

Acts of Kindness Stories

Submitted by TfL staff and customers to the Art on the Underground website between 2011-2012.

- I was returning from New York one Thursday morning. I got off at Boston Manor with a suitcase too large for all 5:1 of me to handle. A young man ran down the stairs hoping to catch the train I had just got off. I did think about sticking my foot in the doorway to stall the train, but I was too concerned about my own problem. The train left, he missed it, I avoided his eyes. He said, " Can I carry that case up the stairs for you"? Very humbling and very kind.
- There's everyday kindness. We try and help people get to where they're going, particularly if people look lost, which they often do at this station. If people want to know something, we'll do our best to help, if it's possible to find out the information they want, and we have the time.
- I'd been told I was having my pay cut due to ongoing health problems. Angry and upset, I couldn't stop crying as I travelled from Holborn to Liverpool Street. Going up the escalator, a woman in front turned around and asked if I was OK. I told her what had happened, and she gave me tissues, patted me on the arm and told me I'd get a much better job and that would show them. I hope she's right.
- I am so grateful tonight: a random stranger handed in my handbag at Whitechapel station with all its (very precious to me) contents untouched. The station controller took the initiative and managed to leave a message with my partner. I was so side-tracked about my next meeting, never realising that I left it on the train at Hoxton. You are a star, whoever you are. I will repay it with a random act of kindness tomorrow. What comes around goes around.
- Rush hour, packed Central line. Someone knocks off my coffee, spilling it over the man in front of me. But the man had no idea it hit the back of his coat. Awkwardly I let him know, apologising. He smiles and thanks me, but when the guy next to him pulls a tissue and wipes the stains, he exclaims gratefully: This is full service!
- I was rushing to switch from Central to Victoria when I dropped my phone. Finding it was mission impossible in the rush hour crowd. Then someone tapped my shoulder and with 'here you go' handed it back to me. All happened so fast I managed to mutter a thank you but didn't even glimpse the face of my kind stranger.
- I once had to get across London with a sprained wrist and a suitcase. One station had no escalators. Two complete strangers, to each other as well as me, picked up the suitcase, took it down the stairs and got me onto the train. They dashed to get off the train before I could thank them - their train was on the other platform.
- It was a very windy, rainy day and I was in the bus at a bus stop. I saw a woman with a child in her arms and was very wet. I thought it would be cold, so I got off the bus and gave them a towel I had because I was planning to go swimming. They dried off and was smiling :)

- At the age of 87 her pace became slower... so I made my pace slow too... to be patient and walk on her level too.. be gentle and kind to your mother people...
- One day I saw a girl (about 10) who was travelling down an escalator in the train station. She was busy talking to her mother and when she got to the bottom her undone laces started to go underground with the escalator steps! She started getting all panicky and screamed until a kind businessman behind her who was carry quite a few loose papers bent down to free her, but as he did so he dropped some of his papers and they disappeared underground before he could do anything.
- (Spending a few months outside the UK!) I've been offered seats, people has moved to allow two of us sit together, and they've helped me with my luggage, but my favourite part is trying to give back. When leaving London, I always go to Liverpool St station to take the train, but I first go to the subway station and look for someone about to buy a day pass and pass mine on. They often offer money, but the good feeling as the smile spreads on their faces is worth a thousand times more.
- I looked up catching her eye. I then swiftly looked up again as though riveted by the non-existent advertisement above her. My eye then dropped to the ground. "Does she like me?" I braved yet another glance. Our eyes kissed. She added a warm smile. My heart thumped. I looked down. Deep contemplation. "Think." I looked up. An empty seat.
- The morning after giving blood, I fainted on the Piccadilly line on my way into work. Fellow passengers gave up their seats, helped me up the escalators (where I fainted again!) and one - forever known as Tube Hero - even popped out to get me some water and call my office to let them know I'd be late in.
- During winter, I needed to get to Heathrow in the morning rush hour. I was carrying a large, heavy suitcase and people kept pushing past me into the carriages which were busier than normal due to snow delays. One kind lady noticed my distress and stood in front of the crowd, blocking the entrance while ushering me into the carriage. She even missed the train herself as there was no space! Thank you, so much.
- I was travelling home on the Central Line one evening feeling exhausted and grumpy after a bad day when I felt a hand grasp mine. A little girl sitting in a pushchair opposite me had decided she wanted to hold my hand. She hung on to it for six stops, causing everyone in the carriage to smile at her and me, including her mother. A lovely, spontaneous gesture I've never forgotten.
- Despite my unfortunate life with people I still like to help. About 6 months ago two older guys got on, one fell, and I went to help him up and some first aid help. His friend said he had fallen for me! He said he knew I was from Liverpool as beautiful and friendly.
- One rainy evening, I stood in a crowded train, crying after someone I thought would be my first and only love. I didn't care that everyone could see me, I never occurred to me really. Few stops later, a guy got off the train but handed me a piece of paper before he did so. Inside, was a drawing of a duck saying 'smile'. On the platform, he bent down to tie his shoelaces and looked up at me. I never stopped crying but

smiled for him. The drawing is still on my wall. He gave me something that the most dearest can't give sometimes. He gave me hope. . . .

- I was 7 months pregnant and, after a long day at work, was trying to get on the packed Overground line at Homerton. The guard (Enait) stepped out and invited me into the empty driver's cab at the back of the train. We chatted until Canonbury. I was warmed by his kindness but super excited to sit in the driver's seat. I told my friends I drove the train!
- We both got on the Piccadilly line this morning and out of the blue you said to me "you look absolutely gorgeous this morning", just wanted to say thanks for brightening up my dull Monday morning :)
- On a platform, that got busier until it was rammed, sat a man who looked down on his luck. When the train pulled in a couple of us held the crowd back to allow him to get to the train on his crutches. The seated suited people sunk behind their papers, carefully ignoring us. I asked for someone to give up their seat and a lady did. The guy sat down gratefully with a conspiratorial grin to us who'd created a path. As we moved off the scent of how hard life can be when you're down on your luck reached the people who had stubbornly stuck to their seats first.
- "Can any medical staff please come to the manager's office" was repeatedly announced at Tooting Bec. As a psychiatric nurse I hesitated, how much use would I be? In the office the manager looked like a rabbit in headlights with a woman who puffed that she was giving birth. I calmed the woman and took details, whilst the manager liaised with ambulance control. The woman confirmed that she had other conditions relevant to the situation (and that a psychiatric nurse was exactly the right person). Being part of the station team was an honour. Safety first and offering an ill person care and dignity second.
- I was suddenly having a terrible nosebleed in the middle of a busy Tube. Blood was dripping down my face, and I was extremely embarrassed. The woman next to me noticed and immediately started searching her bag and pulled out a bunch of tissues. This helped me stop my nose bleed and get to work on time. Thank you so incredibly much! In the past I may have been selfish - I will change after today...
- I was 7 months pregnant during a hot summer, squeezed onto an exceptionally busy Tube train as the Victoria line was down. Every elbow seemed to point at my baby belly, I was faint through lack of air, but there was space further down the carriage. I called out, 'I'm pregnant, can you let me through to where there's some space?' The people parted like the Red Sea, hands reached out to me, four people offered me a seat and water even though I explained I'd only wanted some space.
- I was sitting in the Tube and there were two seats available with one person sitting between them. Two people who were talking to each other sat on those seats and the person noticing they were together smiled and moved to allow them to sit together.
- I once found a very drunk lady in seating and almost falling from a bench in a Tube station and decided to help her to get home. She could barely walk or talk. She had

lots of money in her posh purse but no English money at all! Luckily, she lived nearby (in Bayswater!) and the taxi wasn't expensive. I felt like I was her angel that night.

