

Priscilla had fallen in the dusk. Her vegetables rolled away, but she held her baby tightly. The last bus would come roaring down the hill road anytime now, and Munia would be unable to break in time. She tried to move but her ankle was broken.

To her horror three bison loomed out of the Nilgiris mist and stood breathing down her neck! She expected death.

The bus braked! Slowly the bison moved away. People lifted her and the baby. The bison had guarded her!

Is this a true story, someone asked. Yes, I said, I was on the bus.