

KAMILA SHAMSIE'S NOVEL "BURNT SHADOWS": A DISCOURSE OF TRAUMATIC DISPLACEMENT

Asma Zahoor

PhD scholar & Assistant professor of English.

Government Postgraduate College for Women .S/Town. Rawalpindi, Pakistan

ABSTRACT: *Kamila Shamsie, a Pakistani English fiction writer in her epic novel, *Burnt Shadows* (2009), covers more than half a century, from fatal day of atomic bombing on 9th August 1945 at Nagasaki in World War II to the 9/11/ 2001 attack on World Trade Centre and the post-9/11 world. This study explores the traumatic displacement of innocent humans because of the major historical events caused by the world power politics. A Series of traumatic displacement is presented through the stories of two families which consist of individuals of various nationalities and a number of cross-cultural relationships. Norman Fairclough's (1995) interpretative framework of Critical Discourse Analysis (CDA) has been used to uncover the traumatic impacts of the misuse of power which according to Van Dijk(1990) is the most prominent theme of CDA. Postcolonial context of the writer and the text and inherent ideology and power relations embedded in the text have been explored. The outcome of this academic discussion provides a tapestry of emotional, psychological and social challenges caused by traumatic displacement and the enormity of damage it causes in the life of the poor victims.*

KEYWORDS: Trauma, Displacement, Postcolonialism, Power Politics

INTRODUCTION

This paper analyzes *Burnt Shadows* by Kamila Shamsie as a discourse of traumatic displacement using Fairclough's (1995) Model of Critical Discourse Analysis (CDA). His model of CDA focuses on the linguistic features of the text, processes relating to the production and consumption of the text, i.e. text as a discursive practice; and the wider social practice to which the communicative event belongs (Louise & Marianne, 2002). Review of literature shows the effect of wars waged by the world power stakeholders' and their disastrous impacts on lives of the poor victims. As such the sufferings of the traumatic displacement are beyond the limits of time and space; they go on hunting their 'preys' where ever they go.

The tug of war for the supremacy and various kinds of discrimination: racial, national, religious have been the reasons behind imperialism, colonialism and neocolonialism. Despite of all the tall claims of humanity, enlightenment, culture and civilization the standards of judgment for 'us' and 'them' are still as different as they were when the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki to 'save Americans' lives' (Shamsie, 2009) or in the recent history when the whole Afghanistan was bombard with daisy cutters. From World War II to War on Terror innumerable lives have been affected. All these wars have resulted in massive displacement which in itself is a great trauma. Communication of the experiences of the displaced people lies at the heart of the discourse of displacement (Ashcroft, Bill et al 1994).

Burnt Shadows, Kamila Shamsie's fifth novel, is a discourse of traumatic displacement. It begins with the presentation of an unnamed captive, unshackled and stripped naked in readiness for the anonymity of an orange jumpsuit, he wonders: "How did it come to this?" (Shamsie, 2009 p 1) The vastness of the question as applied to a prisoner in Guantánamo Bay is a challenge to which this epic, yet skillfully controlled novel rises in oblique and unexpected way (Jaggi, 2009).

REVIEW OF LITERATURE

Potter (2009) writes in her review, ' *Burnt Shadows* is a giant of novel, striding purposefully across Japan, India, Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan and America. The characters are countless, the language myriad, the time frame huge in which Shamsie has managed to release the post-9/11 novel from its self-imposed small canvas of the post 9/11 era only.'

The four sections of the novel present the shared histories of two families, from the fatal dropping of atomic bomb on Nagasaki in Japan in World War II, India immediately before Partition in 1947, to Pakistan in the early 1980s, New York after 9/11 and Afghanistan in the resultant war on terror. (See, 2009)

War on Terror provided a license to the only super power of to justify that might is the only right. The detention facilities of United States at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, have become representative of the gross human rights abuses perpetrated by the U.S. Government in the name of fighting terrorism. ("Guantanamo-Amnesty International") After 9/11 this self acquired license of the only super power to hunt, chase, detain and kill has been used unscrupulously. At Guantanamo, the U.S. government keeps the detainees in a place where neither U.S. nor international law is allowed to enter. This is exactly in keeping with the justification of the American doctor about dropping the atomic bomb, 'to save the Americans' lives.' In the philosophy of power nothing has changed.

Prakash (2012) is of the opinion that the physical threat to life is the strongest factor that causes displacement but what Shamsie portrays in the novel as a cause of displacement of Hiroko was the fear of being identified with the fatal bomb that destroyed her whole familiar world. She survived but in Japan she was regarded as 'hibikusha' and she hated this identity. But her son Raza final series of traumatic displacement was because of threat to life. Her husband's displacement was rather forced displacement on account of Partition while Abdullah, Raza's Afghan had to be displaced time and again for war, survival, defense and life.

Shaw (2013) does not regard war as a solution, rather he considers the result of 'the war was a victory of one set of genocidal policies and actors over another, not of anti-genocide over genocide'. But from World War I and II to the war on terror the actors and the policies have remained the same, variety is observed only in the settings and the victims. Smith (2007) is of the opinion that displacement does not occur only in the physical world, but it affects the whole being of the displaced. It has social, psychological and emotional implications.

Ashcroft et al (1989) emphasize the fact that the term place is not merely synonymous with landscape rather it goes with familiarity, identity and belonging. This is what makes Hiroko bitterly in Mussoori and makes Raza long for 'home' not for the luxury of Miami's apartment but for Karachi. Smith (2007) opines that, "Displacement, then, is not simply an external,

geopolitical phenomenon." Rather, it remains an internal process where the refugee or exile finds his/her humanity cast out from its own sense of culture and history, even at times, from the very language "in which it has been constituted (p. 10)". In recent history displacement on account of war has been a continuous and common phenomenon. It is especially true of the people from those nations and states which are made the battle ground for the world power stake-holders. Kamila Shamsie, a neocolonial writer, is from an ex-colony which got independence in 1947 but has been a battle ground ever since for the world power stake-holders. *Burnt Shadows* in a way is a rebuttal of the grand narratives created and propagated by the world powerful media in the name of terrorism. She represented the other side of the divide of 'us' and 'them'. The fate of the victims of the World War II or the victims of the War on Terror remain the same for they are not among those, 'who are more equal than others'(Orwell, 1945)

METHODOLOGY

In order to explore *Burnt Shadows* as a discourse of traumatic displacement I will explore the text to look for the relevant details in the novel and apply Fairclough's model of Critical Discourse Analysis (CDA). Fairclough's approach to CDA is based upon the assumption that language is an irreducible part of social life, dialectically interconnected with other elements of social life, so that social analysis and research always has to take account of language (Fairclough, 2003 p.2).

Fairclough's approach to discourse analysis focuses upon the language of texts as well as it is also concerned with what happens in particular texts. The link between these two concerns is made through the way in which texts are analysed in CDA. Text analysis is seen not merely the linguistic analysis; it also includes what Fairclough has termed as 'interdiscursive analysis' (Fairclough, 2003 p.3).

Fairclough focuses on social effects of texts and regards texts as elements of social events which have causal effects — i.e. they bring about changes. Most immediately, texts can bring about changes in our knowledge, our beliefs, our attitudes, values and so forth. Contemporary social science has been widely influenced by 'social constructivism' — it claims that the social world is socially constructed. One of the causal effects of texts which has been of major concern for CDA is ideological effects — the effects of texts in inculcating and sustaining or changing ideologies (Eagleton 1991, Larrain 1979, Thompson 1984, Van Dijk 1998 as quoted in Fairclough, 2003). Ideologies are representations of aspects of the world which can be shown to contribute to establishing, maintaining and changing social relations of power, domination and exploitation. A published text, according to Fairclough, can figure in many different processes of meaning-making and contribute to diverse meanings, because it is open to diverse interpretations. Fairclough says what we are able to see of the actuality of a text depends upon the perspective from which we approach it, including the particular social issues in focus.(2003)

My focus in this paper is on analysing *Burnt Shadows* as a discourse of traumatic displacement drawing upon Fairclough's theory of critical discourse analysis. This analysis encompasses the production, reception and interpretation of the text. To assess the causal and ideological effects of the text, I will try to link the 'micro' analysis of the text to the 'macro'

analysis of it as a social practice and try to explore how Shamsie has brought the 'outside' world into the text and to what effect.

