

after the explosion showed medics among the debris, crouching over the wounded. When Blinkin, writing on an anti-Kremlin website, praised the emergency response, the commenters turned on him. "I was also impressed by the speed," one said, raising the old oppositionist dogma about a Kremlin conspiracy. "It seems they knew in advance what was going to happen, and where."

I asked my friends at Yandex what the traffic was like that day. They answered in a detailed e-mail. "After the first explosion, at Lubyanka (7:56), traffic jams began to form gradually at the adjacent streets," they wrote. "After the second explosion (8:36), congestion continued to increase and remained at a high level until 11 o'clock. By contrast, on a regular weekday congestion reaches its peak at 9 A.M. and then begins to drain off."

The next two days were more congested than usual, as many people who usually took the metro decided to drive to work instead. But Moscow could not function this way forever. "By Thursday," the Yandex analysts concluded, "the city had returned to normal."

It was true. Before long, the papers were reporting that the sons of two Moscow bureaucrats had been involved in an altercation. The son of a city prefect was stuck in traffic in his Lexus; the son of a municipal notary officer was riding his bicycle, weaving through the traffic, when he accidentally nicked the Lexus. The son of the prefect got out of his car and pushed the notary's son (a poli-sci student) to the ground. Humiliated, the notary's son went off and found a baseball bat somewhere—whether at home or at a sporting goods store the reports hadn't yet determined—and returned to find the prefect's son *still stuck in traffic*. He began smashing the windows of the Lexus with the baseball bat. When the prefect's son got out of the car again, the notary's son hit him, too, breaking his hand. Moscow's leading tabloid, *LifeNews*, posted a photograph of the prefect's son sporting a cast. A nice-looking young man, he was wearing a pink T-shirt that said "*Dolce & Gabbana*."

## T O M I R E L A N D

### Famous

FROM *The Missouri Review*

ON THE NIGHT of November 26, 2008, two men walked into Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus in Mumbai, India, and started shooting and throwing grenades into the crowds of travelers "indiscriminately," as reported in the official Indian account of the attack. In a railway station that accommodates 2 million passengers every day, a place where one can hardly stand during peak hours without being swept into a river of people, they couldn't very well have missed. In minutes the dead and dying lay throughout the concourse, their limbs splayed in grotesque postures, and blood pooled on the station's concrete floor.

The younger of the two, twenty-one-year-old Mohammad Ajmal Amir Kasab, a native of the Punjab region of Pakistan, became famous when pictures of him taken during and after the attack circulated in the media. Sebastian D'Souza, a photographer with the *Mumbai Mirror*, was in the office that night when he heard gunfire from the train station and ran across the street with a camera. He ducked into a train standing at one of the platforms while the two gunmen stalked the concourse, taking turns shooting and reloading as they went.

"They were like angels of death," said D'Souza. "When they hit someone they didn't even look back. They were so sure."

To get a better angle, D'Souza moved across the platform into another waiting train and, trying to keep his hands from shaking, took a few frames with a telephoto lens as the two men crossed his line of vision. They probably saw him taking pictures, he said, but "didn't seem to care," or else they saw him as an opportunity to gain some cheap celebrity as young jihadists. People who never

would have paid any attention to them otherwise would come to know and say their names.

In D'Souza's photograph, Ajmal Kasab is seen in profile walking through the station, an AK-47 assault rifle held in his right hand, a duffel slung over his left shoulder—everything he needed to stay alive and keep on fighting “to the last breath,” as he characterized his mission later under questioning. His commanders in Pakistan had ordered him and the other nine to kill as many people as they could before being killed themselves. Although escape routes had been entered into a GPS unit later recovered by police, escape was not an acceptable outcome according to the terms of his contract, and capture was unthinkable.

The young man in the photograph is more attractive than he has any right to be: the boyish bangs, the proud chin, the jaunty stride, the expression intensely alert but not discernibly fearful or malicious. His evident excitement might be that of an exchange student on his own in a foreign country for the first time—in fact it was the first time he had left his native country—carrying everything he needs for a year abroad (replace the Kalashnikov with a cricket bat and you get an entirely different picture). He wears running shoes, gray cargo pants, a dark blue Versace T-shirt. There's a waterproof watch on his left wrist, and on his right wrist, the hand holding the rifle, he wears a red and yellow *maruti*, the yarn bracelet offered at Hindu temples in exchange for alms, meant to keep the wearer safe from harm.