- One evening, at around 11 o'clock, I was travelling home on the Jubilee line after having broken up with my boyfriend of over a year. After having spent the start of the journey in tears, I was now trying to hold them back in an almost empty carriage. A middle-aged man sat opposite me, in a business suit asked me if I was ok and why I was so upset. I've forgotten the details, but he told me a story to cheer me up and said everything would be alright. He then chatted to me until my stop and wished me home safely. I haven't seen him since, but he stopped my tears and I've never forgotten him.
- My faith in humanity was restored this morning after I left one of my mittens on the train and a man got off and ran after me to return it. When I asked if he had got off the train for me, he shrugged and said he'd get the next one. He put a smile on my face all day! It's good to know there's still some nice people out there.
- I was bringing my 6-yr old daughter back from a day out and we changed trains at Bank station for the Central line. When our train came in, I picked up my daughter as she was scared of stepping over the Gap, put one foot on the carriage floor but couldn't go any further as no-one moved up to let us in. Neither could I go backwards as now I was straddling the Gap, with one foot on the train and one on the platform! I was just wondering what on earth would happen when the doors tried to close when a lady saw my dilemma and made everyone move up, then she pulled me onto the train. She offered me a seat as well but I was happy just to stand. I'm still wary of using Bank station now though.
- I was really in a difficult situation, when I was going to my work, I received a call from my college they wanted me to send them an email immediately before I was entering to the Tube station and I was getting late for my work as well and was worried what to do. I saw a leaflet that says you can connect WI-FI in underground stations then I connect my mobile with the Tube WI-FI and I was saved. :)
- It's the 8th of July 2005, the day after the 7/7 bombings. Parts of the Underground are still running, but it's strangely quiet. As we get off the Tube, we pass a busker, singing along to 'Imagine' on the guitar. The sign in his guitar case says, "I don't want any money today, thought we all needed cheering up".
- I gave a woman £1.50 to top up her Oyster, because she didn't have enough. I didn't expect anything in return, but a couple of days later she brought me a card, and the money. I still have the card in my drawer. If the person's genuine, and I have money in my pocket, I don't mind.
- A few weeks ago, a guy got off a Hammersmith and City train at Mile End, but his sister stayed on the train. She was about 55 years old, visiting from Bangladesh, she didn't speak good English. He was panicking. She had a flight to catch the next day. He was going to get blamed by his niece. I tracked the train using tracknet. I called line control, the British Transport Police, I called Aldgate East Station, and Whitechapel Station, I got a blanket announcement out across the whole line. I

suggested he went to Whitechapel to find her, but he came back crying, because he couldn't find her. His wife was at Plaistow, his niece was at Hammersmith, and he decided to go to every station looking for her. Eventually Whitechapel station called - they had found her. The man was so grateful that I'd helped him.

- It was evening, about 6.30. I was working on the gate at Gants Hill and a regular customer came through. 'They're keeping you busy,' he said. I told him I hadn't even had time for my meal break, and he said, 'What do you want, I'll go and buy it for you!'
- I used to be a revenue inspector. I was at London Bridge and caught a guy without a ticket. I talked to him - he said he hadn't had a job in two years. He was on his way to his first interview in all that time and didn't have any money. I reported him for fare evasion, I had to - that's my job. But when he came back through the station after his interview, I chatted to him about how it had gone, and then just bought him a ticket to get him home. There's doing your job, and then there's the human side of it as well.
- I got the aftereffects of an act of kindness by my colleague. There's a guy, who still comes through here - he lives out in Essex and drives in every day to get the train. He forgot his Oyster. It was on a Monday and didn't have money on him. My colleague lent him enough cash for a travel card, so eight or nine quid, he'd have been stuck otherwise. He came in the next day with a box of sweets and the money and asked me to pass them on.
- A couple of months ago I was on night duty. Just as the last trains were coming in, I felt really, really sick all of a sudden. I called a colleague and she told me to ring the line controller so I could go home. But I thought, no, I'll make an effort, so I went up to the platform to see the last trains out. A train operator got off the train. I'd seen him before but didn't know him well. I must have looked bad, because he came over and asked if I was okay. I said no, actually, I feel really weak. Don't worry about it, he said, I'll help you out. He helped me see all the passengers off the train, and check the platforms, and then he came downstairs with me and locked up for me. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I could have done that on my own. The people I work with are very kind. It was in the log book that I was ill, and I got so many phone calls to check I was okay. That gives you a real sense of belonging.
- I had someone who'd fallen ill once. She wanted some water. Another customer went and bought some water with his own money. Then she said she wanted chocolate! I thought she was taking it a bit far, but he went and bought her a bar of chocolate too.
- We see kindness every day at Greenford Station. There's no escalator down, only stairs, so you always see ladies with pushchairs, and gentlemen helping them down.
- We've got a driver who always turns up an our early for every shift, and the first words out of his mouth are 'is there anything I can do to help out?'
- We had a driver a while back who had a dog on the track. He stopped his train in the tunnel, went into the carriage and got a bit of cake from one of the passengers. He

went down and coaxed the dog off the track and into the carriage, then took it to the next station to be picked up.

- Steve, one of our drivers, is involved with a charity called Haven House - a hospice for terminally ill children; he raises quite a lot of money for them.
- Andy, a driver here, is involved in World Vision's Sponsor a Child scheme. We sponsor a child as a depot every year - so that's an act of kindness as a depot, that's spearheaded by Andy.
- When we had all the snow the other month, a few of us drivers got snowed in on the east of the line, from Barkingside. We couldn't move. A couple of other drivers volunteered to come and pick us up. This was about 3am and it was like a skating rink out there - if they hadn't done that we'd have had to try and walk home through feet of snow.
- You get people say thank you when you get off at Ealing - they say 'were you the driver of that train? Thank you.'
- This week we had a driver who had a one-under. Another driver, who's part of the trauma support group, went straight out to him. The support group's all manned by volunteers.
- We have drivers on what we call 'spare' shifts, so we have cover in case of absences or emergencies. There are a couple of drivers here who'll always volunteer for extra work, so another driver can go and have a cup of tea. I think that's kind, they don't need to do that.
- Each depot has a trauma support team - a group of volunteer drivers who are on call when they're not working. They're there for when something goes wrong, for instance if someone jumps in front of a train. They're usually one of the first people on the scene. They're there to move the train if needs be, or make the driver a cup of tea, or drive them home, or just be there for them.
- It was New Year's Eve and there was a guy on the station in just his trousers hollering and shouting. It turned out he was a soldier and had been in Afghanistan. His friends had all died, and it had really affected him. He had their names tattooed on his back. I just put him in my car and drove him home.
- We once got a homeless man off one of the last trains. It was about one o'clock in the morning, in the middle of winter. He was standing there with bare feet, so I went into the office, got some boots I had and gave them to him. There was a woman outside of the station who was waiting for a taxi. She had these long pink socks on, and she took them off and gave them to him too.
- A good few years ago, when I had a house, I was in arrears. A colleague of mine and his missus came around and lent me £6,000. I didn't manage to keep the house, but I've been paying them back £250 a month I've got one payment left. He still looks after my finances now, because I'm useless at them. I'm forever indebted to him.

- Especially at this station, I offer to help people with their suitcases and buggies up the stairs. They don't always want it, but they appreciate the offer.
- Sometimes, if people are short of 10p or so, I'll give them 10p. I always say to them, 'when you meet someone in the same boat do the same for them.'
- There was a woman who used to be a regular traveller through here. She lost her job and she's been unemployed for two years now. Whenever a job comes up here, I tell her about them.
- A few weeks ago, I found an Oyster card wallet in the station. I wrote up the guy's name on the whiteboard asking him to see the supervisor. He came back and saw us and we returned it to him. He'd already cancelled the card, but he had some business cards in the wallet which was leather and quite nice. He was happy as a clown to get it back.
- We get a lot of school kids through here. One day a kid came and said I don't have any money; can I go through? You think - oh, really, another one? But I put a couple of pounds on his card and let him through. A week or so later a woman came up to me and said are you Maureen? I said, yes. She said, you put money on my son's card and let him travel - here's the money back, thank you. It's not the money, it's that she came back to say thank you.
- We have a lot of regular passengers here, who are great. Our part time SA moved stations to work at Loughton and she got showered with gifts when she - flowers and chocolates - because she's such a lovely person.
- I had a woman turn up with a severely disabled boy, who loved trains. She just wanted to go one stop and then back again, but he was in a wheelchair and we have limited step free access. I sorted her out with a free one-day pass so she could go to Epping, stay on the train, come back to Woodford and change platforms through the underpass to come back. She wrote in to say thank you.
- It's our job to help customers on the station. One day I was at Snaresbrook on the late shift. This lady was very drunk. I noticed her wobbling about on the stairs. She wasn't aware of what she was doing. I rushed out to the stairs and helped her out of the station. Later, I discovered she had dropped a purse and some keys - car keys and house keys. She came back the next day and they were given to her. She didn't even know where she'd lost them! She left me a lovely note, saying 'thank you to the lovely lady who helped me yesterday'. I really appreciated it.
- One evening during Peak, a woman was crossing the footbridge and her keys fell down the side of the wall. Me and the newsman said we'd do what we could. We found a chair, and I climbed over the wall. I searched around with a torch and finally saw a glint in the undergrowth from her keys. I came into work a couple of days later and she brought in a thank you card and a box of chocolates. It's nice when people say thank you in person, you know they mean it.
- A couple of years back, a young lady had a problem with her Oyster at Bond Street. She'd waited until 7pm to touch in but she'd been charged the higher rate. When she

got here the ticket office was shut so I couldn't do anything about it. I told her to ring the help people to sort it out and gave her the number. A couple of days later she came through and said thank you and she was really grateful for my help.