The next section is based on the analysis of Kamila Shamsie's novel *Burnt Shadows* as a discourse of traumatic displacement. The whole story revolves around the displacement of different characters but for this paper I have delimited my study to Raza's character as a representation from the colonized world.

ANALYSIS

Textual Analysis

In the prologue of *Burnt Shadows* Shamsie depicts a prisoner in Guantanamo Bay, to show the height of traumatic displacement of someone who was even deprived of humanity. The prologue goes like this:

‘Once he is in the cell they unshackle him and instruct him to a strip. He takes off his grey winter coat with brisk efficiency and then –as they watch, arms folded- his movement slow, fear turning his fingers clumsy on belt buckle, shirt buttons.

They wait until he is completely naked before they gather up his clothes and leave. When he is dressed again, he suspects, he will be wearing an orange jump suit.

The cold gleam of the steel bench makes his body shrivel. As long as it's possible, he will stand.

How did it come to this he wondered?’(1)

The depiction in the prologue is the end of Raza's story, the actual history of traumatic displacement starts from his mother, Hiroko Tanaka, a Japanese school teacher from Nagasaki and a direct victim of atomic explosion on 5th August 1945 in World War II. She lost her father, fiancé and a whole familiar world in that blast. She heard the American's justification for that whole sale destruction that the dropping of bomb was necessary 'to save the Americans' lives.' So she left that world behind. The other strong reason for her displacement was the 'bomb' which became her defining feature after falling a victim to it, there she was termed as 'hibuksha'—the atomic explosion survivor. So she moved to India where the half-sister of her dead German fiancé lived. There she met Sajjad, an Indian Muslim from Delhi and they got married. They had to migrate to Pakistan because of Partition and got settled in Karachi. There Raza was born as a normal child, inheriting his mother's feature and love for languages.

Raza never spoke Japanese in thinking, ‘Why allow the world to know his mind contained words from a country he'd never visited? Weren't his eyes and his bone structure and his bare-legged mother distancing factors enough?’ (139) He had to adapt himself to fit in, in his surroundings by ‘downplaying his manifest difference.’ (139) He was a born Pakistani but the origin of his mother and the tragedy she had suffered from always made him struggle to ensure his placement with conscious efforts.

Raza was a brilliant child and his parents were sure of his success after which he would study law to fulfill his father's dreams. But then after the exams he started behaving strangely and failed in Islamic studies telling his mother he couldn't attempt the paper. She consoled him and asked Sajjad to be considerate. But somehow the problem persisted. Then, Harry, the son of Burtons' came in his life. One day they went to the beach along with Harry early in the morning, there Raza got acquainted with an Afghan boy Abdullah, he introduced himself as an Afghan and told him that he would see him at Sohrab Goth. He was asked who his people were and Raza confidently replied Hazara. This association and false identity would provide an escape to Raza from his failure in exams and love and give him confidence to confront life but would lead to his family's disintegration and another series of displacement.

Raza cherished the idea of being at an American university and shared it with the girl he loved and asked her, '...marry me and we'll go to America together.' She replied, 'Raza, my parents will never let me marry you' She went on, 'It's because of your mother .Everyone knows about your mother.'(188-89) 'What about her?' he asked and the reply was, 'Nagasaki. The bomb .No one will give their daughter to you in marriage unless they're desperate'. She went on, 'You could be deformed...' Poor Raza protested he was not, Salma's father was his doctor and he knew that Raza was not.' He tried to defend himself by saying, 'I've never been to Nagasaki. I was born twenty years after the bomb.' Deeply hurt he told her if she didn't want to talk to him anymore, it was 'OK...But don't say this .Don't say you think I'm deformed. 'The cruel response was,' You need to know. This is how people think about you .Go to America...And don't tell anyone there the truth.' She bade goodbye with the request never to be called again (189).All this created an emotional displacement which was a great trauma in itself.

Raza was disturbed and distracted beyond measures but...'he realized he had been waiting a long time for confirmation that he was' not an outsider' for ' he'd lived in this moholla his whole life' but 'just a tangent. In contact with the world of his moholla, but not intersecting it ...from intersecting world Raza Konrad Ashraf was cast out '(189).This confirmation created a mental displacement which was traumatic for Raza beyond measures.

He remembered how once when he and Altamash were coming together after Jumma prayers Bilal asked the rickshaw driver to guess which of the two boys was not Pakistani .It was an entertainment for Bilal but not funny for Altamash and Raza who was'trying to understand why such injustices should be seen as humour.'(190) 'He had never known until Salma's refusal 'what it was in Bilal's game that had upset him so much '. But in that moment, ' unable to duck the knowledge that more than anything else Salma pitied him, it was inescapable: he didn't fit this neighbourhood.' (191)

While wandering in despair and absentmindedly looking at the boys who were now in professional colleges he thought, 'You could be a bomb-marked mongrel or a failure but not both... And then he thought of America,'...Yes he'd go there. Uncle Harry would make it happen. None of the rest of this mattered while he had the promise of America'(191) .But when he mentioned it in front of his father, he got furious and Harry also refused having made any such promise. The agony of the dream that had gone sour weighing heavy on Raza's nerves so he gathered all his money and went to Soharab Goth for shopping without knowing that this escape would lead to irreparable loss of his 'home' and his father.

So he entered another world, Abdullah instantly recognized him as 'Raza Hazara' and he didn't refute but when he asked further questions he pretended that he couldn't tell anything

about his life because he had taken an oath when his father got killed by the Soviets that he would not tell anything about himself until the day the last Soviet would leave Afghanistan. He added, 'And I will be the one to drive out that last Soviet' (197-98). The Soharab Goth he came to visit was a refuge of the displaced.

Abdullah tightened his grip to show his bond with Raza and said, 'We may fight over which one of us gets to drive out that last Soviet. But until that fight, we're brothers.' Raza asked Abdullah to help him buy something who thought he was looking for arms and came out with AK-47 and told him how to hold, use and dismantle it. Raza Hazara moved his hand along it 'squealing in terrified delight'. Abdullah put it back and said if Raza would tell him what he was doing with the American. In reply he said, 'I cannot tell you what I was doing with the American... But there are ways of driving out Soviets without directly handing Kalashnikovs. I hope you see what I mean.' Abdullah seemed impressed; he asked whether that American speak Pashto. Raza replied just a little and added that they mostly talked in English. Abdullah asked Raza to teach him English. 'You teach me, and I'll give you one of these free of charge. No one notices if one or two go missing. The next shipment, I'll get you one.' (200)

Hiroko didn't know what Raza's activities were. She was only relieved to know that he took the exams well and was not planning to leave the country. He told her that he had made new friends and he was happy (206). Raza had been living two lives, one as a failure, as an ex-factory worker, and a bomb-monger and the other as Raza Hazara, an English teacher and an orphan who had vowed to send the last Russian soldier out of Afghanistan. The apparent thrill of the dual existence was actually an escape from his own world where he was not judged by his own merits but was regarded as an alien for the remote origin and victimization of her mother on which she had no control. This escape was 'exhilarating', and 'thrilling' but 'wearing' at the same time (207). And he knew this pretension couldn't last forever.

This exposure to another world to which he didn't belong helped him lessen his anxiety in a strange way. 'But he knew there was no living in two worlds, not for any length of time.' And the day he walked out of the examination hall, knowing he'd performed to excellence, 'it was entirely obvious which world he was going to give up.' He thought, 'Who chooses borrowed dreams over the dreams they've grown up with?' (208). But he felt a great burst of affection towards Abdullah, who had made possible the life of Raza Hazara which had diverted Raza and gave him confidence. He went to see Abdullah after he had passed the examination with a few days gap with the feeling, 'And the time for choosing one life over the other suddenly seemed to be at hand.' Abdullah took him to an open eating place. They were silent. Raza asked him the reason for his quietness and he told that he was fourteen and his brothers had promised that when he would be fourteen he could go to one of the training camps (210).

