



## Beijing Mystery

“Spectacular! Magnificent! Marvelous! Impeccable! Unforgettable! I am speechless. One would surely mistake it for a winged dragon’s nest,” I said gaping at the Olympic Bird’s Nest stadium, “It is a unique masterpiece of which the Chinese will always boast.”

I never wondered that Vikram’s case would get us here, at the Olympics. Let me give you an insight to how it began.

“Peter D’Souza, our only individual gold medalist, had been recently accused for his involvement in a drug racket in which the D-Company played a significant role. Reports say that he corrupted the policemen to let him free. It’s a pity that our international fame has become our national shame,” one of the correspondents of Star News said.

Just then the phone rang. Vikram was in his room. So, I picked up the phone.

“Is that Vikram on the line?” the voice at the other end inquired.

Vikram Sachdev, the ace detective had solved such cases that left most baffled by his exceptional wit and skill. He took those cases that he found were challenging and stimulating. I accompany him on many of his excursions where his exceptional wit and skill are required. I am his flat mate. He is 25 and I am 18 so I don’t mind calling him ‘Bhau.’

“No, I am Lakshman Bhattacharya. Should I hand the receiver to Vikram? Is it urgent?” I questioned the caller.

“Yes, please!”

I passed the phone to Vikram.

“Is that Vikram Sachdev on the line?” the voice at the other end questioned again.

“Yes, may I know who this is?” Vikram asked. The expressions on his face suggested that he knew the caller but was unable to recall him.

“It seems that you’ve forgotten me, Vikram. I am Peter D’Souza, one of your classmates. I have to tell you something for which you have to meet me at my mansion,” Peter said and handed the phone after bidding good – bye.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“He was Peter D’Souza, the individual gold...” Vikram said.

“I know! I know! India’s only individual gold medalist, Peter D’Souza. Oh! How could I forget to ask him whether he has time to give me his autograph?” I said, “Anyway, what did he want?”

“Life gives you a second chance! Take a pen and a paper with you. We are going to his mansion to meet him. He is a colleague of mine,” Vikram said condolingly.

I hurriedly took a pen and a paper, and rushed into the car. I was wondering why Vikram didn’t tell me that Peter is his colleague.

“Take us to Rifle Mansion, Moti, Fast!” Vikram gestured to the driver. I took the seat next to Vikram. I saw him carrying his red notebook and a pen in his hand. I concluded that he had found a new case for his red notebook accompanied him only when he was on a case.

“Found a new case, Bhau?” I asked him as I wanted to confirm my inference.

“Can’t say.” Vikram answered.

Vikram said to me in a low voice to me, “Peter sounded petrified on the phone. He asked me whether I could meet him in solitude. I agreed. You are accompanying me because you told you wanted Peter’s autograph. And by the way, have you brought a pen and a paper with you or do you want to miss this opportunity?”

“I don’t want to miss such an opportunity again,” I said.

We were fortunate that day due to three reasons. Firstly, we had a brilliant driver. Secondly, there was no traffic as it was a public holiday. Lastly, his mansion is in the outskirts of Aurangabad.

When we reached his mansion, the security let us in without checking our car. “Probably he has been intimated about our arrival in advance,” Vikram established.

“Such a whooping house!” I exclaimed the minute we got out of the car.

Vikram and I were greeted warmly by Peter’s secretary. He escorted us to Peter’s living room, where he was seated.

“Good evening. What would you like – tea, coffee or something cold?” Peter asked.

“We would like coffee,” Vikram said on behalf of both of us.

“Who is this man with you, Vikram?” Peter inquired.

“I am Lakshman Bhattacharya from Kolkata. I am Vikram’s flat mate. My sincere apologies for talking to you so rudely on the phone,” I said introducing myself. We shook hands.

“No, no! It’s all right! You don’t know me. That’s why you didn’t recognize me,” Peter said.

Peter got up and went to the kitchen to fetch us coffee.

“Peter wants to tell us something fairly significant. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have given leave to his servants. None of his servants are in sight,” Vikram concluded after observing silently for a few minutes.

Soon Peter arrived with the coffee. He offered each of us a cup of coffee and then took one for himself.

“Let me come to the point,” he came closer to us and said, “I have received a threatening note from a mysterious person who has signed as a 687NIHC. The note says that if I value my life, I must quit the Olympics. I think it’s just a prank. At any cost, I am not going to quit Olympics.”

“Hmm! Can I have that note? I would like to examine it.” Vikram said taking a sip from his cup of coffee.