- The other week we had a report during morning peak that there was a cat on the platform, and the passenger was worried it would jump onto the track. One of my colleagues put it through the fence into some open gardens, but it kept coming back. The next day a customer brought in some cat food for it! We've had people coming in saying they want to adopt it.
- We have a VIP (visually impaired person) who comes here from Shepherd's Bush or White City. They put him on the train and call us to tell us which carriage he's in. He works a bus ride away from this station, so one of our staff meets him and I get them to walk him to the bus stop - which is about 5 minutes away - and wait with him until his bus comes. There are 5 or 6 different buses stop there and I wouldn't want him to get on the wrong one.
- It was midnight. I went to do my station checks, and when I got to the bridge I saw a girl collapsed on the stairs, face down. I didn't know what to do. Another girl was coming, and I asked her to stay as a witness for me. I tried to take the girl's pulse, but I couldn't find it. I tried to check her breathing. She was really pale, and it was winter. I thought she was dead and I had a real feeling of dread. I took my jacket off and put it under her face, and then I called an ambulance and the line controller. Eventually I saw she was breathing, and the ambulance came. I think she was just really drunk.
- A few weeks back there was a person ill on a train. I went to help this lady. She said she felt sick and couldn't stand up. I helped her out of the train and was sick on me, but I didn't let go of her! She collapsed on the platform. I stayed with her for 15 minutes, got her some water and waited for the ambulance to come.
- The other week someone handed in a woman's black handbag. I couldn't find a mobile or driving licence or anything. I eventually found her Oyster card and saw she travelled from here to Woodford, so I called Woodford and eventually she asked there.
- There's a guide dog training school near here. They come down to the station to train the dogs on the platform a couple of times a week. We open the gates for them. They ask us not to talk to the dogs because they're working, so we don't. We all enjoy them being here.
- There was an elderly man last week who'd lost his shopping on the train. He left his phone number with me. I did my best to find it, and eventually tracked it down. I called him at home, and he came to collect it. The best thing about it was that he wrote a lovely letter to London Underground Head Offices at 55 Broadway about what I'd done for him, and I got a commendation.
- When I was at West Ham, there was a young man, about 19 who was extremely drunk, confused, dazed and bemused and he didn't know which way was up or down. A lot of the time, when you've been dealing with drunks a lot, you get a bit hands off, but my colleague Chris wasn't like that, he dealt with everyone individually. He talked

to this boy, got his mobile phone, worked out who his parents were and called them to come and pick him up. He was that kind of character, Chris, he didn't develop that cynical edge.

- The cleaners down at Epping are good people. About 2 weeks before Christmas a couple of years ago we had a load of snow. I was in charge of Epping that week. I'd get to the station at 6 in the morning and the platform was thick with snow. Every day for a period of at least 3.5-4 hours the cleaners helped me clear those platforms of snow. I didn't ask them to do it, they volunteered, they were pro-active about it.
- To me it's all in a day's work. It all ends up in the mixer. I see good things and bad things. Nice things? I'd been on the job 2 weeks and I gave half my dinner to a colleague. She didn't have any lunch, so I gave her half of mine.
- There was a young lady once who was ill. I got her into the office and let her stay there with me for half an hour or so, until she felt well enough to go.
- Last summer when I was at Latimer Road, there was a chap there who was steaming drunk. He'd been out in Central London, and somehow ended up at Latimer Road. He lived somewhere out past Watford Junction. He had no idea where he was, all I could get out of him was how scared he was. I helped him sort himself out. I had to call at least 3 taxi companies before I could find one who'd take him. He never came back to say thank you!
- We used to stable the last trains at night. The amount of times we've helped out drunk people and got them down the stairs, into the cab office, called their wives, given them water or tea, sorted them out.
- There's a woman who's a regular here who always brings us tins of sweets at Christmas, every year, without fail. She doesn't have to do that.
- There was a passenger who'd tried to top up her Oyster for zones 1 to 4, except she didn't validate her card, so the £50 came back out. Another passenger came and handed it in to us.
- I had a drunk guy once; he was in a bad state. He'd come off the train late, and ended up on the wrong platform, he was a bit worse for wear. He got himself out of the station, fell over and bashed his head. I'd just done a refresher on the first aid course as London Underground offer that, which is great. So, I went out, put him in the recovery position, and called the ambulance. It was Halloween I think, and the clocks had gone back that night, so people were out partying later, which meant the ambulance teams were more stretched than usual. They said thank you, you didn't need to do all that.
- The other week there was a young lad with a 16+ Oyster card who was stranded here with no coins. A woman went over and topped up his card with £5; she didn't know him or anything.
- There was a German couple who came in here and realised they'd left their knapsack on the bus, with their passports and everything in it. I rushed outside with them, and when another bus came along, I explained what had happened to the driver. He

radioed their control room. The guy there radioed the other bus and stopped it straight away. They found the knapsack and I put the couple on the bus to go and pick it up. They went and picked it up and then came back here, this was all in about 45 minutes. You could see their relief.

- When I was stationed at Neasden, I remember a woman coming through the station. I noticed she had a problem with her foot, so I helped her, and let her through the wide-aisle gate. She came through regularly for about a month and a half. We used to talk; I'd ask after her, how her leg was doing, how physio was going. Then I didn't see her for a while. But that Christmas time she turned up out of the blue and asked for me. She gave me a Christmas card that said, 'to my man at Neasden', and she put a ten-pound note inside. I thought that was very kind.
- We help a lot with lost property. There was one lady, who came through one evening, quite late. She was a doctor. She'd left her laptop on the train. It had all her information for her operations. We rang round the stations, and it was found further down the line. She was so grateful, she wrote to the GSM to commend me and my colleague, and she wrote to Boris Johnson too. We both got a 'thanks to you' award for that.
- I was traveling to Stratford one day. There was a lady with a buggy who wanted to get up the stairs. Nobody was helping her; they were just walking past. I said, 'would you like a hand?' She said, 'Yes, please, I've been waiting here for five minutes.' It didn't take two seconds, and she was so grateful.
- Most of the stations in this group have lots of stairs. I can't stand and watch people struggle up so I'm always helping young women with their buggies, and older people too.
- Many times, I sit on the train and I see someone older than me and think they can't stand, I can stand better than them, so I give them my seat. And then sometimes children or younger people give up their seat for me and I always really appreciate that.
- When people lose things, you can really feel empathy for them, you think how you wouldn't want it to happen to you. I remember a time when a customer lost a set of car keys. If you think how big a train is and how small a set of car keys is, you could say it's like looking for a needle in a haystack. I used the Connect Radio to talk to the whole group, and it turned out another customer had handed them in at another station. The woman who'd lost the keys was absolutely overawed by how well it had gone. It made me feel better and reminded me it is worth going that extra mile. I had a bit of a glow for a day or so.
- When we locked up the station on Christmas Eve last year, I drove two of my staff members home all the way back to Ealing and Heston.
- It was the first shift of the day, I was on the gate line, the escalator wasn't working so people were walking down. I heard a scream. It was busy and noisy, but I thought, that doesn't sound right. So, I ran over and there was a woman sitting on the stairs in an awkward position, all dressed ready for work. She said she'd fallen over; I could

see that her leg was all swollen. We instantly called an ambulance. She didn't want to stay there on the stairs, which was understandable. We got her into a chair and wheeled her into the control room to wait for the emergency services, and I did my best to calm her.

