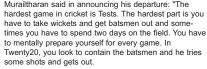


 $S^{\text{ri Lanka spin legend Muttiah Muralitharan has}} \\ \text{Confirmed that he will call time on his record-breaking Test career in 2010.The 37-year-old off-} \\$ spinner will bow out after a two-match home series against West Indies next November, but will continue to feature in the shorter forms of the game.



"Fifty-over cricket is also the same. In Test cricket you have to read the batsmen, set the fields properly and get the wickets.

Having struggled with a knee injury in recent times, Murali added: "A torn tendon is a very big injury and it will take a long time to heal. The best suggestion was for me to rest for two to three weeks, train hard and play with a little pain.

"I was prepared to go through with it. The doctors said that I can definitely play with the injury for about one to two years, but in the end when I finish they will have to operate on it."

Murailtharan has taken a world record 770 wickets in 127 Test matches, at an average of 22.18. Murali, who once harboured hopes of becoming the first bowler in Test history to take 1000 wickets, said the lack of Test cricket for Sri Lanka had made it difficult for him to achieve the milestone.

The spin wizard has taken five wickets in an innings an incredible 66 times, while taking ten wickets in a match on 22 occasions. He achieved the grand double of being the highest wicket-taker in ODIs as well when he went past Wasim Akram's record of 502 wickets in 2009.

They closed the door behind me. pushing hard to keep it sealed, "Go, do not come back, do not speak." they screamed without speaking, "Wolves will eat your flesh, your bones will lie in the open, they cried in fearful anger and returned to their cells I can see them, each staring at the texture of the bricks in the walls of their cells, pining for freedom, clinging to the certainty of parallel isolation. And I am cast out, left to die, wandering the dunes, eating wild strawberries, watching the flight of birds, the unfolding of clouds, listening to the hymn of wind across sand, the fall of water into the embrace of surf, sheets of water wiping the face of the beach, the hissing kiss of foam on wet sand. Mountains have grown and been ground flat, washed into the sea and still, I am here.

"Come, let me show you,"
I said, leading them to the great iron door,

it was unlocked, as always

I opened it, walked out, calling for them to follow, saying "We are always free."