“Yeah sure! It’s pretty useless to me,” Peter said handing the note to Vikram. He began examining the note. His expressions proposed that he had reached to a conclusion but did not want to share it.

“Peter, I’ve heard that you were involved in a drug racket in which the D-Company played the protagonist. I don’t know whether it is true or not, the media says so. The media also said that you were accused of supplying and consuming drugs, and were arrested. They said you corrupted the policemen and they freed you. But after you won the gold medal, you shut their mouth. Were you really involved in a drug racket or the media was just criticizing you?” I questioned Peter.

“Oh! The media persons have gone crazy. They cheat the people by providing them with erroneous information. If a person is in headlines, the media criticizes him. It’s a disgrace!” Peter said. He was attempting hard to control his anger. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead which denoted that he feared something. It hardly mattered. He won a gold medal for India at Athens at the 2004 summer Olympics.

“I am leaving for Delhi tomorrow early in the morning and then from there I will go to Beijing. I have only two days in my hand before I face my

opponents at the Olympics. My event is just after the opening ceremony. Please try to come. I'll be happy to see you," Peter said.

Before bidding good-bye Peter exhibited his array of worthy rifles to us and gave me his autograph.

Silence prevailed in the car as well as at home. Vikram went to his room without a word. He shut the door and switched on his room's light.

"He is probably making entries in his red notebook," I murmured to myself.

I was literally falling asleep and therefore, I landed on my bed. I don't know when did I wake up to drink water, but I found Vikram's room's light still switched on.

\*\*\*

The next morning I woke up late to find Vikram packing his bags.

"What's all this, Vikram? Are you going somewhere? What's in that Air India envelope?" I questioned Vikram.

"We are going to Beijing. Go get ready. Hurry up. We have lots to do. The time is limited. Meet me in the car in an hour," Vikram said, commanding urgency.

It took me a moment or two to understand what Vikram was demanding. It was immediacy.

"Possibly, he has gone to make international calls regarding our stay at Beijing," I said to myself while I was packing my bags.

When I sat in the car, I found Vikram seated in the car. I glanced at my watch. I found that I was ten minutes late.

We were on our way to the Chikalthana airport, from where we would go to Mumbai. And then from Mumbai to Beijing.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

"To make some arrangements for our stay at Beijing," Vikram replied.

"Ah! My predictions were correct. By the way, were you successful in discovering any hidden clue in the note?"

"Yes. The mysterious person who wrote this note was trying to act too smart with me. According to my deduction, the writer is originally a right hander but, deliberately wrote the note with his left hand to convince me

that he is a left hander but he has miserably failed at it. Also there are ink smudges on the paper which means that his pen was leaking.”

“Brilliant! I doubt if there is anybody who can compete your marvelous observing skill. Even a professional detective couldn’t have picked up such a clue,” I appreciatively said to Vikram for his incomparable work.

“I hope the plane will not fly without us,” Vikram said to me.

We reached the airport in time because Moti was at the wheel. We quickly went through the security and baggage processes, and took our seats in the plane. I was providential to have got the seat beside the window. Soon the plane took flight.

“We are in air! The view is amazing!” I exclaimed.

I saw Vikram getting ready to for a catnap. Before he could succeed, I asked him, “Why are we .....

Vikram yawned and slept before I could complete my question. I thought this to be a golden opportunity for me to catnap too. So, eventually I slept.

“You have safely reached Mumbai. Our next stop is Beijing,” said Vikram, who was impersonating the pilot. We came out of the airport and fortunately found a taxi.

“Could you take us to the Shalimar hotel?” Vikram asked the driver.

“Yes, why not? Please get in,” the driver told us.

“We have an ample amount of time in our hands and the economic capital of India is waiting for us to explore it. First we’ll have lunch at the Shalimar Hotel. Then we’ll go to the Siddhivinayak Temple,” Vikram announced our itinerary.

“Every time we visit Mumbai, we get an opportunity to learn something new.” I said to Vikram. He nodded his head in agreement.

We had a heavy lunch. After paying the bill, we searched for a taxi. We had to try a bit harder this time to search for a taxi. Eventually, when we found one, we concluded that it really required servicing.

“Could you take us to the Siddhivinayak Temple, and then to the Santa Cruz international airport?” Vikram questioned the cabbie.

Being an experienced driver, our cabbie was successful in transporting us to our destinations in time.

Fortunately, Vikram got the window seat. It didn't matter to me as I wanted to patch up my sleep. I soon felt asleep.

