAG watched from his place, kadambari putting all her papers together and looking up as Dickey leaned over to help. There was a warm hug and she walked behind him like a lamb. She stopped suddenly as she remembered and heard an irritated ‘what now?’.Kadambari held Dickey by hand and led him towards the waiting DAG.As they neared the waiting DAG, she said,”Dickey, meet Mr Shanmukham, DAG of government of Singapore “ and she smiled at Shanmukham and said,”sir, please meet my partner Dickey’

Shanmukham stepped forward eagerly extending his hand. Dickey completely ignored him and told Kadambari ‘Kaddu, I am in a hurry. I can’t waste time talking to lawyers. Mouli is expecting my call and some thing has happened in Hyderabad and I need to catch the night flight to Hyderabad.so pl let us go’. He then turned towards DAG and said, ‘Hello’ with out caring to shake hands. Shanmukham went red in face. Kadambari said after literally forcing a handshake, ‘Dickey , this is more important. please shake hands like a gentleman. Mouli can wait.’

Dickey bristled but like a child chastened by a domineering teacher, he reluctantly shook hands and DAG winced as the strong grip eased the blood out of his hand. Some how, DAG was not offended. He knew he was in presence of a personality who did not stand for any nonsense. He said “Dickey, I assure you that what I have to discuss is very important. I am sorry , your evening plans are dashed but you will agree after discussions that what I say is true. My position does not allow me the privilege of wasting any body’s time. Kadambari mentioned that we can have our dinner meeting at your Army club. Can you please arrange for reservation.”

'It is not my club,' Dickey said in irritation. ' Kaddu here is known to do daftest of things and we end up cleaning the mess she leaves all over the place. She has not mentioned about any evening dinner plans to me. I had other plans, which are also no less important .'

"How can you say that ,Dickey. You don't even know what he wants to talk about"

'I know what he wants to talk about. His government has been making lot of money by allowing use of their hospitals by phony doctors and quacks and suddenly they are becoming ethical , because they have discovered that their treasury is being filled with blood money. They are worried about the fair name of their dear country being sullied by unscrupulous elements in medical field. They want your help to clean up their dirty closet"

DAG was shocked. The out burst was charged. It was honest. It was intimidating.

KADAMBARI SHOUTED "Dickey, that was not fair. That is hitting below the belt.'

'Is it ? Look at his face. You can not see anything more revealing.

DAG was hard pressed to keep calm. He now understood what Kadambari meant when she said Dickey was a special man. Suddenly he was happy he had met him. He knew he would find all the solutions he wanted from this man. Dickey was only 5' 7"while Shanmukham was 6'2" , yet he felt like a pygmy in front of a giant. Shanmukham had become a DAG from a very humble beginning. Softly he said, with grace and dignity, "Yes, Dickey what you said is very correct. I need help. I do not see anybody more suitable to tackle this work. It is necessary to put our house in order and we are determined to clean up. We have been successful in cleaning many things in our country and every time we have taken proper help. Are you so busy that you do not want to support an honest effort ?"

'Stop fooling around, Dickey. This gent is serious and he is screaming for help. Are you deaf?' Kadambari had raised her voice by a decibel. DAG laughed .Dickey relented

“8 o clock, at the Army club. It is in Connaught place. I will send a car to pick you up. You don't come to the club in an embassy limousine. It will attract unwarranted attention.”

Then he turned and walked away dragging Kaddu with him by one hand. .Kaddu was literally running to keep pace with him, while the other hand was busy stuffing her papers in her bag .DAG was watching. It appeared to him that he was seeing an elder brother dragging a reluctant sister to school. That thought filled him with a warm feeling towards them. He wanted to know more about them.

Chapter2

Back in his room, the DAG switched on his laptop and typed Heroes of Indian Army for a google search.. He had a hunch that he would find some details about Dickey. After a few attempts he got to Dickey. He read the details about the most decorated officer of the Indian Army, Anti insurgency specialist, Advisor to UN on military training, global consultant on industrial sabotage, advisor to police department of a dozen states, advisor to home ministry on matters relating to terrorist activity, civil unrest and intelligence. The brief note presented thumbnail sketches of extraordinary roles played by him on matters related to Srilankan tamils, Maoist elements, organised crime and Industrial sabotage by competitive corporations.

DAG thought about what he had just read. Then he typed Kadambari, lawyer Hyderabad. The computer was throwing lot of information about exploits of kadambari in the courts of poona, Hyderabad and Delhi. He had a feeling that he was in a totally different world and whatever he was reading was fiction and not be real. such people don't exist.

He was so much immersed in his reading that he lost track of time. So he was somewhat surprised when suddenly his intercom rang and he was told that a car has arrived to take him to the Army Club for dinner. He switched off the computer and looked at his watch.7.30 .He had a quick wash and changed clothes and was down at the reception. A driver in whites was waiting for him. DAG looked at the driver. A short , stocky Gurkha in white uniform complete with white peak cap. The driver introduced himself and led the DAG to a white BMW Car. The driver opened the door and invited the guest to take his seat inside. The door closed softly and the car glided smoothly out of the hotel towards Connaught circus. In fifteen minutes the car stopped in front of a two storied house with a big board showing 'The Friends nest' and under that in small letters The Army club. The driver got out of the car , walked around to open the door for DAG to get out. He pointed his hand towards a stair case, and said, "please go up that stairs to the first floor. Your table is all set and waiting for you. The madam will join you in a moment."

Coming from a Gurkha in a valet's outfit, the English was very refined and impressive. DAG shook his head and said 'Thank you'. He turned and walked

towards the staircase. He was fit enough to walk up the flight of stairs with out suffering any discomfort and pushed his way inside through a glass door. The place was very pleasant with just the right amount of air conditioning The place was alive with very muted soft instrumental music playing in the back ground. Ladies in colourful saris and gentlemen in formal clothes were occupying the tables that were spread over a large area, providing necessary privacy as well walk around space for people. Kadambari walked towards him dressed in a stunning blue silk sari draped with grace. The colour of sari, string of pearls around the neck and lighting in the hall showed up her clear fair complexion. DGA COMPLIMENTED HER SAYING, 'KADAMBARI, YOU LOOK VERY NICE.' His Indian ethnicity showed up in that very modest compliment as if he was very guarded .Kadambari floored him with a dazzling smile , shook hands and invited him into an inner chamber reserved for very special meetings. She wanted to put him at ease, so kept a running commentary. 'this place is called army club because it is used exclusively by army families for having a quiet dinner and meeting old friends. The kitchen is managed by retired army officers wives and all attendants are ex army men. There are two floors. .There is a doctor for any consultation. An ex army doctor operates his dental clinic here. There is a small pathological lab, which is complete with Xray and other scanning machines. This is not open to public but meant for poor army men and their families. There is no charge for any medical service. Food is homely and drinks are served in moderate measures on special occasion. The name "Friend's nest" indicates that this place is owned by five friends. You have met two of us. This one is Dickey's pet project. The five friends fund all expenses and there is no profit. There are five such places across the country. There is place for us to use whenever any of us visit Delhi. We all live in Hyderabad under one roof. This place is the smallest. At Poona we have much bigger set up which includes a big bakery. In Poona we have separate houses where our families live. But at Hyderabad, the house is meant for we five. All of us have taken sanyas from our families.'

DAG was very impressed. Dickey showed up and presented a card in which was typed the menu for the evening dinner. Kadambari read and approved after checking with her guest. Dickey went out to the kitchen holding the card and instructed the chef on how he wanted the food to be served. He returned cheerfully to the chamber to join his guest. DAG noticed that the change in his

dress and mannerism were remarkable. Now Dickey was making out as a caring host, out to delight his guest with out imposing himself in any way. They sat at the table nursing their drink and discussing world affairs, medical advancement, terrorism, social corruption and erosion of probity in public life. The topics were very sensitive , but they handled it with dignity and consideration. Frequently they broke into a loud laugh over some remark by Dickey and scolding by Kaddu. Dickey conducted the entire show with remarkable alacrity and poise. and changed the subject to avoid argument or controversy. Drink was put away and they soon tucked into a tasty meal served with old fashioned courtesy.

DAG thought it was the right time to present his problem. He coughed once and cleared his throat. The other two sat up to listen to what was coming.

‘You know that in Singapore we have a quiet and thriving set up. Our state has , like India, a multi ethnic population with long history of deprivation and suffering. By due diligence and proper application we have created a positive ambient for every section of our populace to thrive and prosper. We have applied technology and welfare measures without upsetting labour. we have satisfactory infrastructure supported by committed labour and aided by benign legislation. There are poor people but there are no ugly slums or slouching people. we are proud of what we have created and are anxious that what we created should last and promote improvement ,prosperity and peace. Our prosperity and life style is attracting people from across the globe. These people want to use our system for their profit. We try to draw a line there by enforcing proper immigration and visa policies to prevent exploitation.

In recent days medical field has become a problem area for us. We have ensured that our medical facilities are of high standard by use of trained people, excellent infra structure and applying technology. We have kept at bay quacks and unscrupulous people from spoiling our country by keeping proper supervision, records and documentation. In recent days the entry of doctors from India has created new problems for us. These problems are related to unethical practices and down right exploitation. It is a matter of regret that Indian doctors with powerful political backing in India are perverting the medical profession in Singapore

You must have heard about new social problems created by indiscriminate trafficking and harvesting of human organs. Singapore has become a hot place for organ transplant with many European and Chinese doctors establishing excellent facilities. They have so far complied with our regulations and have contributed to improvement of medical care for our people. Singapore is very strict in this regard and hospitals and doctors have to generate lot of records and reports to keep track of work done. Doctors are required to furnish details of donor, compensation made, post donation health care of donors,, expenses incurred by recipients, towards hospital and surgeons etc. Such records are designed to prevent mal practices, exploitation of poor and ignorant people. This is where Indian doctors have been found to be at fault. They have found a way to work around all rules and regulations so carefully put in place by our government .They bypass controls, ignore generation of reports and avoid responsibilities. They have made huge profits by not recording their earnings .They come to Singapore as tourists, engage medical facilities, perform surgeries and vanish. All monitory transactions are done in INDIA. The donor is an Indian, recipient is local or expatriate and doctor is an Indian and no records are maintained by doctors. So when there is a post surgical complication of any sort, the doctor concerned escapes accountability and local facility gets into trouble. God knows what happens to the donor. In recent days, there have been more complaints and many deaths have occurred. There are reports of faulty surgical procedures, use of infected parts, hasty rehabilitation routines and failure of reporting transplant failures. We want to stop this nonsense before it becomes a big disease. We want to bring in stricter laws and more supervision. We have set up a study group to study regulations in different countries , identify shortcomings in our system and correct them.