He told that the following week he would be going with Afridi to his brother who would take him to the training camp. He reminded Raza who had said that 'there were other ways to fight the Soviets' but Raza was in a different state of mind now, he took it as an opportunity to part ways. '(210) Raza had heard a lot from Abdullah how he used to travel in truck throughout Pakistan, lying at night in the open-top container watching the stars.... No parents to say what was and wasn't allowed, just the open road, the shifting landscape, the trilling knowledge of gun-running.' Here it was Raza thought the 'chance to bring the friendship of Raza Hazara and Abdullah to a close in a manner that it deserved, in a burst of adventure and camaraderie.' So he told Abdullah, 'Next week you and I will go to Peshawar together.'

Abdullah stared at him and asked, 'You'll come to the training camps with me?' And the reply was, 'Why not?' He added, 'A true Afghan doesn't waste time with the CIA. He attacks the Soviets directly. I've learnt this from you.' Abdullah smiled his broad, joyful smile. 'You and me together. The Soviets won't stand the chance.'(211)

And so a little over week later, Raza was in a truck heading from Karachi to Peshawar. There was much he learnt during this travel for example, '...he learnt, through absence the luxuries he'd taken for granted;...he learnt most of all that he would miss Abdullah's friendship.'(212) But till then he didn't have a realization how this escape would impact and condition the rest of his life. So he went on reminding himself silently of his plan '...to accompany Abdullah to Peshawar and then vanish.'(213)

The very thought of leaving Abdullah and Afridi made him sad. Though he was determined to leave Abdullah and the world associated with him but there was conflict going in his mind, he tried to satisfy himself by thinking he had 'no commitment' (213). He found himself in a valley of mud and pebbles. He looked up at the mountain and thought 'If you're big enough...it doesn't matter what you are made of.' He stepped on to the side of the road, '...feeling he was on a barren planet where any mythological creature might be lurking'. He felt himself out of place. When he turned back towards the truck, he saw Afridi leaning out from the driver's seat, clasping Abdullah's hand. Then the older man raised a hand in Raza's direction. He said to them, 'Look after each other. And don't fight over that last Soviet.' Raza got bewildered, 'What? No, wait. ' But his voice was lost in the wilderness the truck went off leaving Raza and Abdullah in the middle of 'the vast emptiness.' Raza asked Abdullah, 'Where did he go?' Abdullah looked at him in surprise and replied, 'To Peshawar, of course. My brother's going to meet us near here. Come we have to walk a little.' In a state of shock Raza looked down at his feet. There seemed to be heavy weights attached to them. It was clear he couldn't move.

Abdullah asked him to come on. They walked along the narrowing dirt road through nothingness for what seemed hours, the mountain providing no shadow at this time of day to protect against the harsh sun...an then 'on a low range of mountain, stretching on forever Raza found a tents city of refugees. Abdullah told Raza in a voice quieter, more grave than he had ever heard before, 'It doubles in size every time I come back.' Raza said he wanted to see the refugee camp. Abdullah sharply asked, 'What do you want to see?' 'People living like animals?' These places are the enemies of dignity. It's good, it's good that we should live there, like that.'(215) Raza wanted to know how that was good. Abdullah replied as if he was confessing the worst of crimes that he was forgetting when he went to Karachi and saw its light and promise... the boys who grew up in the camps never forgot. He had a feeling that if all looked around and knew the outside world they might consider other options, '...that must mean our homeland now is the doorway to hell. And we must restore it to Paradise.' Then he turned to Raza and said with the expression and tone of an adult, 'Thank you brother.' Looking from the camps to Abdullah for the first time Raza 'saw the smallness of his own heart, the total self-absorption.' And the same Raza who had rather provoked Abdullah when he was discussing the option of staying at Karachi to continue working with the supply line now took a different stance by telling him that he had been right, he should continue working with Afridi and supply line for those who were there in the camps needed arms to fight with, 'The camps are no good without guns for the mujahedeen to fight with.'(216)

Naturally Abdullah got curious and wanted to know why he was saying all that then. In reply Raza told, 'I just didn't see before. And asked whether Abdullah had the contact of Afridi's friend in Peshawar with whom he would be staying and asked him to call him on reaching the camp to come back and pick them up. Abdullah looked at Raza though he didn't recognize him but then a jeep arrived and he told Raza, 'They've come to take us to the training camp. And, Raza, don't be such a city boy. There are no phones there.' (216)

There in Karachi next day, Hiroko found Raza missing with a note in Japanese That he was going with his friend Abdullah to see Pakistan for after joining university he would not have time. They should worry he would be back with presents for them. She was alarmed and woke Sajjad up and went to ask his friends if they knew anything but didn't get any clue. It was Salma who told that he had gone to Peshawar with Abdullah, an Afghan boy. Hiroko regarded it nonsense but Salma told her, 'He said in two weeks at these camps they teach you as much as the Army teach in cadet colleges in two years. He was making it sound like some kind of holiday.'(22)

On the other hand Raza was moving towards, 'The camp, which was more than hour's drive from wherever they were before...Raza heard the camp before he saw it. At first he thought he was listening to the sea...but then the roaring got loader and became gunfire.' (225) He suddenly realized it was impossible to seek an escape from there and 'collapsed, on a rock, paying little attention to the men who came to welcome them. More than ever before, 'He wanted his parents. He wanted his bed, and the familiarity of the streets in which he'd grown up'(227). He looked up at Abdullah, at the green-eyed man, at the mountains and the sky. Everything was shifting. He pressed his hands against the ground, felt sharp-edged stones cut into his skin as he propelled his body into a prone position, head pillowed against the rock on which he had been sitting. His vision grew white at the edges and only the quickness of his breath kept him from throwing up. He had never known anything like this heat, this terror.'(227)

He remained in the sleeping waking state for a long time and in such a state he thought of Uncle Harry. He kept sleeping but finally had to wake up for a prayer call and he mimicked the way the other man was making ablution...trying not to think of his parents for doing so would make him 'feel loneliness rise within him, stronger than terror.'(229) He joined them in prayer and '...felt the words of prayer enter his mouth from a place of pure faith. Though he didn't know the literal translation of the words but' he found meaning in every muttered syllable of Arabic: *Lord, Allah, let me escape this place, deliver me, deliver me*'. Raza also prayed for the blessings for those men. Abdullah came to him after the prayer and apologized for saying something in anger. Raza said he hadn't said anything to him. Abdullah told him that he had said something to commander who wanted to see him. The commander grabbed him by the neck and took him to a tent where he saw another man who was not a Pathan. That man from ISI interrogated Raza about his name, parentage, their origin and 'The name of the American' he was with at the harbor. The man shook his head in disgust when Raza mentioned Harry Burton's name and said, 'How can we work with such little trust?' In response failing to understand him Raza blurted out, 'I trust you,' and the man laughed unpleasantly. He didn't care for Raza or his trust in him.

The man from the ISI went on, 'Harry Burton, Harry Burton... I have never met him but I know the story...he coloured his hair, wrapped a chadder around him and thought this meant he could enter one of our camps without word getting back to us that the CIA had been where their government has forbidden to go.' The man asked Raza to convey his message to Harry

that CIA needed to give its agents lessons in walking. He told that of the entire world the Americans walked differently and he could spot one as far as the horizon. 'He wanted to know why Raza was sent. Raza tried to tell him that he wasn't sent by anyone. But the man said by lying he would make things difficult for him for Raza had already admitted that he worked for the CIA. Raza told the man he would leave if he wanted him to. The man asked him to go back to Mr. Burton and tell him that they could not afford to be spying on each other. ' It's enough that I have to spend all my time mediating between Afghan commanders and politicians whose hatred for the Soviet is eclipsed by their hatred for our Arab brothers who had come to fight in this jihad .It's too much..."(232).