After an hour or two Vikram screamed in my ears and woke me up, "Congratulations we have reached our destination safely. Welcome to Beijing!"

"Why did you do that?" I said coming back into reality, "I was the king of the world. You broke my sweet dream."

"Doesn't matter. Many countries in the world have switched to the democratic system of government; you cannot rule the world anymore," Vikram said in context to my dream.

We exited the airport and found a taxi.

"Could you take us to the Shanghai Hotel?" Vikram asked the driver.

"Yeah! Get in," the driver said.

"Fabulous! Mind-blowing! The hotel is of a royal kind," I broke into exclamations on seeing the magnificent hotel.

"Excuse me sir, How can I help you?" the receptionist made an attempt to stop me from screaming in the lobby.

"I am Vikram Sachdeva from India. I had a room booked for two," Vikram said to the receptionist.

"Oh, yes! Here's your name. You are booked in room 202," turning towards a bell-boy, she said, "Take them to their room."

We went to our room. Vikram called for room service, asking them to send some Chinese dishes to our room.

"Yum! Finger-licking good!" I commented on the deliciousness of the food. Vikram was enjoying his meal so he didn't bother to listen to me.

Vikram wanted to know the schedule for the first day of the Olympics, so he called the help desk.

"The opening ceremony for the Olympics will be on the day after tomorrow. The 10m Rifle shooting event is just after that. Can I help you anymore?" the lady at help desk told Vikram.

"No, thank you," Vikram replied.

"Good night, sir!" the lady at the help desk greeted Vikram and hanged.

We slept early that day as we had a lot of work the next day.

\*\*\*

“We have a day in our hands before the opening ceremony. Why don’t we go sight seeing and meet Peter today at his hotel? He is checked in at the Grand Beijing. It is the special hotel build for the Olympic participants,” Vikram discussed his plan for the day.

“Yes, we can do so,” I agreed.

“I’ve spoken to Peter. He told that he his free after three-thirty in the evening, so we can have our lunch at the Grand Beijing itself,” Vikram said.

“Done,” I said.

We got ready and when downstairs. We ordered some sandwiches that will serve our appetite during our excursion.

“We would like to go sight-seeing. Could you help us?” Vikram asked the receptionist.

“Sure, sir! Our hotel offers a car, driver and a guide to our visitors who want to go sight-seeing. It will arrive in about five minutes,” the receptionist said. She made some phone calls regarding our short tour.

A car arrived in three minutes that was supposed to take us on our excursion.

“These Chinese people are very punctual!” I exclaimed. We left our hotel. Silence prevailed in the car. Vikram and I were wondering exactly how tall the buildings on the road were. We reached our first site in about ten minutes.

“This is the Altar of Heaven. It is a part of the Temple of Heaven. It is also called Tian Tan. It was built during the reign of the Ming dynasty,” our guide told us.

Then he took us to the Forbidden City. We asked him his name.

“My name is Tiejun Yang,” replied the guide.

“The Forbidden City housed the emperors of Imperial China. Only the emperor and the court officials were allowed inside. Now it is a museum,” Tiejun told us.

We went to see the museum. In the museum we saw stoneware and paintings of ancient China. We couldn’t see the whole museum because Tiejun told us that we were running out of time.



Next, we went to the Bird's nest stadium.

"This is where the Olympics are going to take place. This extravaganza is built especially for the opening ceremony. They have built it taking into consideration 'be eco-friendly' motto," Tiejun said pointing towards the spectacular Bird's Nest Stadium.

Finally, we went to Chaoyang Park for recreational purpose.

"I am hungry. I'm going to a nearby restaurant to have some snacks. I'll come back in ten minutes. Should I get anything for you?" Tiejun asked us.

"No, thank you! We have brought some sandwiches for ourselves," Vikram answered.

Tiejun went. The most dramatic incident took place after that. We were having our sandwiches when a young man came riding his bicycle. He threw a stone at me, which made me cry in pain. It made me unconscious. He bicycled at a great speed making it impossible for us to chase him. Vikram picked up the stone. It had a piece of note attached to it. The note read –

"Don't try to interfere in our matters. Enjoy the opening ceremony and go back to India without opening your mouth. Otherwise, the consequences will give you a chance to meet God."

Vikram stuffed the note in his pocket and called for a paramedic. The paramedic applied a bandage on my wound. He had already returned to his duty when I regained consciousness, so I couldn't thank him.

Tiejun saw me and came sprinting towards us.