During the forth coming Judicial conclave we wish to conduct brain storming sessions to discuss all aspects of organ transplant to decide additional regulations required

Now I come to specific problems faced by us; a group of doctors from Indian city of Hyderabad. They are bringing in organs with out following procedures. Doctors come and go as they please. They have totally ignored local laws, have made huge unreported profits .They have also tied up with local elements with

great influence and clout. Our medical facilities are being misused denying our government due revenue. We do not want to put a ban on Indian doctors. But we want to bring erring doctors to book. This is where I need your help. We had written formally to your government. But due to enormous clout possessed by Indian medical practitioners, your government has not responded properly to our government's requests. During our study in India, we have found out how weak are your systems, inspite of very good laws. Your medical council has no power. Doctors enjoy un limited immunity from prosecution and huge facilities are being put up by corporate groups and profit making is the only criteria .There is a very ugly spectre of exploitation of innocent and poor. There is poor compensation to the donor, no medical post donation care for them and very unscrupulous organ harvesting practices. There are no records about success rate , records about donors, compensation made and his plight after donation. The Indian doctors are protected by political bosses and criminal elements. One of my agents who asked un pleasant questions to a doctor, got himself killed in the process.

I want your help in cleaning up this mess. You will be on your own , but we will compensate you for your troubles.

If you say no to my requests, then I will have to engage services from international agencies specialising in wrecking and demolitions to bring down some of your very well known names in medical field.

For the judicial conference we are planning in Singapore, we have written to your government, Minister of health and public welfare, requesting them to depute a team of legal experts and medical administrators to make presentation about Indian experiences, for the conference. I would like to see your name also in the list of Indian delegates, so pull some strings and get your name in.

The discussions ended with desert served, which was a huge scoop of delicious ice cream mixed with fruits.DAG thanked Kadambari profusely for an excellent dinner and patient hearing. He hoped that Dickey and Kaddu would remember what he had mentioned about Hyderabad based doctors .He expressed the hopethat with their active support, some concrete action to bring the erring doctors and their criminal activities to book .This would help,

medical practice regain its lost glory. Dickey and Kaddu did not give any word from their side. When DGA left, Dickey drove him back in his car. As DGA got out, Dickey shook hands and said that what the DGA said was something the friends have been working on for quite some time. He assured that the Hyderabad end of all investigations would be handled by him with full cooperation from AP Police.

DGA BOWED AND SAID THANKS. Back in his room, When he put his head to the pillow and closed his eyes he felt that the burden he had been carrying all these days, had suddenly become less.

Chapter3.

The consul general Lue Wan Chu at Chennai office of government of Singapore, stared at the photograph attached to the visa application form and the passport. His office was used to receiving thousands of such applications and there was a well organised set up to handle these applications. So he was a little surprised when this particular application was routed to him for his decision on grant of visiting visa. He looked at the name given in the form and the passport. The name did not strike any alarm bell, so why did this paper come to him, he asked himself, trying to see if any thing was written by the Visa officer. He called his Aide and asked, 'Do you know any thing about this form and why this paper was marked for my attention.'

For Lue wan Chu the appointment to the position of consul general ,India was high point in his diplomatic career. India was the emerging giant in international diplomatic field pitting her might and influence against China. So it was important for him to maintain best of relationship with Indian government and Indian people. So he did not want to create any diplomatic situation by denying Visa to any important Indian officiendo, if he could help it. He looked at the photo and read the name again. He told himself that he should not deny visa to an applicant just because the photo that stared him was intimidating to say the least. The name also looked strange ' Dickey Shankar Gurung', profession retired Indian Army. Purpose was stated as sight seeing. So what was wrong with the application, he wanted to know.. He waited for his Aide to respond. The aide said, 'Sir, there are many questions. The application form is not our standard form. This is Xerox copy of limited number of forms we had selectively sent to Law ministry of Government of India, who are sending twenty legal experts for the forthcoming Judicial conclave being organised by our Attorney general at Singapore. So first question was how did this man get this application form in the first place. Secondly , we get forms only through our authorised agents, but this application came directly. Thirdly there was a recommendation letter attached to the visa application form. The letter was signed by IGP .HYDERABAD. Why did this man need such a strong recommendation? It is not so difficult to get Singapore Visa as we are quite liberal. I know it is almost second nature for some Indians to attach recommendations for special favours. That is the way

many Indians get their work done and permits released. In view of these questions, our staff officer was not keen on deciding to issue the visa on his own.

Consul general heard all that patiently and then asked , “what do you suggest that I do?”

I suggest you simply say NO.

Consul stared at him and then said, ‘okay. Return the papers with reject stamp’

The consul forgot about it as soon as his aide moved out of his sight.

The envelope from Singapore consul’s office landed at Mouli’s desk at the police commissioner’s office , Hyderabad. Mouli eagerly tore open the envelope and extracted the passport and attached letter. The letter from the consul General office of Government Singapore, Chennai, clearly stated that the applicant’s application for Visa was rejected. There was a large stamp in red colour “Denied” in large bold letters.

Mouli whistled cheerfully.

He called Dickey on cell phone.

Dickey who was ironing his shirt on the ironing board kept the hot iron away and softly said Hello .He had noticed that it was Mouli calling. The loud cheerful voice of Police commissioner Mouli filled the air. ‘Eh Dickey, it looks as though you are not very popular at the consul general’s office at Chennai or at Singapore. Your application has been rejected with extra large reject stamp. Did you do anything dirty in Singapore during your last visit.?’

Dickey was annoyed ‘Nobody knows about my last visit to Singapore. It does not appear in my passport also. what happened?’

Nothing .They simply don’t want to see you any where around Singapore.

Any reasons?

Nothing. Just a plain old rejection letter. Diplomats do not believe in giving long winded explanation .At least not to any lazy retired army bums.

Mouli liked nothing more than irritating Dickey. He gets such opportunities very rarely because Dickey was always on top of any game he played and Mouli was always playing second fiddle.

Mouli , stop playing the fool. You know I have to go to Singapore. Kadambari has been nominated as a delegate for the judicial conclave and I am supposed to escort her to Singapore and back. She has already got her diplomatic Visa. She could have processed mine also. But I thought I could get it done faster through your office. That is why I sent a Xerox copy of blank application form obtained by her. I thought you were more capable than law ministry. Now I know why AP police is held in such low esteem. You can't manage a simple Visa. You are inefficient.' It was dickey's turn to rag Mouli.

Mouli Bristled. For him AP Police was always top.

I have to get that Visa, Mouli. I have to go. Do some thing.

You have to escort kaddu ?.

Yes.

You want me to believe that.

Dickey you are holding out on me. There is some thing going on. you met the DGA in Delhi. You have undertaken to do some dirty job for him. Now out with it Dickey.

How did you know about my meeting DGA?

We are AP Police. We make it a point to know what is going on around some important people. For AP Police Dickey is important. We always protect your back.

Big deal. You are spying on me. OK you know some thing. you know it is important for me to go Singapore. So get my visa.

When is the conference?.

A month from now.

Okay ,I will get your visa. But you move your butt and reach my office to tell me all about the troubles you are going to create to god knows who. I want to be prepared for all the shit that starts flying around when you make your play.

No . I am not coming any where near your office for some time. If you are very keen to know all about DAG's problems come home for lunch. Kaddu has promised one of her best biriyani for lunch. Taj is sending their top chef to help her.

That is a deal , said Mouli cheerfully.

Mouli was twenty years younger than Dickey, but there was a close friendship borne out of great trust and respect between them .For Mouli, Dickey was an elder brother or a father he never had.

Dickey, you will get that Visa even if it means I have to fry that precious CG over low fire.

Okay.be on time for lunch. Biryani should not be eaten cold and kaddu hates people who don't keep their time.

Mouli laughed and said , I love your kaddu. I wish she were thirty years younger.

Chapter4

Madame Wan Chu , wife of the consul general ,Government of Singapore,Chennai, India,was very pleasantly surprised to receive the invitation from the famous Chennai Music Academy to chair a session during the inauguration of the music season. The Madam had majored in Performing arts with specialisation in vocal music. She had interacted with the south Indian community in Singapore during her studies, so she had more than passing acquaintance with Carnatic music. She had treasured the season's pass for the concerts, that had come with the invitation. .She wasted no time to ring up the chairman of the academy to convey her appreciation of the gesture by the organising committee to invite her to be present for the inaugural function.

The evening programme at the Music academy was a stand out success. Her speech with choice quotation in chaste tamil earned her a standing applause. So when she stepped out of the auditorium at the end of the programme, she was actually on cloud nine. So, it was with a great sense of shock that she realised she was a very ordinary human being when her staff driver told her that her car had a flat tyre and she would be better off ringing up consular office to send another car for her or take a taxi home.

Aruna Reddy IPS was watching with amusement the discomfiture experienced by the distinguished foreigner. From a distance , she watched Madam Wan chu looking at the flat tyre in total disbelief. It was not a normal flat. The tyre

has been slashed open. Such things don't happen in Singapore. Aruna timed her arrival at the scene to a nicety. She spoke loudly, "Hello there, that was the best speech I have ever heard at this venue. So technical, so right. Let me congratulate on your excellent proficiency in Tamil, madam.....Is any thing wrong? Can I help you? " Aruna was compassionate to say the least.

Madam turned to look at the imposing presence of Aruna reddy in her resplendent khaki uniform.

Aruna looked at the Chinese Driver from the embassy, the flat tyre and drew right conclusions. She hastened to assure the devastated lady, " My, that flat was deliberate. But ,do not worry madam. I will take care of the car and send it over to your house. I can drive you to the embassy if you don't mind travelling with a police woman'

Madam looked at her nervously and thanked her for her offer. Luckily for her, Aruna had brought her personal car , a brand new BMW. Madam Wan Chu walked like a lamb behind the pondering policewoman. She climbed in and watched the car glide softly out of the parking lot and on to the main road with roaring traffic.

The police mechanic came around to help the Chinese driver to change the tyre in the embassy car. The police politely asked the Chinese driver to sit in the car and the car was driven to the police dump adjacent to the academy

Next day, the morning papers carried colour pictures of Madame Wan Chu being held by the police commissioner Aruna Reddy, the shining embassy car in the police dump and the Chinese staff driver in the police interrogation centre. The reporter had filed an extraordinary story of embassy car being involved in local drug trafficking.

The consul general was woken up rudely by a call from his Ambassador in new Delhi. "Mr Chu, have you seen today's papers?" A loud voice asked him. He was still sleepy and did not hear a word. He simply mumbled, ' I beg your pardon, what was that ? please, can you say it again?'

.The ambassador roared, 'wake up man. You have rubbed somebody in a very wrong way. Do you know of any person called Dickey?'"

No Sir,

Well , let me tell you. You are catching the first available flight to Hyderabad and personally hand over a visa certificate along with a letter of invitation from the ministry of Internal affairs, Singapore. The police chief in Singapore is furious with you for denying a visa to a VIP. The letter is in your computer. Move, man, before all hell breaks over your head

The CG did not understand a word. He said nervously, “Sir, what was the name ?’

Dickey D I c k e y

The butler appeared with a tray of tea and morning newspaper. CG looked at the paper and the photographs and jumped out of his bed screaming for his wife. In the next ten minutes he was on his way to the airport to catch the plane to Hyderabad carrying two documents in sealed embassy envelope carrying the address. Major Dickey. S. Gurung ,Friends nest, Maredpalli.

Chu was asking himself for hundredth time, who the hell is this dick ?.

