

With nicotine as its
chief ingredient. i re-
quested



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

With great difficulty and facing abuses from fellow-passengers, I made some headway in the bus, although I felt as if I were getting suffocated. I gasped for breath. In a moment of anger, some ' kind' hefty man pushed me forward. I fell over other passengers who called me ' a fool', ' a ruffian', ' a barbarian' and what not.

One of the men behind me was smoking a ' biro'. My lungs were soon full with its smoke which I'm told has nicotine as its chief ingredient. I requested him to take pity on me and stop smoking.

He gave me jerk, called me names and wanted to slap me but by God's grace relented. I rather thanked him for this " pity" At every stoppage there was a scramble between those who wanted to alight from and those who wanted to board the bus. There was a great din and noise. As after more than an hour, the bus reached my destination, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I alighted from the bus. But what relief? My pocket had been picked, my shirt was torn, my legs were aching and my heart was sinking. What a journey!