Freedom

by Gyanban

Still another 20 mins, to go.

The pulse was fast.He could hear the heart beat distinctively.It was not thudding anymore...it was pounding.A distinct sense of uneasiness had crept in. His senses were heightened. The scratching on the table with his finger nails, intense nervousness, the noise magnified every second, the ball point pen was piercing into his sweaty palm.

Yet he had to maintain calm.The look on his face needed to be non-descriptive.The pocket handkerchief was the only comfort.A fear of a massive failure grips him.There was no turning back now.He had to do it. After all the stakes were so high. He oscillated role playing from what he'd do if he screwed up to what he'd do if he succeeded. The mind was at a complete unrest.As he muttered under his breath he saw some people frowning at him from a distance as they passed by and some looked at him suspiciously.He thought if ever they knew what he was going through they'd probably crack up by now..His mind could explode any moment.

The clock was ticking and now there was just 10mins. to go.

He tried to regulate his breathing, trying to calm himself down,but palpitation took the better of him.His fingers were shaking. He clenched his fist trying to steady the vibration. The jacket was tight,he felt suffocated. He felt claustrophobic.He wanted to break free and breathe easy.But he could not.He had to sit there quietly.He had to wait for the right time.The right moment.He thought of his family back home.He thought about their lives.How they had struggled in his childhood. The pain was behind and glory lay ahead...but it would not be easy..he would have to walk through fire.Suddenly he snapped back to consciousness.The gatekeeper was making him uneasy.He kept a constant vigil ,should anything come in his way and his mission,he would have to engage in a confrontation.

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5 minutes to go.

His patience gave up- he got up and slowly looked around - still no sign. He was cautious, not to attract any undue attention.He walked a few paces back and forth to ease the tension.One part of him thought why was he doing this? He could just run out of it all.But he had come too far to go back now.And they would hunt him down wherever he would go.They were everywhere tracking him.He could literally feel their eyes on him.

After all he was the chosen one.Chosen from so many others who volunteered.He could run but not hide.He needed the money.It was good, it was big, it was something he had not seen before. His life, as he knew it so far, would change ...forever.

30 seconds to go.

It was time. As he looked up to the door - he realized he was walking to fulfill his destiny.It was time to walk through that door....for that final interview...and possibly his path to freedom from his past struggling life.