Chapter5

The flight from Chennai carrying CG of Government of Singapore landed at Hyderabad's brand new airport right on time and CG was the first to get out. He almost raced through the vast arrival complex .As planned the manager of Taj Krishna had sent a limousine with a driver to pick up CG. The driver standing with a placard bearing his name.CG had no luggage with him and the important document that he was carrying in his coat pocket. He had written down the address on a piece of white paper. He thrust the note in the hand of driver and told him,' you have to take me to this address'. The driver looked at the address and said okay. He opened the door of the car for CG to get in .CG hurried inside and leaned back on the cushioned seats at the rear. The driver eased the car into gear and was about to step on the accelerator when he saw with alarm, a police car backing into him effectively blocking his way. Two people emerged out of the police car and walked around to the CG'S car.. One pulled the driver out of the car and marched him to police car. The other person eased himself to take the place of the driver. The police car moved out of the way and the new driver gunned the vehicle to increase the speed , with the police car following . CG stayed put in his seat in a shell shocked state. He could not believe that he was being kidnapped. He did not comprehend what was happening. The driver looked tough and capable. CG was not a timid man. As a young man ,like most singaporeans of his genre, he had practiced boxing and kung fu , but his present position did not give him the liberty to indulge in street fighting. He had already started off on a wrong foot on this matter with visa problem and he had no intention of adding to his woes. He knew the famous Chinese saying ,''every journey has a destination.'' So he decided to wait. He watched the driver keenly, especially the play of emotions on his face as he pressed on. The driver seemed to be enjoying the situation. Soon the car was in secunderabad area and into the by lanes of maredpalli. The car stopped in front of massive gates in front of a single story house. The driver honked twice , two long notes and the door opened and car moved inside and stopped at the porch. The driver , stepped out of car., walked around and opened the door and signalled to CG to get down. He said in impeccable English, "You have arrived at the residence of Major Dickey Gurung. Please walk in and wait at the living room. Mr Dickey will see you shortly.CG got out and looked at the board reading 'Friend's nest' and names of 5 friends who made it their home.

The name at the bottom of the list was D.S.Gurung.CG remembered the name , it was etched in his brain by the tongue lashing he had received from the ambassador. The question rose up again in his mind, "who the hell is this Dickey?". He crossed over the threshold into the living room, where he saw a stocky short man wearing a khaki short and olive green military surplus sports T shirt. He was holding a long broomstick and sweeping an already clean room. He looked up from his work and saw two men walking in. He recognised the driver and his face broke into a very pleasant smile and he shouted ,'Mouli, you know I don't like visitors before 11a.m The house is a mess and I am not done yet."

The CG was thunder struck to hear a housekeeper speak so assertively. He remained silent waiting to see how the driver was going to respond. The driver said gravely presenting a hurt visage, 'Sorry Dickey. I thought you were in a hurry to get your Singapore Visa. So, I brought the Consul General himself, to present the Visa papers to you.' Then he turned smartly to face the CG and said with a flourish, "Sir, you are in the presence of the great hero Dickey, the very person in flesh and blood that you were so keen to meet.'

Dickey exclaimed, "well, well, what do you know! Mr.Chu. Welcome to Hyderabad and our friend's nest. I am sure Our very popular Police Commissioner Mr.Mouli gave you a hair rising drive. Please take your seat. I will be with you in a minute.'

CG was literally sweating. He stood erect, straightened his tie, pulled at the sleeves and patted the side of his coat trying to calm himself. He extended his hand towards Mouli,'Thank you commissioner, you are a peerless driver.'

Then turning towards the disappearing Dickey , he asked Mouli, 'is that really Dickey? Is he really so powerful that he can make a police commissioner drive his guest.? '

Mouli replied with all seriousness he could muster, 'Sir, if Dickey wished, he would make the President of our country sweep the floor for him and the president would deem that to be a rare privilege. You can not find another nicer person on this earth. To me God and my boss come long after Dickey.

If he wanted to visit Singapore, who are we to deny him his Visa. He could have got it without going to your office, straight from your President. But he wanted to get it in proper way. It is His way of testing us. You made a great mistake when you put that reject stamp on his application. Now the whole world and every hoodlum in Singapore knows about his visit and in some quarters Dickey is not very popular. Some goons will want to arrange their own way of welcoming Dickey. That means a few heads being knocked about. When Dickey knocks, there is no second chance. So please try to be nice to him and win his affection.”

Kadambari walked in with a tray carrying a pot of coffee, cups and some choice biscuits. She placed the tray on the centre table and greeted Mouli, ‘Hi Mouli. Is it not too early for a policeman to be on beat?’

Kaddu,” Police are the only section of human race to really do 30x12x24 hrs duty to protect people from danger.

Kaddu said, “yes, yes, Mouli, I know all about it.’ She then bowed to CG and said, ‘welcome to Friend’s nest. I am Kadambari, the house keeper. Dickey helps me now and then in my work. That is when he is not busy knocking some body off’. She offered a cup of steaming Coffee to CG who accepted it gracefully and said softly, ‘Well I do not know what to say. I have never come across housekeepers and attendants with such an air of aristocracy and grace. Thank you, madame. To me, you look more like a queen who can mount a horse and swing a sword’

Thank you. I know you are pulling my leg. You will stay for lunch, of course. Please make yourself comfortable. It took more than one hour for the lunch to be ready. CG never felt he was waiting. He was so much immersed in the socio-politico-economico-legal discussions that went on between the friends that he never was aware of the passing time. In fact he was irritated no end when the lunch was announced because he was just warming up to contribute to the discussion.

The lunch was north Indian. Though Chinese by birth, CG developed a liking for Indian cuisine, so ate with relish, profusely grateful to Kaddu for dishing out an excellent fare.

It was soon time to go. As he got up to leave, he realised that he had not learnt any thing about why Dickey was so keen on visiting his country, why so much diplomatic pressure was brought on him and the awful charade in Chennai with the police.

He returned to Chennai and was soon in the thick of work. There was a call from his uncle while he was away. His Uncle Dr.Chen Lee, the chairman of Little flower hospital, a famous name in Singapore. His uncle had contributed in a very big way towards his education and climb up in the ministry of foreign affairs and posting to India.

CG called back to check. 'Hello Uncle, Sorry, I could not take the call. Is there any thing you wanted?' A courteous nephew.

The good doctor was in a hurry . He said, 'Yes, Son. I have just seen a note on my desk informing me that AP Police in Hyderabad have blocked two consignments meant for our hospital and the couriers carrying the consignment have been arrested. The couriers are Singapore citizens. I want to know what is happening there. I also learnt that you were in Hyderabad this morning. Was your visit in connection with this incident?'

CG showed concern. He replied, 'No, uncle. I am not aware of the incident mentioned by you. I went to Hyderabad, to present Visa certificate to a person as per instructions of the ambassador.. The Visa was denied earlier and that led to some embarrassment, which had to be sorted out. I sorted the matter out and I am back in Chennai now.'

Do you know the name of person who complained about denial of Visa.

'No sir. There was no complaint as such. The matter went to Ambassador's notice through police and he wanted to maintain good relations with them.'

Who was the applicant?

'A retired Army officer called Dickey.'

There was a long pause. The uncle spoke again , ' You said Dickey, right? There is no mention of that name in that note. Please talk to AP police and arrange for release of the consignment and the couriers fast'

Uncle, can you give me the names and details of the consignment.

The uncle said curtly

, 'The details are not important. You find out from the police. All that You have to do is to get the persons released and the consignment to be sent across with out delay.'

Okay uncle , I will see what I can do about it.

Uncle bristled, "That is not enough. I want the consignment at the hospital in the next twelve hours. Otherwise people will die.'

CG asked nervously, 'uncle, are you sure these couriers are not involved in any thing shady? '

I do not know about it. All I am telling you is that consignment meant for my hospital has been held up by the police .The consignment was expected to save the life of a VIP. Due to this hold up, the VIP died. You know what it means to our hospital's reputation.

CG was very uncomfortable. He assured his uncle that he would do what is required.

Un known to CG the entire tele conversation was recorded both at Chennai and Singapore. Copies were made instantly and transmitted into recording devices installed at the police com centre at Hyderabad and Delhi. So when CG finally made up his mind to call AP Police at Hyderabad ,Mouli was patiently waiting for the call.

CG went by protocol making the first call to the IG's office. He was systematically passed down the hierarchy with typical Indian Genius for redtape,with out the CG getting any information. The questions that were thrown at him at different levels were truly amazing. What do You want to talk about?,

How did you come to know that your citizens were arrested?

Who informed you?

What are the names of persons arrested by AP Police?

No we are not dealing with this matter. Why don't you contact the police commissioner's office. They deal with day to day law and order issues.

CG had had it. He wished his uncle had given him more information. The Indian police is more about stone walling than solving crimes. Then he remembered Mouli and kicked himself for not contacting him first. He found Mouli's card and dialled the number.

Mouli took the call very casually. 'Yes Sir, I remember you. Did you have a smooth return flight? Did you enjoy the lunch?'

CG was patiently responding to all the polite queries from Mouli and when Mouli seemed to run out of questions, CG plunged into his subject. "Mr. Mouli, I need some information. I have received information from our home office that two couriers from Singapore have been apprehended by AP Police for carrying some contraband. I am not sure what it was. My home office is going to call me any time for information on this matter. I hate to work in dark. Can you please find out for me if any such arrests have been made and if so names of the arrested persons and reasons for their arrest. As you are aware it is one of my tasks to render any assistance they may require.'

Mouli told himself, "very clever"

He told CG, "My dear Sir, I can't act on that sort of request. I need some thing more to start, like some names, some photos. You know, many singaporeans are ethnic Indians and when they come here, they can very easily merge with the back ground, to escape attention.

So with out some photos, we can't even begin. With some thing concrete in hand, I can locate them and even arrange for you to meet with them."

CG was very apologetic, 'no, Mouli. I can't help you there

'OK, then can you tell me what they were carrying when they got caught. That can establish the offence committed by them and I can take up the matter from there.'

I think it was some medical supplies.

'Of objectionable type?'

Possibly.

Drugs?

No, not drugs. There is enough landing in Singapore from China and Thailand. They are cheaper and cleaner. They have no use for adulterated Indian stuff.

Mouli frowned

Human Organs? Mouli dropped the words very quietly.

CG had a heart attack. He sucked air to calm himself. The talk was going on dangerous grounds for his comfort. He remained silent for some time. Mouli could hear the rapid breathing.

'Is it human organs?' His tone a great deal more menacing.

I honestly do not know, Mouli.

"CG "Mouli was thundering now. "you better find out fast, if you really want my help. Tell me who informed you about the arrests. Get names, dates and information

I will have to check

Do that man.

CG was now really worried. The polite talking Mouli had changed his skin. He was now a hard nosed policeman who had got smell of great case.

If uncle was involved in human organ harvesting and trafficking, it would raise a bad stink and his career will be ruined. He will have to play this right. He should not allow himself to be led by his uncle to support criminal activities

He put his phone down. His mind , totally out of his control , imagining things and consequences that scared the wits out of him.

The way the AP Police Commissioner Mouli dropped the words Human Organs had raised an ethical storm in his mind. Could that be true. would his uncle be indulging in that sort of practice to treat his patients? Could that consignment he was expecting be human organ stolen from some innocent , poor Indian?

. What should he do now? Should he talk to uncle again? if he did, what was there to tell him?

