

. . . . “Please give me some money. Ahura Mazda will bless you.” He flinched as the woman’s eyes met his. His skin crawled. The woman raised her voice again. It hit his eardrums louder than the clashing cymbals and blaring portable music of the Elephant-headed’s devotees. He swayed, blundering into the path of a bus. He leapt back, landing in the Ganesh gathering. As he fell, his eyes met those of the god seated in splendour on the back of the truck. The wheels moved closer to his staring eyes. Just before they rolled over him, he saw the hand of the god – it was raised in benediction.