A Girl Who Saved My Life

This story is dedicated to a girl, who changed my life, who made me to get addict to the Novels and

who awaken the writer inside me.

**PROLOGUE**

This is a story of a girl who belongs to North India and a boy who lives in South India. This is an outcome of an incident which connects both of them like a bridge over a river. A Story which ended where it had started. A story which shows that the life is beyond the limit of our thinking and everyone must expect that unexpected things may happen in everyone’s life. This story makes them believe more, who believes in the destiny and for them it is just a co incident those who do not. And a perfect example to prove a little kindness can save someone’s life…

**Chapter 1**

Apollo Multispecialty Hospital {Place Name}

As soon as we entered the hospital, a couple of doctors along with the ward boys took him to do the further treatment as it was an emergency case. A nurse came towards me with a pad and few papers in her hand. She stood beside of me and instructed me to complete the admit procedure. I nodded and fallowed her as she directed me to the reception area. After walking few steps, she shown a lady wearing a light blue peacock color sari who was sitting in the reception desk through her index finger and she left to carry on with her work.

I started heading towards the reception desk by counting my each steps in nervousness and it seemed like revolving around a temple to fulfill the vow. After reaching, I slightly leaned on the semicircular wooden table by resting my both hands on it. The call duration made me to come over my nervousness in which the receptionist was busy in giving an appointment to the patient. In the mean while I took a quick glance on the things which were present in front of my sight. I was trying to figure out the name written on the name plate which she had attached to her saree with a safety pin, two inch below on the right side of her shoulder.

Hi, my name is Teena Martin, how can I help you? The receptionist said in a fraction of seconds as it was her daily routine to introduce herself and to offer a service to each and everyone those who reach the desk.

Hello ma’am, I am here with a patient in an emergency condition and need to fill the admit form. I said to her in a bit low voice.

She handed me an admit form in response and said, fill all the below fields and submit it back by signing above on the Attendant’s signature.

I said okay and turned back to move towards the lounge area. Two minutes of conversation made, more than ten people to stand in a queue and it was not a surprise in such a big multispecialty hospital.

I sat on one of the 3 seater stain less steel coach which you can easily able to see in the bus stand, railway station and many more public places. I kept the form on the small table where couple of popular newspapers like The Times of India, The Hindu, and The Indian Express along with few magazines were already lying on it.

I started thinking worriedly on looking at the admit form not because of neither I did have a pen nor I didn’t know how to fill it. It was because of the thing that I didn’t know anything about him.

The task of filling an admit form seemed completely illogical to me like how it would be if someone take a surprise test on a subject which I have not studied in throughout of my life.

An old woman in her mid-fifties came and sat next to me. I sat looking towards her by slightly tilting my neck to face her. She put her left hand inside her blouse and took out a Samsung keypad mobile. Initially she hesitated a bit and said “suno beti, kya tum mere liye ek number lagake do gi?” listen daughter, could you please dial a number for me? She requested by handing that mobile to me. I thought she might get offend if I address her calling by grandmother as it is a woman tendency to hide age and not to look old. Then I choose to play a safer side and said “Ji Aunty”, Yes Aunty in response. I asked her to whom should I call? To my son, he gone outside to bring medicines a long time ago and I came here in search of him as my daughter in law is going through labor pain in one of the labor’s room in 2nd floor. She said in one stretch. I said okay and asked her for the number. She said, it is there on backside of the mobile. I turned back the mobile. I saw a number was written on a small chit, which was visible through the transparent back cover. I took two attempts to enter the mobile number manually in an old keypad mobile as it was out of trend to use these kind of mobiles in a modern generation. After five to six rings, a person received the call and I handed back the mobile to her quickly. She slowly stood up and moved away from her seat saying, “beta kaha chale gaye ho…..”

‘I don’t know whether it’s bad or good habit to keep the things like money, debit cards, credit cards, metro pass, driving license etc. behind our mobile back covers instead of keeping in a fancy and luxurious vanity bag’ I thought. Then an idea flashed in my mind to check his mobile too so that I could get a lead to proceed with the filling of an admit form.

I took his mobile out from my left side of jogger’s pocket. I long pressed on the power button as it was in the switched off condition. An android logo flashed on the screen along with powered by Android line below of it. And then a low battery pop up alerted in red color and again mobile became switched off. Instead of thinking about the mobile condition, I turned back the mobile. It was a hard coated mobile case and nothing was visible unlike a transparent mobile case. So I separated mobile and its cover and luckily I got a five hundred rupee note in folded condition along with an ID card. I sighed holding the ID card in my hand as I got few necessary information about him. Then I said to myself ‘its good habit to keep the things behind the mobile cover’.

I saw a man, dressed in a neatly ironed plain brown color shirt along with bell bottom trouser, seemed like a retired college professor who thought discipline in his entire professional life, sitting in front of me and noticed a pen in his shirt’s patch pocket. I stood up from my seat and headed towards him. ‘Sir, can I borrow your pen for a while? I asked him.

He gave me his pen along with a puzzled look as if someone asked him his kidney. I transferred the data manually from ID card to admit form with all the mandatory fields indicated by \* symbol and signed above the Attendant’s signature.

‘Thank you Sir’, I said and returned his pen.

He nodded in response.