His uncle was a powerful man. He had great deal of influence. He had mentioned about death of a VIP. Who was that VIP?.CG looked at the day's issue of Straits Times and scanned papers for news about death of some VIP. He could not find anything useful. His eyes fell on the ever present iPad, switched it and browsed all the channels till he picked up the news he was looking for. The leader of opposition Michael Tonk was reported to have died at a leading hospital due to consequences of damaged Liver. Tonk was supposed to have communist leaning. His followers may not take very kindly to the news of his death, .They would want to find out how their leader died and deal with the hospital. They may raid the hospital. So his uncle was scared silly. Not because of arrests of some lowly couriers in India but because those couriers may talk and reveal for whom the organ was to be despatched. So the couriers had to be sprung out of AP police custody and despatched to Singapore with out any body knowing. That was now impossible.

What should he do ?If he went to help his uncle, it would be at the cost of his diplomatic career.

He stayed glued to his Ipad while his mind was thinking of various options available to him. As he was browsing he hit the communist party's home page. He dived into it to check if there was any mention of Tonk. Normally there would be great tributes made to the departed leader. There was a beautiful soul stirring Eulogy for the dead man referring to him as one of those original men in white who tried to bring Communism into Singapore with ample support from China. But that movement was thwarted by the government with lot of help from UK. The young fire brand had learnt his lesson in life. He changed his tactics, joined the capitallists, raised a business empire of his own and used the money and organisation to promote communists beliefs , trade unions, fair price shops and welfare measures for the old and weak. He could prove that communism is not all that ugly authoritarian, soulless concept His honesty and sincerity were never questioned. He had a good band of advisors all highly educated and skilful executives to give shape to his plans. His successes brought him more acceptance among the elite and his popularity soared. The government was worried about his popularity. Now he was dead.

Prematurely?. was it a natural death? Could the government have contributed some how to his death.? Should the hospital and the good doctor be investigated ?. Should they force government to hold an enquiry?

Questions and more questions.

CG was breaking into sweat.

He read some more. There was a mention about strike notice issued by the hospital workers. Strike in Singapore hospital? Hospitals were considered as sacred places and service to old and weak was the bedrock on which the whole culture flourished. Doctors, attendants, nurses , they all worked to save life. Yet our hero died. Suddenly there is a strike notice. It sent shock waves through out the island. Bad omen he thought.

The doctor had read the signs correctly. The party would want his blood. Nothing would satisfy them. They would not believe if he told them that their leader died because two couriers were arrested by AP police in Hyderabad, India. The Indian agent had messed it up. He should punish the agent

CG could now appreciate the desperation faced by his uncle. He was in no position to sympathise .He had to safeguard his position and image of his country. He had to quickly distance himself from the whole matter. He knew he was right. With that realisation, he got his peace of mind.

Chapter5

At the AP Police head quarters, Dickey and Mouli were engaged in a lively brainstorming session. Both were extra ordinary men, gifted with special skills to survive in the rough and tough world of crime and criminal investigation. Mouli was younger, keen and highly trained professional while Dickey was old and tough like nails. He had retired from Army and was on panel of several advisory boards of several states for imparting specialised training to police personnel on counter terrorism, organised crime and corporate espionage. He had received an assignment from Government of Singapore to investigate some Indian Doctors frequenting Singapore and engaged in unlawful activities in the medical field. The Singapore government had given him complete freedom to operate as per his needs but put a clause that all his reports on investigation had to be routed through AP Police and Government of India as investigation was on Indian soil and concerning Indian citizen. It was a very well conceived working arrangement as Dickey had already established very good working relationship with AP Police. In fact he was honoured by AP government on more than one occasion and carried a title of Special Officer.

The two officers were studying the reports compiled as on date on various aspects of their investigations.

Extracts from the reports were discussed

1. Dickey had managed to induct many of the ex soldiers from his unit to different hospitals in the city, figuring in the Singapore government reports. He had identified one particular hospital engaging foreigners as couriers carrying select items from place to place with out recording such transfer of items in any record book. He managed to create a situation for police involvement by engineering road accident involving the couriers. His car had carelessly knocked down two youngmen driving a two wheeler. They were not hurt in any way but the scooter they were driving was crushed beyond repair, when it ran into Dickey's massive car at the time of collision, a container they were carrying disappeared as it got tossed out of their hands into Dickey's open car, with out any one noticing it. The young men seemed to be terribly agitated by their loss.. They were confused and wanted to run away from the place but

Dickey behaved like a ruffled tycoon and held them in custody till the police arrived on the scene. .

2.The police were prompt and thoroughly professional. They took photographs and recorded the reports made by Dickey as to how the accident happened blaming squarely the young men for the careless driving when they ran into his car. He made a big show of scratches made in the paintwork of his swanky car. When questioned at site, the young men would not respond to questions , refused to give names and addresses requested by the police. They acted as though they did not understand the language. They had no documents on their person. Police had no option but to take them to the police station for further interrogation.

3Mouli who personally conducted the interrogation was frustrated. After two hours of slapping and intimidating all he could obtain was their names. One was called Naidoo and other Francis. Mouli suspected that they were not Indians. He found them tough, obstinate and SILENT. They were scared but they did not talk..Dickey confirmed that they were not Sri Lankans. He guessed they could be Malaysian or Singaporean.

It was decided to hold them in police custody to see who turns up to take them away. It was a minor accident and for the present the police decided to keep a low profile while waiting for some development.

The police recovered some papers from the scooter. The vehicle was three years old, sold originally to One Aravind Mehta residing in a Mehdiapatnam address. The young men did not know any thing about the name and address mentioned in the registration. Police piled on question after question. How did they get the vehicle?, where did they come from? Where did they live? what language did they speak ?.

All they got in response was a stoney stare and tight lips.

The fact that they could withstand the police questions with out any trace of concern alerted the police to the fact that the young men were prepared for such a situation. To break them police had to resort to third degree questioning , but for the present Mouli preferred to adapt soft touch. It is a simple accident. Every day in streets of Hyderabad there are hundred such

accidents and police don't get involved so much. Parties involved in accidents normally come to some agreement and police do not bother. Mouli knew that the men were waiting for some one to spring them out. So he decided to wait for the matter to develop on its own.

3. Dickey located the Mehdiapatnam address of Aravind Mehta the original owner of the scooter. It was a predominantly muslim area crawling with gamblers and rowdy elements. Dickey noticed that for the faint hearted people the place was unsafe. Dickey identified the correct door to knock and he knocked as there was no bell push in sight. He had to knock some more before the chains rattled and a burly man in typical awami style dress opened the door and growled ,What do you want ?

Dickey; I want to talk to Aravind Mehta. Is he there inside? Please call him out.

Man; 'There is no Mehta behta here. Go away, vanish.

Dickey; I have his two wheeler with me. I want to talk to him about it. Please call him out.

Dickey was polite and patient.

Man; Scooter? you are lucky. You can keep it with you. Mehta has no more use of scooters.

Dickey ; why?

Man with irritation.; Aree, why are you here? .I told you to go and keep the vehicle Are you deaf or just plain stupid ?. Just go and make yourself scarce.

The man saw Dickey was not going to oblige him , so he raised his voice and stepped outside shouting.' Do you want to be kicked?'

He rolled his lungi up in preparation of a kick. There were three others inside, playing cards. They slapped the cards on a rickety table and pushed the chairs back. One of the shouted "what is wrong, Yakub?.'

The man at the door replied 'some Gurkha wanting to meet Mehta about his scooter'

Then he turned towards Dickey pushing his leg for a kick, ' **come on, move now .** '

Dickey did not move. He stood his ground and grabbed the extended leg and pulled hard. The man fell backwards hitting his head on the floor. Dickey followed up the throw with punches on face. He pulled the man up and said , 'when you talk to me , be respectful' .The man got his face slapped hard a couple of times. He was a big man and was not used to this sort of treatment. He tried to raise his voice and got his nose punched hard. The bone broke and blood spurted out. Dickey pushed the man hard and he fell backwards. His three friends came to the door , now very angry but alert.

One of them asked Dickey, 'who are you?'

Dickey; I am an army officer.

The men became very careful.

Aapko kya chahiye?

.where is Mehta?

He died.

Whose house is this?

This is Mehta's house. He died. we simply occupied it Yakub here takes care of this place.

Dickey; when did he die?

Two months back

Dickey; Okay, you guys go out now. I want to search this place.

The men did not move.

Dickey; 'will you get out on your own or you need to be pushed out ?.

They were tough men. They did not take orders from ordinary people. They looked at him. He looked like any other Gurkha who did security work, calm and peaceful. They had never seen city bred Gurkhas indulge in any fight. They thought they could take him on. They moved around him. Once they were sure

that he was boxed in , they attacked him. Dickey did not waste time. He ducked , dodged and kicked. Every kick found a bone and that bone cracked. In no time all the four men were on the floor and in pain. One by one they were tossed over to the street. Dickey rang up the police to send some body to take them away. He then shut the door and began his search of the place. The place was a single bedroom tenement. There was a cot with torn mattress and dirty pillows. In the living room , there was card table and four chairs..In the kitchen , there was gas stove on the platform and a wooden cupboard was standing near by. There was a steel trunk containing some old clothes and an envelope containing some old papers, bills .He saw Xerox copy of RC book for the scooter, original invoice and insurance papers all nicely stapled. On the back of the invoice it was written in black ink , in neat letters “sold to Singapore Labs, Dr .Reddy”

Dickey pocketed the RC book copy and other papers. A police van was waiting outside .All four occupants of the house were bundled inside the van. The police closed the door and put a seal on the lock and hung a **do not disturb** notice board.The police saluted Dickey and took off.

Dickey slowly walked to his car. He had made some progress at last. He had to find Singapore labs and question Dr.Reddy.

4. Mouli took just five minutes to get the address of the new owner of the scooter. RTO had completed the computerisation of all their systems and the moment they entered the Registration number of vehicle into the computer, they could get print out of all names, original purchaser and present owner. They now had address of Dr.Reddy. Mouli had for the first time in the case some thing tangible to work on.. He sent a constable to haul Dr.Reddy in.

5. The container.

Dickey had watched the container fly out of the pillion riders hand at the time of impact of his car on the scooter. The container sailed over his head and landed on the backseat of his open convertible.. He let it be there till the crowd that had gathered around the accident site , dispersed and then he drove over to the police commissioner’s office and handed over the container.

Mouli and Dickey looked at it. They had never seen a container like it. They tried to open and found it had a strange lock that defeated all their efforts to open it. It was heavy. The name of the manufacturer was printed at the base of the container. Mouli noted it down and asked one of his boys to do a google search. Mouli had a hunch. He called up his neighbour a Scientist from the cellular research lab and requested him to come immediately to the police head quarters to look at the equipment. It took some half an hour for the man to arrive. Dickey introduced him to Mouli. 'This is Dr.Subba Rao from cellular research lab. I think he will help us to deal with the container.'

Mouli showed the container to SubbaRao and his eyes opened wide. He asked , where did you get it?

Mouli Asked; "Do you know what it is?"

Subbarao;

Of course. I know what it is. I have been pleading with my Director to get us a few containers like this for our labs. He has always turned our request down saying they are too costly and we can not afford it.