At least three other photographs of Kasab circulated in the media soon after the attacks, though none as widely as D'Souza's—two stills from closed-circuit television cameras and one of Kasab in the hospital after he was captured; he was the only one of the ten terrorists who survived battles with police and security forces. One of the television images, very unlike D'Souza's photo, is of a young man with an expression of exaggerated malice, as if meant to conform to a popular idea of how a terrorist might look in the act of killing—a comic-book villain.

Then there was the photo taken in the hospital, in which Kasab is lying down, looking up at the camera. His face is scabby and bloated. He's too tired to summon any large emotion at this point, and his face betrays only weak contempt for the person holding the camera. It's the face of a man who knows he's going to hang.

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I didn't yet know the name Ajmal Kasab when, two nights after the massacre in the railway station, I arrived in Mumbai for a month's vacation on the west coast of India. Neither I nor my partner, Anne, had ever visited India before, and we were anxious about finding our way in an unfamiliar city, still under armed attack when we landed. Gunmen of unknown affiliation had gone on a rampage, shooting civilians in a railway station, a movie theater, a restaurant, a Jewish center, and two luxury hotels in the Mumbai tourist district, the part of town where we would be staying for a few days before taking a train from that station en route to the rest of our vacation. Before leaving home I'd seen Internet photos of Indian security forces huddled behind emergency vehicles near the Gateway of India on the Mumbai waterfront, the shattered window glass at the Leopold Café, the dead bodies in the railway station. But it would be another month, after we left India safely behind, before I saw pictures of the one surviving terrorist and learned his name.

By the time we woke in Mumbai on the morning of November 29, all of the terrorists except Ajmal Kasab had been killed. Police were in the process of “sanitizing” the Taj Mahal Palace—presumably, removing the dead from the building. A television camera had recorded the body of one terrorist being dumped from a ground-floor window at the Taj, and in the ancient tradition of desecrating the body of one's enemy, local channels showed the charred corpse falling from the window again and again.

There wasn't much else to see on TV: the soot-stained hotel facade, where fires set by the gunmen had burned and been put out; past-tense video of commando forces known as the Black Cats roping down from a helicopter to the roof of Nariman House, the Jewish center where a Brooklyn rabbi and his wife had been tortured and executed. We went for breakfast at a dosa joint on the corner and agreed, at least for one day, to keep away from the Gateway of India and the crowds that were sure to gather at the Taj.

After breakfast we looked quickly at a map and walked south in the direction of the Prince of Wales Museum, but it was closed because of the emergency. With no other destination in mind, we kept walking south and in fifteen minutes found ourselves staring at the damaged Taj Mahal Palace along with thousands of Indians who lined the seawall and strolled among the parked emergency vehicles.

We were doing the one thing we had agreed not to do, but faced

with the spectacle, we found it impossible not to look. Tired firefighters sat on top of their fire truck, smoking, drinking Cokes, checking out the crowds of sightseers. Black Cats in their commando getups stared sleepily at us through the steel-grill windows of buses. There was grief but also a spirit of subdued celebration among many of the onlookers: our guys had killed all but one of their guys, and he would die, too.

One group of angry men stood out from the rest, bearing signs and flags and crying out together, presumably for vengeance. We kept well away from them and, stepping over exhausted fire hoses and tangled television cables, walked back to the hotel, stopping on the way to look at kurtas in Fabindia, a clothing store popular with tourists.

Three policemen were camped in the corridor outside our room at the Residency Hotel the next morning when I went out to get a paper. The Residency was at the low end of hotels in the tourist district, hardly the sort of place to be targeted by terrorists. Nevertheless, we had been placed under armed protection. Squeezed together at the head of the stairwell, the three men stood up quickly and wished me good morning. For a moment I thought they were going to salute.

We walked north that day, a route that took us past Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus, and stepped inside to look at the scene of the massacre. Most people who live in Mumbai still call it VT, for Victoria Terminus, but during the 1990s, under pressure from a radical Hindu group, Shiv Sena, the station was renamed after Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj, the Marathi hero who established an independent state in western India in the seventeenth century. Shivaji is famous in India for the same kind of bold guerrilla tactics that allowed the Mumbai terrorists to enter Indian territorial waters and Mumbai harbor without being apprehended. A devout Hindu (his war cry was "Hail, Lord Shival!"), he was succeeded by Mohandas Gandhi in his advocacy of an independent, secular Indian state in which Hindus and Muslims could live peaceably together.