- There's everyday kindness. We try and help people get to where they're going, particularly if people look lost, which they often do at this station. If people want to know something, we'll do our best to help, if it's possible to find out the information they want, and we have the time.
- We get lots of tourists here - customers who really don't know what to do, or how the system works. When you just take the time to explain, when you make things simple for them, they're so grateful.
- Me and family visit London every half term at this time of year and have seen many Acts of Kindness and enjoy using the Underground. It is reassuring to know that there are those who will always help in times of need, thank you all.
- Having recently lost my job, I was on the London Underground this morning and bumped into Ben, an old friend who left the company last year. I asked how he was doing, and he did likewise while travelling in a packed compartment between King's Cross and Piccadilly Circus. After relating our respective approaches to getting our lives back on track, a lady standing next to us said as she left the train: "You are both wonderful people and it has been a pleasure listening to you talk to each other. I'm sure you will both do really well. I am sure of it." Totally unprompted and genuine. Makes you feel humble that there are such good people in the world.
- As I sat on the train a Father and Son (perhaps 4 years) were seated opposite me. After several minutes the little boy leant over, gestured me forward and whispered, "did you know that Darth Vader is Luke's Father?!". I pretended I didn't and shared in his amazement at this revelation. We chatted for several more stops with the whole carriage listening in with quiet smiles before he politely asked, "do you believe in God?" needless to say Dad was a little embarrassed.
- I had just broken up with my boyfriend and was making the hour long journey home from work. Having managed to hold composure for most of the journey I began crying, face covered, head down and bright red. I could feel most of the carriage staring so I kept my face covered until I felt a hand on my shoulder - a woman and her elderly mother had come to sit in the empty seats next to me and her mother handed me a packet of tissues. The woman said that she wasn't going to ask me what happened, but that she hoped I found happiness again and that she would be thinking of me that night. She was a ray of sunshine on a very dark day!
- Today we travelled on the Tube for the first time with our little 'uns - Rebecca 3 and Jess 23 months. We were off to the Natural History Museum to see the DINOSAURS!!! We have been touched by the numerous acts of kindness shown to us and our children - from those who helped us with our double buggy up and down the stairs, those that took the time to entertain our children with funny faces or small talk in the carriages or the man who refrained from drinking his can of the strong stuff

until he stepped off of the train. You all made their day that little bit more special. Thank you from an exhausted mummy X

- I was pregnant and travelling to work. I started to feel very hot and faint, so I got up to leave the train. The next thing I remember was waking up, lying on the floor of the carriage, surrounded by a sea of faces! They helped me up, gave me water and checked I was OK. My kind helpers were of various nationalities; they were visiting the UK on an international Scout event.
- About a year ago, I was travelling on the Tube when I noticed an elderly gentleman sat opposite me take out something from his trouser pocket. He didn't notice but his tube ticket fell out from the same pocket onto his seat, so I kindly pointed it out to him. The gentleman looked very grateful and thanked me. A moment later he offered me a fortune cookie from the bag of Chinese food which he had sat on his lap. I opened it and the fortune inside said "You have a great sense of humour and love a good time" I laughed and read it out for him and told him that it was very accurate! I kept the fortune note to always remind me. The cookie was rather yummy too!
- My husband and I were struggling home to Hereford from Gants Hill after spending several difficult days attending a funeral. Weather was dreadful, Tube crowded. I was feeling awful, so a big thank you to the young man who offered me his seat so promptly. Also, a big sorry to everyone else for travelling with luggage during rush hour - it was unavoidable.
- I was moving with the morning rush hour to the Tube and a young man, looking like someone you would avoid in a dark alley, stopped and started going the other way. I watched, as some others did, as this man proceeded to part the way and help an old lady down the stairs, speaking to her softly. When he had helped her, he apologised that he was late for work and had to go. It was such an amazing thing to watch.
- I was on the way home and was having a bit of a rough day. I had tried to maintain composure but ended up bursting into tears, to which most of the carriage ignored me. However, one man had been keeping an eye on me, and halfway through my journey he handed me a pack of tissues with a smile, followed by an 'are you ok?' (Obviously this set me off more) but it was such a lovely gesture and when I got off, I said thank you and wished him a good Christmas. His kindness meant my day was just that little bit better!
- I'm a 65 year-old female, and every ski-season I struggle up and down the steps of the London Underground with an enormous heavy suitcase, stuffed with ski-boots and other gear, en route to Heathrow. And every time, the case suddenly becomes much lighter because a young man has lifted the base and is carrying it up the steps for me. So - thank you all!
- Returning from work on the Piccadilly line, feelings of work had unusually got the better of me. I tried to hold in the pressure and sadness but tears rolled out. A lady in the same carriage approached and consoled me in the kindest way, tissues and shoulder squeeze included :) I would be pleased to tell her with appreciation today,

that I listened to and followed my intuition (gut feeling) by resigning from the position soon after. I am in much better suited work now and have never looked back!

- After a long day at work I got on the Tube so flustered that I knocked off my earring and it fell to the floor. Nearly everyone in my section of the car got down on the floor to help me find it. After several stops, we were successful, and a car full of strangers felt like friends. A small thing, but the kindness was appreciated.
- On the Jubilee line, two little brothers were eating custard creams. The older one kept taking more than the younger one wanted to share out of his tub, and he started to protest. An older man opposite found them so amusing he laughingly gave the older one £5 and told him that the next time he went to a shop, he should buy some biscuits to share with his brother! Isn't that lovely!
- I was rushing to take a train for Hunger Lane and going down the stairs to the platform I stopped a moment to check my phone when I saw a young boy saying to an old lady who had one lace of her shoe loose: sorry miss, please mind your laces. The lady eyes so expressive and she said thanks dear. I was filled with a sense of joy and fullness.
- After a long day at work I was lucky to get a seat at the beginning of my tube journey home. After a couple of stops an elderly gentleman boarded the carriage. I immediately got up and offered him my seat to which he responded "thank you but no need, you must have had a long day at work. I however have spent most of my day sitting so quite like the change" and kindly declined the seat. He really made me smile, not for the seat itself but for his humour and words.
- I always say, that If You made somebody smile, your day wasn't the waste. One time I was going home from work, after having a really bad day. I couldn't stop my tears from falling. I felt so bad... But then I reached Gants Hill stop, one man looked at me, smiled and gave me thumbs up. That made my day much better... I am really grateful for that.
- I sat on the train, I was miles away thinking of my lost daughter who had recently died. A couple sitting opposite to us caught my attention, she looked so sad. I made an excuse to talk to her and then she told me her son had just been killed in an accident and that I wouldn't understand. Well of course I did, so I held out my hand and told her I was also in same boat as her. She then started to talk to me about her loss and when we left the train, hugs were exchanged.
- There was an American couple, on holiday from New York. They were on a budget - they didn't have much money to spare. They came into the station every morning and I just spent a bit of time with them, telling them where to go, what to do, and how to save money - just little things that you know as a Londoner, but not as a visitor: where to get a free newspaper, where to buy the cheapest coffee, that kind of thing. They came in on their last day with a souvenir mug for me, to say thank you.
- I think that laughter is a prelude to kindness - I spend my life trying to spread kindness. I remember once there was an old man who was saddled with a lot of luggage; he was really struggling, taking one bag up at a time. I asked him is someone

helping you. I asked him, is someone waiting for you at the station? He said no. I thought, he can't do this on his own. So, I helped him bring his bags up to the gate line, and then up the stairs out of the station. He was so happy that someone had helped him.

