"I have been here 18 months," said Govind. "My case was for fighting." I ask if his opponent died, it seems these little Nepalis often do die in fist fights. "Yes. My friend & I struck him. He died. Now we are no longer a police case. We are waiting for District Court. I don't know when court will be. Nepal is a bad place."
This last statement is a little too ingenuous & distinct — it strikes me that he's training me.
"What to do?" My answer satisfies.
"You're a good fighter?"
"No. It was my first time. It was training."
"What is there to train for?"
"I am was in high school. I was just training."

Under the straw mats "particulars" are cached: loose paisa coins, pen shells, old notes, a flower, clean and pressed clothes for court wrapped in a newspaper.

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Epilogue

Curious style — there are two inserts. Emphasis on "I" — writer's own experience?

Ill. Patel, the jute smuggler, his drink was tea. He'd become quite a master — he was 5 or 6 specialties trained w/ just the right amount of spices and nuts and herbs. He had a whole string of tea-making anecdotes, true & amusing about his last 5 years of making tea in this very room. The day he used salt instead of sugar for AGP's tea, the time he left the stove boiled kerosene all over the place and the whole floor lit on fire — he had a kind of strange and good tea. He had another 5 years (w/ a master tea maker's unhastily practiced) to go. Then he'd be granted a pardon.

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