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SINS OF THE
Daughter
THE CURSE OF
VERDICT STONE

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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Excerpts :

"Relax, calm down, baby. We're all here," James consoled her.

Indane assured them, "I know it seems like some very dangerous and horrible place. Even I'm coming here for the very first time. I have heard lots of surprising and unbelievable things about the place where we're going. It is just a bit farther. Remember, group, each such place has a strange history and people like you explore the truth." Indane stepped ahead.

Lucy grew concerned and shouted, "James, this person is trying to divert us. He's just making money. I feel like something is wrong here. This place is cursed. See? Everywhere, no human beings except us. This place is like a mortuary. Listen carefully, I can feel, I can hear footsteps of invisible creatures. They might be monsters. James leave this place right now!"

"Relax, calm down. What has happened to you? Why are you so scared? No one is here. It's just your illusion, baby. Julie come here, stay with her at all times." James kissed Lucy's brow.

"Relax, Lucy. I am here." Julie assured her.

Suddenly a wild hissing and howl.
"Sssshhssiiissssoooooosshh ssshhhhhiissssooo hhhhhh-
wwwooo wwwhhhooooo."

CHAPTER 3

Jimmy was now frightened. "What was that? James, Julie, did you hear it?" James grew curious, "What, what should we hear?"

"What? That, that strange and terrifying sound!"

Aaayyyyywwooooooooo guuuurrrrrrrrrrr.

"Just listen," Jimmy whispered.

"Oh, yeah, I can hear it." James and Julie nodded.

Lucy screamed again, "Dammit, I am crying and pleading that we leave this place. Leave this place, but you guys don't seem to understand me. This is not safe. It's a ghastly place of ghosts and souls of dead people producing that terrible sound."

"Wait, wait. It's not like that. No, don't get scared. They may be wild animals," Indane corrected.

"Shut your mouth! This is all because of you. You threw us into such danger!" Lucy yelled at Indane.

"Everybody calm down, relax. Don't get scared and move on. Everybody, please proceed," James instructed them.

"Quiet, quiet. I hear that horror sound again," Jimmy agreed with Lucy.

"Me too," James nodded.

"It's not any animal voice. It's a dreadful roaring sound," Lucy whispered.

Everyone was listening eagerly to the old man. His story drew their attention and the impact was so deep that like the old man, they also were lost in his story of Saintly City.

The old man delved deeper into his bygone days.

CHAPTER 5

The Old Man narrates:

It was a glacial midnight. There was pin-drop silence all over the place, despite the fact that breezy air was blowing bitter cold. People were sleeping under warm quilts in their houses and lost in beautiful dreams of the future. It was actually the coldest months in the history of Saintly City. Street dogs and bitches drew very close to each other for warmth in the frigid cold. There was a small adolescent bitch among them, looking very happy and engaging in innocent play with her mother. That precocious young bitch would surely have imagined a good life,

CHAPTER 5

love's glow clearly glittering in her mother's eyes. But a vicious storm cannot be stopped and when it comes, it destroys everything, attacking innocent people, throwing them into darkness.

One great big dog trapped the young bitch in his claws forcefully so that she couldn't move. The small thing cried loudly for help. Her mother screamed upon seeing her baby in danger and circled round and round her to release her from the powerful dog. The feisty juvenile fought back and struggled nobly, but her efforts were a waste of time. Her mother fought with that powerful dog beyond her power to release her baby from his strong claws and was defeated badly. Mother and young bitch were both completely exhausted and powerless and ultimately surrendered physically and emotionally before the powerful dog. The mother started howling and moved here and there for help. The young bitch then felt a spear-like thing thrust into her budding narrow opening. She moaned with acute pain as a stream of blood shot out forcefully. She was pure and virgin sometime before, now however, her virgin-hood had been robbed. Her mother could understand her pain and gave a motherly touch on her soft cheek till the end of this sexual interplay

"But father! I'm scared sleeping alone. May I come to your bed?" Shauna expressed her fear.

"No, go to your room. I have some important work to complete and I will come to you after some time," Abram instructed and entered his room without looking at Shauna.

CHAPTER 14

Abram closed the door, took a bottle full of whisky and drank it all in one quick sitting. He stood before the mirror staring at his image. He kissed his lips in the mirror and said, "You're so cute and sexy. If I had left a sexy mark of my amorous lips on the rosy cheek of a 14 years girl, I would have been in paradise." Abram laughed madly.

He could not balance himself and fell onto the floor.

"I fell on the ground. Oh! Really? I fell on the ground. I fell, fell," the sick drunkard grumbled.

CHAPTER 14

"How did I fall on the ground? Who pushed me?"
Abram wondered out loud.

He cried in anger, "Who pushed potent Abram?
Come before me I said, come before me!"

He darted his eyes about everywhere in the room.

"Aha! No one is here. In fact, I may be dreaming?" Abram slurred to himself.

He controlled himself and stood in front of the mirror. "I am the sexiest man in the world. Of course I am. I was born for lovemaking with gorgeous and sizzling girls. Yep! I truly am the sexiest man in the world. Yes! Yes! I am!"

