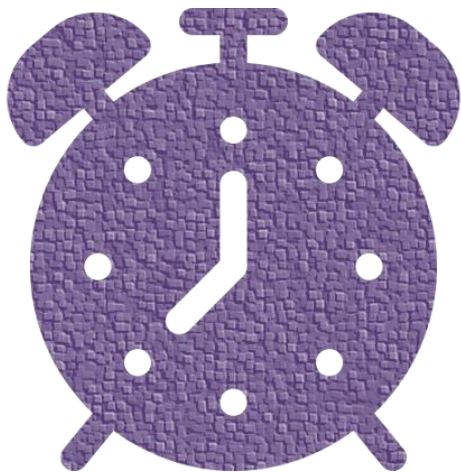


SHIT!

Smile Planter Arun



An imprint of Kingdom of Smiles



‘Shit!’ said Mr Sharma the moment he opened his eyes. ‘I again forgot to put the alarm last night.’

Mr Sharma works in a bank. He is a dependable employee whose work never fails to impress his superiors. Perhaps that’s the reason why his boss overlooks the fact that Mr Sharma rarely comes on time.

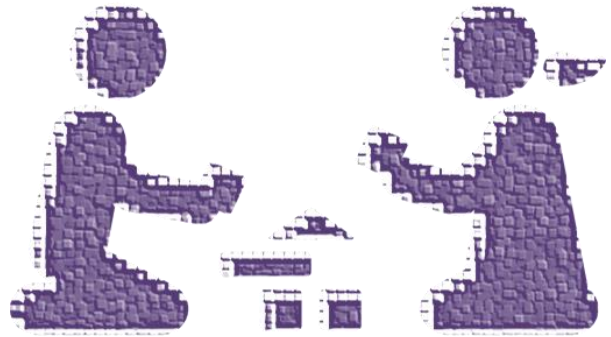
He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and hurried himself out of the bed.

‘Uff-ho,’ said his wife, pulling a blanket over her face, ‘today is Sunday, baba.’



Mrs Sharma was a housewife. Learning new recipes and inventing new ones was the thing she loved the most about being a housewife. Her only best friend, apart from the countless relatives, in the new city was her neighbour, Mrs Shetty. Naturally, they would explore and cook recipes together. Not many knew that they had a YouTube channel where they posted the videos of their best recipes.

They had one child, a daughter. Gunjan was six. In her school, she tried her best to sit with her friends. But they were all boys and unfortunately none of her teachers permitted her to sit in a boys' row. She loved playing with them, dressing like them.

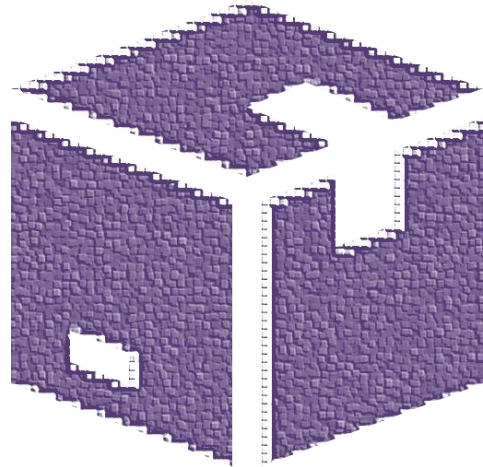


Her granny was quick to bring this to the attention of Mr and Mrs Sharma, who found nothing wrong in it.



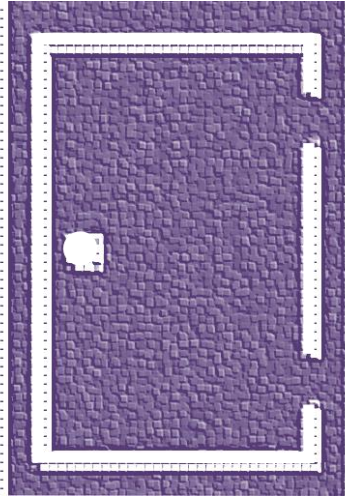
Granny was somewhere in her seventies. She would sit in the rocking chair of her late husband, trying to decode the dream she had been getting since her husband had died. He would appear in her dream and say, 'I'm fine, Lata. I'm perfectly fine here.' At first, these dreams brought smile to her face. She was happy that he was in heaven. But then she noticed that her husband was sweating profusely while saying those words. 'Why?'

This Sunday, so far, things had happened just like any other Sunday in the Sharma household. Mr Sharma was having his breakfast with his daughter. His mother had just stepped out of the house for her morning walk. His wife, Mrs Sharma, was in the kitchen, cooking while thinking of an interesting title for her new video. Soon their door bell would ring and an A2Z courier boy would deliver a parcel from an unnamed person to them. This parcel would turn their life upside down.



DING DONG!





Mrs Sharma approached the door, thinking that it would be Mrs Shetty. She opened the door. To her surprise, it was...it *was* Mrs Shetty! She needed some sugar and Mrs Sharma was more than happy to help.

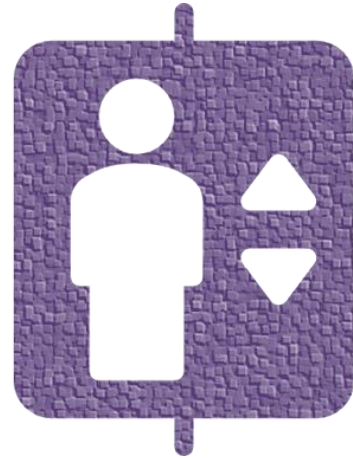
Meanwhile, on the dinner table, Gunjan said to her father, 'Granny says I should pray to God if I am in any danger.'

His father said, 'Ask her if you are in danger because of God, then whom you should pray?'

Granny was looking at the descending numbers on the floor designator of the B-wing's lift. (7 – 6 – 5) She had come all the way from the A-wing in order to wait for the lady with whom she went for her morning walk. (4 – 3 – 2) She was sure that this time it would be her. (1 – G) She began to smile. The door opened. She stopped short of smiling. An A2Z courier boy stepped out of...WHAT!

Shit!

Shit-Shit-Shit! I've been telling you the story of a different Mr and Mrs Sharma.



Sorry!



[www.thekingdomofsmiles.com](http://www.thekingdomofsmiles.com)