Mumbai, wow, what a
bustling city; so full of
life.

Unfamiliar sounds and
smells engulf the streets
and alleyways.
And look, such diversity of
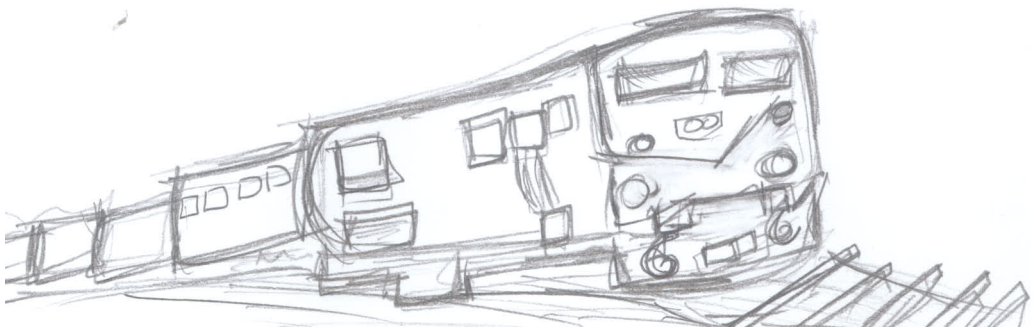women! Some in colorful
saris,
Others sporting jeans and
some wearing Hijabs.

I head out to see my childhood friend
Smurti……..

On my
train ride, I notice that many local
guys are looking at me. Is this why
these women want to wear a Hijab?

I spend the whole afternoon in a hot, humid day to buy a Hijab.

My friends think I am a little weird for doing this. I finally find a little shop. The shop owner is a sweet lady named Ramana. I buy a Hijab for Rs. 450. She shows me how to wear it.

Once the I wear the Hijab
I experience in the
different way, the thing veil
between me and others goes
up, and with it my privacy.

What a liberating feeling!

How interesting to watch
people without them
looking at me. And local
guys leave me in peace.
I enjoy my new found
freedom shopping to buy a
shawl for my sister in the
local style and enjoy eating
spicy "momos" on the
streets, my favorite.

As I go to sleep I can't help thinking what a fantastically surprising experience it's been.

Can't wait for other adventures to unravel.