Raza apologized and left soon after .On half way Abdullah was running after him. He wanted to stop him but the commander ordered him to go back. Poor Abdullah didn't know the reality and thought he was going back because of him. So he tired his level best to convince the man. Raza detached Abdullah's hand without an eye contact and, 'each step that put distance between him and Abdullah intensifying the physical pain of grief and loneliness."(233)

On the other hand his father was desperate while searching for him. He went to the harbor to find some clue but was shot dead by Harry's rickshaw driver. Hiroko called Iqbal, Sajjad's brother for the funeral and felt sorry to think,' It was Iqbal who would climb into the grave with Sajjad and close his eyes, not Raza.'(241) Then there came Raza.' He pushed open the front door to feel the word, home' embrace him(his father) for the first time but then saw the gathering and 'knew, instantly, that there was no home anymore.' (241)

Raza saw Harry and got furious and shouted,' They told me all about you at the camps. He's CIA. He's been lying to us along. Aba's dead because of him.' Harry retaliated,' He's dead, you idiot, because he went to the harbor looking for you.' He looked to his mother, and Hiroko saw that 'he would be haunted now, by this, for the rest of his life. He was too young for such pain, just a boy, her little boy. She opened her arms and he rushed into them' (241).

After Sajjad's death, simply to be out of the places which Sajjad had filled Raza accepted an offer made by his cousin from Dubai. The job was in a newly opened hotel. Hiroko was furious, she wanted him to join the university to fulfill his father's plans but Raza said he had to provide for the family now. Hiroko wasn't fooled, but she saw that it wasn't just the memory of his father that he wanted to escape but also the presence of her own grief, which sharpened his guilt with its every expression. That made it impossible for her to demand him to stay.

Harry had disappeared from their life for years after Sajjad's death before arriving at her home in Abbotabad in the early nineties to say he had quit his previous job,now he was in private security-a glorified bodyguard, really- but the business needed translators, so he was wondering how Raza might feel about coming to work with him...he was a Weiss and he was offering Raza a chance to escape the soulless pit that was Dubai .And he said, of course Raza wouldn't be in the path of bullets.' (275)

So Raza went to work with Harry in Miami office of Arkwright and Glenn and mostly worked in the main office. Then there was 9/11 followed by the war on terror and Harry took him to Afghanistan - the first time A and G had been contracted by the US military, an opportunity that had the shareholders giddy with prospects both short-term and long. And

Raza Konrad Ashraf, the translating genius who had once passed himself off as an Afghan was an asset too great to be left behind.' (274)

So both Raza and Harry were in Afghanistan keeping Hiroko in ignorance. One day Raza received a call, someone called him Raza Hazara. It was Ismail, Abdullah's brother. Raza asked him, 'Is Abdullah alive?' His brother said 'Yes' and added that he asked him, 'to tell you first he's sorry '(295) For nearly twenty years Raza had imagined Abdullah must have felt betrayed by him- so in that guilt he had never returned to Sohrab Goth, never attempted to contact Abdullah through Afridi or any other Afghan he knew there .And it seemed inevitable to Raza when the reality of war made itself known to him, Abdullah would have seen that Raza's greatest betrayal was in pushing him towards the camp instead of agreeing he should stay in Karachi. But here was Abdullah's brother saying, 'He knows that, whether or not you had a connection to the CIA, you came to the camp with him as a brother; and for twenty years he's lived with the shame of knowing that in a moment of anger he told the Commander you were an American spy and had you sent away.'(296)

Raza looked around at the vast multi shaded terrain of Afghanistan, 'each marking the burial place of those who had died in some version of the war which rolled across Afghanistan for over twenty years. Raza had thought he was one of the hundreds of thousands of people from around the world whose conscience had been buried in Afghanistan- his reaction had been to decide if he was numbered among the damned he might as well get paid for it. But here was his conscience, tapping him on the shoulder, offering him one more chance.'(297)

He called Kim and told her he wanted a favour, about an Afghan boy, Abdullah who ran from the FBI. He added, 'these days the kind of thing your paranoid nation thinks is evidence of terrorism'. Kim got seriously offended for her, 'the whole country was jangling with fear, and all the Raza Ashrafs of the world could do was sneer about it.' She added, 'And how did it become 'your nation" after he had lived in Miami for a decade and was a green-card holder in the process of applying for citizenship?' The discourse between them was unpleasant and at the end Raza tried to convey, 'He can't stay in America now and there is a way for him to get back to Afghanistan from Canada. So you need to get him across the border. They'll never search a car driven by someone who looks like you. None of his friends in New York looks like you.' (299).But Kim refused to help.

While he was talking to Kim ' Across the compound a game of night cricket was about to commence on a makeshift pitch lit up with the headlights from the Humvees Harry the only non-TCN(Third Country Nationals) involved, though some of the contractors were standing by, watching in bemusement as Harry called out to the other players in Urdu as he dragged over the wooden chair which served as wicket. (298) Disappointed by her refusal he thought of plan B, he would tell Harry ,he had to leave for New York-right away-to get Abdullah out'. He was sure that Harry would ultimately accompany him ;seeing the danger involved in Raza going alone to help an Afghan' Raza relished the idea,'It would be good to be back in America, no matter how briefly.'(300)

Raza was watching Harry play while thinking all this, Harry was bowling, the batsman hit him four and the ball landed near Raza, he bent to pick it up and signaled to the fielders that he had retrieved it .Harry turned towards Raza to catch the ball,...'when the stranger in the guard tower swept his Kalashnikov from right to left as though it was his partner in a dance, and Harry fell in synchronized response, his shirt incarnadine in the bright lights of the

Humvee.' (300) And the world changed for Raza once again leading to another series of traumatic displacement.

Raza stood there with his clothes stiff with dried blood, he wanted to be home. Not in Miami –but in Karachi—the home he had lost twenty years ago'(302). Steve came in and asked Raza to change his clothes. Raza asked him, 'What's the quickest way for me to go to New York?' added that Kim said they'd delay the funeral until his arrival. Actually he had called his mother instead of Kim to tell what had happened who was shocked to know that they were in Afghanistan. '*But why are you in Afghanistan?... Raza, are you involved with this war?*' He begged forgiveness while crying. She let him cry and then asked him to come quickly *We'll wait for you, of course. It's what Harry would want. Oh Raza, how can he be dead? How will I tell Kim?*'(303)

Steve told him he was not going anywhere instead he would have to interrogate every Afghan who had entered that compound in the last twenty-four hours to find out who helped Harry Burton's Killer-' and you're going to translate every word that comes out of their diseased mouths.' Raza had been in Harry's protection till then, he had yet to realize the gravity of the situation. So he told Steve that he was A and G employ and Steve couldn't tell him what to do and being the senior most employee he might be the in charge of operations there now. Steve who was from CIA told him, 'I employ your employers' and added he had just talked to A and G and they had made him in charge until the replacement reach. He told if things'd go on well, he might take Harry Burton's charge. Raza said he would draft his letter of resignation right away. Steve said it'd be nice but resignation would come in to effect after ninety-day waiting period, 'If Kim Burton is putting Harry on ice until you get back to New York, check she has enough ice to make it through April.' Now Raza implored, 'Please. You have other people here who can translate. Just let me go for the funeral. Harry was...' His voice refused to continue. Steve stretched himself on Raza's bed and said, 'Harry was the man I admire above all men... He never knew that. A visionary. And now what is he? A piece of rotten meat.' Raza implored again, 'please let me go for Harry's funeral.'(303) But Steve was not in a mood to listen and left him to make up his mind as directed.

