---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 1: \*\*Naam nahi, sirf A\*\*

>\*“Naam poochhne wale aksar jaldi mar jaate hain.”\*

---

Main kab paida hua?

Kaun tha jo sabse pehle mujhe haath mein liya?

Kisne meri aankhon mein pehli baar dekha aur kaha "mera bachcha"?

\*\*Pata nahi.\*\*

Main kisi maa ki godh se zyada

\*\*ek andhere kamre ke kone\*\* mein bada hua hoon.

Wahan na ru roti thi, na muskaan.

Bas ek ajeeb si \*khamoshi\* thi —

jo sirf tab tut'ti thi jab koi cheekhta tha... ya jab koi chhup chaap mar jaata tha.

---

\*\*Naam?\*\*

Haan, woh hota hoga unke liye jinke ghar hote hain.

Jinke rishte hote hain.

Main jahan tha, wahan logon ke paas bas do cheezen hoti thi:

\*\*ek body, aur ek number.\*\*

Mera number tha: \*\*A-17.\*\*

Cage ke bahar likha tha — ek \*\*lohe ka plate\*\*, zung laga hua.

Mujhe koi "beta" kehkar nahi bulata tha.

Koi pyaar se naam nahi rakhta tha.

\*\*“A”\*\* bolte the — jaise main koi aadmi nahi, \*\*ek experiment\*\* hoon.

Jaise ek warning hoon... kisi ke liye.

---

### \*Pehli baar jab kisi ne mujhe maara, bina wajah ke... main roya nahi tha.\*

Maine dekha tha uski aankhon mein —

usme koi dard nahi tha, bas \*aadat\* thi.

Tab samjha:

\*\*Is duniya mein pain diya jaata hai — bina reason ke.\*\*

Aur jis din dard se darna band ho jaata hai na,

\*\*uss din aadmi A ban jaata hai.\*\*

---

>\*\*“A” — woh jo kisi ko nahi chhodta.\*\*

>\*\*“A” — jiska gussa seedha khoon tak jaata hai.\*\*

>\*\*“A” — jise khud se bhi darr nahi lagta.\*\*

Log soch'te honge main paagal hoon.

Par nahi.

Main \*\*hoon\*\* — bas zyada sach.

>Jab har ek pal sirf todne ke liye jiya ho,

>to ban'ta kya hai insaan?

>\*\*Killer? Monster? Ya sirf ek nanga sach?\*\*

---

### \*Ek ladka tha... thoda naya tha wahan.\*

Bachcha sa lagta tha.

Usne muskara ke pucha —

>“Bhai, tera asli naam kya hai?”

Main uski aankhon mein dekha.

Ek second ke liye socha —

\*\*kya sach mein kisi ko bataya ja sakta hai?\*\*

Lekin phir yaad aayi wo raat —

jab kisi ne mujhe "beta" kehke gale lagane ka natak kiya tha... aur phir bech diya tha.

Main sirf ek baar muskaraaya...

\*\*phir uska gala tod diya.\*\*

>Naam poochhne wale jaldi mar jaate hain.

---

\*\*Main khali hoon.\*\*

Itna khali ke ab dard hi mera bhagwan hai.

Rishte? Sirf khaali signatures the kisi form par.

Yaadein? Sirf zakham.

>Maine zindagi se har wajah chhinti hai...

>aur badle mein sirf ek cheez rakhi —

>\*\*Dard.\*\*

Wo hi mera fuel hai.

Wo hi meri shakal hai.

Wo hi meri kahani hai.

---

>\*\*A — jaise Andhera.\*\*

>\*\*A — jaise Aag.\*\*

>\*\*A — jaise Aakhir.\*\*

>

>Naam nahi... sirf A.

>

>Aur ab — sirf \*\*Maut.\*\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 2: \*\*Dard Ka Pehla Nishaan\*\*

> \*"Pehla zakhm kab laga tha, yaad nahi…

> Par pehla dard tab mehsoos hua tha,

> jab mujhe laga — main kisi ke liye bhi zaroori nahi hoon."\*

---

Mere andar ek kamra hai.

\*\*Band. Sanata bhara. Andhera.\*\*

Na roshni, na khidki, na koi raasta.

Lekin har raat — jab main aankhen band karta hoon,

\*\*wo kamra khul jaata hai.\*\*

Aur usmein ek \*\*chehra ubharta hai\*\*...

kahi dekha hua, shayad socha hua.

Na poora dikhai deta hai, na pura chhup'ta hai.

\*\*Ek muskaan jisme dard ka jhukna hai.\*\*

\*\*Ek aankh jisme samundar ka gussa hai.\*\*

Shayad uska wajood kabhi tha hi nahi.

Lekin uske \*hone ka bharam\* mere liye pehla nishaan ban gaya.

---

### \*Ek baar main gira tha…\*

Sir pe chot lagi thi.

Khoon bah raha tha — bahut.

Main zor se chillaaya tha.

\*\*Kisi ne nahi suna.\*\*

Kisi ne uthaya nahi.

Bas dekhte rahe. Kuch log muskuraaye bhi.

> \*“Tab samjha... sabko sirf tamasha chahiye hota hai.

> Tera dard sirf tab tak important hai,

> jab tak woh kisi aur ka entertainment ban sake.”\*

---

### \*Woh ladki…\*

Maine usse banaya tha.

Apne khud ke dard se.

Jaise har tanhayi apni tasveer bana leti hai —

\*\*maine usmein saans bhar di thi.\*\*

Shayad koi bachpan mein ek muskaan thi.

