

The Time Traveller

By Rupam Atwal

He floundered in a tuxedo, his white linens unprepared for the havoc. "Great! Off to a great start!" There was sound coming from his radio—tightly strapped to the waist. A Vicious man, shot out instructions one by one. The sound faded and a silhouette of white light stood erect; he was glowing. A flock of kids ran past, their mothers abating breathe. He didn't do anything. Not yet. An infant tugged at his trousers. The man settled a tiny disk in his equally tiny palm. With a swift escape, the child departed. "Good. He's safe now." The devil pulled up in his chariot and gunned down the *tuxedo man*. Our saviour had fallen. "I saw it coming." How anticlimactic.