

In 2017, I was in first year student. I was shattered, broken down. There was a big communication gap between me and my family. My family couldn't understand me and they just rebuke me all day and night.

I was so disturbed and finally I decided to run away from my family. That was Sunday, after finishing my class at 11 a.m, I decided to go anywhere and got on a bus. After 2 hours, the bus was stopped because there was World Ejtema, like hajj. I got off the bus, and started to walk. I was so hungry and thirsty.

After some time, a man started to follow me. His intention was too bad. He was wanted to know where I am going? Then I thought I should change my path. Then I noticed he again changed his path where I was going. I was so scared what should I do. Then I saw a middle aged women who was buying ice-cream. I went to her and asked where she will go. She replied Badda, near my house. I asked her for a help if she could take me with her. She replied okay sure. Then I noticed that man stopped there. After some time that lady brought me a ice-cream and a few chickpea. I was just wondering may be Allah sent angel in the form of this women to help me.

When she reached Badda, suddenly she was just disappeared. I had no money, she helped me from getting raped, feed me, and I reached my home safely. Still now I am looking for her, someday may be I would be meet with her.