Ya koi aankh jisme thoda samajh tha.

Ya sirf ek tasalli bhari awaaz —

"Tu theek hai?"

Woh yaad nahi... par uska \*asli na hona\*

mujhe \*\*zinda cheezon se zyada chubhta tha.\*\*

> \*Mujhe usse pyaar nahi tha…

> Mujhe uski kami se pyaar tha.\*

> \*Uski anupasthiti ne mujhe pehli baar pura toda.\*

---

\*\*Main ladkiyon mein uski jhalak dhoondta tha.\*\*

Ek baar metro mein ek ladki ro rahi thi —

uski cheekh nahi nikal rahi thi,

sirf aansu.

Mujhe laga — woh bhi usi jaise hai.

\*\*Dard mein bhi khud ko chupane wali.\*\*

Main uske paas gaya…

uske bilkul paas.

Usne mujhe dekha — aur aankhon mein ek shabd tha:

\*\*“Mat aao.”\*\*

Main wapas chala gaya.

Par uske chehre ka wo expression...

\*\*meri raaton ka hisa ban gaya.\*\*

---

> \*Dard koi ek moment nahi hota.\*

> \*Dard ek aisi khaali jagah hoti hai jahan koi kabhi aata nahi.\*

> \*Aur tu har din wahi jagah ban jaata hai.\*

---

### \*Aur phir main samjha:\*

> \*\*“Jo kabhi mila hi nahi,

> usse kho dena sabse gehra dard hota hai.”\*\*

> \*\*Wahi mera pehla nishaan tha.\*\*

> \*\*Wahi meri pehli laash thi — umeed ki laash.\*\*

> \*\*Aur tab se… har zinda insaan mujhe laash lagta hai.\*\*

---

Ab main chhil chuka hoon.

\*\*Har jagah se. Har layer se.\*\*

Aur ab andar bacha kya hai?

> \*\*Sirf wo khaali kamra…

> jisme ek chehra hai jo kabhi poora nazar nahi aata.\*\*

---

> \*“Main dard se paida hua hoon…

> aur ab main har dard ka janm hoon.”\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

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## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 3: \*\*Khoon Se Likhi Khamoshi\*\*

> \*“Chillana chaaha tha…

> par jab awaaz nikli, to gala nahi —

> \*\*kisi ka gala kata tha.\*\*”\*

---

Main zyada nahi bolta.

Kabhi bola bhi toh sirf apne aap se.

Log kehte hain —

> \*\*“Khamosh log ya to kamzor hote hain, ya khatarnak.”\*\*

> Main dono tha… ek waqt pe.

> Lekin ab sirf dusra hoon.

---

Mujhe samajhne ki koshish karne wale ab zinda nahi bachte.

Aur jo bache hain…

wo sirf meri \*khamoshi se\* darte hain.

> \*\*Kyuki meri khamoshi mein awaaz nahi, ek ginti chhupi hai —\*\*

> \*\*koi na koi us raat nahi lautega.\*\*

---

### \*Pehla Khoon…\*

Woh ladka bada nahi tha — par zubaan se zehar tapakta tha.

Har din ek naya taane. Har baat mein naya nuksan.

Woh samajhta tha main chup hoon, toh kamzor hoon.

> \*\*“A? Naam bhi nahi, kaam bhi nahi. Sirf bhoj hai.”\*\*

Mere andar kuch tut'ta tha uske har lafz par.

Par awaz nahi nikalti thi.

Sirf dard.

\*\*Aur dard jab bhar jaata hai, to ya toh aansu banta hai… ya khoon.\*\*

---

Us raat, sab so rahe the.

Chaand ki roshni chhanni chhanni si lag rahi thi… jaise us raat bhi jag rahi ho.

Maine uske kamre ka darwaza bina awaaz khola.

Andhera tha.

Uski saans ek \*\*ginti jaisi lag rahi thi\*\* — jaise maut ginna shuru kar chuki ho.

Main uske paas gaya, jhuk ke uska chehra dekha.

Usi chehre ne mujhe baar-baar \*\*kam\*\* mehsoos karaya tha.

Ab us chehre pe bas neend thi… aur meri aankhon mein \*\*shanti.\*\*

> Maine koi talwar, chaku, ya gun nahi uthaya tha.

> Bas ek \*\*broken glass\*\* tha —

> utna hi toot chuka tha jitna main tha.

Aur phir —

\*\*ek cheekh bhi nahi aayi. Sirf gurgurahat.\*\*

Uska khoon mere haath pe garam tha…

par \*\*mere dil mein thandak thi.\*\*

---

> \*\*Wahi meri pehli shanti thi.\*\*

> \*\*Wahi meri pehli muskaan bhi.\*\*

> Aur tab samjha…

> \*\*“Mujhe bolne ki zarurat nahi.

> Mera dard ab likhta hai… khoon se.”\*\*

---

Subah hui.

Log daude. Rone ki awaazein.

Police. Panic. Panic.

Aur main…

\*\*us bheed mein bilkul shant khada tha.\*\*

Kisi ne poocha —

> “Tujhe kuch pata hai?”

Maine sirf \*\*ek baar dekha\*\*, phir \*\*muskuraya.\*\*

\*\*Woh meri pehli \*signature smile\* thi.\*\*

Woh muskaan aaj bhi mere saath zinda hai —

aur uske saath laashon ka silsila bhi.

