

A Stranger

“I need to hurry -up but I can catch the bus” I thought while speeding up my pace.

It was Martin Luther King’s Day - a cold snowy day. I had a bus at 5:00 pm and I left my friends college at 3:15 as it was on a walk of just 45 minutes. The continuous snow slowed me down a bit but I was sure I will be able to make it. Thanks to Google maps, the world is an easy place now. I was walking on the side walk with my eyes stuck to the way on my phone. I was just 5 minutes’ walk away from the bus station when I noticed it. There was a river between me and the bus station. I saw on the Google maps and it showed me a bridge. I went to the place that Google Maps was showing but I got shocked to see that it was wrecked because of the recent storm. I, holding any thoughts, looked for some other way to cross the river but there was none. I started to get worried. I knocked on a house type building near me in case they might know a way to cross the river. No one came! Right when I was turning back thinking that there is no one in the home, the door opened. There was this very old and weak gentleman in his sleeping dress and he looked at me confused, like he was surprised to see a visitor.

“Hello Sir. I’m sorry, but would you know of any way to cross the river?” I asked quickly.

“I am afraid, not”, he replied.

And that was the moment I realized I am going to miss my bus to Lansing. It was just my 2nd week in the United States and I had already booked a bus from Lansing to New York

so if I missed that bus, that would mean I would miss my next bus too and one whole day and all of money will go to waste.

Watching me getting worried, he asked me what the problem is and I told him that I need to get to the bus station. He said there is no way and I have to take a detour which will take me more than 45 minutes. It was already 4:25 pm. I got more worried. He looked at me and asked me that what time my bus was? I told him that it was supposed to leave at 5:00 pm. He said if you run then maybe you can catch it. He said, "I'm sorry, I wish I could drop you off but I have a ceremony for the Martin Luther King's Day today and I need to be there." I said its okay, thank you for the help.

Now I had to catch a bus so I started running with my bag on my shoulder. I started running and running. It was now 4:45pm and I would've made it there but I was so tired, running like this in the snow. I was almost thinking that there is no way I can make it there in this condition and was about to lose hope. Just when I was about to fall down, I heard a car horn. When I turned my head back, it was the same old man in a car, waiving to me. I went to him and he opened the door for me. He said, "I was feeling really bad about you, so I came here to give you a ride."

I literally couldn't even say a word because I didn't know what to say and how to say. He accelerated and in 5 minutes we were there at the bus station and I saw the bus which was about to leave. He said hurry up, and I opened my door and thanked him a lot but it was not even closer to what he did for me.

He said “It’s okay, you are a guest in this city and it’s not a problem for me to do this small thing for a guest.”

The bus honked the last horn and I realized it was about to leave. I thanked him again and said goodbye and went to the bus.

While on my way back, I was thinking that these are the people who actually represent their culture, their community, their country. These are the people, whom I came to meet and know about. These are the people, who make their own people proud and I need to be one of them.