Mouli 'what is this?'

It is a cryogenic flask.

A flask?

Not ordinary flask. It is cryogenic.

Talk English , man.

They all laughed.

Yes .it is a unique flask .It is a super cooled container

What is it used for?.

I want to use it to preserve my tissue cultures.

You mean you can use this for storing live organs during transportation from one place to another ?.

The penny dropped.

Mouli rushed to adjacent office of IG Police to inform him of a major break through they had just effected.

IG was excited. He promised Dr .Subba Rao that the police department would procure a dozen containers for use by his labs in next thirty days.

Police had now some concrete evidence to bring the dubious medical practitioners out in the open.,

Chapter6

It was time to call on Dr.Reddy. Mouli decided to involve a police doctor who had knowledge about organ harvesting and transplantation procedures .He found Dr.Joshi willing to get involved. He was briefed about the objectives of their investigation and care to be taken by the probing agencies.

Dr Reddy turned out to be a tough customer to deal with. He agreed that the two wheeler referred by them was purchased by him from Aravind Mehta.It was being used by him for some time till it was stolen from him

The police seized on this opening to question him

POL;Why did you not report the matter?

DR; I had better things to do.

Pol; Don't you know that it is not advisable to keep such thefts un reported. , you are still the owner of the vehicle. In case the vehicle is involved in an accident, you are liable.

Dr. I am a busy man. The vehicle was not worth even 20,000/.Even if I had reported the matter to the police, I would have been subjected to lot of questioning and paper work for which I had no inclination or time., At the end I would not have got back my vehicle. Police are not that efficient.

Pol; you are entitled to your opinion. Now an accident has occurred and your vehicle is involved. The affected party has made a complaint. We have to take you in. prepare yourself for making compensation

Dr. I was not involved in any accident. I think you are trying to foist something on me. I know how to take care of myself.

Police wanted to jolt the tough talking doctor. So Joshi said, "If you are not going to come clean about the use of vehicle, we will be compelled to charge you with careless Driving leading to death of two innocent pedestrians"

Dr; You can not do that to me.

Pol; 'why not? You are the owner of the vehicle. The young men who were driving the vehicle have confessed to the fact that they were working for you.

Dr Joshi got up from his seat and signalled to the Inspector to arrest the erring doctor and slam him in the jail.

Inspector was only too happy to oblige him. Dr Reddy walked to the police van in a daze. He had tried to contact his lawyer, but was smartly slapped by the inspector, who snatched the cell phone from his hand.

Joshi reported that he could not talk about organs transfer because, even the first base of ownership of the vehicle could not be established.

Mouli had a mild head ache. So far three people have been taken in by the police and police could not extract any information about any sinister activity by the doctors. His investigation was going to grind to a halt before long. Unless some thing extra ordinary develops and things get stirred up. He thought about Dickey , the man best equipped to stir things up. Mouli thought how Dickey would react if he went to him now. He must turn up something on his own before asking Dickey to help.

There was another setback waiting for Mouli. His officers who were questioning Dr.Reddy found out that he was not a regular Medical Doctor .He had obtained his Phd in clinical Psychology .He got used to be addressed as Doctor because he was working as consultant to deal with trauma cases, pre surgery and post surgery rehabilitation ,mind conditioning exercises. Police had wrongly believed him to be the doctor involved in Organ transplantation and accordingly tried to build up a case against him. So the discovery that he was only a psychologist dashed all police surmises .It was very frustrating and Mouli was all set to junk the case.

He talked to Dickey. He had a nose for trouble. Dickey assured Mouli that whether their man was a doctor or not, that man was neck deep in shit. Dickey

took the police driver with him to visit the good doctor's house. The door was opened by a fat, dark woman who liked to speak very loudly. She looked very intelligent and was very articulate. She pinned Dickey down very easily. The conversation between them went like this;

Dick; I have come to talk about Dr.Reddy.

Woman; He is not here. What do you want?

Dick; Do you know where he is?

Wom; You know where he is. The police are holding him in custody because his old two wheeler was involved in an accident with your car.

Dick; Yes, yes. My car was very badly damaged .My boss is very much annoyed. He has threatened that if I dont get compensation, he would start adjusting my salary.

Woman; I can not help you. Till now you were behaving as though you were the owner of the car. Now you are telling me that you are only a highly paid driver.

Dick; I have to get compensation. Otherwise I will be ruined.

Woman; You think I am an idiot ? I know that you and that police commissioner are playing some deep game. You wont be able to extract anything from me. That vehicle was stolen long back. We had nothing to do with the accident. So don't try to con me..

Dick; You are telling a lie. If it was stolen , why did you not report about the theft.

Wom'; We did not complain because police do not do any thing.It is waste of time. Further, we did not have any more use for it. So we never missed it.

Dick; So who was using it?

Woman ; It actually belongs to the hospital. My man used it to visit the patients at their homes to advise them on post surgery rehab and trauma management. Subsequently the hospital decided against home visits .So my man stopped using it. We do not know who used it after my man stopped

using it. we don't know who used it after that and we don't care. we don't know who stole it. We don't know who rammed your car with that vehicle. So do not bother us talking about compensation.

Dick; You can't dodge so easily. I have made a complaint. I will serve you also with a notice.

Woman; 'Nonsense. Police are holding my man with out reason. Today my lawyer will serve notice on police to get my man released. You just watch. My man will be out in no time.

Dick; Is that so ?. who is your lawyer. I will serve him also with a notice for compensation.

Woman; I do not know which lawyer will take up our assignment. The hospital has a battery of lawyers.

Dick; which hospital?

Woman; Get lost. I am not telling you anything.

Dickey realised that this straightforward questioning will not get him the information he wanted. The fat woman was still blocking his way, stopping him from getting into her living room. Dickey took out his smart cell phone and in the guise of talking into it, he took pictures of the woman and the room. He had recorded the entire conversation in his smart phone. He decided to change his approach. He stood up and flexed his powerful muscles and said loudly 'My dear madam ,I am not the type to give up so easily. I have just started. I will make your life so miserable by coming after you again and again, day after day . you have to pay me to stop me.'

Woman; I said get lost. Did you not hear me? I know how to deal with pests like you.

She reached for the broom stick that was standing in the corner behind the door.

Dickey smiled.

Normally Dickey kept a severe face that would not display any emotion. when he smiled, the ladies seemed to melt. Kaddu always said that smile was

Dickey's most powerful weapon. Right from the childhood he used this smile to get favours from elderly matrons. When he smiled, his whole face lit up making it very attractive and irresistible. That charm still worked. The woman got distracted. she said

Why are you grinning?

Dick; I was wondering how long you are going to maintain your tough stance. I am just getting into mood to do some thing very nice to you , so I am not leaving now.

He walked towards her and put his arm around her shoulder and turned her towards the living room. The weight of his arm on her shoulder and warm contact of his hard hand on her waistline did some thing to her and she walked towards the room as if she was in a trance. He touched her cheek and patted it gently. All her fight evaporated.

The living room was large and tastefully furnished Every item in that room spoke about money , lot of money. The large screen LED TV, Turkish carpet, teakwood highly polished furniture, the playboy sofa set were all luxurious.

He walked to the sofa and made her sit and he sat next to her keeping his hand on her thigh.

The woman was breathing , her excitement mounting out of control.

My dear girl, you seem to be so rich. Denying a poor Gurkha out of his genuine need is not so becoming a rich person like you.

His tone changed. He looked totally a different person. She felt like putting her head on his broad chest and keep on talking. He kept his questions short and he spoke softly.

Dick;Now relax and tell me about your husband. tell me how did he make up so much money to buy all these fancy things?

The woman was getting worried. She realised that the man was arousing strange emotions in her mind towards him and talking too freely was going to put her husband into difficult situation. But she could not help talking.

She said, "My husband earned it. He was so good in his work that hospital paid him handsome amounts. Dr Praful Reddy admires my husband and rewards him.

Dick; what type of work does your husband do? I never knew one could make so much of money doing psychological counselling.

Woman; He does not work any more. He has earned sufficiently to take up life easy.

Dick; My dear Girl, do you realise that the type of work your husband has done, has landed him in jail?

Woman; What? .He is in custody because of stupid accident involving that vehicle and not because of his work.

Dick; That is what you think. I know exactly why he is jail. If you are not careful, you are going to join him very soon.

Woman; I don't understand what you are telling. My husband has told me we don't have to worry. The police have nothing to hold him for long. He should be out very soon. The lawyers will get him out.

Dick; You are dreaming. Police have proof that he was involved in sinister activities.

Woman; Sinister, what do you mean?

Dick; The police know that his vehicle was used to transfer some delicate things.

Woman; what things?

Dick; Things that impressed Dr.Praful Reddy. Things for which the good doctor paid so much money. The money that got you this lovely bed, grand TV, and all other precious things that you have hidden in your godrej safe. This is what landed him in jail and if you don't cooperate with me , you will also go to jail. There are bedbugs in jail and you may have to sleep on the floor. Won't you miss this splendid bed and soft sheets there?

Woman; what are you saying?

Dick; I am saying that you should come out with the truth. Just now only two things can save you ;one is the truth you are going to tell me and second , I am here to save you.

Woman; I think you are tricking me to tell you things I do not want to say really. now please leave my hand and go away.

Dick; I will go away the moment you tell me the truth about what your husband did for the hospital. .Come on, tell me the truth

Woman; 'I really do not know.

She started crying loudly that broke the spell cast by Dickey. He hastened to comfort her. He said 'now, now do not cry. Do as per what I tell you. You go to Doctor Praful Reddy and put pressure on him to get your husband out. You tell him that I know every thing and that I am putting pressure on you to pay my compensation. Ask for a big amount .

I will come again to claim my compensation. Do what I am telling you and I will help you and your husband.

Dickey left the scene after making sure that she would do as per his advice.

He rang up Mouli to brief him on his talks with Dr.'s wife and how she is going to tackle Dr.Praful Reddy. He also suggested Mouli to plant recording devices in the residence and the hospital. With in next hour a team of AC engineers were deputed to the residence and hospital on the pretext of rectifying some defects and in the process plant at strategic locations camouflaged recording devices. Mouli and Inspector Kamath settled down in their chairs in front of Tv monitor to watch the live streaming of pictures from Paful reddy's hospital and residence.

Chapter7

Shanta Reddy was marching along the long corridor towards the corner office of Dr PrafulReddy. The receptionist had tried in vain to stop her movement, but Shanta simply bulldozed her way forward leaving no option to the reception other than alerting the good Doctor over intercom that a tsunami in the guise of Shanta was moving towards him, so please watch out. Doctor did not like the information at all. He was really busy in a discussion with his team of surgeons and associated staff planning the surgeries scheduled for the next week. Corporate hospitals are run professionally and any surgery is a coordinated effort of surgeons, anaesthetic experts, theatre staff, medical and equipment supplies and monitoring instrumentation. Doctor was known for his efficiency and effective management. The surgeons associated with his hospital were highly skilled and reputed .So he was naturally annoyed to be told that some one was coming into interrupt his proceedings. He tried to contact the security but he was late. Shanta blasted her way in startling the doctors .She had not expected to see so many people in the room and that put her at a slight disadvantage. But she managed it well. She pointed a finger at the Doctor praful and said loudly, "I want to have a word with you in person alone. Will you tell these folks to take a break from whatever they were doing". Her blunt , no nonsense language was disconcerting to most of the people. They all knew Shanta as a shrew and her husband had regaled many of them with tales of her wayward ways .So they stretched their legs, pushed their chairs behind and got ready to take the break which in fact was overdue. Inwardly they were thankful to her because they had heard enough from the good doctor for the day.

