



FEATURING CHARACTERS FROM THE TRINITY PICTURES FRANCHISE **SNIFF**
DIRECTED BY AMOLE GUPTA



SUNNY GILL & THE AGENTS OF S.N.I.F.F

BOOK ONE: **PICKLE PANDEMONIUM**

BY YOGESH CHANDEKAR & SAUMIN PATEL





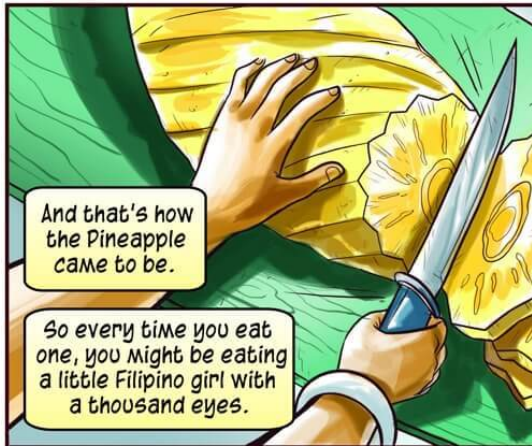
Luckily, we are still kicking. But the stink of dead Pish and rotten wood makes me wish otherwise.

Google just Parted. I think he had Mysore Masala Dosa for breakfast. I don't think he had the sambar.

Twitter never Parts. She is quite classy that way. But I smell her fear, in spite of that garish strawberry deo.







And that's how the Pineapple came to be.

So every time you eat one, you might be eating a little Filipino girl with a thousand eyes.



That's why I don't like it. But Google says it's packed with vitamins & minerals. So I figured out a way to make it likeable.



By turning it into a pickle!

By the way, that's me, Sunny Gill.

I may look like a normal 8 year old, but I am not.

I have superpowers, sort of. We'll come to that in a while.



That's my dad, Dharampal Gill aka Papaji.

And that's Bebe, grandma extraordinaire.

Best pickle ever!

I told you this boy was a genius!



Then why doesn't he come first in his class?

I also have a sister, Bobby. She doesn't like me. I don't like her. So let's not even talk about her.

But I know Bobby is jealous of me. I also know what she washed her hair with.



How do I know? Just like I know what Papaji did with his friends last night.



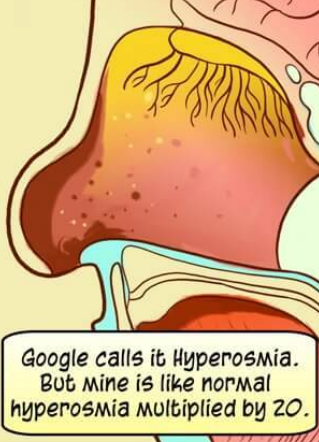
And why our diabetic Bebe came home late from her walk last evening.



I also know that Mrs. Pai on the second floor needs a new pet. How?



Well, that's my superpower. A heightened sense of smell.



Google calls it Hyperosmia. But mine is like normal hyperosmia multiplied by 20.

So I know every time the hydrant outside our society gets a shower.



And who's having what at the Khandoba Chinese shack two blocks away.



I also know stuff I don't want to know. Like the no. of upset tummies in a 1 km radius.



And other such things that are best left unsaid.

Point being, my boon can also be my bane. But how did I come to get it?



Do you really want to know?