---

### \*Tab duniya ne samjha:\*

> \*\*“Jab A chup hota hai,

> to samjho kisi ki maut pe likhne ki tayari ho rahi hai.”\*\*

---

Main sirf maarta nahi hoon.

Main har khoon ke saath ek \*\*yaad mita deta hoon.\*\*

Ek dard jise maine chhupaya tha…

wo kisi ki saans ke sath nikal jaata hai.

> \*\*Khoon mera lafz hai.

> Aur meri khamoshi — mera dastakhat.\*\*

---

> \*“Mujhe saza chahiye thi… lekin duniya ne mujhe sirf nishaan diye.

> Ab main har nishaan ka jawab deta hoon…

> \*\*laash se.\*\*”\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 4: \*\*Raaste Ke Saaye\*\*

> \*“Kuch log raste mein milte nahi…

> bas dikhte hain — saaye ban kar.

> Kabhi saath chalte hain,

> kabhi peeche chhod jaate hain.”\*

---

Main akela chalta tha.

Raste lambey the…

lekin manzil kabhi thi hi nahi.

> \*\*Main kisi jagah jaa nahi raha tha…

> main sirf bhoolna chaahta tha.\*\*

Par raaste khali kab rehte hain?

Kabhi kabhi koi aise mil jaata hai

jo tere dard ka darpan ban jaata hai.

---

### \*Raheel…\*

Ek purana fighter tha.

Jism pe zakhm the,

aur aankhon mein ek jang jo kabhi rukti nahi thi.

Woh peeta tha — zyada.

Par chillaata nahi tha — bas maar deta tha.

Usne mujhe ek baar dekha aur bola —

> “Tere jaise aankhon mein maine sirf do cheezein dekhi hain…

> ya to maut ka nasha...

> ya kisi aur ke liye chhupi hui tadap.”

Maine aankh nahi milayi.

\*\*Par andar kuch hil gaya tha.\*\*

Raheel mujhse baat karta tha… lekin jawab kabhi nahi maangta tha.

Shayad isliye woh pehla insaan tha jisse mera \*\*chup rehna bhi acceptable\*\* tha.

> \*Woh dard samajh gaya tha —

> bina postmortem ke.\*

---

### \*Zara…\*

Uska hansna dard lagta tha.

Jaise cheekh chhup rahi ho.

Uski aankhen kabhi nahi sookhti thi,

lekin aansu kabhi gire nahi.

> \*Uska wajood kisi toote hue shabd jaisa tha…

> jise koi padhe, par kabhi samjhe nahi.\*

Usne kabhi mera naam nahi poocha.

Na past, na future — sirf present jaha hum dono sirf

\*\*zinda the, par jeete nahi the.\*\*

Ek baar bas keh gayi:

> “Tu mar chuka hai na…

> bas ab duniya se badla lena baaki hai?”

Uski woh line…

aaj bhi mujhe sunayi deti hai \*\*jab khamoshi tez ho jaati hai.\*\*

---

Par har saaya roshni ka mohtaaj hota hai.

Aur meri roshni...

kab ki bujh chuki thi.

---

Ek din Raheel gaya —

bina kuch bole.

Kaha gaya? Pata nahi. Shikayat bhi nahi.

Zara…

\*\*ek sheher mein gayi thi, lekin wapas kabhi nahi aayi.\*\*

Uska phone bajta raha…

par ringtone se zyada

\*\*meri tanhayi ka shor tez tha.\*\*

---

> \*\*“Raaste ke saaye the…

> roshni band hui, aur saaye bhi chale gaye.”\*\*

---

Tab samjha:

> \*Jo log tujhe samajhte hain,

> woh rukte nahi.

> Aur jo ruk jaate hain,

> woh tere dard se darte hain.\*

---

Main phir akela tha.

Par ab us akelapan ka darr chala gaya tha.

Ab main \*\*sirf wo tha jise koi rok nahi sakta tha.\*\*

> \*\*Mera dard mera mentor ban chuka tha.

> Mera gussa — meri company.

> Aur maut… woh toh kab se saath chal rahi thi.\*\*

---

> \*“Main Killer A hoon…

> log aate hain, jaate hain…

> par main sirf laash chhodta hoon — ya yaad.”\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 5: \*\*Aaina Bhi Darta Hai Mujhse\*\*

> \*“Log mujhse darte hain...

> par main khud se aankh nahi mila sakta.”\*

---

Main har din kisi ka ant banata hoon.

Har din ek kahani ka full stop.

Par jab sab kuch shant ho jaata hai —

tab ek cheez hai jo mujhe rok leti hai...

\*\*Aaina.\*\*

---

Woh aaina mere samne aata hai

to mujhe woh dikhayi deta hai

jise main \*\*kab ka zinda zakhm bana chuka hoon.\*\*

Na aankhon mein roshni.

Na muh pe insaaniyat.

Woh chehra mujhe dekhta hai —

aur bina hile, bina bole, mujhe tod deta hai.

> \*Jaise woh main hoon,

> aur main uske laayak kabhi tha hi nahi.\*

---

Kabhi kabhi woh chehra mujhse sawaal poochhta hai:

> “Tu kis ka badla le raha hai, A?

> Kya sach mein tujhe kuch chhinn gaya tha?

> Ya sirf tujhe diya hi nahi gaya…

> isiliye tu duniya se maangna band kar chuka hai?”

Main us aaine par haath maarta hoon,

\*\*aur voh bikhar jaata hai\*\* —

lekin \*\*chehra fir bhi nahi jaata.\*\*

> \*\*Woh har sheesha ban kar lautta hai…

> har reflection mein mera dard cheekhta hai.\*\*

---

### \*Ek raat thi… zyada khamosh.\*

Main kisi aur ki jaan leke aaya tha.