Now Raza retreated to the most 'practical section of his mind' and decided to seek an escape through a tunnel beneath their room. He took a knapsack and 'filled with vast sum of money Harry kept on hand to buy Afghan loyalty.' He couldn't take his and Harry's family photos along. 'He wanted nothing on him which would tie him to anyone else. But he took Harry's bomber jacket-his own was too stained, and the smell might attract wild animal.'(306)

'The tunnel was narrow and musty, the roof too low for upright walking.'(306) He was missing his walk and talk with Harry in the same tunnel before and tears rolled down his face. After an hour he came out on the other side of the tunnel where he found a jeep. 'Through the darkness he made out the faint outline of mountains- the border, and Pakistan. But his obvious destination Pakistan must be obvious to Steve. He thought, 'He might just be able to convince the Army guards at the border to phone Captain Sajjad Ashraf and receive assurance that Raza was just another Pakistani who the American had turned against after extracting all that was useful from him, but the bigger problem was the bounty hunters who prowled the border area, on the lookout for 'enemy combatants.' He knew fully well, 'One phone call from Steve- perhaps that call had already been made- and he would enter data banks the world over as a suspected terrorist. His bank accounts frozen. His mother's phone tapped. His emails and phone logs, his internet traffic, his credit- cards' receipts: no longer the markers of his daily life allowing him to wind a path back ...but different kind of

evidence entirely. That nothing in the world could possibly show him to be Harry Burton's murderer seemed barely the matter in the face of all that could be done to his life before that conclusion. If anyone even bothered with a conclusion. He had never felt so sharply the powerlessness of being merely Pakistani (307-308).

At a loss of his wits, he even considered the option of going back and try to explain to Steve what had exactly happened but then the futility of the option made him utter, 'a small pathetic cry' and he realized, 'No, there could be no going back-not to the compound, not to his life.' (308). He destroyed all those documents, 'that made him legal'. But after that, 'For instant longer he breathed in deeply the desert air, everything around him vast and indifferent, and felt the terror of unbecoming. He returned to his jeep and turned the course of his action.' (308)

After four days of Harry's death Hiroko arranged a meeting with Abdullah with the help of Omar in the New York Public Library. She went there and saw Abdullah who was sitting alone on a table. She went to his table and introduced herself as Raza's mother. His first expression was of disbelief. She had to explain, 'Raza is not Hazara. I'm Japanese. And his father was Pakistani. Originally from Delhi. He and I moved to Karachi in '47.' He moved his chair forward and said, 'But Raza's in Afghanistan.' She confirmed he was but in response to the question, 'Why?' She shook her head, made a gesture which didn't only imply a lack of understanding but also failure. It had never occurred to her that her son would enter wars.' (310) 'Abdullah told her he wanted to live in Afghanistan (311).

While talking about Raza, Abdullah said, 'He was not even an Afghan and he came to fight with us. Not a Pashtun, and he knew our language. And I had him sent away... But instead of hating me, he still tries to help me.' First Hiroko did not understand who he was talking about but when understood she turned her face away, 'wishing she had raised a son who could fit such a glorified image. She considered her son a mercenary who had done nothing to help Abdullah except for making a phone call to a woman he'd never met to try to pass all responsibility on to her and the most depressing thing for her was that despite of all his promises to return and attend Harry's funeral, he had not come. His final failure was the one that convinced her the most that her relationship with her son was entirely comprised of lies—she still felt betrayed as she recalled her final conversation with him, just hours after Harry's death he said, 'Ma, I have to come to bury him. I have to see you.' She believed him completely. When Kim later tried to contact him Steve responded the call and said Raza would not be able to come because of security reason.

After ending the call Kim shared with Hiroko that Harry had moulded Raza in his own image. When Hiroko tried to protest there might be some other reason because Raza himself had insisted he would come Kim explained to her the real business of A and G, Hiroko was in a state of shock from which she was trying to recover when Kim added, 'And on top of all that, he wanted me to smuggle some Afghan across the border' (312). From this outburst Hiroko came to know about Abdullah.

Hiroko went to 'see this mysterious piece of her son's life. But now she couldn't see the boy who drew Raza to violence but only a man who understood lost homelands and the impossibility of return (313). On the other hand, three days earlier, just outside Kandahar, Raza was trying to seek an escape in disguise of a woman clad in shuttlecock, he was at the backside of the jeep, disoriented and disturbed for nearly ten hours. He was fighting the war of his survival though he was not sure he would not be captured by the Americans (316).

Raza wanted to go to the shrine of Baba Wali to see Abdullah's brother. He was told by his companions that he could not go to the shrine alone because Hazaraz weren't popular there. Years back he had heard a lot about the beauty of the city of Kandahar from Abdullah but what he actually found now was 'only dust'.(316) 'The drive to the Baba Wali shrine was more tortuous than the drive to Kandahar's outskirts had been...Everywhere, remnants of the American bombing campaign', (317) all a long story of destruction and walking through the ruins on the road to Kandahar he had been constantly thinking of his mother. 'For some reasons she had become a part of the ache of losing Harry, though he really couldn't understand what one thing had to do with the other.'(317)

At the shrine he met Abdullah's brother, Ismail, the young man who escorted him and Abdullah to mujahidins' camp,' Now everything about him was old' .He called him Raza Hazara and asked him why had he told the man that he was not Afghan to which Raza replied,' The Americans will be looking for you...I mean, they 're looking for the man who called me...yesterday...they think you are involved with the murder of an American.' (318)

Ismail, told Raza about Abdullah's son who had 'never met his father...' After imparting his word of warning to Ismail Raza thought he had done his job so he could go back with clear conscience. He would like to join his two new Pathan friends who promised that 'they'd get him across the border without any hassle, via an unpatrolled route used by many of the Taliban fighters. Though what he'd do once inside Pakistan he still didn't know.' He would visit his father's grave. At least he could do that '(320).

Ismail wanted to know had he found a way to get Abdullah to Canada. Raza did he want Abdullah to be in Canada by the tenth of February. Ismail told, him that day ship would leave that day. Raza wanted to know about the ship and was told, 'Yes. For Europe .From there he'll go overland to Iran, across the desert, and then he's home(321). 'Could you...' Raza stopped. The offer made by the two Pathans 'seemed to entice to refuse...but he knew Steve must have informed the ISI who would find him to prove their recemented friendship with the Americans as he was of no strategic value to the ISI. He took a while to think, his school friend Bilal was in Canada and when Hiroko needed her visa re-stamped to maintain her legal status in America, she crossed border to visit Bilal's family. She came there every six months. She could do so again without any suspicions. So Raza turned to Ismail. And asked him, 'Can you get me into Canada?' Ismail asked, 'Why?'

'Why? How could he put in words the ache to see his mother? It was as if everything in the world had disappeared in a flash of light and only she remained-a beacon, a talisman, a reason to run somewhere instead of just running. 'And he answered, 'There is only one person left in this world who I love. She can come to see me if I'm there.' After that, after he'd seen her, he could decide what else, what next .But first he just needed to see her. There was nothing else. There was no one else. 'Ismail drew him in an unexpected embrace and said,' 'Everyone dead, except one? Allah, what have we Afghans done to deserve such sorrows?' (322)

Ismail introduced Raza to the red- eyed man by saying, 'He's going to help Abdullah get into Canada,' to which he moved his hand dismissively saying, 'I'm not interested in that. Abdullah made the journey once; if he is lucky he'll make it again. This one, this one is a different matter. Leave me alone with him.' The man judged that Raza was carrying money and he wanted to bargain. He commented, 'You're not nearly desperate enough to survive the

journey of the destitute.' Raza was relaxed for he understood,' Now he was in a world...where everything was possible for the right price.'(330)

The route Raza was going to embark on was the illegal route used by the 'desperate' to seek an escape, so he was told, 'From Iran to Muscat, though, you have to travel as they do-'(330) He added if Raza 'could wait a few weeks better option would be available, I'll leave now. It's not far from Iran to Muscat.' Ruby Eyed smiled for he knew the trauma Raza had yet to experience. By the time he was in Muscat, Raza understood pretty well that the man with blood in his eye had been right: he didn't have the mental strength for this journey; his mind had broken apart.'(330)