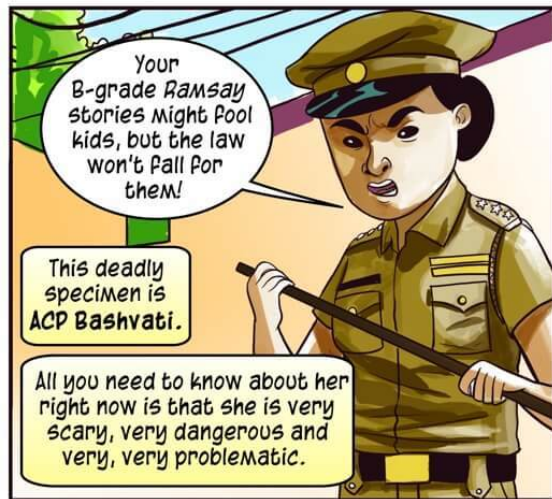


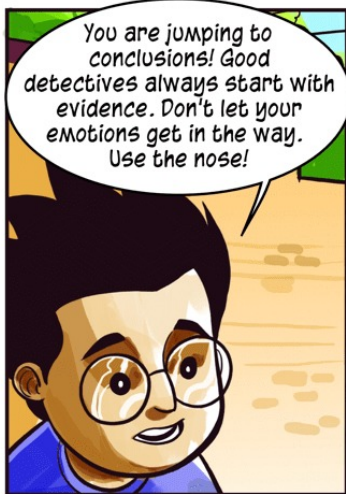






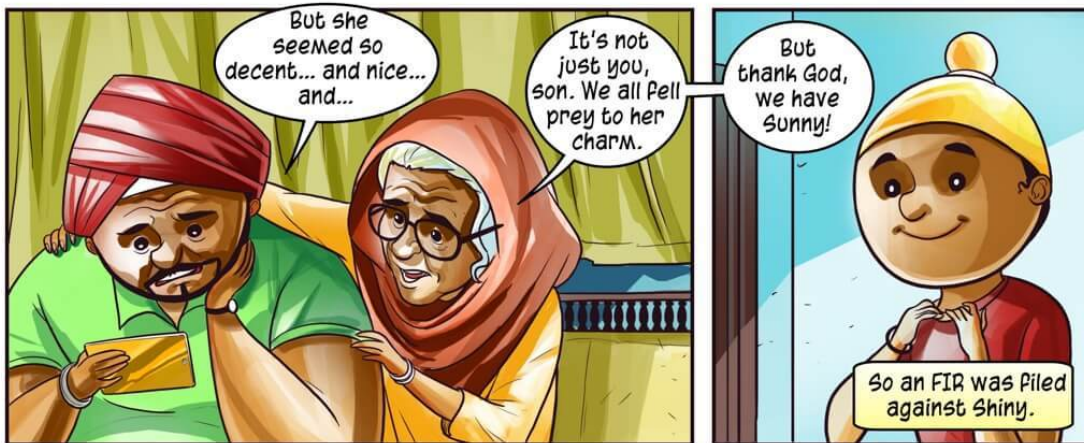




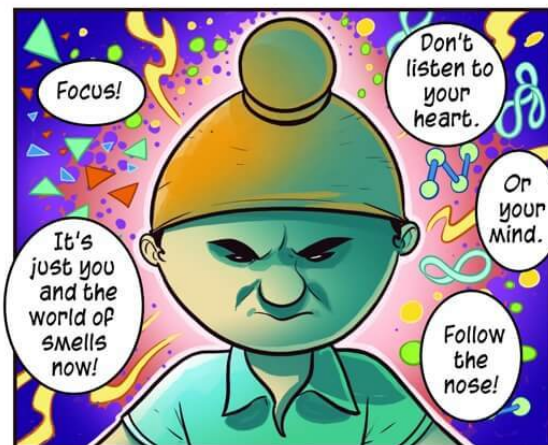






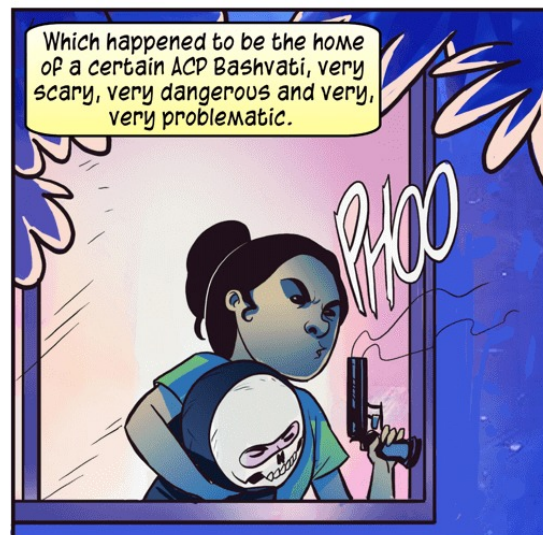






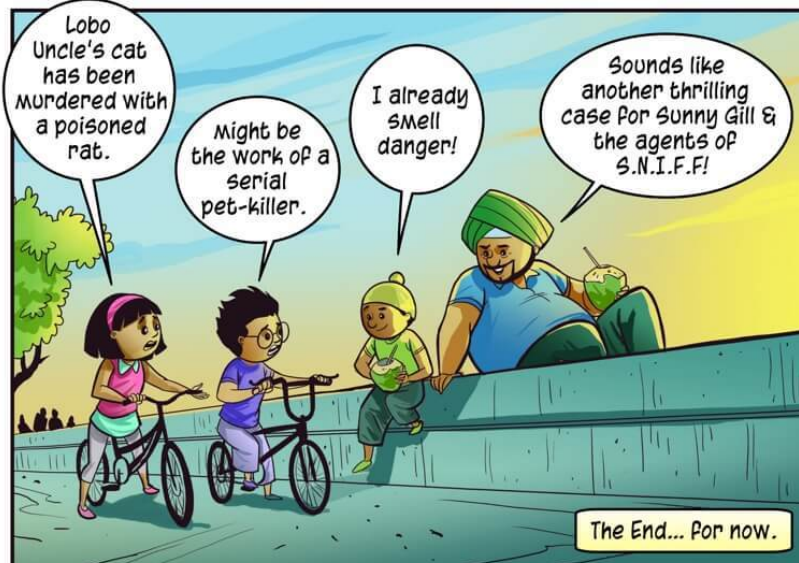






Google was right. There was no big conspiracy involving Uncle's Kitchen. Just a coincidence that our Factory got robbed the night before they announced their pickle. Their pineapple pickle is now out in the market. It's not as good as ours, but at least it doesn't put people in a coma.

The thing to keep in mind is that unlike detective fiction, real life has no plot. Everything is random. Stuff just happens. Sometimes you interpret it right, sometimes you don't, like the whole Shiny Fiasco.



SUNNY GILL & THE AGENTS OF S.N.I.F.F

BOOK ONE PICKLE PANDEMONIUM

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