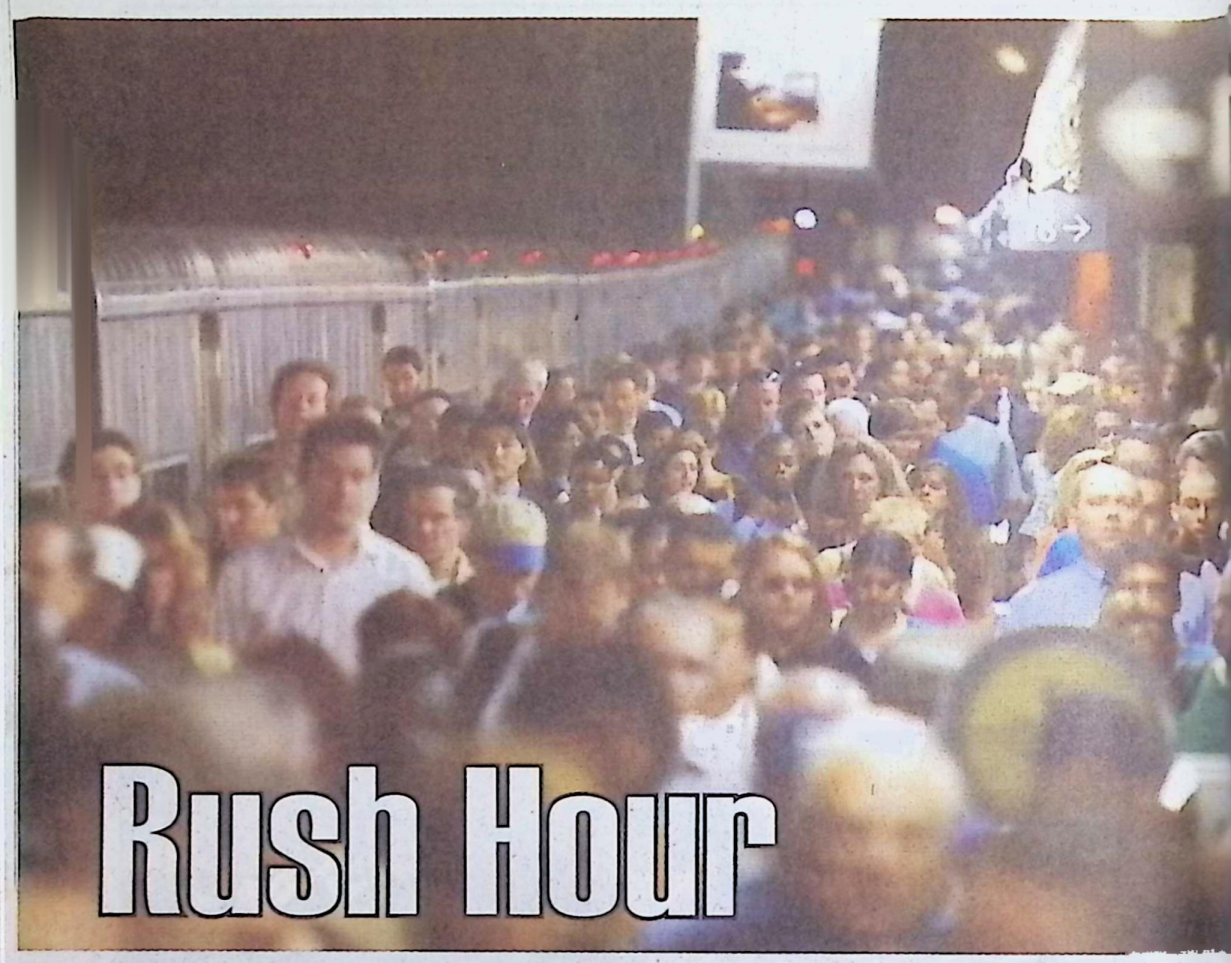


Rush Hour

Nabila Chowdhury

A friend once told me, "It seems like everyone is starting their day at 8 am?" Like hundreds of other New Yorkers I am also a part of that crowd rushing as fast as the wind in the busy street every morning. After living in New York City for years, I've slowly become accustomed to this fast paced lifestyle. Besides, whoever has been a part of this rush has traveled the underground New York City transit system at least once in their lifetime. It is a fact that every New Yorker at some point has been on a subway train, especially the working people who travel early morning while they yawn their way back in the same route.

I always used to hear about rush hour and wonder. They all said the same thing. "Its not that fun." And now that I travel through it myself, I can't always agree. As I observe, there are some things that make me smile, some things that make me laugh and some things that fills me up in rage of anger and rave like a lunatic. My ride of fantasy and loud clashing crowd is about forty-five minutes long every morning and evening. In light of all this, I'd like to share some thoughts in a special rush hour style.

If I land in a seat, I like to turn my head phones with a soft track and just shut my eyes and buzz to sleep. Other times, I would just flip through a vogue magazine or read a Sparks novel. Usually, just like every other passenger at 8 am this is how I and others keep ourselves occupied but something that always makes me look up is when I hear