"Oh my God! What has happened to you? Are you all right?" Tiejun asked affectionately.

"Let us go back to the hotel. It is three o' clock and we are late for lunch. I'll tell you what happened on the way," Vikram said to the driver.

Vikram narrated the incident to the driver. When we reached the hotel we opted for a heavy Chinese cuisine to kill our hunger after a tiring and a dramatic excursion.

Soon we saw a car being parked in the parkway. A glance at my watch told me that it was time for Peter to return from his practice. In about five minutes we completed our lunch.

“Excuse me! Can we meet Peter D’Souza from India? He is participating in the 10m Air Rifle event at the Olympics? He knows us well,” Vikram said to the receptionist.

She confirmed with Peter whether he knew us or not. Peter told her that he knew us so, she let us meet him.

“He’s in room 208 on the second floor. The first room to your left will be his. Have a good day sir!” the receptionist granted us the permission to meet Peter. We went to his room and knocked softly at the door.

“Come in. Please have a seat. What would you like – tea, coffee or something cold?”

“We’ve had lunch right now. We are full. How’s your practice going on?” Vikram asked Peter.

“Practice? I can’t concentrate on practice. The receptionist said that a young man, who came to the hotel at around 2 in the afternoon, has left a note for me. When I opened the envelope, I found a threatening in it. It says that I still have some time to quit Olympics. And if I don’t do so, I’ll be killed. It was sent by the same 687NIHC,” Peter said in a low voice.

“Can you show me the note you received?” Vikram said taking the note from Peter, “Lakshman was attacked and we too received a threatening note. Our note is also signed by 687NIHC,” Vikram said to Peter. Vikram removed the note we received from his pocket and started examining both the notes.

“The three notes that we have received till now are of written by the same ink. 687NIHC has failed to convince me that he is a left hander. He is originally a right hander. Plus, there are ink smudges on all the papers, which indicate that his pen was leaking. He has tried to make hand-writing variations in all the notes, but was unsuccessful at this also,” Vikram said, stunning Peter and me with his exceptional intelligence.

“Brilliant!” Peter and I said in chorus.

“Peter, don’t get frightened. According to my deduction you must inform the hotel authorities and ask them not to let any unauthorized person enter the hotel. They’ll surely do something. Can I keep the note?” Vikram asked Peter.

“Yeah, you can. And I’ll do exactly what you told me,” Peter said.

“It’s time Vikram,” I said facing towards Vikram.

“Yes,” Vikram said facing towards Peter, “We’ll meet tomorrow at your event. Best of luck!”

Vikram took the hotel’s phone number. Silence dominated our journey to our hotel throughout.

Vikram called at the Grand Beijing the moment we reached our room.

“I am Vikram Sachdeva who left your hotel a few minutes ago. I would like to know whether a young man asked you to deliver a note to Peter at around 2 in the afternoon,” Vikram asked the receptionist.

“Ammm! No. No such person had visited the hotel at around 2 in the afternoon who fits your description,” The receptionist replied.

Vikram did not utter a single word after that. He slept and so did I.

\*\*\*

The next day, exactly at 08: 08: 08 pm the opening ceremony started.

There were loads of fireworks and events that threw light on the Chinese tradition. There was a small girl who sang the Chinese national anthem, probably six to seven years old. The Chinese had used highly-advanced machines to highlight their technological advancements and to show the world how economically powerful they were.

“The opening ceremony was one of its kinds. It is said that the Chinese were challenged to give a grand opening to the Olympics. In my opinion, they have emerged victorious in doing so,” I concluded after the opening ceremony ended.

Peter’s event was after the opening ceremony at the Rifle Stadium, which was besides his hotel. It was close to the Bird’s Nest Stadium so we decided to walk down the street.

We arrived at the Rifle Stadium five minutes before the event was scheduled to commence. We got a glimpse of Peter. We got adjacent seats in the back row from where it was impossible for Peter to hear us cheering.

The event began. The crowd became silent after the first shot. The results were going to be declared after every shot on a big LCD on the wall. The Indians started roaring and jumping when they saw Peter taking the lead in the first shot itself. The LCD indicated, “1<sup>st</sup>. - IND52” Peter was ranked no.2 after the second shot. The crowd started cheering in chorus for Peter.

“Bang! Bang!” bullet shots were heard. We realized that Peter fell down. It was clear. Somebody had shot Peter. The event came to a halt. Peter was taken to the hospital.

The crowd ran out of the Stadium in order to protect their lives.

“We must go to the hospital where Peter is admitted,” Vikram said.