Abram was now aroused sexually in his hyped-up state. He stood still for a moment. He started scraping his sharp nails upon the wall with hot, aggressive strokes. He was breathing very fast and trembling severely at the mirrored demon standing before him. His eyes were blistering and blood-red with anger. Soon he was completely soaked in his insane sweat.

He was totally disturbed, as if something went terribly wrong. He managed quick breaths and rattled, "I am the one who governs this village. I am the one who sets principles and breaks them. People of this village follow my orders! His tone was now earsplitting. When I say sleep, they sleep! When I say wake

up, they wake up. When I say breathe, they breathe. When I say sacrifice your lives, they sacrifice!"

"I am the one who lets the villagers breathe in. It is I, their almighty. Of course! I am I am! Huh! What an injustice it is? Such a commanding person does not have a girl to fulfill his longing tonight. How shameful it is, isn't it? It is of no use being a potent man." Saddened, Abram lowered his red face. "I am ineffectual. I am insignificant. I am scrawny. Yes! Yes! I am rubbish," Abram swelled with anger and frustration and continued landing swatting blows on the walls, so disgusted and totally disappointed.

"How will I pass this frosty night alone? What should I do to douse my thirst? How can this coward be a strong man tonight?"

Abram took another bottle of whisky and gulped it. He was staring at his giant body in the mirror, staggering and laughing in frustration. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he heard a weird and wonderful voice.

"Can I please see you naked?"

Abram was amazed yet frightened. He stopped laughing and shifted his eyes wildly in every direction in the room.

"Who? Who are you?" shivering Abram shouted in desperation.

CHAPTER 15

"Hey amorous! Look at me in the mirror. I am your reflection."

Abram checked himself out in the mirror. He was terrified seeing his reflection laughing loudly. Suddenly the mirrored image surrounded him, circling around him, choking his every movement.

"Ghost! Ghost! Ghost! Ghost! Ghost!" his cries pierced the room.

CHAPTER 15

"Hey! Stud, calm down! Don't you scare me. I am your mirror image and I always had a desire to see you naked. What an eye-catching body you have. Don't let me wait more now. Come on! Peel off your clothes," the sultry reflection teased Abram. "Come on, now! Won't you take me?"

"No, No! How can I harm my loving body?"

"Fire me up. Show me your lustful, splendid organ," the naughty reflection urged.

"Mamas! Mamas, are you in?" A lady knocked at the gate.

Shauna then swigged oil and the magic oil started doing its work in the womb.

"There seems to be someone at the gate. Please sit here and do not come outside." Mamas spoke to Shauna in low voice and opened the gate.

"Oh! Lodi, you." Mamas was stunned.

"You look gloomy. What are these tears in your eyes?"

"Oh, I was chopping onions."

"Okay, I was going to the market. I thought I should take you to the market too. Will you come with me? And where is Shauna? How is she now?" Lodi uttered.

"She is very well. Wait for me a moment."

"My sweetie, can I go to the market for a moment or two?"

"Yes! You can," Shauna nodded.

"I will be back very soon. Do you need something?"

"No, but please come soon."

"Sure, you take rest. I will come back quickly."

Mamas then went out with Lodi. Shauna got up from the bed and sat in front of a very large looking glass, checking herself out in the mirror. She slid her

CHAPTER 43

frock upward, slowly and gave serious attention to her ballooning stomach. She was slithering her fingers upon her protrusion. All of sudden she moved her eyes up and quaked with fear seeing a black, horrible icon in the mirror that stunned her.

"Who, who are you? Mom!" Shauna screamed.

"How surprising this is that you are not recognizing me," the black-dressed semblance uttered.

"A girl's voice. No, I don't know you. Your voice is more or less like mine"

"Not more or less. My voice is exactly like yours. What else do you know about me?" the image said with slight smile.

"Nothing. I am frightened. Please don't scare me. Tell me your identity and why have you worn a black dress? Has any sorrowful incident taken place in the village? Has someone died? Tell me who are you and why have you come here? Am I dreaming? No, I am not," Shauna whined dreadfully.

"Yes! A very sad incident, more than a death. Unfortunately, you don't know about it. How funny, Shauna. You are not dreaming, nor am I false. I am real. Concentrate, you will come to know who I am" the black shadow expressed.

"Don't puzzle me. You are a witch! Go away. You want to kill me. Mom! Mom help me! This witch will kill me!" Shauna screamed long and loud and started to run out of the room to save herself.

"Stop, Shauna stop. I am not a witch. You took me wrong. I am not here to harm you. Don't be afraid of me. Stay here and listen to me," the black image in the mirror urged her.

Shauna stopped in her footsteps and turned around.

"If you are not a witch, then who are you? Why have you covered your face in black clothes and what are you doing inside the mirror? I am standing in front of the mirror and there should be my image in the mirror where you are. Where is my mirror image gone? Come in front of me, show me your face. I want to see you. I want to know you." Shauna's curiosity was aroused.

"I am your mirror image," the image revealed.

"You, my reflection?" Shauna looked incredulous.

"Yes! Do you really want to know me?"

"Can you see my face?" Shauna queried.

"Of course!"

"And why can't I see your face?" Shauna questioned.