

The tears of Realization

It was a beautiful day. The air was soft and fragrant. The plants that grew on the opposite side of the platform in plenty were full of flowers. Birds were flying merrily. The people chatted among themselves in small groups here and there, all waiting for the 9:30 train.

The hardworking farmers were appreciably rich enough to send their children to the nearby town for better education. There were all kinds of people there waiting to board the train – people going to the big market and officers going to work. The almost isolated villagers depended on the railway for many reasons. Civilization was only beginning to raise its head at this time. The people were generous and kind. They lived very happily.

It was on this day that a complete stranger walked into their lives, one who could change their lives forever. The young girl patiently looked at her watch and glanced at the noticed board that said that the train was running 10 minutes late. She was wearing black jeans and a T-shirt and a sporty black cooling glass that hid her extremely beautiful eyes from the entire world. She was slim and had her long black hair tied. At one look anyone could say she was not from the village, but she had come there with obvious reasons. She took a bottle of water from her handbag and drank a sip or two. The minister was traveling in a special coach around the middle of the train heavily guarded. He was supposed to go by another train, but for some reasons had to change it. His family and a few high ranked officers were with him. He was a man of strict and serious visions. He visualized a corruption free rule. It was on these matters that he had a lot of disputes with his party leaders.

The engine dragging the coaches slowly came to a halt. Everyone readied themselves to board the train. The young girl leaned down to pick up her suitcase. As the train finally came to a stand still, with out any hurry for anything, she climbed aboard the compartment next to the ministers'. As she made herself comfortable around the middle of the compartment, she had a look around. There was a mother and her baby, sitting on the window side next to her. Then a smart young man came and sat beside them and he took the baby from the mother. The baby went back to sleep in his hands. Just one look at the sweet baby sleeping would have melted the cruelest hearts. Right opposite to her were an old man and woman. Then she saw a young couple sitting in a lonely side of the compartment talking a lot, but what they said was strictly not going to be heard by others. That was the way they talked. They seemed to be lost somewhere in their talking that it seemed that they had lost count of what happened around them. It was then that she noticed an armed police officer near the entrance to the compartment.

The train remained stationary for a minute or so before it started to move slowly as if waiting for someone else to come. But it started to pick up its pace steadily. The minister was on his way to attend a minister. It was just when the train had reached full speed that the officer, with a cell phone, walked towards the middle of the compartment. The young girl didn't panic but was quick to react. She stood up holding a pistol in one

hand, aiming it at the officer and in the other hand was something that looked like a remote control.

“ I will blow up this train, and there is no point in trying to stop me”, came a determined sound. Suddenly the atmosphere in the compartment became filled with fear. The baby woke up and began to cry, disturbed by all the noise and shouting around her and not understanding the seriousness of the situation. The officer had apparently got news of this and seriously didn’t expect the young girl to be part of the terrorist gang that was aiming at the life of the minister. Though pointing a gun for the first time, she seemed to be a professional with it. The guards behind the officer tried to counter the terrorist, but in vain. The girl warned them that she wouldn’t hesitate to press the button.

Time seemed to be slowing down around her. Seconds felt like minutes and minutes felt like hours as a lot of thoughts went through her mind. She thought of the reasons why she had chosen to go walk this side of life. She had lost her father when she was quite young. It was from her mother’s meager income that she and her sisters lived. It was then that from her miserable life that it seemed like a thread for survival that this option came to her. She thought a lot before signing herself in this dangerous and risky mission. It was not because she wanted to lead a normal life and to live like a normal girl, but her surroundings did not permit her to be. The group leader had promised that if she completes this mission without any flaw, he would see to that her sick mother and sisters live well. Moreover the minister’s party wanted him dead but didn’t want to hurt their faces by dismissing such a powerful man among the people. They thought that getting rid of him permanently solve the problem.

These were the reasons that lay before her why she should do this. But her mind came back to the compartment where she was holding an officer at point blank. Deep within her heart a call came, a soft sound, which urged her not to do it. And she saw the cute baby and her helpless father and mother and all other scared faces in the compartment. She had a whole world of reasons why she should not do this great sin. She still had a vague chance to live and perhaps change her life, a second chance. She thought about her mother and her family. Then she closed her eyes tightly. A few drops of tear ran down her pink cheeks and her hand tightly grabbed the remote. Ever so slightly her soft fingers pressed on the big red button and...