We ran out of the Stadium to find a taxi. Luckily we found one. “Take us to Beijing Lifeline. Fast!” Vikram gestured the cabbie.

We called the hospital and asked for Peter’s room number. We were told that he was being operated.

“Oof! We’ve finally reached the hospital,” I said. Vikram sprinted to the Operation Theatre. I paid the cabbie. When I reached the Operation Theatre, I found Vikram interacting with the Olympic officials.

“The doctors are telling that there is a presence of a spurious drug in Peter’s blood,” the first official said. I decided to eavesdrop to their conversation.

“The doctor also says that a bullet hit Peter in his stomach,” the second official said.

“Is he critical?” Vikram asked

“I don’t want to say it, but yes, he is critical.”

“Thank you, Mr. Qin and Mr. Shang. We shall meet tomorrow. It’s late and I must leave now. Can you give me your contact numbers so that I can be in touch with you?” Vikram asked. He noted down their phone numbers in his red notebook.

“Come on Lakshman,” Vikram said to me in a low voice so that the officials do not hear it. He must have seen me taking refuge behind the massive plant.

It was late in the night, so it was impossible to find a taxi. What made it even worse was that rain had started pouring down.

“Vikram, I want to tell you something. Now I don’t know will it make any sense to you, but I think it may help you in your case. Peter’s number is IND52. So, if you read 687NIHC backwards, it forms a number of another contestant who was last throughout the Rifle Shooting event. It forms CHIN786,” I said to Vikram, jumping over a puddle.

“Correct! And one thing that you did not notice was that the officials, you can call them ‘fake officials’, was that they did not have any identity card

with them. And even if they had it they did not show it to me when they were introducing themselves to me. This is what makes me suspicious,” Vikram said.

We reached our hotel. Vikram asked the receptionist for a phone directory. She gave it to him.

“Hello, Constable Zhou! I am Vikram Sachdeva from India. I am a private detective. When can I meet you? I have to talk to you regarding Peter’s death,” Vikram said on the phone.

“You can come to the police station tomorrow,” Constable Zhou said.

Then Vikram called the ‘fake official’, “Hello! Is that Mr. Qin?”

“Yes, Is this Vikram from India?” Mr. Qin answered.

“Yes, could you please tell me Peter’s condition?”

“I’m sorry to say Mr. Vikram, Peter is no more. The official medical report will be printed in tomorrow’s Beijing Daily. There are chances for the games to come to a halt for a day in order to pay tribute to the Indian shooter,” Mr. Qin hanged the phone.

“The mystery is getting complex, Lakshman. Who can shoot Peter?” Vikram said as if he was giving up. He went to change his clothes. He slept leaving his red notebook open. I didn’t dare to see his book. I too changed my clothes and went to sleep.

\*\*\*

The next day I woke up to find Vikram having breakfast. He invited me to join him.

“Today is a significant day. I called the Olympic officials to know about this 786CHIN. They told me that he is a local and an inaccurate shooter. He was selected in the Olympic team due to some influential person. I think the culprit will be behind bars today. I want you to stay at the hotel. When I call, you must immediately come to the place I will specify,” Vikram instructed me. That same instance somebody knocked at the door.

“Come in,” Vikram said.

“Sir this is the Beijing Daily you wanted?” a bell-boy said handing over the copy to Vikram.

“Indian shooter is shot dead’,” Vikram read aloud stating the headlines, “They have printed the doctor’s report, which says that a bullet hit Peter

in his stomach. His blood-test says that his blood was contaminated by a spurious drug. These are two reasons that are the fundamental causes of Peter's death," Vikram read aloud.

"I can't believe it Vikram, how can anybody shoot Peter for no reason?" I questioned Vikram knowing that he wouldn't have an answer to it.

"I'm going to meet the Constable. If you want to contact to me, you can find Constable Zhou's contact number in the phone directory," Vikram said.

"I will try my best to abide by your temporary laws," I said to him when he was leaving.

Vikram left with the same red notebook in his hand he had the previous night. After he left, I nearly died of boredom. I saw the Olympic swimming events take place on the television. Michael Phelps of America triumphed over the other contestants in all the events. In the meanwhile, I ordered some snacks for myself. Three and a half hours had passed since Vikram's departure. Just then the phone rang.

"Come at the Grand Beijing in Peter's room. Fast!" Vikram ordered to me on the phone.

"Ok! I'll be there in a minute or two," I said to Vikram and hanged the phone.

