

The Electrician's Wife

© Chinmoy Mukherjee 2025-2045 no part of this document can be used without explicit written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

The Electrician's Wife

Introduction

Chapter 1: A Family in Surya Nagar

Chapter 2: Forbidden Desires

Chapter 3: The Sinister Plan

Chapter 4: The Night of the Murder

Chapter 5: The Deception

Chapter 6: The Truth Unravels

Chapter 7: Justice and Reflection

Chapter 8: The Seeds of Betrayal

Chapter 9: A Community in Shock

Chapter 10: The Trial

Chapter 11: Echoes in the Silence

Chapter 12: A Shadow of the Past

Chapter 13: The Unforeseen Encounter

Conclusion

1:

2:

3:

4:

5:

6:

7:

8:

9:

10:

11:

12:

13:

(Conclusion)

Introduction

In the heart of Surya Nagar, a neighborhood where the incessant hum of daily life often masked the insidious whispers of hidden truths, the Sharma family began their Sunday like any other. The pre-monsoon air, thick and heavy with the promise of imminent rain, hung over the narrow, labyrinthine lanes like a suffocating shroud. Below, the streets pulsed with a familiar, almost ritualistic rhythm that had been established over decades. The metallic clang of corrugated iron shutters being reluctantly rolled up by sleepy shopkeepers, the sharp, anticipatory sizzle of oil as a samosa vendor meticulously tested the temperature of his vat, and the rhythmic, almost hypnotic slap of a dhobi's laundry against a worn stone slab formed the day's first, cacophonous chorus. The sky above was a vast, bruised canvas of deep purples and brooding greys, casting a soft, theatrical light on the vibrant, often chaotic tableau below—the brilliant, almost blinding saffron of marigold garlands strung across doorways, the garish rainbow of cheap plastic toys spilling from roadside stalls, and the kaleidoscope of women's dupattas fluttering like exotic birds in the humid breeze.

The air itself was a complex, intoxicating concoction of scents, each layer telling its own story: the earthy, primal petrichor of damp dust rising from the parched earth, the sharp, savory fragrance of frying spices mingling with the sweet, cloying perfume of jasmine vines clinging desperately to crumbling, ancient walls, all underscored by the faint, ever-present, slightly acrid smell of choked drains. Amidst this rich sensory tapestry, Arjun Sharma, a man whose life was as steady and unassuming as the copper wires he meticulously fixed, bent down to kiss his six-year-old son, Rohan, goodbye. The boy smelled sweetly of warm milk and the deep, innocent sleep from which he had just been roused. "Be good for your mother," Arjun

murmured, his calloused fingers, perpetually ingrained with the fine dust of his trade, gently ruffling Rohan's soft, dark hair. He straightened, gathering his worn leather tool bag, and headed out for what he believed would be a quick, routine job.

His wife, Rashmi Bongi, stood framed in the doorway, a vibrant sentinel in a bright yellow sari that seemed to absorb the muted morning light. She watched him leave with a smile, a carefully painted curve on her lips that, upon closer inspection, didn't quite reach or warm her dark, restless eyes. Her mind, even then, was already elsewhere, caught in the turbulent, unpredictable currents of a different, more dangerous life. The jingle of her glass bangles, usually a cheerful sound, was muted, almost hesitant. Little did any of them know that this ordinary morning, with its familiar sounds and comforting smells, would be the very last of its kind. A storm of betrayal and tragedy, far more violent and destructive than the impending monsoon, loomed just beyond the horizon, ready to break over their unsuspecting lives. The air, already heavy, seemed to press down with the weight of an unspoken, terrible future. Hindi translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: A Family in Surya Nagar

In the bustling, tangled arteries of Surya Nagar, a modest yet densely populated neighborhood nestled within the sprawling western flank of Delhi, the Sharma family inhabited a compact two-room flat. It was situated on the third floor of a faded, ochre-coloured building whose plaster was peeling like sunburnt skin, revealing layers of brick beneath. Their life, at least on its meticulously maintained surface, mirrored the quiet, predictable rhythm of their surroundings. Arjun Sharma, a man of thirty-five, an electrician by trade, was the steady, silent backbone of this small, self-contained universe. He was a man defined by his

profession; his hands were perpetually calloused, etched with the fine lines of countless repairs, his fingernails permanently stained with the indelible grime of copper and insulation. A faint, clean scent of ozone and metallic copper wire clung to him, a subtle perfume of his diligent work. His days were a meticulous map of the neighborhood's myriad electrical failings—mending frayed wires in cramped tailor shops where sewing machines whirred incessantly, replacing burnt-out sockets in overheated kitchens that perpetually smelled of frying oil, and painstakingly untangling the chaotic, spaghetti-like webs of cables that drooped precariously over every alleyway and doorway. His evenings, however, were a sacred dedication to his wife, Rashmi, and their young son, Rohan, a small island of domestic tranquility in his otherwise demanding schedule.

Arjun's parents, Meena and Rajesh, lived just a few streets away, their presence a comforting, almost gravitational fixture in the family's orbit. They would often visit unannounced, their arrival heralded by the gentle clinking of a steel tiffin carrier still radiating warmth from freshly made homemade sweets—golden, ghee-soaked laddoos that melted on the tongue, or fragrant kheer, rich with rice and milk. Meena, her face a roadmap of gentle wrinkles, expressed her boundless love through the universal language of flavour and spice. Arjun's younger brother, Vikram, a robust twenty-eight-year-old mechanic with a booming, infectious laugh and hands perpetually stained with the indelible marks of grease and petrol, was an almost daily presence. His boisterous voice and easygoing manner were a stark, vibrant contrast to Arjun's quiet, contemplative composure. Their home, though physically small, felt perpetually full, brimming with the quiet hum of family life.

The main room of their flat was dominated by a floral-print sofa whose once-vibrant pattern had faded into a soft blur under years

of relentless sunlight streaming through the single, barred window. An aging ceiling fan, its blades slightly warped, wobbled and hummed a monotonous tune, stirring the thick, stagnant air in lazy circles. In one corner, meticulously maintained, stood a small wooden mandir, a miniature temple where a single brass diya flickered with a persistent, gentle glow, casting a warm, ethereal light on the silver-framed images of gods and goddesses. The air in this sacred space was always subtly tinged with the soothing scent of sandalwood incense and the sharp, clean aroma of camphor, which Meena meticulously used in her daily prayers. It was a sanctuary within their sanctuary, a place of peace and quiet devotion.

Arjun was a man of few words, a steadfast pillar of reliability in a world that often felt chaotic and unpredictable. Neighbors sought him out not just for his undeniable skill in repairs, but for his inherently calm and reassuring demeanor, a soothing balm in their often-feverish lives. He listened more than he spoke, his quiet presence a source of comfort. Rashmi, by stark contrast, was the family's vibrant colour and effervescent light. With her warm, ready smile that seemed to crinkle the corners of her eyes, and a collection of bright, synthetic saris that rustled with a soft swish with her every graceful move, she brought a vibrant, almost electric energy to their small household. Her glass bangles would jingle like tiny, cheerful bells, a constant, melodious soundtrack to their domestic life. She was a gifted storyteller, her imagination boundless, weaving elaborate, fantastical tales for Rohan that effortlessly transported him to magical kingdoms far removed from the grit and noise of Surya Nagar. Her voice, animated and lyrical, was the vital force that transformed their four unassuming walls into a true home, a place of warmth and wonder.