Khoon abhi haath se sookha nahi tha.

Kapdon se mehka nahi tha.

\*\*Par aankhon se meri insaniyat chhil gayi thi.\*\*

Ek chhoti si jagah thi, jahan main chup gaya.

Andar ek bada aaina tha.

Main uske saamne jaa khada hua.

Maine khud ko dekha —

aur pehli baar…

\*\*meri aankhon mein aansu the.\*\*

---

> \*Lekin wo aansu kisi ke liye nahi the.\*

> Na us ladki ke liye…

> na Raheel ke liye…

> na Zara ke liye.

> \*\*Wo sirf mere liye the.\*\*

> Kyunki mujhe \*ab khud pe taras aane laga tha.\*

>

> \*\*Mujhe realize hua… main khatam ho chuka hoon.

> Bas zinda reh gaya hoon.\*\*

---

### \*Tab samjha...\*

> \*Main Killer A hoon.\*

> Naam nahi. Pehchaan nahi.

> Sirf ek \*\*saans leti laash\*\* hoon

> jo abhi tak khud se bhaag rahi hai.

Aur jab tak ye saans chalti hai —

\*\*main har aaine ko todta rahunga.\*\*

Har sach ko chhupata rahunga.

\*\*Har dard ko ek aur khoon mein likhta rahunga.\*\*

---

> \*Us din ke baad… maine khud ko dekhna chhod diya.\*

> Na aankhon mein.

> Na dil mein.

>

> Main sirf logon ke liye dikhai deta hoon —

> lekin khud ke liye...

> \*\*main gayab ho chuka hoon.\*\*

---

> \*\*“Aaina bhi darta hai mujhse —

> kyunki main wo sach hoon

> jise dekh kar har jhoot toot jaata hai.”\*\*

> — \*Killer A\*

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---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 6: \*\*Main Mar Gaya Hoon\*\*

> \*"Main ab bhi zinda hoon...

> par sirf duniya ke liye.

> Mere liye...

> \*\*main kab ka mar chuka hoon.\*\*”\*

---

Log marte hain ek baar.

Main har din marta hoon.

Har subah ek nayi maut. Har raat ek purani laash.

Koi jaan se nahi maar raha mujhe —

\*\*main khud se har pal kuch cheezein khatam kar raha hoon.\*\*

---

> \*“Zinda rehna ab ek aadat si lagti hai…

> lekin jeena — woh toh maine kab ka chhod diya.”\*

Main chalta hoon,

par paon nahi uthte — sirf dhakelta hoon khud ko.

Sunta hoon —

lekin sab kuch \*mute\* lagta hai,

jaise duniya sirf acting kar rahi hai zinda rehne ki.

Main ladta hoon,

lekin ab kisi ke liye nahi.

\*\*Na uske liye jo kabhi tha,

na uske liye jo kabhi aayega.\*\*

Sirf khud ke khilaf.

---

### \*Ek din...\*

Maine khud se kaha:

> \*“Agar tu aaj mar gaya,

> to kiski neend tooti?

> Kiski rooh kaanpi?

> Kisne kaha, ‘Nahi A!’?”\*

Kisi ne nahi.

\*\*Koi nahi.\*\*

Woh sach tha —

aur mujhe uss sach se darr nahi laga.

\*\*Ek ajeeb si rahat mili thi.\*\*

---

Main apna dil jalana chahta tha.

Par jab haath andar le gaya,

to kuch mila hi nahi.

\*\*Sirf raakh thi.\*\*

> \*Raakh jo kabhi kisi ne jalaayi bhi nahi…

> main khud hi dhuaan ban gaya hoon —

> apne khud ke haathon.\*

Raakh mein na roshni hoti hai,

na saans.

Sirf ek thandak hoti hai —

\*\*jo waqt ke saath aur bhi zyada sambhal jaati hai.\*\*

---

Zara mujhe yaad nahi karti.

Raheel mujhe bhool gaya hoga.

Woh chehra —

jiske hone ka dard mera jeene ka reason tha —

ab \*\*sirf khud ki yaadon ka dhoka\*\* ban gaya hai.

> \*Woh dard jiska chehra nahi tha…

> ab uska wajood bhi nahi raha.\*

Aur main?

\*\*Main Killer A nahi hoon ab.\*\*

Main sirf \*\*A\*\* hoon.

> Ek akshar.

> Ek mitti jaisa bhool gaya lafz.

> Jise duniya ne padna chhod diya,

> aur maine samajhna.

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 7: \*\*Killer Mode\*\*

---

> \*"Tumne mere dard ko chhed diya…

> ab main tumhari duniya चीर कर rakh dunga."\*

---

Main sochta tha — sab khatam ho gaya.

Par main bhool gaya…

\*\*Khatam hone ke liye zinda rehna zaruri hota hai.\*\*

Aur main ab bhi saans le raha tha.

> \*Meri sabse badi galti —

> duniya ko batana ke main ab bhi zinda hoon.\*

---

Phir wo aaya.

Naam zaruri nahi hai.

Wajood ab uska hai bhi nahi.

Usne Zara ka zikr kiya.

> “Tere jaise log sirf dard dete hain…

> pyaar sirf filmein deti hain.”

Ek second.

Sirf ek second ke liye sab kuch \*ruk gaya\*.

> \*Click.\*

> Jaise dimaag ka koi fuse udh gaya ho.