His new series of traumatic displacement began from Kandahar early next morning in a pickup truck, 'Squeezed between the driver and an armed guard.'(331) Both the co-travelers were 'taciturn, showing no interest in Raza's attempts to engage them in conversation. 'He slept for a while and when he woke up he saw that there was no road just sand and a dozen pickups. 'The vehicles raced across the desert at unnerving speeds-a pack of animals evolved in a world where nothing mattered but chase and escape.' (331)

Finally he reached a point from where would start the next phase of displacement. 'You'll get out here,' the guard said. He pointed to the men who were waiting the convoy approach,' They'll take you now.' The guard had answered all Raza's questions with monosyllables and shrugs but now he looked at him with compassion. 'Just remember, it will end. And the next stage will end.' (332).Raza went on repeating the words to himself 'as though they were a prayer to ward off insanity. He was told, 'Vegetables can cross the border without paperwork, 'so you must become a vegetable...So here he was trying to contain his panic as the cabbages piled up in the back of the pickup, reaching his knees, his chest, his eyes...' He called out, 'I'll suffocate in here,' 'You will be the first,' was the reply (333). 'For most of the journey he stood up, stooped beneath the canopy, hemmed in by chest-high cabbages.' But as the border approached he had to lower himself into the cardboard box. 'Within seconds... the cabbages had rolled over him, cutting off light and air.' And so in the company of cabbages-'breathing in cabbage air, pressed in by cabbage weight'-Raza reached Iran. Time had never moved 'so slowly as in the darkness of cabbages...the cabbages muffled all sounds except that of his heart.' After waiting for a long time he finally stepped down the pickup(333).

Despite of having similar topography, Iran looked different from Afghanistan because there was,'No war,' and that made all the difference.(334) Raza travelled across Dasht-e-Margo-the Desert of Death without knowing the name. They stopped there in a hotel for a night. The desert was left behind and Raza could see the sea. 'But the closer they drew to the coast, the quieter Ahmed, became.' For he knew what Raza had yet to experience-- the most traumatic part of his journey. He asked Raza, 'Why don't you just stay here...If you are running from the Americans, Iran is a good place to be. You even speak the language. And the women are beautiful-and Shia, like you Hazara.'(335) He didn't understand then what made Ahmed worry so much .He handed Raza over to the ship captain.

The captain took him to a wooden boat with a tiny motor and when Raza asked if there was anywhere particular he should sit the captain pointed to the wooden planks and said, 'Beneath there.' Raza laughed, but the captain didn't join in.He knew Raza was laughing in ignorance. He asked Raza, 'Have you pissed?' Failing to understand, Raza asked, 'What?' The captain said, 'Go on. Over the side of the boat. You're not coming out until Muscat ' (335). The captain pulled up a section of the floorboards and asked him to go down. 'Raza looked into

the bowels of the ship and all he saw were prone men looking up at him, more than once crying out-in Farsi and in Pashto- 'Not another one. There is no room.' 'Go on,' The captain pushed at his shoulder blades. 'Get in. We're late already because of you.'(336)

'Raza peered down. There was no space between one body and the next, the men laid out like something familiar, but what? What did they remind him of? Something that made him back up into the ship captain, who cursed and pushed him forward, into the hold, on to the bodies which groaned in pain, pushed him this way and that until somehow, he didn't know how, he was squeezed into the tiny space between one man and the next and his voice was part of the sigh-of hopelessness, of resignation—that rippled through the hold. It was only when the captain slammed down the hatch, extinguishing all light, that he knew what the line of bodies made him think of—the mass grave in Kosovo. (336)

In the darkness, the man left to him clutched his hand and asked 'How much longer?' and through the voice it was revealed that he was a child. Raza didn't answer not because he didn't want to but with the fear that 'if he opened the mouth he would gag from the stench – of the oil-slicked harbor, of damp wood, of men for whom bathing was a luxury they had long ago left behind. The boards he was resting on were slick, and he didn't want to know if anything other than sea water might have caused that.'(336)

When the boat set off, things got worse. The motion of the sea knocking beneath the men's heads was a minor irritant at first-but, when they left the harbor and headed into the open sea, the waves bounced their heads so violently the men all sat up to their elbows. It wasn't long before they started to suffer seasickness. Soon the stench of vomit overpowered everything else. The Afghan boy next to Raza was suffering the most, weeping and crying for his mother. (336-337)

Raza closed his eyes. In all the years he had sat around campfires with the TCNs listening to their tales of escape from one place to another, in the holds of ships, beneath the floorboards of trucks, it had never occurred to him how much wretchedness they each had known. And Abdullah had made this voyage once would make it again across the Atlantic like this 'it wasn't possible. No one could endure this. What kind of world made men have to endure this?' He placed his knapsack beneath his head while lying down and 'lifted up the boy who was weeping and retching next to him and placed him on top his body, buffering the boy from the rocking of the waves. The boy sighed and rested his head on Raza's chest.'(337)

'The hours inched past. No one spoke—conversation belonged to another world. By mid-afternoon the hold felt like a furnace .Several of the men had fainted, including the boy, who was now a dead weight on Raza's chest.'(337) At a certain point death in that hold seemed inevitable to him and 'all he could think of was his mother. She'd never know he had died. No one would put a name to the dead piece of human cargo. He wondered how long she'd keep waiting for news of him. 'How long before she understood that she had lost one more person she loved?' The agony of these thoughts made him whimper softly,' uncaring of what the other men might think of him. '(337) But when the boards lifted up he was called by the captain, 'Raza Hazara. Where are you? Come out. 'He told the rest of them to stay there for they hadn't reached yet (337).

Nothing in Raza's life had felt as shameful, as much of betrayal, as the moment when he identified himself as a man who was leaving. The boy on his chest conscious again, clutched his shirt and said, 'Take me with you,' and Raza could only whisper brokenly, 'I'm sorry.' He

lifted out a bundle of hundred-dollar bills, and passed it on to the boy's hand. 'Don't let anyone know you have this,' he said, before crawling over the other men and holding out a hand for the captain to lift him out (338).

A small rowing boat was waiting for him. He was told that the ship was already late because of him. But when he was trying to climb into the boat he was thrown into the sea with a bar of soap to have a bath. 'He emerged spluttering and bone-cold. There in the cold water while looking up at the expanse of the sky Raza thought, *'I will never be the same again.'* He watched his vomit-slimed clothes floating away, holding on to Harry's jacket, and changed that to, *'I want never to be same again.'* On the boat he had a slightly large shalwar kameez and water and food. 'It was as much as he could bear- any further luxury would have been repellent' (338).

Near dawn the boat reached Muscat, where another gleaming blue pickup was waiting, Raza didn't try to speak to the driver or the armed guard inside. Rather he kept thinking of the boy he had left behind (338). The pickup led to a private airstrip where a plane was on the runway. One of the guards accompanied him to the plane steps and opened the door saying, 'Welcome to the zoo'(338). It had variety of birds and animals. The guard pointed to the cage with the gorilla in it. 'You'll be travelling inside the monkey,' he said. And that's when Raza realized Ruby Eye had been right. His mind had definitely broken apart (339).

Raza had to hide within gorilla only during refueling stops and on landing near Montreal, during the rest of the journey he sat with the Kuwaiti pilots. On reaching the airstrip near Montreal, a forklift was waiting to lower the gorilla cage on to another pickup. Raza made the remaining payment to the driver and asked him to arrange for his friend Abdullah to fly back to Afghanistan in the gorilla instead of sea route. John agreed and asked him to break the news. 'So it was Raza seated in the orange bucket chair, beside a Formica table, whom Abdullah saw when he walked into the fast-food restaurant near Montreal.

He was surprised to see Raza there, called him 'Raza Hazara' and said that he wasn't told by his mother or Kim that he would be there. He added 'Kim Burton dropped him there.' He asked Raza 'You really didn't know? Kim Burton? Raza shook his head. For the last six days he'd been wondering what she'd been told, what she believed. Abdullah asked him to make her a phone call, but they both did not have her number.

