

Carol rushed up the stairs. She did not want to be late. In fact she had never been this late. Today, there had been an accident on the highway and so the traffic was unusually slow. She knew this was no excuse she could give, especially for her first meeting at her new job today at “Planners and Designers”, an architecture firm. She had been lucky enough to get a job within a month of completing her graduation and internship in architecture. Most of her classmates were still struggling for a job, appearing for the job interviews and making efforts for improving their portfolios. She had been the lucky one to get a job at a big firm, which she had now been doing since past one month.

Carol had been born with a silver platter her father, David Wilde, was a well-known figure amongst the circle of architects. Carol still had vivid and emotional support to her mother. Meanwhile, Carol herself had always been close to her mother. So her relationship with her father had also become quite strained. She never wanted to pretend a false relationship with her father, but she had really stopped thinking about him.

Despite of all this she had always aspired to be an architect. “Job of an architect comprises of long working hours and crappy salary”, many people had told her. However, one thing was clear in her mind, she shall never use her father’s name to achieve her dreams. She would do that all by herself.

Create a place for herself all by her own.

Today, at last after 5 gruelling years at the architecture school and 1 year of unpaid internship, she was finally there. Well, she realized that she was almost there, just 10 minutes late.

She was well aware of how she had procured this job at her own credit. She remembered doing an unpaid internship at a college just to build-up her contacts.

She did not know how to react when her friends would make fun of her saying, “why do you need to build your contacts and work for anyone, when you can very well use your dad’s contacts.”

“I want to be known by own merits and not by that

of my dad,” she would tell them. At times, however, it was difficult for her to deal with such negative comments, but she was determined to continue working for free with a hope that one day she might accomplish what she had always aspired for, on her own.

While she was fumbling up the stairs to reach the presentation room, she glanced up towards the clock displayed on the wall to check the time. As she hurried up the stairs, she missed a step and fell down. All the files and papers she had been carrying scattered all over the floor. As she scanned the area, a few beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. She was already late and now all this. Suddenly she saw a young man stop by. She was pleasantly surprised as the stranger bent down to help her pick up the scattered files and papers and clear up the mess and she continued to stare at him in mute silence. “Here are your files”, he handed over the pile to her.

“I am getting late for an urgent meeting, see you soon”, said the stranger as he tried to hurriedly hand over the files to Carol.

She instinctively took the pile from him and muttered, “thank you”, which was barely audible. She had never met the stranger before, but he appeared to know her. Forcing herself not to think about the stranger at that time, she checked the watch again and swiftly moved towards the presentation room. She knocked and slowly opened the door. Her heart skipped a beat as she entered inside the room. Presentations had already started; she silently walked towards the group of people standing at the side of the stage. As she mutely looked up at the presenter, her thoughts started wandering. She started thinking about the young stranger who had helped her on the staircase.