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Being Here

By Prathima A Narayan

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How I Learnt I Will Never Be a Superhero

One day, during my daily commute on the metro in Dubai, I was seated next to a man carrying a big green backpack on his lap.

The metro was doing what metros do. Moving, stopping, moving, stopping. People got off, people got on. Life was taking place.

And then, that's when it happened.

At the first meow, I found myself seriously questioning the ring tones people chose.

At the second meow, I looked at the bag, realizing that's where the purring was coming from.

At the third meow, I looked up at the man because that's whose bag it was and that's when it struck me that there might be a cat in the bag.

The greasy long haired, lean faced man's eyes glanced nervously at me and back at the bag, which then received a gentle nudge. The bag shut up.

I looked around, shocked to see everybody else oblivious to this purring bag. Now, I felt like I was on a mission, to alert the citizens about this cat-napper.

I waited for the bag to meow again so that I could say something like, "The cat's out of the bag - you sir, have a cat in your bag!"

But my "aha!" moment had already passed. The next station arrived and the cat abductor made a clean escape. In broad daylight, right under my nose.

As for me, I ruefully accepted that I wouldn't make a very good super hero. And I didn't even have to climb a tree to save the cat.

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