Raza thought, whatever they had told Kim Burton she would never believe that Raza was involved with Harry's death. He thought again the story of the spider. This story had passed hands between their two families for three generations. In Afghanistan, Harry had pointed this out and said, 'You need to tell it to Kim. Weiss-Burtons and Tanaka-Ashrafs- we are each other's spiders'(350). Now Kim, too, was part of the stories. Whatever happened to him, Raza knew she would watch over his ageing mother as the spider dance proceeded (350).

Raza said to Abdullah, 'I'm sorry I pretended to be an Afghan. It's only very recently I realized how wrong it was to claim that.' Abdullah waved his hand as if to keep this topic for discussion on some other day and asked him how they both were at the same time. Raza told him everything. Abdullah laughed and said that his mother had told him something about Raza's real life. 'So, your mother lost her family and home to war; your father was torn away from the city whose poetry and history had nurtured his family for generations; your second father was shot dead in Afghanistan; CIA thinks you're a terrorist; you travelled in the hold of a ship; knowing that if you died no one would ever know; home is something you remember,

not some place you live; and your first thought when you reach safety is how to help a friend you haven't seen in twenty years, and this is the part of the story you say the least about. Raza. My brother, truly now you are an Afghan.'(351)Raza touched his hand lightly and said the Abdullah he knew twenty years ago would not have been so forgiving. To this Aduallah responded he was 'very young , and very foolish. He thought corpses spouting blood were decorations for the sides of trucks.' He looked towards the parking lot again and told Raza he felt sorry for his friend Kim, she did much to help him but he was 'ungracious.' Raza told him he had never met Kim. 'We've just been presences in each other's lives for a very long time.' And then asked how did she look like. To which Abdullah told she had short hair like a boy while his index finger knocking against his jaw line, he added, 'just beneath the ear.'(351)

Abdullah told him he talked to her as he had never spoken to an American woman before, 'I wanted her to understand something... about being an Afghan here. About war. Again And again war'. He continued telling Raza,' She started attacking Islam. They're all everywhere you go now-television, radio, passengers in your cab, everywhere-everyone just wants to tell you what they know about Islam...' Raza put an arm round Abdullah and asked him to be quiet for people were looking and tried to defend Kim by saying,'...Kim 's not like that, I know she can't be like that'(532) .To this Abdullah said,' She said heaven is an abomination because my brother is in it... You hear them now all the time. Talking about how they won the Cold War, now they'll win this war. My brother died winning their Cold War. Now they say he makes heaven an abomination. 'Raza listened to all this and in reply while holding his hand in consolation just said to Abdullah that he was tired and added,' Come with me. The car's outside. You can sleep on the plane. Today, Abdullah, you make the journey home to your family.' Abdullah brokenly said, 'New York is my home. The taxi drivers my family.' Raza felt a curious sense of envy amidst his pity.' And said, 'I know things are bad, but perhaps there wasn't any need to run. Even now, it might not be too late. Kim and my mother will help. They'll find you a lawyer. These things still matter, they must.' Abdullah said, 'You're living in another world. My friend Kemal-he was picked up ten days ago. No one heard from him since. New York now is nets cast to the wind, seeking any Muslim to ensnare.'(352-53)

His words made Raza turn reflexively to look out of the window. No nets, but there was a police car in the parking lot which hadn't been there a few second ago, the two policemen talking to a redhead whose hair reached her jaw line. The woman turned towards the window, her finger pointing—Raza grabbed Abdullah's shirt and yanked hard ,ducking at the same time so neither of them could be seen from outside. He pressed his keys in Abdullah's palm. 'For your son's sake. Go quickly please.' He picked up the baseball cap that had been resting next to his elbow and put it firmly on Abdullah's head, handing him his jacket—Harry's jacket—at the same time, and reached across to take the coat Abdullah had slung over his chair.

'Allah protect you!' Abdullah said, squeezing his hand before walking very rapidly to the back door. But not rapidly enough. The policemen had entered; one pointed towards Abdullah the other shrugged and called out, 'Sir?' in his direction. Raza stood up wearing Abdullah's grey coat, said, 'Allah-o-Akbar' loudly enough to be heard. And the whole lot turned towards him with fear and someone called out to the policemen. (353) When Raza came out handcuffed between two policemen the pellets of ice were falling out of the grey sky.'He was glad to be outside, away from the atmosphere of terror, replaced by thrill—his head was down,so she wouldn't see his face...All he was looking at now was ice melting at

every moment of impact- with paving, with shoes, with soil...Annihilated by contact, any contact.' (354)

'Wait! 'he heard her shout. The policemen stopped, angled their bodies towards her (354). Raza and Kim both were caught up in ignorance of the irony of fate.' There was the spider, and there was its shadow. Two families, two versions of the spider dance. The Ashraf-Tanaka, the Weiss-Burtons-their story together the story of a bomb, the story of a lost homeland, the story of a man shot dead by the docks, the story of body armour ignored, of running alone from the world's greatest superpower.'(355)

Raza didn't look up but the fast decreasing space between them told him 'she was walking towards him in long strides.' No other sound in the parking lot; the zip of the cars on the high way was backdrop-and hope.' He went on thinking,' Abdullah should have left through the exit around the back, he would be on the high way now, using his phone to call John and set up another meeting place. But it wasn't enough to be out of the parking lot, he needed time to get away, time in which no one would know they should be looking out for a broad-shouldered, hazel-eyed Afghan.

Raza heard Kim saying, 'I need to make sure that's him'(355). He raised his head and bellowed, 'chup!', the end of the word half-struggled with pain as the policemen's hands pressed down on his head, forced him to his knees. He saw Kim Burton's eyes refused to believe what they were seeing – 'as though the world was attempting to play a trick on her which she didn't find even remotely entertaining.' Then she was reaching a hand out to him, and Raza's body jerked away from her touch. 'Stand back, 'he heard one of the policemen say. Raza wasn't sure she'd heard. She was staring at him as a child might stare at a unicorn or some other creature of legend whose existence she'd always believed in yet never expected to receive proof of (355).

In the twenty years since Harry had handed him marsh-mellows on the beach and said Kim was asking if he had a girlfriend he'd have been imagining and re-imagining their first meeting. His mouth twisted at how far his imagination had fallen short. His grimace brought her back to the moment. He saw her looking up towards the restaurant window, then at the winter coat... she took a step back...He saw Harry's careful intelligence in her-looking at pieces, trying to understand the whole picture.(356) The ice was falling into her auburn hair, splinters winking as they dissolved. For a moment, he wavered. All he needed to do was allow her to say what she had been about to when he stopped her. She had only to say, 'That's not him,' and they would let him go. And then- a bead of melted ice trailed down her face, following a route a tear might take- he and Kim Burton would finally sit down face to face, and talk About Harry, to talk about Hiroko, to talk about everything.But he would not do that to Abdullah, Not this Raza Konrad Ashraf- not the one who had lain in the hold of a ship bearing the weight of an Afghan boy, not the one who had floated in the dagger-cold sea looking up at Orion, promising himself he would not be the 'same again. Every chance, every second, he could give Abdullah he would. He 'wryly considered this new heroic persona he was trying to take on .Truth was he didn't have the temperament for this kind of running anyway, they'd catch him soon enough. Perhaps arrest Bilal, or his mother, or anyone else who might be termed accomplice. Kim Burton, too, if she walked with him out of this parking lot. What a gift, then, what a surprising gift, to be able to say the moment when freedom ended had counted for something. Finally, he counted for something (356).

'Is it him?' one of the policemen said. He looked straight at Kim. 'Hanh,' He said very softly. 'Hanh. Yes. Say yes.' He saw her decision, though he didn't know how or why she had come to it. 'Yes' she said (356). The men nodded and lifted Raza to his feet. 'Her expression became frantic as she heard the jangle of his handcuffs. I don't know that he had done anything wrong. He just looked suspicious. My father died in Afghanistan a few days ago. I'm not coping very well. There's nothing he's done wrong. Please let him go.' The policeman told her not to worry they were just going to ask him a few questions (357).

