

MW

## Story-writing

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### 66 An old man's Joy 99

I was travelling in a train from Delhi to Mumbai. I met an old man in the same coach. He looked very old and tired but he always had a smile on his face. When he sat on his seat, he felt relaxed. After some time the train started to move.

For a while, we sat silently towards each other. Then the old man asked me where am I going? I replied to him that I was travelling from Delhi to Mumbai. Then I also asked him where he was going, he answered that he was also going to Mumbai to attend a function. As the train moved I can see a pleasure of joy in the old man's eyes. I asked what work does he do. He answered that he was a retired engineer.

long back I was amazed. Therefore  
I asked him for how many years  
was he there serving the railway.  
He answered that only one year.  
I was surprised to hear that.  
I asked him why he left his job.  
He replied that to free time his  
childhood, he was colour blind  
once, while driving the train,  
he got distracted on something  
and he lost his control on the  
engine of the train which was  
about to clash with another  
train. But at last he was  
able to control the engine and  
at last he was saved. Then he was  
immediately ~~was~~ taken to the  
hospital where he was checked.  
Then he was presented before a  
higher officer to give him a statement  
of the incident. He wasn't able  
to give a proper statement  
hence forth he was driven off.

Then he gave a sense of relief.  
I saw that there ~~was~~ were tears  
in his eyes. I would see his  
love for driving a train. After  
some time, the train reached  
our destination, the man  
went to his own way and I  
stared him until he was  
gone from the world. I will not  
forget our brief meeting for the rest  
of my life as it was a life too.