

## **“A meeting with a stranger.”**

It was almost midnight when I was standing on the train station. The Moon had already disappeared behind the black clouds but still you could see that metallic color coming down and illuminating the station. It was too late for coming back home, so I was dying from lack of sleep. It seemed that I was the only person left on this deserted station. Only an old policeman with an unshaved beard was hopelessly going backwards and forwards to try not to fall asleep. I smiled when I saw an incredible amount of coffee cups left on his work desk. It was quite cold for autumn evening, and I could see white steam coming out of my mouth.

I could another person traveling on this train. He was lying on the bench, wrapped, and quietly sleeping. Now I was confused. Why does this train at midnight goes? Because its only 2 or 3 people traveling back, and this is very disadvantageously. I could barely see very dim light of approaching train. The stranger immediately woke up and slowly started packing up. His clothes were quite old, and for a moment I Started even think that he is Homeless. He was probably around 50 years old, with very long hair. I have never seen such a man before. He had looked like an old drummer from a famous rock group, before it broke up. When the train arrived, his roar of the engine swept all the platform. There was only one conductor who was supposed to check our tickets. When the stranger saw him. He immediately started swarm in his stuff, accidentally throwing things on the floor. I don't know why but he was very nervous and sometimes even mysterious. Perhaps I could see his tears on the eyes. Unfortunately his attempts to find a train ticket were completely useless. I came closer and asked the conductor if I could pay for this poor man, so he can get on