- There was an eighteen-year-old girl at Queensway in tears; she'd lost her friends. They were on their way to Tottenham Court Road - she'd got on the train and her friends had stayed on the platform. It turned out she was petrified of enclosed, dark spaces. She'd panicked and got off after one stop. She was terrified and wouldn't get back on the train on her own. So, I asked my manager if I could do an escort detail. I went on the train with her to Tottenham Court Road and married her up with her friends.
- I was kind the other day. I got on the train at Watford Junction. There was a lady who was going to Victoria, she didn't speak much English. I sat with her all the way to Euston and then walked her to the Victoria line station.
- Someone handed in £300 to the station the other day. They'd found it in the cash machine. That's kind, I think.
- There was a woman at Waterloo who'd lost her work laptop. She found me and gave me a description of it. I told her to come back the following day and hopefully it would have been handed in. It was found and she got it back, and the next day she came along the platform looking for me. She gave me a peck on the cheek and a big box of chocolates, and said "thanks, you saved my life".
- It was Christmas Eve and a customer I didn't know came through the station. She gave me a card that said 'Happy Holidays' on the front and told me not to open it until I got home. When I opened it, it had a £5 note inside. I think I bought a coffee with it for me and my fiancé, nothing extravagant.
- I was on a busy Tube and a seat became available. A young man took the seat and a moment later a woman sat on his lap thinking the seat was still available. They both stood up in embarrassment. The young man then offered the woman his seat.
- On 11/12/12 at 8.00am I was going down the steps to South Ealing station on my way to a work conference and a young woman called to me 'you look lovely! your outfit is fabulous!' thank you! I cried; you've made my day! (I'm 54!!) However, once on the Tube, out of the blue, I started to feel really ill and a kind young guy standing next to me asked if I was ok, opened a window and then when I was obviously getting worse - hyperventilating and doubled up, he gently persuaded me to get off the train, called a guard over and made sure I was ok before he carried on with his day. I was then taken care of by 2 guards and a first aider who stayed with me for 20 minutes and then made sure I had a seat on the next train before waving me goodbye. Instead of going to work (my fainting was due to exhaustion) I went straight to Euston and then on to Liverpool, my home, feeling I had been complimented and cared for all in one day....
- I went into the gents' toilet of a large Overground station and needed to use the change machine to get through the barrier. Having done so, I was horrified to realise

that I'd left my wallet on the ledge next to the machine. I needn't have worried - I turned around to face a man who handed me my wallet and was gone before I had the chance to thank him.

- I'm short and struggle to reach the taller bars on the Tube. On one occasion, on seeing my struggle, a nearby man offered to catch me if I fell. Another man, hearing us, offered me his spot by a bar I could reach. A small act of kindness but it kept me cheery for the rest of the day.
- I use the Central line to and from work every day and after a long day of work from 7 in the morning to 8 at night my feet are always sore from standing all day on the wards but as a nurse's care does not end at the hospital I still offer my seat to the elderly and those not able to stand even with my sore feet and that feel good factor I get for having done something special is just so refreshingCheryl (Newly qualified Nurse)
- I was on my way to work and I saw a blind man struggling with his bags. I saw everyone looking at him but no one helped so I went over, asked the man if he needed help getting to his destination, he was so happy that someone was going to help him so I went 10 more stops with him, passing the station I get off for work and made sure he got off safely. I've never been so happy to help someone, and he said I was the kindest person he'd ever met. Made me smile.
- Five years ago, I was at the very top of the Northern line escalator at Charing Cross Underground station. Half a pace in front of me was a woman with a child in a pushchair, and another child in front aged around four standing in front of the pushchair. As the escalator started to go down, the four-year-old suddenly lost his balance and started to fall. I quickly took two steps forward, reached out, and as he was falling firmly grabbed his flailing wrist and pulled him up (I used to do sport at a high level when I was younger and have perfect hand/eye co-ordination). He could never have survived the fall. His mother couldn't thank me enough afterwards. I never left my details, and the mother was too shocked to ask, but I am sure that the family still talk about the stranger who saved their son's life.
- Young men tend to treat each other with a mixture of indifference and hostility, so it was a real surprise for me when my son Thomas was born and I used to carry him around everywhere in a sling, that I'd get into conversation with groups of teenage boys on the Tube. It seemed that the baby had defused any possible threat I might carry, and they would suddenly be happy to chat to a stranger.
- After a 7-hour overnight bus journey I was very tired and feeling ill, lugging along a big suitcase at rush hour. Having waited for about 7 Tubes to pass me not being able to get on with the case a lovely man squeezed it onto a little gap just big enough for me to fit in too...leaving him behind to wait for the next. Thank you for your help! It was much appreciated
- The sadness of today caught up with me on the platform. It spilled over as I leaned against the curved wall for support. Then you offered me a hug. A stranger in London! You just held me as I sobbed into your shoulder. And you talked to me and didn't run

away embarrassed. Thank you, your kindness allowed me to smile again. A million times thank you. And I never knew your name.

- On a recent visit to London with my 12-year-old granddaughter we were rushing to catch a train and she jumped on first. The doors closed before I could get on leaving her alone in a crowded train. A guard radioed ahead to the next station and I jumped on the next train with my heart in my boots. At the next station a very kind man was waiting with my granddaughter at the exact spot where my carriage stopped. He was another passenger and had seen my panic and looked after her until my train got there. I can't tell you how relieved and grateful I was. It was the longest 3 minutes of my life.
- Thanks to all the nice folk - and bus driver too - on Friday night 2Nov when I fell running for the bus near London Bridge. And REALLY sorry to the wee man* caught in the melee. I was so bumbled, jumbled, and a mite embarrassed, I neither thanked the helpful folk, nor apologised to the little one. My best gal died a while back and this was the first day I felt on top of things (wasn't the sky blue today? she'd always say). I love London (& Londoners), I really do, and so this little drama made me go all discombobulated. So, sturdy thanks and sorry for the bad manners (cuz manners count she'd always say). * it was a wee man, yes? Maker Rick
- On the Piccadilly line, a drunk man opposite became aggressive towards me. As he lunged forward in my direction my boyfriend stopped his fist from hurting me and two wonderful witnesses helped him by aiding him to calm the guy and by calling the police and stopping the train at the platform. I can't thank them all enough.
- Late evening at Russell Sq Tube on my way to meet my boyfriend from work; a young woman was sat covered in sick looking embarrassed. I sat and had a chat with her and cleaned the sick from her face with my Evening Standard - we laughed at the looks she was getting - I gave her my water, helped her on her Tube and left smiling.
- I would like to thank the young man who offered me his seat on a crowded train, even though he had a lot of bags to hold. I was too proud to ask for a seat, but my arthritis was unbearable. So, thanks to the young gentlemen for helping me to relief my pain
- On November 20th, 2007 I suffered a very bad asthma attack on the Tube at King's Cross. A passenger and off-duty police officer helped me get to the LU office and called for an ambulance. I returned to the station office once I was better to thank the LU staff. Unfortunately, the police officer's shoulder number noted in the incident book wasn't legible, so he never got his chocolates. I'm especially grateful to him because he knew exactly what to do (see asthma.org.uk).
- I got a call at work saying that my Dad had died of a heart attack. My world felt like it had shattered around me as I tried to get home. A lovely man put his arm around me and comforted me on the Northern line all the way to Waterloo, took me to my platform, and ran to buy me a bottle of water while I got my ticket. I wish I could tell him how much his kindness meant to me.
- A Mum was stuck at bottom of escalator at Victoria Tube station with baby in pushchair and a frightened toddler who refused to go up. People walked around them

until a man, 50ish, with Mum's approval took toddler's hand, stepped on with her and talked to distract her all the way to the top. Big smile from the toddler and a sense of achievement.

