

A stranger

It was a dark day of my life. I was betrayed by an old friend, I felt helpless and brittle. I felt hatred for my whole known world. I couldn't trust anyone sharing the story. The whole day I was roaming like a homeless person. The sunset had come but my mind was not fixed. I was not ready to go back to the hostel, yet. But as a girl, it was not safe roaming in the city at nighttime. I felt too many eyes on me. I felt more broken, more terrified. Suddenly I remembered him.

A guy, we were talking over social media for a long time. We knew each other virtually but never met yet. We belonged to the same campus. We shared too many thoughts, too many memories that happened in our lives, and stories. We trust each other, somehow, we built faith in each other. We kept each other secrets. He used to be my diary, I wrote and wrote stories after stories, and he never got tired of reading them and comments. But strangely we never met. We never feel the need to meet, neither he nor I.

I was near his dormitory, 5km away from my hostel. I had his number. Without any second thought, I called him.

-Hey, there! It's me nanju.

-hey, what's up?

-Are you free?

-Not really, I just came to tutor my student. Will be free in one hour, anything emergency?

-umm..no, just thinking of meeting you.

-is everything ok buddy!?

-yeah

-where are you now!?

-at the gate of your dormitory.

-oh my god! At this late! What's wrong!?

-nothing.

- Who is with you!?

-no one.

-I'm coming. Don't go anywhere, not alone, please.

He took only 12 minutes to come. I wasn't surprised, I knew he would come. I had that faith. The night became darker. He wanted to walk with me to my hostel. We were walking in silence. He felt odd. He tried to make humor and conversation; my pale smile and small replies gave him more assurance of my bad mood. He asked me a thousand times, 'is there anything I can do!?' I could say nothing, I felt it must be irritating for him, but he did not seem irritated at all. We were almost at the hostel, but I needed more time.

-may we have some food, I am starving.

-sure, but when will your hostel gate be closed?

-at 11.00pm

-it's 9.45 now, may we take a rickshaw! Then we can make it before 11.

-ok

In the rickshaw, suddenly I wondered if I couldn't recall the road. It seemed unknown. He again made jokes like 'kidnapping you for selling your kidneys', 'those smokes around us are for creating a valid crime scene'. I couldn't help but laugh at his weird jokes. He made more fun of me and made my heart lighter. When we reached a restaurant, I felt dizzy after starving the whole day. He quickly took me to the restroom and waited at the door till I came back. We ordered and took food. In the meantime, I shared what happened to me, and he listened to me without saying a word. After sharing the whole story, I felt lighter. I felt ready to go back to the hostel. Suddenly it started raining. As I was already late, we couldn't help but come out in the rain. He was searching for a rickshaw. I felt so light that I started showering in the rain like a little kid, running down the road, laughing, dancing. I knew I didn't need to be tense; he would manage to get back in time. Yeah, finally he found the rickshaw and took me back to my hostel. He stood out the gate while I filled my late entry papers. After ensuring no problem occurred he faded away in the rain like a stranger. He is a stranger who made me believe 'not all friendships are the same, there are some pure-hearted friends who can do anything for you without question'. If he needs to face sickness and fever, he will.