

“The Benediction”: ending 2

.....Waiting for the traffic light to switch to green seemed to take ages. He stepped impatiently from one foot to the other. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder, grabbing him firmly. He wouldn't have expected such strength in a woman like her. Her gaze was drilling into the back of his head.

Wanting to drive her away he turned around, but the shout in his throat froze when their eyes met. Suddenly he remembered what he had felt when he stood in front of the Ganesha statue: helplessness and loneliness among all those heathens celebrating the elephant god. He could see the same in her eyes now: an outcast, a lonely wanderer in hostile surroundings.

Later he wouldn't remember how it happened; it was as if he was under a spell, but his hand slipped in his pocket looking for change. As he didn't find any, he took a small note from his wallet and put it into her dirty hands.

Unbelievably, she first looked at him, then at the note in her right hand. He turned around to hurry on. She still had the note in her hand when she lifted it like Ganesha to bless him.