- At 06:30 I was on my way to a job interview and I lost my purse on the way to the station. I had no way of getting any money and had no way of traveling. A station guard took it upon himself to buy me a ticket. Thank you, Patrick at Bow Road, I got the job!
- I would like to thank Michael Landy and the London Transport System for an idea that will most certainly make a positive impact in the lives of others. This summer while attending the Olympics, I was inspired by the posters in the Tube. I am a middle school teacher in California. We are trying to teach our students kindness and respect. We have started a program called "Kindness Counts", modelled after Landy's project. Students submit anonymous stories about acts of kindness they have witnessed on our website rjfisher@lgusd.k12.ca.us to use on the morning announcements and posters. Too often we hear about bullying in our schools. This project is an attempt to "flip" our focus.
- A young lady sitting on the Tube saw I was looking ill (hungover) and struggling a bit on a shaky stretch of the Northern Line. She asked if I was ok and offered me her water bottle. Thank you!
- A woman got onto the train carrying a lot of stuff including a small dog. She sat down and seemed to clean her pet's eyes. Then I noticed the man opposite leaning forward and offering her a small strip. She had cut her finger! The man just happened to have an Elastoplast and the woman was overcome with surprise and gratitude.
- I was standing on the Tube with my friend when a woman and her little boy approached in order to get on, the boy ran over quickly and jumped on the train and before his mother had the chance to get on the doors closed. The mother began to panic and frantically tried to open the doors while my friend and I were trying to open them from the other side, but the doors would not open. As we began to move, I shouted to the woman to stay exactly where she was and that we would bring her little boy back. And we did.
- My mother was helping me lug suitcases through the Underground to my new apartment, even though, thanks to an old injury, she walks with a cane. We were on our last trip and both very tired, and a stranger, who had been watching us on the Tube, offered to carry my mother's suitcase from the platform to the turnstiles, then turned back to get on the next train. I'm grateful for him and all the strangers who gave up their seats and helped my mother carry suitcases up and down stairs.
- I was on my way back from work and my eye was watering. A lady got off and dropped a pack of tissues on my lap as she left the Tube. It had a note which said, "I hope tomorrow is a better day for you".
- Hurrying thro' the ticket barrier to catch a train, the barrier behind me closed, clamping my suitcase with a vice-like grip! The alarm sounded but no help came until a young man, coming off the train saw my plight and tried to open the barrier using

his oyster card not just once... but twice. It was all to no avail, but the Act of Kindness and the connection had been offered and that was heart-warming.

- Whilst standing on a busy Tube train on my morning commute, I felt someone tap me on the arm. I looked down to see a bespectacled Asian gentleman proffering a small scrap of paper before me. I took it from him and opened it up to find a hastily hand-written note which read "Your zip is undone". I checked and sure enough I was suffering a minor wardrobe malfunction. Thank you random man for discretely saving me from very minor embarrassment.
- I'd been told I was having my pay cut due to ongoing health problems. Angry and upset, I couldn't stop crying as I travelled from Holborn to Liverpool Street. Going up the escalator, a woman in front turned around and asked if I was OK. I told her what had happened, and she gave me tissues, patted me on the arm and told me I'd get a much better job and that would show them. I hope she's right.
- The train was really crowded & I was feeling nervous about my first day teaching classroom music at a primary school. A guy started talking to me about the guitar on my back and how he once tried to learn to play, then we started talking about Hackney (he was wearing an 'I love Hackney' badge) & the Olympics. A small thing, but it made me forget all about my nerves. Then when he got off, he wished me good luck on my first day, which kept me smiling.
- I was 17 and my father had just had a very serious stroke. He had been at my aunt's house and was now in hospital which meant I had to travel on the train to get to him. I was crying hysterically with my equally shocked 15-year-old brother nervously sat next to me. A lady with a couple of small children asked me what the matter was and when I told her, asked for my father's name and said a prayer for him in front of the whole carriage of people that were listening. She held my hand and gave me words of comfort. I'll always remember her kindness and comforting words.
- An old lady with her trolley entered the train, I gave up my seat for her as she really needed a seat. When her stop came by she couldn't push her trolley to exit the train, so I quickly helped her push her trolley and helped her come exit the train, And yes when I help her the train doors closed after so I missed my train but I waited for the next train and went home knowing I made someone happy today.
- I was on a very crowded Tube one day and a gentleman was kind enough to say to a lady passenger, would you like my seat. The lady said, "about bloody time" the gentlemen quickly sat down again and said, "sorry I thought you were a lady" The moral of this story is - Say Thank You when someone is kind. Wilson Cameron
- One evening I was travelling to meet a friend, I didn't feel quite right when I left home and was feeling worse and worse as the journey went on - hot, breathless and faint. I just had to get out of the Tube and as soon as I had I sank to the ground by the wall, I had only been there a minute when a lovely lady asked if I was ok and handed me a bottle of water which was enough to get me to the other end of my journey.
- On our way to the Paralympics it was very packed on the Tube so naturally me and my family had to stand. After about 3 stops my daughter suddenly burst out with 'I'm

going to be sick'. She looked so grey I honestly thought she was going to faint. No sooner had she said this a lady stood up and offered her seat, she even apologized that she couldn't move further away to give my daughter space. Then we also got given some water and a newspaper to fan my daughter. It was just so lovely how everyone tried to help.

- As the mother of a 6-month old I have been astounded by the number of people who have offered to help me with a pram on the Underground during my maternity leave. People have given up seats for us, moved along, helped carry the pram on and off Tubes, and particularly up and down stairs. One memorable man walking upstairs towards us helped me carry the pram all the way back down before heading back up on his way. This is the only way I can say thank you to everyone who has helped me and Edward over the past six months!
- I was on a busy Overground train wishing I was watching Andy Murray about to win Olympic gold. A man and his girlfriend were watching it on an iPhone and held it out so I could see Murray's moment of glory. We all cheered.
- I was at Tottenham Hale Tube station and at the time the lift and escalator weren't working so the stairs were the only option. There was a young woman with 3 kids, two of which were in a double pram trying to get down the stairs. Before I came to her at least 20 people had passed and not one offered help, most of these before men! I helped her carry the pram down the stairs (which was possibly heavier than me) and at the bottom the look of gratitude and thanks she gave me was heart-warming. She was very thankful, and it just made my heart go out to her.
- I was on my way to my first university exam, sitting on the train I was becoming increasingly nervous; when I realised, I had forgotten my ID card. I jumped off the train and ran to the opposite platform, with the aim of going home to collect it. As I sat waiting for the train, I began to realise that I would never make it back on time and started to cry. A lady on the platform noticed and asked me what was wrong. I explained and she advised me to go to university anyway. I took her advice, was given a paper ID, sat the exam and graduated two years later!
- I experienced that all too familiar moment of panic when, having just got off the Tube, I realised that my purse (containing, among other vital treasures, my oyster card) was not in my bag. But a man sitting next to me on the carriage had seen I'd left it on my seat and got off just to give it to me. The doors closed before he could get back on. Though another train was due in a few minutes, I'd noticed he had been with a friend who'd stayed on board and they were separated just so he could give a careless teenager her purse back. Having been saved a lot of stress, I was touched as for a second the distance between me and a world of strangers decreased.
- I was running late for work and as I entered the platform, I noticed the next Jubilee line train from Stanmore was ready to depart. Me and this young lady sprinted for the train, however, oblivious to me my keys fell out of my pocket. While I reached the carriage, I realised the lady went back for my keys, threw them to me just before the doors closed, sacrificing her ride. I never got to properly thank the young lady for her great act of kindness.