We'd first seen the station from the taxi the night we arrived in Mumbai—the monstrous Victorian Gothic stone façade, like something conceived in special effects, absurdly bathed in amber floodlight at two in the morning. Outside it was extravagant and

dingy, the bas-reliefs of dignitaries and wildlife, British lion and Indian tiger, colonized with mold. Inside it was merely dingy. Even on a Sunday the place was mobbed. Railway police and a few National Security Guards were scattered near the entrances, but nobody was checking luggage. Nobody asked to see my passport.

Victoria has been compared to St. Pancras Station in London, the nineteenth-century "cathedral" of railway stations, which predated it by twenty years: a European building in every respect except the ground it was built on. Its choice as one of the targets of the attacks must have been determined by more than the most practical consideration—its density of human life. A monument both to India's colonial subjugation and to its independence, Victoria celebrates the country's initiation into the echelon of progressive, industrialized nations and the birth of its middle class. By including it in the list of targets, those who planned the VT attack evidently meant to add ideological insult to physical injury.

It wouldn't have done to stand there very long among the hurrying passengers and look up into the station's cathedral heights, as I would have liked. It would have been even less appropriate to look down and search for traces of blood on the floor, although it did occur to me to do just that.

There was a good deal of confusion surrounding Kasab's "identity," as his captors put it, immediately after the attacks. Lashkar-e-Taiba, the Pakistani group that has been accused of planning and carrying out the operation, gave its recruits false names while they were in training and changed those names on a regular basis. The ten eventually chosen for the assault trained for months, first together, finally in pairs, but they didn't learn each other's real names until after they had boarded the boat in Karachi on their way to Mumbai to carry out their mission.

Kasab means "butcher" in Urdu. The name of one's profession or caste is commonly used as a surname in India (Gandhi, for example, means "grocer"), and Kasab's captors may have taken his caste name for his family name. It was reported that he spoke English, then not, then that in addition to his native Punjabi he knew a few words of a Hindi dialect. In the absence of any more reliable information, his interrogators may have decided that "Butcher" was an appropriate label.

Whatever his name, Kasab was evidently nobody, one of thousands of poorly educated, unemployed young men who are continually being recruited by militant groups like Lashkar. In the days immediately following the attacks, there was speculation that he and the others represented a new class of terrorists—young, educated, middle-class Muslims acting out of political or religious conviction, angered by the persecution of Muslim populations in India, Kashmir, Palestine, Iraq, Afghanistan, Chechnya, Indonesia, and elsewhere. Such speculation was based largely on how the terrorists were dressed and on statements by eyewitnesses that they seemed well-off. But Kasab's confession to Indian police indicated that his family was poor, that he had gone to a Pakistani government primary school for only four years before dropping out to find work, and that he was largely ignorant of political causes or religious beliefs. Asked to define jihad during questioning, he said, "It means killing and being killed and becoming famous."

Kasab's native village, Faridkot, didn't have much to offer. His father sold *dahi wada* (fried dal paste with yogurt) from a street cart. The family often went hungry. Ajmal lived with his brother, Afzal, in Lahore and occasionally found work as a laborer. Between jobs he went home. Tired of dressing like a villager, on one such visit he argued with his father, who refused when Ajmal asked him for money to buy clothes.

Back in Lahore, he stayed at a home for runaways until going to work for a "decorator" for 120 rupees (about \$2.50) a day in the town of Jhelum, a job he hated. Later he was raised to 200 rupees, but it wasn't enough to live on, so he teamed up with an older boy, Muzaffar Khan, and started robbing houses. Hoping to make better money, the two moved to Rawalpindi, rented an apartment, and began casing the city's wealthy houses.

In the version of his story that Kasab told police right after he was arrested, he and Khan decided that to succeed as professional thieves, they had to have guns. While searching for them in the bazaar during the festival of Bakrid (from the Urdu *bakar*, "goat"), the Festival of Sacrifice, they found a Lashkar-e-Taiba field office and made inquiries. Realizing that even if they managed to buy some guns, they wouldn't know how to use them, they followed directions to another Lashkar office. When the man who answered the door asked what they wanted, they said, "Jihad."