They walked Raza passed Kim as they headed to the car. The look on her face was one he knew he'd never forget. No matter what happened to him, what anyone did now, what they said, how they tried to break him, he would remember-as if it were a promise of the world that awaited if he survived-Kim Burton's expression, which said, clearer than the words of any language, 'Forgive me.' (357) Raza would have. If it were in his power he would have taken her mistake from her and flung all the points of its gleaming sharpness into the heavens. But he knew it didn't work that way. He would only try to convey, in the final instant before they dragged him away- in the dip of his head, the sorrow of his smile- that he still saw the spider as well as its shadow (357).

On her way back Kim Burton was still in a conflict and wondering of what had happened. In the first moment, she was grateful beyond measures to Raza, those dues ex machine, long waiting in the wings of her life for the moment when he could enter with a flourish and interpose himself between her misguided intentions and their fulfillment. He would be fine, of course...Of course he would be fine. There wasn't any question of that. However bizarre his behavior, there was nothing illegal about it, or about his presence in Canada. The policemen need never know that he had helped Abdullah escape; they'd merely conclude that the American woman was paranoid, seeing a threat in every Muslim' (358-359). But in the next moment she was so angry she had to pull over-more than once- to collect herself. He had allowed Abdullah to escape. And now there was nothing she could do without exposing Raza as an accomplice. And how had that become a line she couldn't cross?...There had been such an urgency and knowing in his eyes, that she had done what she never otherwise did- suspended her own judgment, and complied.(359)

When she reached back it was complete darkness. She thought Hiroko was asleep, she wanted to tell Hiroko what had happened 'but now it felt like a reprieve to be spared that tonight.' But when she switched the light on, she found her sitting there. Hiroko wanted to know what had happened and where was Raza. She tried to assure her, 'Raza will be fine,' she said, turning her back on Hiroko. 'He's got A and G 's lawyers on his side; there's nothing he can't get away with.' Hiroko asked, 'Not even Harry's murder? ...No one could think Raza is involved with Harry's murder.' Kim was about to leave the room when she heard Hiroko saying, 'When Konrad first heard of the concentration camps he said you have to deny people their humanity in order to decimate them. You don't....You just have to put them in a little corner of the big picture. In the big picture of the Second World War, what was seventy-five thousand more Japanese dead? Acceptable, that's what it was. In the big picture of threats to America, what is one Afghan? You are the kindest, most generous woman I know. But right now, because of you, I understand for the first time how nations can applaud when their governments drop second nuclear bomb'(362).

The silence that followed was the silence of the intimates who find themselves strangers. 'The dark birds were between them, burnt feathers everywhere.' Kim was the first to speak. Not to Hiroko but to someone in Canada, she insisted, pleaded, held on for a very long time. But

finally she was asked to leave her number and wait for the phone. Kim and Hiroko both sat on the same sofa, 'unspeaking'. Within a few seconds one of the policemen from the parking lot called and Kim put the call on the speaker, 'I'm glad you called,' he said, 'I wanted you to know you did absolutely the right thing today.' 'No,' she said no, 'No, he did nothing wrong. I'm the one who broke the law. She was determined to tell them the truth about Abdullah and Raza.' (362)

Kim wanted to apologize to Raza but she was told, 'There's no law against reporting someone on a hunch. And he did a lot wrong ... I probably shouldn't be telling you this. But I think you deserve to know. Your government has been searching for that man, they're very glad to have him in their custody now. Miss, your father would be proud of you.' Hiroko whose whole world and whole existence had been fraught with traumatic displacements got the fatal blow, she stood up and walked slowly over to the window, she had lost all in the game of life but, 'Outside, at least, the world went on' (363)

CONTEXT

Kamila Shamsie, a postcolonial Pakistani English writer, has a firsthand experience of living in her own homeland Pakistan, a third world country and United States of America and United Kingdom. Her keen interest, observation and experience of national and international politics along with a profound knowledge of historical events like World War II, Partition of India, Russian invasion of Afghanistan and resultant Jihad, 9/11 and the resultant War on Terror all constitute the background of her epic novel *Burnt Shadows*.

She herself is a witness to the collateral unimaginable destruction caused by the unending war against terrorism and its impacts on micro and macro level life (knolg4africa.com). She has been familiar with the grand narratives created by the Western and the American media to justify the ideology behind the power games of the international politics. So she wrote this novel to show the world the other side of the picture and the disastrous indelible impacts of the power games on the innocent individuals who are taken as the children of a 'lesser god'.

Fairclough's model of CDA deals with the interpretation of literature at the production and reception level as well. From the context of traumatic displacement the writer starts with the depiction of a prisoner at Guantanamo Bay from the recent history and links him to Hiroko Tanaka's character, a direct victim of atomic explosion in World War II to expose the hegemonic designs of the world power stakeholders. Thus, allowing the reader to interpret the perpetuation of the traumatic displacement of a war victim whose kith and kin are as shelterless now as they used to be in the past.

Language as a social practice is linked with the historical contexts. The justification offered by the American doctor in Tokyo about the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japan was similar to Kim's justification of calling police for the arrest of an Afghan. Both want to save the 'Americans' lives'. The literary power of the text from the perspective of Fairclough's CDA model links to representation of the characters and their lives enabling the reader to connect to the language intended by Shamsie to present the discourse as social practice to create social reality. In this way she positions the reader in the place of Raza's psychological and emotional context of place and displacement, the whole series of traumatic displacement and enormity of damage it has caused to his life.

In turn this discourse of traumatic displacement can be taken as a discursive practice, it is not the sad tale of the traumatic displacement of Raza, Abdullah or Hiroko only, but a representation of known and unknown millions. Shamsie presents it as a mode of resistance against all the crimes committed against humanity from World War II to War on Terror hence making it interdiscursive. Loomba(1998) regards social and historical developments as textual in nature which can be taken out of their literary representation. She believes displacement does not occur in place only but in time as well and the literature that reflects variety of displacement provides historic visions, which are real and vibrant as compared to the more encompassing present (Loomba, 1998).

CONCLUSION

Displacement has become a major theme in Shamsie's novels (Kahf, 1999) but in *Burnt Shadows* this displacement has become all the more traumatic when linked with the gigantic human tragedy of the dropping of atomic bomb in World War II and the unending War on Terror that followed the fall of the twin towers in America. We see the son of the World War II victim as a naked prisoner at Guantanamo Bay. The question he was pondering on at the loss of his wits in the prologue: "How did it come to this?" , and the thought that he would be "wearing an orange jumpsuit" when in truth, he was actually dressed, depicts the popularly distributed images of Guantanamo Bay with less imagery but with greater context of this Western incarceration. Shamsie's novel unfolds the story of a series of traumatic displacement of the Pakistani prisoner, his Japanese mother, his Indian father and his Afghan friend from the colonized world. The novel is ambitious in scope ranging from the geographic and chronological breadth; it leads the audience from Japan's momentous World War II landscape unto the independence and Partition of India and Pakistan amidst the local military regime and the US intervention (Shamsie, 2002). Shamsie based the moral foundation of the novel with Hiroko Tanaka-Ashraf, a survivor of the atomic explosion, serves as a formidable reminder of the unprecedented violence and trauma caused by the dropping of Atom Bomb in World War II. It is through her moving insights that *Burnt Shadows* reveals its didactic view on the weakness of the new, nation-state. Shamsie has shown how the crisis of identity is affected by the tragic national events between Imperial Japan and England, the post colonial India and Pakistan, a neo- colonial U.S.A., and a Talibanized Afghanistan are all indicted as perpetrators of injustice and violence (Lowe, 2002).

Adam Hodge(2011)writes in the introduction to his book, *The 'War on Terror' Narratives: Discourse and Intertextuality in the Construction of Sociopolitical Reality*, that 9/11 merely happens to be one narrative about the world on that particular day .He further adds that in order to break down its dominance one needs to go beyond the picture propagated by the USA government and the media. This what Shamsie has done by writing back to the ' Empire' hence making her novel a discourse of traumatic displacement of the innocent victims.

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