- I was very tired one night and while rushing for a District line train at Victoria, I tripped on the stairs. A young woman came straight over to me and helped me up in the most caring way. It was just a small gesture but made such an impact on me.
- I was on the Central line with my Mum and a Dad in my carriage was sternly telling off his two young boys, around age 6 and 7, trying not to draw attention to himself. I asked my Mum what they'd done and a man behind me answered 'They want to take the Northern line, they think it'll be quicker' and the boys had so much self-belief that it would be quicker but the Dad wasn't having any of it. We, and a few others that heard, could not stop giggling.
- It was the Jubilee weekend and I was on the Tube on my own sat next to two French girls and opposite two Italian girls when an Australian couple joined the carriage. The friendly Australian man complimented the Italian girls on their smiles and after looking round complimented myself and the French girls, explaining he was a dentist and knew a good smile when he saw one. Eventually we all left the Tube with the promise to 'Keep smiling'. In conclusion, a smile means the same in every language and culture and costs nothing.
- On Friday 10th Aug travelling to Olympics in Hyde Park, my son found his mobile phone was missing. I tried to call his number, no luck, so decided to text number. While standing in Baker St lost property office, my phone rang. His phone had been found and handed in. Many thanks to Andy and all the staff at London Underground. In fact, to all the Londoners for a great Olympics.
- After the technical rehearsal, the 'buzz' on the Tube was completely different from anything I'd ever experienced, with people talking to each other. One small group of friends alighted the Tube and one had inadvertently left his BlackBerry on the seat. Another passenger immediately jumped up and ran after him to return it forthwith. I had never seen this type of behaviour on the London Underground.
- Boarding a hot and busy Covent Garden lift, I am accompanied by a man who rudely 'tells' another man near the front, stood by myself, to move forward into the apparent space in front of him. The man apologizes and explains he's unable to move down any further as his small child is occupying the space in front. The arrogant man refuses to believe there is a small child/refuses to care for the wellbeing of the child in this crowded lift (which I can see starting to become scared of this man shouting at her dad) and continues to aggressively argue with the helpless man. Astounded by this man's awful attitude towards the child and the tiny bit of space she is standing in, as a young woman aged 23 (and a lot smaller than this rude man!) I decided to be brave and confirm that 'he can't move forward, there is a small child in front of him, don't be so rude'. This immediately silenced the man for which the father thanked me for alongside smiles of gratitude from other passengers. Kindness costs nothing but is worth everything, and courage comes in all shapes and sizes!
- On a Tube ride home one evening, I noticed a young lady had started to cry. Two women who I at first thought knew her, turned out to be two complete strangers who kindly sat next to her and comforted her. Sadly, the young woman revealed she had just been told she may have a life-threatening illness. The two strangers did a great

job at calming her down and being there for her and offered their numbers at the end of the Tube ride to arrange a drink together. What's more, from out of the blue a young lad pulled out a pack of tissues which he then gave to the lady to dry her eyes. These strangers made all the difference to her day, possibly her life, all with 15 minutes.

- One evening somewhere on a very packed Piccadilly line a beautiful man sat down on the seat next to me. We kept glancing at each other, and then away again, both giggling. Smiling at me he said, "Isn't it funny how society says we shouldn't talk to people on the train" - so we did. We sat on the train together, and talked until I had to get off, he got off too and helped me with my bags, and then tentatively, asked for my number. I gave it to him. As I said goodbye and got on a bus, my phone rang. It was him, asking if he could see me that week. Our three-year anniversary is October this year. We'll always be known as 'the couple that met on the train'
- Visiting London for the first time during the Olympics we were separated from my son on the Underground. We arranged to meet at Bank station not knowing there are many exits. Though my son is an adult he has a disability and it was the end of a long day. One member of the Underground staff took charge of the situation and we were soon reunited. A happy end to a very stressful situation.
- I was working in London as a fundraiser one day outside a cupcake shop. After a tiring day's work, the owner of the shop treated me with a free cupcake. I was looking forward to eating this when I got home. But on the train, a woman sat there crying because her boyfriend broke up with her. So, I asked her, what's wrong? Listened to her, told her it would be all right and offered her the cupcake. She laughed and thought it was a nice gesture... hopefully brightening her day!
- I was returning from New York one Thursday morning. I got off at Boston Manor with a suitcase too large for all 5:1 of me to handle. A young man ran down the stairs hoping to catch the train I had just got off. I did think about sticking my foot in the doorway to stall the train, but I was too concerned about my own problem. The train left, he missed it, I avoided his eyes. He said, " Can I carry that case up the stairs for you"? Very humbling and very kind.
- I was sat in a Tube carriage as it approached a station, debating whether to get off and open my fast during Ramadan or remain on the train. I decided to take a chance as I wasn't far from home but miscalculated the time it would take to get back. A group of students boarded a train armed with some fruit. They just got up and started offering them to all the passengers whilst eating themselves including me. I was able to open my fast thanks to their generosity and warmth.
- I boarded a sweltering rush hour Tube train whilst heavily pregnant and there wasn't a seat in sight. I stood patiently agonising about the twenty or so stops I still had to traverse knowing that my chances were slim as the train was likely to get busier. A lady stood next to me tapped a young male passenger and requested that he give up his seat for me informing him of my condition. The selfless lady went about reading her newspaper without fuss and disappeared into the ether that is London never to be seen again. To her I am forever grateful.

- Helping as a volunteer at the Olympics I couldn't catch the Opening Ceremony. When I got on the Central line to travel back home, I was in a carriage with some of the NHS workers who had been performing. They passed on their enthusiasm and joy through their laughter and when people said how much they loved it they quite spontaneously got up and danced their way through the routine in the middle of the carriage. What a gift!
- I was traveling back from work at 1:45 and changed at Mile End to catch a train towards Epping. I left all my documents from work, iPad, my jacket and my grandfather's wallet on the seat next to me. My things travelled to East Ham where an angel picked them up and handed them untouched to the lost property office. I cannot thank you enough - you have restored my faith in people.
- I didn't know it at the time, but I was suffering from the aftereffects of a nasty concussion. I thought I was just feeling a bit under the weather on my way into the office. The Tube was packed, stuffy and I started to gag. I tried to pretend I wasn't surrounded by strangers looking at me, and desperately searched for tissues or anything suitable in my bag. Nothing. The lady next to me gave me the carrier bag that she was using to hold her lunch, literally just as about to be sick all over the contents of my handbag. It all happened so quickly, and I was so grateful. The kindness didn't end there as I got off the Tube at a very busy Victoria station and sat with my head between my knees. Several people stopped to help me, sat with me whilst I composed myself and one lady gave me a mint. After a trip to hospital, I got the all clear. A plastic bag, kindness, patience and a mint. It made a world of difference.
- I had just split with my boyfriend and was carrying everything I owned across London. A series of people stopped to help me navigate my way up and down endless flights of stairs. Most notably PC Paul from the BTP who was unfortunate enough to be the recipient of my tears but who carried my suitcase through London Bridge and onto a Tube. Also, to the lady who couldn't manage to lift my case up the stairs but who caught up with me after I left Harringay station to help me carry some of my lighter bags down the street. I'm eternally grateful.
- I was running for the bus on my first day of work, and I was only 19 so it was my first ever real job. The bus driver must have seen me, but I was too late and the bus past. Another bus, who was about to start his shift opened the doors of his bus- I explained I'd been running for the other bus not his. He said, "I know, but hop on, we'll chase the other bus". I got on, stood next to the driver and we drove down the road, quite quickly trying to catch up with the other bus. Of course, the driver had to stop and pick up other people, so I never made it, but it was the kindest thing that he could have done. It really made my day and I managed to get to my job on time, in a very good mood, inspired by the generosity of a stranger.
- One night after I'd just moved to London I went for some drinks and got far too drunk and tried to get a bus home. I got off much too early, and found myself lost in the middle of London, terrified and confused. I was crying when two girls approached me, asked if I was ok, explained where I was, found out where I lived and then called me a cab, checked I had enough cash on me, and waited till I was safely in the cab. I owe

them so much; it doesn't bear thinking about. And what goes around comes around because years later I returned the favour. Heading home one night after some drinks with my husband and some friends, saw a young woman leaning against a wall at Embankment, halfway up the stairs, crying into a phone. She was very drunk. I asked her if she was ok and she said she was trying to get to her boyfriend's house, but she didn't understand what to do. I sat her down, took the phone off her and spoke to the boyfriend who told me his address and her name. I told him I'd get her home. I walked her slowly back up the stairs, and out to a waiting line of cabs. I put her in the cab, told the cab driver where she needed to go, and explained that she was drunk and that the boyfriend was contactable on her mobile. I then rang the boyfriend back on her phone and told him she was in a cab and heading for him. He was incredibly relieved. It took me all of five minutes to do this, but I am sure it made all the difference too as it had for me that time so many years ago.