Traditional Muslims butcher a goat during Bakrid to commemorate Ibrahim's faithful offering of Ismail, his only son, as a blood sacrifice to God and God's compassionate answer, a butchered goat in Ismail's place. At the time he signed up with Lashkar, Kasab was more interested in advancing his career as a petty thief than in sacrificing himself to a cause that he wouldn't have adopted on principle. In so doing he joined the ranks of young men worldwide who, without anything resembling a livelihood, leave their village to find work in the city. Unemployed, faced with a choice between becoming a thief or a soldier, he chose what must have seemed the easier way and joined the mercenaries. At least he had enough to eat in his new job, decent clothes to wear, the identity that goes along with having an institutional sponsor, and, best of all, the opportunity to play with guns.

For six and a half months he was sent to one camp after another and put through a series of courses, first in physical exercise and weaponry—AK-47, SKS, Uzi, pistol, revolver, hand grenades, rocket launchers, mortars, bombs—later in swimming, marine navigation, the rudiments of urban warfare, and the workings of Indian security forces. Kasab did well and earned the approval of his handlers, who noted that he was a good shot. He and Ismail Khan were eventually assigned to the "VTS team"—Victoria Terminus station—and isolated from the other four teams in the final weeks of training.

They studied a map of Mumbai on Google Earth, learned how to get from Azad Maidan on the city waterfront to Victoria Terminus, and watched a video of commuters during rush hour at the station, morning and night, when the number of people in the station would be highest. After killing as many as possible, they were supposed to kidnap some others, take them to the roof of a nearby building, contact the local media by cell phone, and make demands in exchange for their release.

A little more than halfway through this period of training, Kasab was permitted to visit his parents for a month in Faridkot before the final and most intense stage of preparation for the attack on Mumbai—the first and only time he went home after the falling-out with his father. He still had no idea what he was being trained for, exactly, and even if he had been inclined to betray Lashkar, he probably couldn't have told his family where and when the attack

deals of imprisonment, trial, and execution that certainly awaited him — then for the sake of his family in Pakistan. His actions would not go down well with Lashkar-e-Taiba. Besides his failure to carry out his orders and die fighting, he gave detailed information, including names, to Indian authorities, and at one point, demonstrating how unmotivated he was by anything like conscientious belief, he offered to do for India what he'd done for Lashkar. What the photographer D'Souza had observed in the train station the night of the attack — that the two killers seemed "so sure" of themselves — had disguised Kasab's fundamental neediness, ignorance, confusion, and fear.

Anne and I took a taxi to Chowpatti on our third day in Mumbai, weeks before I learned of the gun battle that had taken place there, ending in Khan's death and Kasab's arrest. Chowpatti Beach was mostly empty that morning, at least by Indian standards. Girls in saris stood knee-deep in the water, wringing out their skirts. A boy was trying to fly a kite in a fitful breeze. Somebody had drawn a heart with a love message in the sand.

We crossed a footbridge over Marine Drive, the street where Khan and Kasab had run into the police barricade, and asked directions to Mohandas Gandhi's former residence in Mumbai, now a museum called Mani Bhavan. A simple two-story wood-frame building on a shady street, it might be put on exhibit in a museum of museums. The books in the downstairs library, cloistered in their glass-doored cabinets, seemed too precious to read, and a churchlike hush pervaded the place. The brittle, water-stained photographs; the caption informing us that Gandhi rode a bicycle to the temple, shaved without a mirror, and scavenged in the street; the sophisticated naïveté of his letter to Hitler, calling him "friend" (he addressed Roosevelt the same way) and urging him to please reconsider the destruction of Europe; Gandhi's sandals, drinking cup; spindle, and fountain pen enshrined in a case on the wall — all possessed an eerie, sanctimonious aura. An Indian man later told us that every city in India has its own collection of the Mahatma's domestic tools, just as in every religion the bones of saints proliferate over time.

Upstairs we looked at miniature three-dimensional tableaux of significant events in Gandhi's life, among them a doll-sized Gandhi

was going to take place. They must have been curious to know what he'd been doing, why he seemed so fit and well fed, who his friends were, where he'd come by the new shoes he was wearing. One can only guess the extent to which he was able to confide in them before leaving home for good.

