

A STRANGER I MET

By dawn my luggage was already packed, body scrubbed in every angle, teeth brushed and snow white. Everything was in apple pie order. Finally, the time had come, I was going to camp. Panic stroke as my alarm rang , I was late for the bus. I quickly raced with myself to the bus terminal only to find the bus waiting for me.

I boarded the bus and quickly regained my placid nature little did I know my bus left an hour ago. As I entered the congested bus I found myself a sit next to a lovely damsel who had a savory smell coming from her bag which made me ravenous. Slowly, I dozed off and missed three terminals and was awakened by the monstrous voice of the conductor telling me to get off the bus.

After a second getting off the bus I saw a ravaged poster noted, “NORTHMOST.” Oh my God! I was on the other side of town . Fear embraced me, I had no idea what I was going to do. Tring to find my way, I tripped and fell into a mud puddle and hit my face on the ground, a man reached out his hand to me and helped me up. My phone was dead and I was soggy and smothered with dirt.

A gentle voice came from the dark and tall man in a blue T-shirt and black trousers, from the looks of it he was around his forties. I never paid attention to his words nor did I lend an ear to listen, my worries were focused on my brand new broken phone. Again the man said “are you lost.” Then I heard him, slowly I raised my face to get a closer look at him. He looked kind yet rigorous, one of those tough love parents. Still no words came from my mouth and he gently shock his head and asked me to follow him, to change. He led the way and I followed after a minute.

When we arrived at his house, fenced with wooden poles and loaned with green grass, he opened the gate and I entered. As he closed the gate all of a sudden, a black German Shepard dog took charge at me and all I can recall is that I knocked out.

The next time I woke up, I found myself laying on a pink sofa with a leg I previously remembered fine, know aching wrapped with a bandage that was gory. The man introduced himself as Henry Musk. I told him my name and thanked him for not leaving me stranded in the streets. As I looked around my body, I was clean again and dressed ion new clothing and again extended my gratitude and he noted that it was the least he could do

The house was empty . Henry then broke the silence by asking me if I was hungry and like before, I said nothing and he brought me a bowl of cereal then asked how I

ended up in Northmost. I related my story and told him where I was supposed to be and he consoled me and asked for my parents' details. He made a quick call by the corner and told me that mother would come and pick me up.

Relief finally knocked at my heart and I gained solace. Mother came ad picked me up and I thanked the stranger who became my hero.