Praful had no choice on the issue and very soon he was facing angrily the woman who had wrecked his day.

Trying very hard to keep his voice calm, he said, 'Shanta, you simply should not come in like this and disturb an important meeting.'

She exploded, 'important meeting, my foot. There are more important things to discuss than your stupid surgeries. Tell me, Doctor, when are you getting my

man out .what are you doing to get him back home fast. I see no action from your side on that matter, which is important for me and you.'

Dr Praful said in an even tone, 'we are waiting Shanta, in fact watching would be a better word. We are watching the police. It is testing time for us. If we move, it will only draw their attention. We have to be patient.

Shanta; I can't wait. I want my husband out.

Dr.;Shanta , that accident was most un expected. Let it remain an accident.so for police have not been able to relate the accident or the persons involved in the accident in any way to our activity. we should not tip our hand now. They have nothing to foist on your husband. they will let him go when they realise they can not make any case out of him.

Shant; why should they hold on to him this long. There are hundred such accidents happening every day on our streets and there is nothing sinister behind all those accidents. yet they are holding him.

Dr; exactly. normally in all such accidents there is on the spot settlement between parties involved and parties go their way. But in this case police got involved so fast. That is what I DON'T UNDERSTAND.BUT I know we have to lie low for some time.pl cooperate. If we make a move they will smell some thing and that will be bad for us.

Shanta; how about this Gurkha who is after my blood asking for compensation.

Dr. what gurkha/ .I dont know any thing about any Gurkha. what are you talking about?

Shanta;Then , it is time you learn about him.

Dr;How did he reach you.?

Shanta; This Gurkha is smart. He got hold of registration papers of vehicle, sale, transfer of registration to our name;

Dr. My God! what does he want?.

Shanta; To start with , ten lacs

Dr; That is lot of money. His car was not even scratched

Shanta; That is what you say. he says it differently and he is very persuasive .I think I got away from him before he did some thing to me. My god, the way he caressed my arm, I thought he was surely planning to seduce me. We have to pay him to keep him away.

Dr.Sure we will pay him some thing.But ten lac is foolish.

Shanta was now getting worried. Did she pitch the price too high, she asked herself. She wanted to press some more.

She said 'I think ten lac is very cheap

Dr; why do you think so?

Shanta; I think so because he has got the container.

Dr. What?

Shanta; yes. He said so. He is very smart. He knows all about the container and its uses. He is good at putting two and two together. He thinks he can take us for more.

Dr; You mean blackmail?

Shanta; yes. I said he is smart.

Dr. Can't you do some thing.Shanta, you are so talented. You have used your charm to lure international doctors. Can't you handle this driver? can't you settle for less?

Shanta; You are insulting me. Ten lac or I go to jail. That is the threat he is making. He says the police are dying to get a lead towards us.

Dr; Does he know about this hospital?

Shanta; Not so for. He reached me. that shows he is smart. Next stop is your hospital.it wont take him long. You pay me and I settle with him. If you think you can not afford to pay him ten lac, I will step away and point a finger towards you. I think he will like that. I can imagine what he will do to you when he puts his hands on you. That man is really smart. I think he will clean you up.

Dr. Nonsense. I know how to deal with such people.

Shanta; that is a joke. You can't fix the police to get my husband out and you are talking about handling this man. Man , you just don't know what is power till you see him.

Dr. So what do you suggest?

Shanta; ten lacs. And I deal with him

Dr.; How?

Shant; You said I have some special skills. I think I will use them on him. He seems to be a person who can appreciate the special favours I am capable of delivering. I think I will enjoy doing it to him.

Dr; Still ten lacs is too much

Shanta; it is your funereal.

She stood up with a resigned expression which alarmed the doctor. He said in a hurry

'okay I will give you five lacs. You deal with him till I think of a way to dispose him off. When is he expected to visit you again?

Shanta; I don't know. I just can't wait to see him.

Dreamily she rubbed her fore arm which was massaged by Dickey. Dr Praful got frightened of the lust that was clearly peaking in her mind.

He called his accountant and asked him to bring 5 lacs in cash in a small packet.

Next five minutes Shanta was going home in the doctor's car singing away her favourite tune. She thought not bad for the start. She estimated that she could the doctor at least for twenty lacs before the month is over. She thanked the gods for bringing Dickey into her life. Her precious husband can rot in jail. Dickey was more desirable.

The car stopped in front of her house. She got out and waved the driver away. She put her latch into the key slot and opened the door. Dickey was sitting in her sofa, with his hands folded behind his neck, enjoying some show playing on the TV. Hearing the key turning in the lock, he looked up and saw Shanta walk in. He smiled and asked, "Did you get it?"

She nodded her head positively with a big grin brightening her face.

She said, 'yes. But only 5 lacs'

Dickey; that will do for the start. I will take it.

Before she realised what was happening, he snatched the wad of notes from her hands and pushed it in his plastic bag. He knew his friends in the police labs will be able to lift finger prints from the notes. That would tie up the good doctor. She looked pathetically at Dickey and asked 'can't we share it?

Dickey raised his eye brows. 'share?', he asked. I have better use for it presently. you will go back to him for more won't you? You keep that. Don't worry, you will get this amount back after some time.

You will go again , won't you? For my sake.

Shanta said with a weak smile, "yes, I will go back to him and put more pressure. Any thing to please you. You just hold me tight please. I am not used to losing 5 lacs every day.

Yes Next time you will press for more. You will go next time properly made out. with a banged about look. A black eye and hair undone and shabby, as though I have messed you up badly. That should frighten him sufficiently. ten lac will be easy. You will be all right, I promise you.

Shanta put her head on the broad shoulder of Dickey and cried a little.

Mouli watching the Video stream clapped his hand in happy mood. he was making progress.

Chapter8

Leaving Dickey to explore all angles opened by shanta reddy, Mouli put his mind to address hither to un touched lead. The papers collected by Dickey from Aravind Mehta's house had revealed the name of the buyer of vehicle as Singapore Labs. So far all investigation was on Dr.Reddy and no one had probed the Singapore Labs. He realised that the police had failed to find evidence of connection between Dr.Reddy and the couriers. Police now had to check if the couriers were from Singapore Labs. During interrogation, the mention of name Singapore labs to the couriers did not light up their faces. They simply clammed up more tightly. After a week of interrogation ,police had nothing to show by way of concrete evidence. Mouli now hoped that Singapore Labs may reveal some thing.

Mouli started with assumption that Singapore labs was a pathological set up to work in association with hospitals who needed investigation of blood, urine, serum tests, tissue culture to investigate presence of germs, viruses and other disease causing agents. Mouli sat in front of his Police computer hooked on to their main system data base. He went through list of all such laboratories licenced to operate in Hyderabad area..He jotted down details about Singapore labs .He then got in touch with the police communication center which could look into the computers of cell phone/land line service providers. He obtained information regarding the telephone calls made by the labs, the last bill paid by them and last call made by them if they had terminated their activity.He noted to his satisfaction that the last bill was paid on 4 april and last call was made on 12 april. The accident had taken place on 10 april. It was surprising that from 12 april to present date of 25 april no call was made. So Mouli concluded that for some reason, the labs had stopped working after 12 april. The significance of this was not lost on Mouli. So he expected to turn up some thing interesting from Singapore labs.

He called Inspector Kamath to accompany him and got into the police Jeep and drove away. His office located right under panjagutta fly over was connected to main road leading to banjara hills. He made good time and got held up at masabtank junction.He proceeded to Mehdipatnam. He entered the newly developed affluent section of mehdipatnam and soon was in front of gates of Singapore labs, a modern glass and chrome building standing on vast grounds.

There was a small structure for the security personnel and the labs appeared to have closed down shop. He could notice that the building had CCTV and access control system. So it was obvious that the people who operated the facilities did not like to be surprised by strangers walking into their labs to see what they were working on. So they had reason to be careful and security conscious.

He pressed his horn and soon a man emerged from the security building and walked up to the gate. Mouli still sitting in the jeep said, 'This is police, open the gate. we want to look around.'

The man calmly opened the gate and allowed the jeep enter the premises. Mouli got down.

The man asked if the police wanted to meet with some one in particular. Without answering him, Mouli and kamath walked around the premises and admired the landscape .They noticed that the building looked modern and well kept. It was locked from all sides and it was obvious that the concerned people had departed in a hurry. Mouli came back to the security building and told the waiting guard, 'we would like to inspect the premises Can you open it for us/

Guard; Sorry sir. we don't have the key with us. You can check with our head office in the city.

Police; Why is the place locked up? Are'nt they conducting any business from this place?

Guard; yes sir. They do conduct business from here only. This is not an Indian company. This is controlled from Singapore. They normally take their vacation during Indian summer. Most of the staff are from Singapore. They all go home during this period.

Police; what about Indian staff? Are there any Indians working here?

Yes sir. Some of the lab technicians and machine operators are Indians. They get two months paid holiday.

Pol; Don't they normally go in the month of May?,Mouli was shooting in the dark

Guard; That is true sir. But this year, the heat wave has started quite early as you know. All the staff were happy about paid vacation but they also miss the air conditioned comfort.

Pol. There is no vacation for you?

GUARD; No sir, we are not employed by the company. we belong to the agency that has signed a contract with this lab.

Pol; who is in charge of security here?

Guard; There is Capt Manohar at Agency head office. You can contact him at this address.' the guard gave a card.

Mouli took the card and studied it for some time. Then he asked, 'do you maintain any registers with you.

Guard; Yes sir. There is a staff register and goods movement register.

Mouli collected all the registers, made out a list and gave the guard one copy as receipt. From the staff register, mouli noted that there were in all 14 names, 5 local and 9 singaporeans. Dr Damodharan was said to be in charge of the labs. He lived in the premises. The movement register showed that there were no entries after 12 april.

Mouli asked; All the staff went on vacation at the same time? Was it not strange?. I thought normally they staggered the leave in such a way that somebody or other stayed back. Did you get any impression that the vacation was advanced for SOME reason?

Guard; I do not know about that. The Indian staff was very happy that they got two months salary as bonus in advance of vacation. The chief however seemed very much rushed. Yes it was strange that they all left at the same time.

Pol; Did the chief make any remark at all about when he was likely to return? He lived in the premises, you said. was his family with him?

Guard; He lived alone.

Pol; when he left, did he carry any luggage with him. was it light? You have not made any mention of luggage being carried, in your movement register.

Guard; He carried his personal baggage along with some office files. We enter only material pertaining to labs , not personal effects.

Pol;okay. you have been helpful. Please tell your chief to visit my office at the police head quarters.My name is Mouli, police commissioner. The guard noted the name in the register. and promised that he would report it to his chief

Mouli found he had no more questions. He decided he would obtain proper search warrant to open the premises for more investigation.