The official Indian dossier on the attacks is a brief constabulary account of the terrorists' journey from Pakistan by sea; their hijacking of an Indian fishing vessel; the murder of its crew and, later, after he had piloted them to their destination, its captain; their landing in an inflatable dinghy; and the various assignments undertaken by the five pairs of terrorists. Appended to the dossier is a list of foreigners killed in the attacks (the names of Indian citizens who died are not given) and a list of supplies the terrorists left behind on the hijacked boat, with photographs, presented as evidence that the men were in fact Pakistani nationals: "Made in Pakistan milk powder packets (Nestlé) . . . Shaving cream — Touchme, Made in Pakistan . . . Pakistan made pickle." Nothing about the pickle conclusively identified it as Pakistani, but the weight of the other evidence was strongly against it.

Ajmal Kasab and Ismail Khan took a taxi from the waterfront to Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus. The dossier briefly tells how, when "challenged" by police in the station during their shooting spree; the two retreated to the vicinity of Cama Hospital, planning to gather hostages and herd them into some sort of stronghold. At this point their plan jumped the tracks. Confronted by police near the hospital, they shot and killed three officers, took their car, and drove toward the waterfront. There they hijacked another car and drove west along Marine Drive until they were stopped at a police barricade near Chowpatti Beach.

According to some accounts, Kasab sustained a minor wound during the showdown on Marine Drive, in which Tukaram Omble, a junior police officer armed only with a *lathi* (metal-tipped cane), managed to grab Kasab's weapon long enough for others to subdue him. Omble died later of bullet wounds. Civilian onlookers beat Kasab unconscious before he was taken to a hospital where, exhausted and dehydrated, he asked for a saline injection — possibly a first-aid technique he'd learned during his training.

At first he told his captors that he didn't want to die. Then he begged them to kill him, if not for his own sake — to escape the or-

pend on to advertise their cause. These days such attacks are more like publicity stunts than acts of war, and it may have been the lure of publicity, as much as needing a job or righteous hatred of the infidels, that convinced Kasab to enlist. To someone faced with the prospect of becoming a beggar or a thief, the alternative of worldly fame and a glorious martyrdom might look like a much better deal.

Back home I studied the photo of the trigger-happy kid from provincial Pakistan striding through the railway station and wondered what need was great enough, or what principle important enough, to make him want to kill innocent people. For all the effort and expense devoted on the official level to protecting us from terrorists in recent years, relatively little has gone toward understanding what motivates them. It's not just that we can't know but that we don't want to know. To do so is to risk seeing ourselves less than favorably, for example, as monopolists of wealth, the people living in the big house behind a locked gate in Rawalpindi that Kasab and Muzaffar Khan dreamed of pillaging: another class of untouchables at the opposite end of the social scale.

Months after his arrest, a video of Kasab's interrogation in the hospital was published on the Internet with a captioned translation. There's a bandage on his neck, and he's obviously in pain. When they asked him why he'd done it, he said that his father had first encouraged him to seek work with the mujahideen: "[My father] said, 'These people make loads of money, and so will you. You don't have to do anything difficult. We'll have money; we won't be poor anymore. Your brothers and sisters can get married. Look at these guys living the good life. You can be like them.'"

Asked how much money they'd given him and if it had been placed in an account, he said, "There's no account. They gave it to my dad." Some terrorist organizations are known to pay the families of volunteers for suicide missions or those, like Mumbai, in which the recruits are sworn to die fighting. But in Kasab's case, it's not clear who paid what to whom. Shortly after he was imprisoned, before Pakistani officials cut his family off from further contacts with the press, a reporter tracked down Ajmal's father in Faridkot and asked him if he had received or been promised money in exchange for his son's participation. He replied, "I don't sell my children."

Kasab first appeared before a judge without leaving his cell, on

and his followers gathering salt on the shore of the Arabian Sea in 1933 to protest the British salt tax, the original target of his *satyagraha* (truth-force) campaign. The "force" of that philosophy helped free India from foreign domination, but it didn't prevent the violence that took place before and after Partition. Both Gandhi, the martial pacifist, and Chhatrapati Shivaji, the martial conqueror, are loved, praised, and extravagantly idealized throughout India, though these days the Gandhian philosophy tends to be seen as a venerable but irrelevant remnant of the past, worthy in principle but not in practice, and it's the man of violent means whose name is more commonly invoked by public institutions like Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus.