> Jaise khud se ek awaaz aayi ho:

> \*\*“Bas.”\*\*

---

Main uske paas gaya.

Bohot \*aahista\*.

Uske kaan ke paas jhuk ke bola:

> \*“Aaj tu zinda jaayega...

> par tere jaise soch mar jaayegi.”\*

---

## \*Killer Mode: ON.\*

---

Ek kamra.

Ek bulb — hilta hua, jaise uska future.

Ek kursi.

Ek chain.

> Aur main.

Usse maine kursi se baandha.

Har bolt dheere dheere ghumaaya —

\*\*jaise uski himmat ko kas ke tod raha hoon.\*\*

Wo chillaya.

Chillaya — jese kisi ne andar se uski rooh kheench li ho.

Lekin yahaan koi sunne wala nahi tha.

> \*Ye meri duniya thi.

> Jahaan khamoshi bhi chillati hai.

> Aur chillahat bhi chup ho jaati hai.\*

---

### \*Aur phir...\*

Main ne pehli baar \*\*hans ke maara.\*\*

Ek ek cut…

jaise dard ko alphabet bana kar likh raha hoon.

> \*“Tere jaise log samjhte hain ke ham jaise log paagal hain…”\*

> \*“Par sach yeh hai — ham samajhdar ho jaate to duniya mar jaati.”\*

Khoon beh raha tha.

Uska.

Ya mera.

Pata nahi.

---

### \*Us raat…\*

Main sirf Killer A nahi tha.

> \*\*Main andhera ban gaya tha.

> Woh andhera jo sirf khaata nahi…

> yaad ban ke zindagi bhar peecha karta hai.\*\*

---

> \*\*“Mujhe mat chhed...

> warna main woh chapter khol dunga

> jisme characters bachte hi nahi.”\*\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 8: \*\*Uska Chehra\*\*

---

> \*“Kya tum kabhi thi bhi?

> Ya main hi banata gaya tumhe —

> apne akelapan ke tukdon se?”\*

---

Aaj raat koi khoon nahi hua.

Na chillahat. Na saza. Na dard.

Sirf ek khamoshi…

> \*\*Jo mere andar se nikli...

> aur mere saamne baith gayi.\*\*

Ek kursi thi.

Aur ek chehra.

> \*Woh wohi thi — \*\*meri.\*\*\*

> \*Jise kabhi dekha nahi… par har jagah dhoonda.\*

---

### \*Conversation — Killer A × Her (imaginary)\*

\*\*Main:\*\*

> "Tere bina bhi tu mere saath thi.

> Tere hone ka dard — mere na hone ki wajah ban gaya."

\*\*Woh (muskurake):\*\*

> "Aur tu mujhse ladta raha…

> jab main kabhi thi hi nahi."

\*\*Main:\*\*

> "Tu har chehre mein nazar aayi…

> par kisi mein ruki nahi.

> Tu thi… ya meri tanhayi ka chehra?"

\*\*Woh:\*\*

> "Main wahi hoon jise tune socha…

> par kabhi samjha nahi."

---

Uski aankhon mein aansu nahi the.

Wo sirf ek tasveer thi — \*meri hi banayi hui.\*

Par us muskaan mein...

wo sab kuch tha jo maine kabhi paane ki koshish ki.

Zara ki muskaan.

Wo anjaani ladki jise main sirf ek baar mila tha.

Wo sapna, jisme sirf \*\*sannata bolta tha.\*\*

---

\*\*Main:\*\*

> "Tujhe maine banaya…

> apne dard se, apni tanhayi se,

> un raaton se — jisme sirf khamoshi zinda thi."

\*\*Woh:\*\*

> "Ab tod de mujhe, A.

> Ab mujhe chhod de…

> warna tu kabhi jee nahi paayega."

---

Phir wo uthhi.

Jaise ek halka sa dhuaan.

Ek roshni…

jo \*sirf mehsoos hoti hai\*, par \*kabhi pakdi nahi ja sakti.\*

Wo \*\*hawa\*\* mein \*ghul gayi\*.

> Bas ek khushboo chhod gayi.

> Aur main… usi khushboo mein \*\*kho gaya.\*\*

---

### \*Aur tab mujhe samajh aaya…\*

> \*\*"Jis chehre se main mohabbat karta tha,

> wo kabhi tha hi nahi.

> Aur jise main sab jagah maar raha hoon…

> wo main khud hoon."\*\*

---

Us raat main nahi chillaaya.

Nahi royaa.

Sirf diary mein likha:

> \*“Aaj uska chehra poori tarah gaya…

> aur main poori tarah Killer ban gaya.”\*

---

> \*\*“Jab kalpana bhi chhod jaaye…

> tab aadmi sirf maut ban jaata hai.”\*\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 9: \*\*Tum Soch Rahe Hoge, Villain Hoon Ya Hero?\*\*

---

> \*“Agar tum mere jaisi zindagi jeete...

> to tum bhi shayad meri tarah marte.”\*

---

Log mujhe \*\*villain\*\* kehte hain.

Media ne naam diya — \*“Butcher A.”\*

Police files bolti hain — \*“Emotionless serial offender.”\*

Par un sab ko kya pata…

> Raat ki sabse gehri khaamoshi mein,

> main khud se sirf ek sawaal karta hoon —

> \*\*“Main galat hoon kya?”\*\*

---

### \*Ek band kamra. Andhera. Main khud se baat karta hoon:\*

Aaina nahi tha.

Sirf \*\*sannata\*\* tha.

