

Destination

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There are two kinds of people on the road: the one in a hurry, and the one with osteoarthritis. I had just left my University after a tedious day of long lectures. The sky had blushed itself to a soothing blend of grey and orange. But I had no time to stand and stare. My train was in three minutes. I hurried past people with an incessant murmuring of “Excuse me” on my lips. I could hear the shrill horn of the engine coming closer as I skipped along, zigzagged my way through people and puddles. The train slithered its way in just as I reached the station. Jostling my way into the bogie was one of the most taxing, if not the most taxing task I performed each day. It needed exceptional expertise to set one’s foot on board a local train and even greater talent to barge by inches into the compartment. It needed sheer enduring power to bear the scrambling, jolts and shoves.

But it didn’t matter. Everyone was going home, returning to the warmth of safety. As my stop neared, my eyes fell on the sky. It was already dark. A few birds darted around searching for the perfect tree to spend their night on. An aeroplane slickly flew away to its destination carrying a plethora of emotions in it. Perhaps a newlywed couple were snugly flying away to a world of their own or perhaps a proud single mother was going to attend the convocation of her daughter abroad.

As the train halted at my stop, I managed to clamber down. A short walk through the discordant swarm, each hastening away, would take me home. That is when it struck me. Every agitated face had a glimmer of their destination in the eyes. Each had a story to tell. I slowed my pace down and simultaneously a soft breeze wiped the frown off my brow.