I was wondering why Vikram called me. When I reached there, I found him and the Constable sitting there with Peter and the fake officials. Peter and the fake officials had handcuffs in their hands.

I was stunned to see the dead alive.

"Please take a seat, Lakshman," I pleaded Vikram.

"Can you explain to me what's going on?" I said taking a seat, "Peter was dead, wasn't he? Then who is this person?" I said pointing at Peter.

"This is Peter D'Souza.," Vikram answered my question, which complicated the case more for me.

"Peter? It's all going above my head. Can you explain?" I pleaded Vikram.

"Yeah, sure! Before beginning, let us have some coffee," Vikram said ordering the room service for six cups of coffee, "The threatening note was a primary clue for me. The ink, the handwriting and the person who signed the note was the same, Peter D'Souza. When I saw him giving his autograph to Lakshman, he was using the same pen, with which he wrote

the notes. It made me suspicious. But I thought why would anyone send a threatening to oneself,” Vikram said.

“But that doesn’t prove that I wrote the notes,” Peter said challenging Vikram.

“I’m coming to that. The person who wrote the note was 687NIHC. Lakshman told me that if we read it backwards, it forms a number of a contestant who was last throughout your event. When I inquired with the officials, they told me that he was a local unsuccessful shooter. He qualified for Olympics just because an influential person supported him. And that is probably you. Isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Peter said.

“You gave him lots of money so that you could use him. At one point, I was confused. But after inquiring with the officials, my confusion vanished,” Vikram said.

“But he proved to be pretty useless. Partially, it is due to him that I will go behind bars,” Peter said cursing the mysterious 786CHIN.

“Constable Zhou will take care that 786CHIN will reach his destiny soon,” Vikram said, assuring Peter that 786CHIN will also be behind bars for being disloyal to his own country.

The coffee arrived. I each one a cup and then took one for myself.

“Then, when Lakshman asked Peter whether he was involved in a drug racket with the D-Company, his expressions changed. He failed to hide his aggression. Peter feared that he would lose his image in the society and would have to go behind bars if I found the truth,” Vikram said taking a sip of his coffee and facing towards Peter, “So, now you had to get Peter off the scene for sometime. You wanted me to give up. So you sent that young man to injure Lakshman and to frighten us. Speaking truthfully, the attack confirmed my deduction.” Vikram said.

“At the stadium two bullets were fired. The doctor’s report said that a bullet hit Peter. One bullet hit the wall opposite to you, Peter. Isn’t it Constable?” Vikram said.

“Yes, a Colt.45.” the Constable answered. Peter was growing red in fury.

Vikram took a sip of his coffee and continued, “The first bullet was fired just to divert the spectators’ attention. The doctor’s report said the bullet hit you in the stomach, but at the stadium you were catching your left

arm. It is for sure that one of your so-called 'officials' must have fired at you," Vikram said challenging Peter.

"Yes, I paid a handsome amount of money to Qin and Shang," Peter answered in rage.

"At least the names are not false! One thing that I did not understand is that why did the doctor produce a fake report? Did you operate yourself and the produce the report on your own, or did you corrupt the doctor as you had done with the policemen in India, or you ran away from the Operation Theatre once your partners gave you cover?" Vikram questioned Peter.

"I corrupted all of them. I would have returned with a new name if you wouldn't have poked your dirty nose," Peter boasted of his incorrectness, which failed to match Vikram's wit and intelligence.

"Yes, why not! You can have as many new names as you want in the jail." the Constable said to Peter. He brought them downstairs and took them into his van. The people in the lobby were traumatized to see the Indian Rifle Shooting star with handcuffs in his hand.

"Thank you Mr. Vikram," the Constable said.

We returned to our hotel. It was eleven and we had to go to bed. "So Vikram, now everything's over, what do we do now?" I asked, pouring some water for me in a glass tumbler.

"Didn't I tell you that we've come here to witness the fantastic and the grandest Olympics ever hosted?" Vikram said.

That night I thought that Vikram should be rewarded for his skills and wit. Though India couldn't expect any gold medal in 10m Rifle shooting, but it would be a great pleasure and pride for India to see Vikram winning a medal for India for his intelligence.

The next day when I woke up, I found Vikram reading the Beijing Daily. I got up and went closer to him to read the main article. It stated, "Indian ace shooter Peter D'Souza is behind bars. Indian ace detective, Vikram Sachdeva, yesterday solved the mystery of Peter's so called 'death'. Olympics will continue functioning normally, encouraging sportspersons to exhibit their talents," I read aloud.