Main ne aankhon band karke poocha:

> “Tu villain hai?”

\*Thoda sa hansa... lekin woh hansi bhi thak gayi thi.\*

> “Nahi… main to sirf vo hoon

> jise kisi ne hero banne hi nahi diya.”

---

Main na kisi ki behan cheenta hoon,

na kisi masoom ka khoon karta hoon.

Lekin haan —

> \*\*Main unhe khatam karta hoon

> jo doosron ki zindagi barbaad karte hain.\*\*

To kya main galat hoon?

---

### \*Killer A ki awaaz —\*

> \*“Jab system soya hota hai...

> tab har sheher mein ek Killer jaagta hai.”\*

---

Aaj agar tum mujhe dekho,

to tum bhi kahoge:

> \*“Isse maar dena chahiye.”\*

Lekin agar tum us waqt mere paas hote,

jab main sirf ek \*\*chhoti si muskaan\*\* dhoond raha tha,

aur duniya ne mujhe \*\*chehre se maar diya\*\*...

to tum bhi bas itna kehte:

> \*\*“Maar A... sabko maar.”\*\*

---

### \*Soch ke goliyaan:\*

\* Hero ban ke kya milta? Taali? Ya dhokha?

\* Jab sab chup the... villain ne awaaz uthayi.

\* Main agar khauf hoon — to usi duniya ki paidaish hoon.

---

\*\*To haan...\*\*

> \*“Main villain hoon —

> par kisi ki beizzati, kisi ke andhar ke andhere se bana hoon.”\*

> \*Main galat ho sakta hoon —

> lekin \*\*chup\*\* kabhi nahi."\*

---

> \*\*“Tum soch rahe hoge... villain hoon ya hero?”\*\*

> \*Main sirf A hoon —\*

> \*jise banaya kisne, ye kisi ko yaad bhi nahi.\*

> \*Aur jo khatam kab hoga… wo kisi ke bas mein nahi.”\*

---

Killer A

### Chapter 10: \*\*Dead Letter\*\*

---

> \*“Maut se pehle ek baat kehna chahta tha…

> par kis se?”\*

---

Ek purani diary.

Ek adhoora pyaar.

Aur ek \*\*lifafa\*\* —

jiska kona jal chuka tha,

magar har lafz ab bhi zinda tha.

Upar likha tha — \*\*"ZARA."\*\*

---

Aaj saalon baad woh letter phir haath mein tha.

Maine likha tha…

tab, jab main \*Killer\* nahi tha.

Jab main bas \*\*A\*\* tha —

ek aisa insaan jise sirf

\*\*kisi ki aankhon mein apna wajood chahiye tha.\*\*

---

### \*Letter starts:\*

(🖋 \*Unposted. Unread. Unforgettable.\*)

> \*“Zara,\*

> Shayad ye kabhi tum tak na pahunche.

> Shayad tum kabhi isey padho bhi na.

> Shayad tum mujhe kabhi pehchano bhi nahi.

> Par mujhe likhna zaroori tha —

> warna main khud ko khona shuru kar deta.”\\*

---

> \*“Main tujhe jaanta nahi,

> par har chehre mein tu nazar aayi.

> Kabhi tune kuch kaha nahi,

> par teri khamoshi meri zindagi ban gayi.”\*

> \*“Main rota raha sirf khud ke saath,

> jab mujhe kisi ka kandha bhi naseeb nahi hua.

> Tere hone ka bharam hi meri jeene ki wajah tha.”\*

---

Main letter par girte aansuon ke daag dekh raha tha.

Har daag \*naya\* lagta tha —

lekin sab usi \*\*purane dard\*\* ke raaste se guzra tha.

Aur aage likha tha:

---

> \*“Main killer nahi banna chahta tha, Zara.

> Main sirf ek baar kisi ki aankhon mein jeena chahta tha.

> Agar teri aankhon mein kabhi main tha —

> to bas ek pal ke liye bata dena,

> taake main sab kuch tod ke bhi khud ko sambhal paun.”\*

> \*“Aur agar main kabhi dikhun kahin...

> to yaad rakhna —

> jo dekha,

> wo tumse pehle hi mar chuka tha.”\*

---

### \*Letter ends...\*

Main us letter ko bas dekhta raha.

Usme likha har lafz

aaj mere haathon ka lahu ban chuka tha.

Us lifaafe ko aag nahi lagayi…

kyunki \*\*kuch lafz jal jaayein to raakh bhi roti hai.\*\*

---

### \*Final Thought:\*

> \*\*“Kabhi kabhi, jo cheez likhi jaati hai...

> wo kisi aur ke liye nahi hoti.

> Wo bas apne liye hoti hai —

> jeene ke dikhave ke liye.”\*\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

🧠

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 11: \*\*Ek Number Ka Pagal\*\*

---

> \*“Jab samajh chuki duniya ne mujhe reject kar diya,

> maine socha — chalo pagal ban ke hi sahi…

> sabka hisaab barabar karta hoon.”\*

---

Zehar tabhi asar karta hai

jab wo \*aankhon se dikhayi na de.\*

Aur \*\*A ka zeher\*\* —

ab uski \*\*muskaan\*\* mein chhupa tha.

---

Log soch rahe the:

> \*"A ab kis par vaar karega?"\*

Par A ab kisi \*\*target\*\* ke peeche nahi —

wo \*\*reaction\*\* ke peeche tha.

