

2 a.m.

At a station somewhere in India.

Sitting on a bench, resting your aching limbs.

Bless the bench.

It doesn't judge you.

Like people often do.

It matters not to the bench where you're from.

Or where you're headed.

How much money you make.

Or what your surname is.

What the colour of your skin is.

Or if you carry a scar or two.

You're just an Indian on a journey.

And that's good enough.

811 is a lot like this bench.

Free of prejudice. Welcoming.

811 is for everyone.