The guard walked up to the gate and waited till the police car left. Back in his office , Mouli called Inspector Lakshmi, a smart looking woman in police uniform and told her,'Lakshmi , can you take a few girls to conduct a survey in the neighbourhood of this Singapore labs. I want to know if the lab offered any service to local community, services like testing of blood, urine, pregnancy tests, thyroid etc

He went through the registers .The movement of goods register showed that only samples were being carried back and forth. The names of hospitals were mentioned as hospital 1, 2, 3 no names were mentioned. .

Names of people carrying the samples were also not entered. Under the name column ,description written was 'through courier'

At the back of the register , in the last page a square box was drawn with names of three hospitals .Mouli whistled .Captain Manohar called to say that he would call on Mouli by 5.30pm

Mouli was not sure if he was going to get any thing out of Manohar. He went through discussion in bored manner

The captain had served in the army on short service commission for ten years. He found out soon enough that he had made a wrong choice about career in army. He managed to get administrative positions and quit the army at the first available chance. He started this security business and chose pharma companies. He had only half a dozen clients and engaged in all 100 people, all ex servicemen from the local army welfare centre. Life was simple. He made enough money and there were no problems. He maintained that he had seen

nothing suspicious about Singapore labs. Dr Damodharan was a fine gentleman, easy to deal with.

About Damodharan's personal life, the captain had nothing to say.

He was like a scientist always busy in his labs. He did not mix too much with others. He attended all scientific seminars and also presented papers occasionally. He had weekly meetings with Dr Praful Reddy, Dr Pramod Reddy and Dr Sashank Rao.

To a question, whether he had the key to the premises, he said no. Damodharan never handed the key to the premises to any one. He kept all the keys with himself. As he lived in the premises, keys were always available.

Where did the meetings with the three doctors take place.

They met always at Mariotte hotel

Mouli noted that Mariotte hotel belonged to a Singapore based company and was preferred by doctors from Singapore.

Mouli thanked Manohar and advised him to be available for further enquiry if needed. Manohar left there after.

Inspector Kamath came to inform that search warrant was ready. He had assembled a group of doctors and lab technicians as search party to scrutinise equipment and papers that they were likely to find within the hospital. Mouli sincerely hoped that he would get some clinching evidence to nail the culprits.

Chapter9

Shanta presented herself again in front of Dr Praful reddy. He was shocked to see her in a pitiful state. Her normally nicely groomed hair was hanging loose. Her eyes were swollen and cheeks red as though somebody had slapped her repeatedly. HE WAS ALSO ANGRY. He felt as though things were closing in on him and this lady was adding to his troubles. He also had a sneaking feeling that shanta was exploiting a situation. It could be true that the bloody Gurkha was working her over demanding compensation and threatening exposure. Police were going about their work, seemingly making little progress. . He could understand police drawing a blank, but this lady was capable of spilling all the beans .She had to be handled delicately.

Shanta was screaming away. ' you are day dreaming while I am suffering. That wretched man is not leaving the house. He wants more money. If you don't pay he will go to police. It was nice for some time engaging him but to have him around your neck all the time is terrible. You have to save me. When he gets angry , he is very nasty.

Praful was thinking. He said; 'shanta I can not keep paying just because some body is threatening. I will give you packet of notes. It is not real money but it will fool him.

Shanta laughed in between sobs. "are you joking, man. That man is smart .If I try to deceive him he will surely kill me. He is strong and can slap you silly. You pay , he is more likely to go away. But if you act funny, god help you.

I am not going back with any dummy money. He has already told me how he dealt with SRI LANKAN GIRLS WHOM HE HAD CAUGHT SPYING. It seems he was in the army and fought in the Sri Lankan war.

He is more likely to cooperate when you pay. So settle with him for 10 lacs or so.

The Doctor was very upset. He said, " No chance. I paid you once. That is all. Now handle your problems on your own . Don't bother me. Get out of my sight."

Shanta felt very insulted. She came close to him and wagged her finger, and screamed at his face, "you prick. You have not done a single thing to save my husband who is still rotting behind bars in some stupid police station. Because of your stupid couriers, this horrible man has got me by hair . and you say you wont pay. Ok I will go straight to the police and tell them exactly how you used my man. Then I will watch you squirm like a worm.' Hot angry words from a woman exploited to the core.

Dr praful hissed like a snake , 'you won't dare.'

Don't challenge me , idiot. You are in no position to challenge, you worm.

Doctor was hot with anger. Nobody spoke like that to him. He was a big man, A Dora as his friends called him. He was used to ladies deal with him with fear and courtesy. He wanted to kill her and there were men at his command who would do it gratefully. But he knew that would be a mistake. with great control of mind, he calmed himself and spoke, "Hold on . Forget whatever I said. here take this money and keep away for some time. Let this matter settle down and I will compensate you and your husband properly. "

Shanta looked at the wad of notes that he was pressing in her hand.

How much is it?

I don't know. There must be more than six , seven lacs.

She pushed the wad in her purse and moved towards the door. At the door she turned and said, "get my husband out. He can think and find a way out of this mess. He is smarter than all you doctors."

The doctor said in a low tone, 'ok, will do.' He waited for her to leave and called up his security chief and informed him, 'shanta reddy is leaving my office just now. Put two men to follow her to her house. It seems there is a Gurkha, an ex army man who is bothering her in her house. Throw him out of the house in whatever way you can. Then deal with the woman. She is carrying my money in her purse. Get hold of that money and deposit back in the accounts department."

The chief assured him that he will do as instructed.

Dr Praful reddy wiped the sweat on his face and put the phone down

Dickey who had followed Shanta to the hospital, had parked his car at a discrete distance from the hospital. He waited till he saw her emerge from the hospital. He watched her get into an auto riksha. He toyed for a moment with an idea of visiting the hospital to confront the doctor but gave up the idea when he saw two tough looking security guards of the hospital come out in a hurry. They took a motorcycle from the parking lot and raced away trying to catch up with the auto carrying his Shanta. He came to the conclusion that the good doctor had decided to teach his shanta lesson of her life. He was tempted to follow the goons but better senses prevailed. He rang up Mouli and requested him to send Inspector Kamath with a couple of tough policemen with arms to proceed immediately to shanta's house to deal with two ruffians who were all set to thrash Shanta. He also suggested that they should take photo of the ruffians.

Mouli listened carefully. This was the escalation he was looking for. Some action at last, even if it meant he had to beat up some honest security men who were simply following instruction of their big boss. He hoped that through this incident, they can reach DrPraful Reddy. He called Kamath and advised him to proceed to shanta's house. Dickey followed the men in the motor cycle.

The men reached Shanta's house two minutes after Shanta entered the house. They gave her five minutes to settle. Shanta was disappointed not to see Dickey in the house. She kept her hand bag on the table and went to the wash room to have a wash and make herself a little more presentable. When the bell rang she thought it would be Dickey. She put the purse away in her cupboard and then proceeded toward the door.. She pulled the bolt down and was thrown back when the door was violently kicked open by two men. Down on the floor, she looked up at two men in hospital uniform and realised that the doctor had double crossed her. One man bent down to pick her up and slapped her face asking , 'where is your boy friend?' The other man ran inside the house to search for the person to beat up and saw no one. He told his friend that the woman was alone. While one kept beating up the poor woman, the other began to search for the purse. He saw the hurriedly closed cup board which had not shut down properly. He found the purse and the wad of notes inside. He came to the front room and joined his friend to belabour the

helpless woman. They kept saying this is what happens when you play the fool with good Doctor. Kamath and his men entered the room un noticed and rained blows on the un protected heads of security guards from hospital. Soon they were bundled up and hand cuffed .Dickey entered the room casually and complimented kamath on fast work. He helped Shanta to her feet and pressed her bulging purse with money in her still shaking hands. She put her head on his shoulders and cried silently. He carried her to her bed and put her down softly. He came to the front room and helped Kamath to take photos of the men from hospital and marched them toward the waiting police van. Kamath asked one police man to stay back at the house to keep watch on shanta.

Chapter10

Shigura surgical accessories co ltd, is a Osaka based Japanese company manufacturing Cryogenic containers under license from an American Company. Being a high value item used to carry items of strategic importance, the design of the container included an embedded chip to track the movement of the container from one place to other. There was a dedicated computer system located some where in Tokyo to keep tags on maps of such movement for a period of three months any time. This type of mapping helped the company to render required after sale service to the container at any location in the planet. So they were not at all surprised when a query was received from AP POLICE, Hyderabad,India, over email. They responded promptly to confirm that the list of twenty serial numbers of cryogenic flasks were part of consignment sold to Little Flower Hospital , Singapore. They sent copy of original invoice of sale. They also sent a copy of the information to the concerned hospital, so that their valued customer knew the police in India was taking interest in movement of their containers. This email got buried under hundred other mails that Dr chen missed to read.

Mouli was reading the news item in the business section of the day's newspaper. It mentioned that Apollo hospital had concluded the deal to acquire the Singapore labs specialising in tissue and cellular research. The fact that the deal included a ten acre property in a prime location, added to the sensation. The chairman of Apollo hospital Dr Sashank rao said in his conference that Singapore Lab had already been doing pre surgery investigation of tissues for his hospital. So with this acquisition, such facility would be available in house cutting time frames short.

Mouli saw this development as a move by the powerful medical profession to stymie the investigation into the activities of Singapore labs by the police of AP.

Mouli organised all the information in his possession and decided to confront Dr Praful Reddy. He hoped to crack the good doctor wide open to face serious charges of trafficking in human organs .So far he had nothing to prove but he was preparing to stake all his reputation by taking on the Doctor.The doctor confirmed that it was convenient for him to talk to the police commissioner at the hospital. The interrogation went as follows. The doctor handled all

questions with aplomb. He kept a plastic smile in place to unnerve the policeman. Dickey had suggested rough approach but Mouli was aware of political pressure that police have to live upto, so decided on formal interrogation. He kept his secret recording device properly powered and connected over wireless system. The idea was if Mouli failed to establish participation in criminal activity, Dickey will take over and pin the doctor down in his own style. The interrogation went some thing like this.

Pol; I am showing a photograph of a woman you know. Can you please identify her please.

Dr. Yes I know her .she is shanta wife of one of our officials. .

Mouli showed another photo. In this photo shanta was in a frightened condition crying and her face all swollen .This woman has complained that she was beaten up by your security staff and the staff are presently in police custody. They have given a written confession stating that they were instructed by you to beat this woman. We are planning to arrest you in this matter after checking a few facts. You have any thing to say in this regard?

The incident happened outside my hospital and I did not have any thing to do with it. Shanta had come to the hospital to collect some money due to her husband. She possibly showed this amount as she passed by the security and they possibly thought it was easy to take the money from her. They were thieves and I am glad that police acted smartly and arrested the criminals. If the security staff stated that I instructed them to do so, they are simply lying. In my position we make payments to so many people for goods and services. We don't recover those payments by engaging criminals to steal. we are running a hospital and not a criminal operation.

Mouli put a cross mark against his check list.

There is a message from a hospital in Singapore that the cryogenic flasks from their hospital was found in your hospital. can you please explain how this flask reached your hospital.

