



ISSN 2455-7544  
[www.daathvoyagejournal.com](http://www.daathvoyagejournal.com)

# Daath Voyage : An International Journal of Interdisciplinary Studies in English

A UGC Refereed Open Access Journal  
Vol.4 No.2, June, 2019

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## **HUNGER**

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It was 10.30 in the evening. He made sure everyone in his large home had made it to their rooms. Stealthily he locked his room. His room had a giant screen to keep him entertained. He always saw to that he switched off the stereo not to disturb anyone. He made sure of this whenever he locked the room.

He switched on the fluorescent light and looked at the lock for a moment. The giant screen came to life. He tried different combinations - and was never content - until he found what he was looking for. And when he stumbled on what he craved, he couldn't contain his excitement and watch it to its end. Moving images kept him company. He barged into the washroom and jerked off his love-load.

He was exhausted. He switched off the light and stared at the ceiling adorned with stars. They filled the darkness in the room with light. The night finally began for him.

It was a morning too early for him the next day. He was greeted for the day with loud thuds at the door. It took him few seconds to get up and realize that he failed to unbolt the door, after the last night's deed. He cursed himself.

His sister rushed inside.

"What were you doing inside all night?"

"Why is the door locked?"

"Don't you know we have the bureau in here?"

An array of questions came from her direction.

"We are running late, he is nagging me, all because of you", she fumed at him.

He dodged everything.



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“Will you be able to manage without us?” she worried similar to a mother.

“Or better join us, we don’t have to be worried about you, no one will disturb you, I promise”, she added.

“I will be fine”, replied the sober guy in him.

He stood at the gate and watched his family speed away in a car.

He locked the gate and hurried to his room. The giant screen came to life. He forego the usual custom of turning off the stereo, he turned it down instead. He was about to let down his boxer when he heard a loud cry at the gate.

“Anna\*!” A voice called loudly at the gate.

“Oh God! Not now”, he cursed the timing of the call.

“What?” he screamed on his way to the door.

“I beg you Anna! Very hungry, a little amount of anything would do”, stood a little girl begging.

“Nothing here”, he replied harshly.

“Anna! At least some leftovers please”, she pleaded.

He saw her pretty innocent face embellished with overnight drooling. Smoked out eyes, dry lips, tanned skin, and still a thing to look at, for a guy yearning for a body. His eyes travelled to the body below. She appeared no more than sixteen, yet a great proposition to pound his lust on.

“Supple breasts, elegant waistline, and a body I can easily steer”, he thought.

He smirked, looking at the empty street.

“Come in, I will serve you”, he threw the door open.

The unsuspecting soul stepped in. Hunger drove her inside.

**Anna\* = Tamil word for Brother.**