Famous Gandhi quotations had been framed and hung throughout the house. "The cry of blood for blood is barbarous," he said during the riots of 1946-47, when Hindus and Muslims slaughtered each other en masse leading up to and following the creation of a separate Muslim state, Pakistan. We'd heard that cry at the demonstration outside the Taj Mahal Palace the day we arrived in Mumbai, and while those who cried for blood cried the loudest, other Indians, among them the novelist Amitav Ghosh, were calling for restraint. What the terrorists mainly hoped to achieve by the attacks, he pointed out in the *Hindustan Times*, was the panicked response of the Indian government—the sort of response that the government of the United States had been gulled into after 9/11.

The upstairs room that Gandhi stayed in at Mani Bhavan is much as it was when he stayed in Mumbai. Central to its few deliberately simple furnishings is a spinning wheel, the symbol of Indian independence. That work as hard and monotonous as spinning came to represent freedom from oppression remains one of the compelling paradoxes of the Gandhi legend. It wasn't machinery itself he objected to, he said, but the "craze" for it. Another Gandhian precept, the idea that one can gain real power through nonviolent means, seems equally dated in an age of terrorism.

I started following Ajmal Kasab's story after returning from India, on the basis of what others wrote about him and his translated statements, first to the police, later to the trial judge. The cunning, spectacular nature of the attacks guaranteed wide and detailed news coverage—a side effect of terrorism that its architects de-

closed-circuit TV, to minimize the chances of a Jack Ruby-style execution. A "bomb-proof, chemical-proof" corridor was built especially for him so that he can walk safely between his cell and the judge's chamber. When not in court, he speaks to no one and has nothing to do in his fetid cell but read the Koran, a book that it had never occurred to him to read before becoming a terrorist. At the start of the legal proceedings he asked for a Pakistani lawyer and was denied. His first lawyer was attacked in her home by rock-throwing Hindu activists. When she was replaced because of a conflict of interest (she was also representing the family of one of the people killed in the attacks), the court assigned Abbas Kasmi as Kasab's defense lawyer.

Kasmi doesn't go anywhere without bodyguards. The social club he belonged to has blackballed him. He believes in the righteousness of the Indian judicial system, saying, "We want to prove to the world that we are a civilized nation and we give a fair trial even to a so-called terrorist." When he complained that Kasab's cell had "no fresh air or ray of light" and relayed his client's request for some perfume to mask the stink, the press made a deafening mockery of it.

Kasab's initial confession to police, in the hospital, was ruled inadmissible during the trial because it had been given under duress. His lawyer entered a plea of innocent for him, and India was preparing itself for months of contentious legal proceedings when Kasab surprised everyone, his lawyer included, by standing up and saying in Hindi that he was not, in fact, innocent. He just wanted to be sentenced and have the trial end. The last I heard, he wasn't so sure.

Fourteen months after the attacks, Indian and foreign news media continue to camp out at Arthur Road Jail, Mumbai's oldest and by every account its worst prison, where Kasab is being held in solitary confinement during his trial. For all the hatred directed at him by the Indian public—most of whom want to see him executed as quickly as possible both for the sake of justice and to keep from wasting any more of the taxpayers' money—he's also become an object of widespread fascination. The media still hang on his every word, and in his new career as a spokesperson for terrorism he has come as close to living "the good life" as he ever will.

Thus far Ajmal Kasab has accomplished two of the three goals he

named in his schoolboy definition of jihad: he killed, and he became famous. He has yet to achieve the third goal—"being killed"—thereby completing, however inadequately, the terms of his contract with Lashkar. His imprisonment and trial have already cost the Indian people much greater effort and expense than the execution of an ordinary murderer, but it might be worth all the trouble. The trial of one man accused of "making war on India" is a far cry from what the designers of those attacks may have hoped for: another round of warfare between India and Pakistan. It has diverted national attention from Pakistan to a single, powerless Pakistani citizen, who has achieved greater fame as the surrogate object of national vengeance than he ever hoped for.

"I do not want punishment from God," he told the judge. As if he had any choice in the matter. "Whatever I have done in this world I should get punished for it by this world itself."

The guilty-man betrays his innocence.