**HOPE**

The bus did not leave after an hour. It stood waiting for paramedics, a safety squad or anything that would be of any help at all.

The bus was precariously perched at the edge of a cliff. All the passengers were at one end of the bus, too scared to even breathe. The slightest of movement could lead to the bus being devoured by the treacherous ravine and then churned by its digestive juices and beaten to a smooth pulp by the roaring river. People prayed for hours and hours. Phones were out of reach. There seemed like no hope at all. It had been a minimum of twelve hours and the prayers were in full swing, and the phones had all died. The people were probably shedding their last tears. Just as all hope was lost, a helicopter buzzed over the bus. The helicopter landed a good fifteen metres away from the bus. A woman got off. She appeared strong and confident; the soft lines on her face exuded a sense of calm and her eyes, warmth.

She looked worried as any normal person would be. She immediately made a few phone calls and within minutes, several helicopters, fire trucks, ambulances and big cars arrived. The bus was pulled to safety. The people survived, even though they had death staring at them. The passengers shed tears of joy and relief; they could actually go home now and meet their families.

Cars dropped them home. The next morning there was a huge article about all of the recent happenings. And the lady in the helicopter, her name was hope.