

"You seem pretty old fashioned."

"huh"? I looked up to notice the stranger sitting beside me as I fumbled with my papers.

"Gate Fifty-Two", He said, as he handed me my boarding pass with a grin on his face.

"Shit", I exclaimed. As I haven't noticed how sprawling my boarding pass has managed to glide its way out of the sheets of papers I was carrying. I quickly put it away in the special pocket inside my purse.

"Thank you", I said, giving him a flashy smile which is what I could manage out of my clumsiness

I stared at him for a while, He looked like he was in his late twenties, wearing a typical double-breasted trench coat with a tie. He stared back at me with his glitzy marble coloured eyes while adjusting his tie.

"So, A writer"?

No, I said, while shaking my head from side to side as I sipped my coffee which was cold now.

"Airports and Coffee Shops, pretty old fashioned". He said again looking fixedly at the piece of my writing.

"Aren't airports ugly? It's full of people who are tired, confused and disgusting." He said, pointing his finger towards a person who was ogling a foreign tourist.

"And, As for coffee shops, I couldn't say much". He shrugged.

I glanced at him, At this point, I wanted to avoid any sort of intriguing conversation with a total stranger but heck, somebody just paid attention to my writing and now was questioning on my belief. I neatly adjusted my papers in my folder and hanged my pen at the corner of it.

"You see, Airports are my happy place. I am the sort of person who shows up at least two hours before the flight just to spend a bit of time in the terminal." I let out a squeaky voice while adjusting my hair to look a bit less messy.

Its a doorway to your past as well as your future. For me, airports are a place for new beginnings and bidding adieu to your former self as you leap from one place to another in different or same time zones. Its a place for new hellos and some bitter old goodbyes. We start in one city to end in another hundreds or thousands miles away. You enter from a desert and exit to a beach! And don't you just love the feel of animosity, Like I can walk around in my PJ's and lose Tee's and just doze away in a chair and no one will judge me around.

Also, an airport is the best place to see raw emotions.

Look over there, I said pointing to a soldier reuniting with his loved ones. The weary soldier planted a kiss on the cheeks of his wife, "I've missed you", He said and there was a gush of happy tears.

Mother's scolding their children for buying too many candies from the duty-free shops, clicking of glasses in a nearby lounge over a deal being seized, an old woman being pushed in wheelchairs by their husbands.

I have always enjoyed the bustle of airports, never quite feeling companion-less. Airports are a sort of transit between places and emotions; simple, reliable and Oh so pretty! I declared throwing my hands in the air, My marble eyed stranger gawked at me.

"And what about coffee shops?"He said blinking a few times.

"Ah! The coffee shops, you can lift your eyes, see something interesting, overhear a conversation or simply plug in your airport jack and sip a cup of coffee.

Coffee shops are the best place to go when you need a break from your daily routine. I can watch people and wonder what they are busy working on or simply smile at the familiar neighbourhood guy. It shows you just how varied the people in it are. And who doesn't love the smell of coffee, butter pastry, espresso and fresh bread? I said, tapping my cup of coffee as I stood up.

*"Good Afternoon passengers. This is the pre-boarding announcement for flight 89 B to Delhi. We are now inviting passengers to begin boarding at this time. Thank You."*

I started walking towards the boarding passenger's line.

"You may be old fashioned, But you are right. I hope to stumble on you at some airport or coffee shop".The marble eyed stranger announced, smiling with glee.

I glanced back at him, my heart pounding with joy. I finally waved him goodbye.