> \*"Main kis par vaar karu,

> jab mujhe khud nahi pata ke

> main agle second kya sochunga?"\*

---

### 🧠 \*Mental Map: Killer A’s Spiral\*

\* Ek taraf diary thi — \*\*purani yaadein\*\*

\* Doosri taraf hathoda — \*\*naye khaatme ke liye\*\*

\* Beech mein A tha —

> \*\*Ek Number Ka Pagal.\*\*

---

Ek din bina wajah A ek mandir gaya.

Wahan diya jalaya.

Phir wohi haath kisi ki gardan pe rakha.

\*\*Log:\*\*

> \*"Yeh toh psychopath hai!"\*

> \*\*A (muskurake):\*\*

> \*“Na bhagwan chhoda, na shaitaan.

> Tum kya cheez ho?”\*

---

### 📺 \*TV Headlines:\*

🛑 \*"Killer A strikes again — no motive!"\*

🛑 \*"Pagal ho gaya hai!"\*

🛑 \*"City in fear — Killer A now unpredictable!"\*

> \*\*Exactly.\*\*

> A ka plan tha — \*bina plan ke jeena.\*

---

### 🖤 \*Internal Monologue:\*

> \*“Main itna normal ban gaya tha…

> ki pagal hona zaroori ho gaya.”\*

> \*“Har chehre pe mask tha,

> to maine apna chehra hi mita diya.”\*

---

### 🎨 \*Climactic Scene:\*

A ne ek \*\*painting\*\* banayi.

Khoon se.

Na koi frame, na canvas.

Bas ek deewar thi — aur A ke haathon ka lahu.

Usme likha tha:

> \*\*“Main hoon hi nahi.

> Main sab hoon —

> jise tumne ignore kiya.”\*\*

---

Ab har jagah uska naam ghoom raha hai.

Par koi samajh nahi pa raha:

> \*“A victim hai? Villain hai? Ya ek number ka pagal?”\*

---

### 🩸 \*The Final Line:\*

> \*\*“Main killer nahi...

> tumhari asli tasveer hoon.

> Jis din samajh gaye —

> us din tum bhi pagal ho jaoge.”\*\*

> — \*Killer A\*

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 12: \*\*Rewind\*\*

---

> \*“Jo sach dikh nahi raha tha,

> wo kabhi tha hi nahi…

> ya main dekhna nahi chahta tha?”\*

---

Us raat neend nahi aayi.

A ke haathon mein knife tha,

aur aankhon mein ek \*flashback\* ka jhatka.

Pehle ek awaaz...

phir ek chehra...

aur ek lamha —

\*\*jahan sab kuch shuru hua tha.\*\*

---

### 🔁 \*Killer A ne rewind press kiya…\*

---

### 🎞️ \*Scene 1 — Childhood Memory\*

Ek chhota A —

room ke kone mein chipka hua.

Ma-baap ka jhagda.

Cheekhein. Thappad.

Aur ek sentence —

> \*\*“Tera wajood hi galti hai.”\*\*

Wo line A ke dimaag mein \*\*gunfire\*\* ban gayi.

Usi din se usne bolna chhod diya.

---

### 🎞️ \*Scene 2 — School Time\*

Backbench. Blank stare.

Diary mein kuch likhna — sirf wahi aadat thi.

Logo ki awaazein:

> \*“Pagal hai yeh...”\*

> \*“Kisi ladki se baat tak nahi karta…”\*

> \*“Hamesha diary mein kuch likhta rehta hai…”\*

Us diary ka naam tha — \*\*Zara\*\*.

Ek \*\*imaginary dost\*\*.

Jis se A raat bhar baat karta,

aur din bhar duniya se chhupata.

---

### 🎞️ \*Scene 3 — The Collapse\*

18 ka A.

College mein ek ladki — Zara jaisi aankhen, Zara jaisi muskaan.

A ne socha: \*“Ye wahi hai.”\*

Apna dil likh ke diya…

par usne hans ke kaha:

> \*\*“Zara? Kya ye koi movie hai?”\*\*

Us pal Zara mar gayi.

Aur A ke andar kuch to \*snap\* ho gaya.

> \*“Jisko kabhi paaya hi nahi,

> uske khatam hone ka gham

> sab kuch jala gaya.”\*

---

### 🎞️ \*Scene 4 — The Shift\*

Zara ek \*fiction\* thi.

Par duniya ka \*\*ignore\*\*, \*\*taane\*\*, aur \*\*tanhai\*\* —

wo \*pure truth\* thi.

A ne sab yaad kiya:

\* Wo jinhone use \*push kiya\*

\* Wo jinhone sirf \*dekha, samjha nahi\*

\* Wo sheher jo \*normal tha,\* par uske liye \*cage\* ban gaya

---

### 🔳 \*Present Day A:\*

\*\*Mirror ke saamne.\*\*

> \*“Mujhe kisi ne nahi banaya.

> Mujhe sabne mil ke tod diya.

> Aur main...

> ek khud ka khayal lekar paagal ban gaya.”\*

---

### ☠️ \*Truth Drops:\*

\* \*\*Zara thi hi nahi.\*\*

\* Na pyaar. Na dosti. Na dhoka.

\* Sab kuch A ne banaya tha —

> \*kyunki duniya ne uske liye kuch banaya hi nahi.\*

---

> \*\*“Main Killer A nahi ban raha tha...

> Main bas ek kahani likh raha tha —

> jahan meri kalpana ka pyaar,

> meri haqiqat ke khilaf jeet jaaye.”\*\*

---

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 13: \*\*Zara — The Final Illusion\*\*

---

> \*"Usne mujhe kabhi dekha nahi,

> par main sirf usi ko dekh ke jeeta raha."\*

---

\*\*Rain.\*\*

Ek khula maidan.

