

The moments of waiting...

He has been waiting there for more than 30 minutes; from 7:30 onwards . Only 5 minutes left before the arrival of “Ameer” bus.

Interview is at 10:00. "Can I make it? Of course the bus will come. What about my brother? Could he get 150 rupees from his friend? If not?" He could not think about that possibility. He is always hopeful. He believes that some unseen force will decide whether he can join for BSc or not. His heart started beating faster and faster as the time pass. Now, only 3 minutes left for the bus to come.

He could see someone is coming; from very far. Yes; he is his brother! He remembers that, in the morning, his brother told him:

“If I get 150 rupees from him (his friend), then I shall reach the bus stop before the arrival of the bus. Otherwise, you can assume that I did not get the money”.

Now, he is coming.

“Can I presume that he is coming with money?” – a question of huge price.

“Will he say that ‘sorry, I could not make it’?”

Well, he has to face whatever comes on the way! In any case, he has to wait only for one more minute, perhaps.

His brother reached the bus stop; put his hand in the pocket; took out a small packet and extended to him.

“Go and take admission”. He could not believe that he is going to join for BSc. He tried his best to control his emotion. Time was not left to say anything to his brother. “Ameer” has already arrived. He made sure that his “one rupee” is also safe in his pocket. Got into the bus, silently...