Mr Mouli, you know I am a very busy Doctor and a surgeon. You really can not expect me to answer how certain things reached our hospital. There is a big establishment to look after procurement and movements of goods and

equipment. Still it is difficult for any one to tell how something is found in our hospital.

Pol; We have reason to believe that you are exchanging these containers with hospitals in Singapore. we have documentary evidence of such movement. Now I am asking you if you have any working relationship with any Singapore based hospitals .

Dr; No I do not have any working relationship with any Singapore hospitals.

Pol; Have you met Dr chen li or Dr Michael Tong

Praful Reddy thought for a minute and decided to carry on with his bluff.

Pol; Doctor, I am waiting for an answer

DR'; Look. As a prominent surgeon I attend many seminars and international conferences .It is possible that I have met these doctors. You may even have photos showing me with them. But that does not establish friendship or working relationship.

Pol; Do you visit Singapore frequently?

Dr. Yes, I have interests in Singapore, so I do visit that place.

Pol; What is your interest in Singapore?

Dr. I do not wish to talk about it here for strategic reasons. Revealing that to you would mean leaking out our corporate plans. So I won't answer that question.

Pol;Do you perform any surgeries in Singapore?.

Dr;No. Singapore laws allow only accredited Doctors to perform surgeries there. I have no such accreditation.

Pol; I am showing you another photo now. This person is in police custody. Do you know this person

The doctor saw the photograph of Dr.Reddy. He prepared himself to face more barrage of questions.

Dr. Yes I know this person. He used to work for the appolo hospital as aclinical psychologists. We have engaged his services now and then

Pol; what sort of services?

Dr. To advice our patients on pre surgery and post surgical mind conditioning required in many cases. It is an important part of any surgery. He is an expert. We have engaged him and paid suitable compensation also.

Pol; 'Has he done any other work for you?

Dr .No.

Pol; In his confession statement Dr .Reddy has stated that he is a director in your company and his job includes acquiring new facilities.

Dr; No that is not true

Pol; Are you familiar with a pathological centre called Singapore labs in Hyderabad.

Dr. There are many pathological labs in Hyderabad doing testing work for us.That part is handled by a separate department in our hospital.

Singapore labs have done some work for our hospital like that

Pol; You don't have any special interest in that.

Dr; No, Nothing special.

Pol; Does Singapore labs belong to you.

Dr. No.

Pol; The department of company affairs have given me a document that states that Singapore labs is registered as company fully owned by your hospital. Are you aware of this

Dr; No

Pol; The application for licence to run pathological tests in their labs was signed personally by you. Are you aware of it?

Dr. No

Pol; Be very careful about answering that question. Whether you know it or not, You are the owner of that establishment and responsible for their action

Dr. No, It is an independent establishment. As you are aware , it has been acquired by Apollo Hospitals

Pol. I am aware that some very powerful forces are at work to protect you. That acquisition was done to protect you.

Doctor did not react to that comment.

Pol. We have in our custody several cryogenic containers, taken from Singapore labs. The movement register maintained by them shows all these being frequently moving between your hospital and their labs. So you can not say you are not aware of these. Also strangely all the movement papers are signed by you personally. You are a busy person like you said before .Then why are these papers signed by you.

Dr ;In certain emergencies we do not mind doing some paper work

Pol; We have record to show that these containers have gone from your hospital to Singapore.Can you explain that

Dr. I see no reason to explain that.

Pol. what do you mean by that.

Okay , can you tell me what you are transferring in these containers.

Dr. sample tissues from patients undergoing surgery

Pol; What sort of surgeries?

Dr; All sorts of surgeries undertaken at our labs;

Pol; Organ transplants ?

Dr. Yes

Pol. Let me put it this way doctor.at the end you say yes or no. As I understand it, you undertake organ transplant operations, you send tissues to Singapore

labs for testing. These containers are used to transport samples. And there are records to show that same containers also go to Singapore. So it can be inferred that these samples also go to Singapore hospitals. Now question is do you deny sending these samples to Singapore?

Dr. I can only say that your questions are based on your own surmises and conclusions.

Pol; let it be so. Doctor, do you extract organs?

Dr. yes, there are donors from whom we do extract organs.

POL;do these organs get sent to singapore ?.

Dr; no, these organs are meant for local patients.

pol; There is a human rights lawyer , who is moving matter to the court accusing you of extracting organs from innocent patients with out their knowledge and with out any compensation. She has given a petition to police department requesting the police to investigate your activity. We have also received a request from government of Singapore seeking permission to investigate your activity. So please understand there is lot of pressure mounting against you

Dr. Complaint by human rights activists is a different matter. Those people have no work to do .So they want to attract public attention by sensationalism. I can handle those issues when they come up. presently I am patiently responding to your questions.

Pol. You have said that organs do not get transported to Singapore from your hospital. We have statement from two Singapore citizens who had carried samples of liver extraction from your hospital. They have test reports signed by you and the chief of Singapore labs Dr Damodharan. Their statement made in malay language with translation by a language expert and attested by another Malaysian expert available with us. That statement clearly establishes the fact that you have been lying .We have video and audio records of your conversation with Shanta reddy and stack of currency notes received by her .We have complete files of all test reports on every sample sent by you to Singapore. we have computer generated movement maps of the cryogenic

containers that clearly establishes that you have transported organs extracted from Indian patients for transplantation to Singapore based clients. We have video recording of surgery performed by you in Singapore. So your statement that you have not performed any surgeries in Singapore is not true. You have violated the laws of that country by performing an unauthorised surgery. It is my duty to warn you that apart from facing immediate arrest, there is every possibility of Government of Singapore initiating extradition procedures against you for facing trials at Singapore.

Mouli stood up and opened the door. Kamath was standing with a handcuff in his hand. Doctor stood up. Mouli said softly, "we now request you to walk out with us and get into the police car. If you protest in any way, we will have to put handcuffs on you and take you by force."

Chapter11

While Mouli was arresting Dr Praful Reddy, Dickey was moving against the more powerful Pramod Reddy, chairman of Apollo Hospital Hyderabad. The security in that hospital was more tight. So Dickey took the elevator exclusively used by the chairman. Doctor was in his chamber, settling down to his routine. He was being briefed by his staff about the review meeting of the last fortnight surgery reports, mortality figures and occupancy figures for his hospital. Door was pushed open and the doctor came face to face with Dickey and instantly recognised him. He had already received from his friends in the Singapore government about measures taken by their Attorney General to bring in new legislation to bar Indian doctors from performing surgeries in Singapore. He was also aware that Singapore government had assigned to Hyderabad party investigation of activities of his hospital in organ trafficking.

He was aware that the investigator was Dickey. He pressed the bell and the chief of security stood at attention near his table. He looked at Dickey and a spark of recognition flashed in his eyes and he smiled. The doctor glared at him and demanded, 'Major Vikram, can you tell me how this person gained entry into my office.'

Vikram knew he was in trouble, politely he said, 'why Sir, he simply followed you, so I thought you had invited him. I know Major Dickey from my Army days and you have nothing to fear from him.'

Doctor blew his top. 'You idiot, he has come here to create trouble. I want you to take him away from my sight and make sure he never comes within ten miles of our facility.'

Vikram looked at Dickey and then answered the Doctor. 'Doctor, let me tell you that if Dickey wants to meet with you, no power on earth can stop him. If you have not done anything dishonest, you have nothing to fear from him.'

Vikram, I am not used to getting my work to be judged by two-bit officers from Army. You wait here to ensure that he does not touch me. You can use your gun if needed.

Dickey responded, 'Vikram, please stay out of this. My advice would be to resign your position and go home. Your boss is going to spend the rest of his life

In some infernal jail in India or Singapore. Or he may end his life borrowing your pistol. The choice will be his own.

Vikram said, I would rather stay and watch. I promise I will not come in your way.

Thank you, Vikram

Dickey stepped forward and slapped the doctor hard. The doctor cried out in pain. "That is for starter and for insulting my Army. I am going to ask questions and you will answer them truthfully. It does not matter to me if you lie. You will earn more slaps that way. At the end of my interrogation, I will hand you over to a gang of Chinese goons who have arrived in Hyderabad with an express purpose of killing you and demolishing this hospital. If you don't believe what I say, come to this window and see for yourself."

Doctor did not want to move out of his seat. He simply asked, "what are you saying?"

'The Chinese are mad at you because you failed to keep a commitment.'

"What commitment?"

'Commitment made to Dr.Chen Li'

"Who is Dr Li?"

'You don't know?'

"No, I don't know any Doctor by that name."

'Then please let me jog your memory.'

Dickey went behind the doctor and grabbed him by his neck and forced him to bend down and look at the Ipad . A picture of Dr Pramod Reddy and Dr.Chen li in a deep embrace. The doctor looked at the picture ,squinting a little.

"where did you get that picture from?"

'Why ,I made it myself. Do you know Dr Chen Li ?'

"Yes"

'Do you remember the secret agreement you two entered into ?'

The doctor was quiet.

'Answer me man, did you have a secret agreement or not?'

Doctor kept quiet.

' Well this is your agreement duly signed by you and your precious son in law .

Doctor, because you failed to keep your part of agreement, Dr Michael Tong Died. A good man died because of you. They want your blood. People of Singapore want your blood.

I have every little information about the agreement. Now tell me about the containers.'

""What containers?"

'These are the containers in which you were supposed to despatch the organs.'

"What organs?"

Dickey kicked the doctor from the front. He doubled over in pain

'You intentionally delayed the despatch to gain a negotiating edge. You wanted more concession for your project.

You played with life of a good man to gain a concession. Isn't that right?.

Answer me .'

Dickey held the doctor by his hair.

You know , the people of Singapore have given me the power to kill you. Kill you any way I want. I too have signed an agreement.

An Agreement to terminate you. And I never go back on my commitment. He took out his kukri and showed it to the doctor. Doctor, this is not as fine as the scalpel you handle so skilfully. This makes a great mess of the person. This is designed to savage your body and I am going to use it on you. I will do it in my own way.'

The doctor was trembling.

'You have sent organs to Singapore before?'

"Yes"

'And got paid?'

"Yes, they always paid upfront".

'How did you get the organs?'

"From local patients."

'Were they willing donors?'

"No ,they never knew they were donating."

'So you never paid the due rightful compensation. .It did not matter to you what happened to them.'

"They were useless people, scum of society and their organs were used to protect great men of society."

'Who gave you the right? who gave you the right to decide who was useful and not useful?'

Who gave you the right to play god'

Dickey was shouting. That was the signal. The room was immediately full of Chinese work men. They simply grabbed the Doctor and threw him out of the window. He tried to grab the rail but could not hold. He plunged down in air from his window, 17 floors above the ground. The men vanished one minute later. They were there in the room and next moment they were away. Vikram stood trembling.

Dickey held him by hand." Go home vikram . If any body asks, tell them the doctor jumped .'

Dickey walked out. He remembered that he had shut all the doctor's staff in their room. He opened the door and told them.' The doctor has gone away. He said ,you all can take a day off. He won't be needing you for the day.

They did not understand what he was telling.

Dickey shook his head. His job was over.

End.

t.k.raghunathan