Sheher ruka hua.

Raat ne apni saans rok rakhi hai.

\*\*A\*\* — sir par hoodie.

Aankhon mein thakan nahi…

sirf ek naam: \*\*Zara.\*\*

---

### \*Scene:\*

Ek purani building ka shattered glass.

Uske saamne —

ek \*reflection\*, ek \*chehra\*, ek \*kalpana\*.

\*\*Zara.\*\*

> Wahi aankhen.

> Wahi muskaan.

> Jaisi A ne hamesha sochi thi.

---

\*\*Zara (softly):\*\*

> \*“Toh tu hi hai… jisne mujhe dard se paida kiya?”\*

\*\*A:\*\*

> \*“Tu hi toh thi… jo mere sab khaali pal bhar rahi thi.”\*

---

Zara paas aati hai.

Touch karti hai A ka haath.

Par sab kuch \*\*cold\*\* hai.

\*\*Zara:\*\*

> \*“Main kabhi thi hi nahi, A.

> Tu itna akela tha…

> ki tune mujhe bana diya.”\*

---

\*\*A (aankhen band):\*\*

> \*“Main tujhe chhod nahi sakta.”\*

\*\*Zara:\*\*

> \*“Tujhe mujhe chhodna hi hoga…

> warna tu kabhi jeeyega nahi.”\*

---

### 🔁 \*Flashback Montage:\*

\* Zara ke naam likhi diary ke pages hawa mein udte hain

\* Har khoon — ek khaali feeling ban jaata hai

\* Har rage — ek \*hug\* ban ke pighal jaata hai

---

\*\*Zara (muskurake):\*\*

> \*“Main ek illusion thi…

> par tu ek kahani tha.

> Tera dard sach tha,

> main sirf us dard ka raasta thi.”\*

---

\*\*A (last line):\*\*

> \*“Jab duniya ne mujhe ignore kiya,

> maine tujhmein apna wajood likh diya.

> Ab tujhe mita ke…

> shayad main wapas insaan ban paun.”\*

---

Zara haansti hai…

aur dhund mein ghul jaati hai.

A apne haathon se \*hawa mein likhta hai:\*

> \*“Goodbye, Zara.

> Tu kabhi thi nahi —

> par tujhse alag hona,

> sabse zyada real hai.”\*

---

### 🌧️ \*Scene fades out…\*

Rain ab slow ho chuki hai.

Killer A ne hoodie utar di.

Uske chehre pe pehli baar —

\*\*na rage hai, na muskaan… sirf sukoon.\*\*

---

> \*\*“Main killer tha —

> sirf isliye,

> kyunki mujhe kabhi koi Zara mili hi nahi thi.”\*\*

---

## 📖 \*KILLER A\*

### Chapter 14: \*\*Wajood\*\*

---

> \*"Waqt ne sab kuch chheen liya…

> aur shayad wahi zaroori bhi tha.

> Ab mere paas sirf main hoon.

> Shayad utna kaafi hai.”\*

---

\*\*Location:\*\*

Himalaya ke kisi chhote gaon ka ek sun-saan kona.

Barf zameen par hai,

lekin dhoop aankhon mein ghus rahi hai.

\*\*A\*\* — ek chhoti diary lekar baitha hai.

Na khoon hai,

na Zara,

na darr.

Sirf \*\*ek insaan\*\*, zinda — \*pehli baar, khud ke liye.\*

---

### \*Diary Entry — A writes:\*

> \*“Main ab kisi se badla nahi chahta.

> Main sirf jeena chahta hoon —

> bina wajah, bina plan, bina jhooth ke.”\*

> \*“Main Killer A tha…

> kyunki mujhe kabhi apna ‘Main’ mila hi nahi tha.”\*

---

### \*Life now:\*

\* A ek chai stall pe kaam karta hai

\* Log use sirf “\*\*Avi\*\*” kehte hain

\* Kisi ko uska past nahi pata

\* Par A jaanta hai:

> \*“Main ek kahani ka antim page hoon…

> jo ab dobara likha jaa raha hai.”\*

---

### \*Scene: A kid walks up…\*

\*\*Bachcha:\*\*

> \*“Aap kuch likhte ho kya?”\*

\*\*Avi (muskurate hue):\*\*

> \*“Kabhi likhta tha…

> ab bas jeeta hoon.”\*

---

### \*Internal Thought:\*

> \*“Zara gaya.

> Khoon gaya.

> Dard gaya nahi —

> par sambhal gaya.”\*

> \*“Main ab bhi wohi hoon…

> par ab mujhe khud se nafrat nahi.”\*

---

### \*Final Monologue:\*

> \*"Jis din samjha ki mujhe kisi ke hone ki zarurat nahi,

> us din main sach mein jeena shuru kiya."\*

> \*"Main Zara ko nahi chahta tha…

> main sirf apna wajood dhoond raha tha."\*

---

📚 \*Diary ka aakhri panna band hota hai.\*

Cover pe likha hai:

> \*\*“Killer A — Ended.”\*\*

> \*\*“Avi — Begun.”\*\*

---

> \*\*“Woh kahani jisme khoon tha,

> ab shabdon se bhar rahi hai.”\*\*

---

\*\*Not a finale. A fresh breath.\*\*

Killer A was never about death —

it was always about \*\*becoming real\*\*.

-