- At about 6 months pregnant I was on a crowded Tube feeling rather invisible as I stood yet again for the whole journey. Just as I was stepping onto the platform a woman slipped past, smiled and said congratulations. I was so shocked that I didn't respond until she has disappeared into the crowd. I wish I could have thanked her for her gesture; it was a moment of kindness and celebration of new life that made my day!
- I was coming up the escalator at Victoria. There was a blind lady and her guide dog at the top; the guide dog was struggling with the escalator and didn't want to set his paw on it. Two Underground staff appeared, one took the blind lady by the hand and led her down the escalator while the other gently picked up the Labrador and carried him down, all the way talking to him and stroking him. I melted.
- After a generally miserable week and a particularly difficult day - I was returning home on the Jubilee line. Feeling full of tears, I stood on the Tube, trying to hold the tears back and stay composed. A gentleman further up the carriage I had noticed was writing a letter, which I didn't take too much notice of. Until the letter was eventually passed up the carriage to me. I kept this letter with its kind words and smiley face for many years. The concern and kind words from this stranger on the Tube always reminds me not to lose faith or believe in people or society.
- About 15 years ago, I lost a small diamond earring - a treasured 21st present from my parents - in the ridged mat at the entrance to Finchley Road Tube. As I scrambled on the floor among rush hour commuter legs, a much older man asked me what was wrong and seeing my distress, got down on his knees to help me. About ten minutes later, he found my earring. To his surprise I flung my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek in thanks. I never knew his name. I'm 44 now and still wear the earrings every day. I've never forgotten his kindness.
- My friend and I were on our way to Stratford today for a morning of opening ceremony rehearsals when we spotted a toddler looking at us. After a minute of checking us out he slapped on the biggest smile and instigated a game of pram peek a boo. Such a great young chap that shows how kindness can start at any age.

- After arriving at North Acton station on the Central line and climbing the stairs up I saw a lady with a 3-4-year-old girl and a baby in the baby cart, she was trying to carry that with her daughter catching hands and walking down nearly 40 step stairs. Although I was in a real hurry I stopped by and carried her cart down the stairs. The funny thing was that when I climbed the stairs leaving, I saw her friend waiting with two kids and a cart and I certainly did that again.
- A couple of weeks ago, I'd forgotten & left my library book on a train in London. Today, I phoned the library to say that I'd lost it, dreading the fines & cost of replacing the book. Then I was told that someone had found the book and actually gone and handed it in to Wallington library! I know it's just a library book, but I am so Thankful to the kind person for their good deed & act of kindness, especially going to all the trouble! Knowing that there are good-hearted, generous people out there has truly made my week, and weekend! :-)
- One morning rush hour, I was coming up the escalator at Liverpool St, when there was a bit of disruption ahead of me. From my vantage point I could see a woman sinking down on her step, propped up by the student on the step below. Seeing that she was continuing to collapse and was in danger of trapping her hair, the young man (who didn't look like he had the strength to support himself, let alone anyone else), somehow picked her up and carried her up the rest of the escalator. The rest of us stared, amazed at his inner strength and balance.
- I was new to London and travelling at rush hour to Waterloo from the City to meet a friend. I had no idea where I was going once, I got off at Waterloo, and asked the girl in front of me on the escalator how to get out. She was so lovely, told me to stay with her and she'd help me navigate my way round. She was so friendly, told me all about her life, her boyfriend, etc! I've never forgotten it. She gave me a hug and a kiss when we parted ways. I wish I'd got her name.
- It was the 7th July. A day for celebration. We had won the Olympics. But the joy was to be disrupted by an enormous explosion. We were at Edgware Road. Smoke filled the carriage and with it fear. Right by me was a petrified German mother, and two children. One boy. One Girl. Screaming, crying, not understanding the English announcements and afraid. A young lad - no older than mid-20s takes out his iPod, hands it to the children, and plays them music and calms them down. And from fear came hope, humanity. From an act of division an act of unity.
- I stopped to help a collapsed man obviously in extremis, and I thought at first having a fit. It became clear he was having the most severe form of asthma attack (status asthmaticus) and was at risk of dying. Myself, and another doctor who stopped, called for help, checked over but had no equipment or drugs (neither of us was working) - a train stopped and I shouted for anyone who had an inhaler in 2 or 3 carriages and a mother handed over her small son's inhaler - paused, seeing the man on the platform thru' the windows and I imagine picturing her son in that state - and then handed over her boy's 'spacer' complete with cherished child's stickers. The doors closed as she bent down to explain to the alarmed toddler why his 'puffer' had just been given to an alarming shouting strange man and I raced back to the collapsed man. Her quick

thinking and generosity with her son's spacer saved the man's life as he was too far gone to use an inhaler without it. I never got to thank her nor know if she realised quite how important her quick thinking and kindness were.

- Once on a train from Baker Street after travelling to London from Birmingham, I was utterly starving after not having eaten all day. I noticed a woman across from me with a pack of cream cakes recently purchased from a supermarket; driven by hunger, I politely asked if I could buy one off her for the marked price on the pack. Kindly, she refused to allow me to pay her and insisted I have it for free. To the lady who fed me a free cream cake that day: thanks. You have no idea how hungry, or grateful, I was.
- Was at Barking station, a few months back now, but as I got to the top of the stairs I noted a lady with a buggy trying to get down, a man had just got to the top of the stairs himself, he selflessly turned around and helped the lady down with her pushchair before climbing all the way back up.
- I was on my way back to the office from a meeting in Farringdon. When I arrived at the platform a train had just pulled away. As I looked up to see when the next one was due, I noticed a black folder on top of a metal box. Intrigued I picked it up to find that it was an iPad, luckily it wasn't password protected. I took the owner's home phone number and called it when I was back in the office. The owner's wife answered the phone and arranged for me to meet her husband at Oxford Circus Tube station to be reunited with his expensive gadget. What comes around, goes around....
- I was on the Tube at lunchtime when a middle-aged man got on at the other end of the carriage. He looked very worn and downtrodden and was probably homeless. He asked one or two people if they had any change, but they ignored him. I fiddled around in my bag. I wasn't sure that I had any. But, before he moved to my end of the carriage, he passed by a businessman who was eating a rather large filled flat roll - so large that it had been cut in two and he was still struggling to control it. The businessman explained he hadn't any change, but that he was welcome to share his lunch. He tore his polystyrene container in half and divided his entire lunch, sandwich, chips, salad into the lid and container, and handed the man half, and gestured for him to sit down opposite him. Then he reached into his lunch bag and brought out a sachet of salt - shook that over their divided chips and squirted a dollop of ketchup on each their portions. The homeless man looked stunned at the other man's kindness. The businessman chatted to him quietly, and they passed the rest of the journey eating their shared lunch and talking. Suddenly the businessman jumped up, realising we were at his stop. His hand plunged again into his apparently bottomless lunch bag, pulling out a chocolate bar, a slice of homemade cake and a flask of tea. Then he shoved it back in the bag as we pulled into the station and pressed it upon the homeless man, flask and everything, "Enjoy your dessert - especially the cake - my daughter made it for my birthday - but she'll be even happier for you to enjoy it and I have plenty more at home!" The last was rather muffled as he jumped off the train in the nick of time.
- Once, when I was very little (circa 1990) I had gone with a friend and his parents to see a children's play in central London. Before going back to the station, we had gone

into Chinatown to see the New Year celebration. Suddenly, we were swept into the crowd, my friend's mum, him, his brother, a pushchair and myself. His dad had gone ahead to the station. My friend's mum started to cry quietly, we were all very short and there was no way we would be able to get back to the station with the pushchair and everything, plus she was trapped in a crowd with four children under six and was worried we would get separated. Out of nowhere, a punk couple appeared, with massive platform shoes, piercings and mohican hair. They had seen our predicament and without us even saying what we needed, said, "Don't worry - we'll get you out!" They lifted the pushchair above everyone's heads, and we trailed out behind them as the crowds parted. My friend's mum tried to thank them, but they disappeared back into the crowd before she could say much. However, we've never forgotten how they swooped in out of nowhere and remain eternally grateful for their help!

- Travelling on the District Line one rainy Saturday afternoon, a man sat down next to me and immediately struck up a conversation. Feeling a little wary of this stranger at first, his kind and open nature soon put me at ease. The train was crowded with Chelsea supporters, and when we both got up to leave the carriage, he turned to me and said quietly, "The quality of your life is determined by the quality of your thoughts". Those words felt so profound then, and they still do. I have the quote on a piece of paper that sits next to my computer at work. I read it every day and it reminds me that we can learn so much from the people around us - even complete strangers.
- I was travelling on the Central line towards Mile End when I notice an old woman standing up on the train because there weren't any chairs available, I felt sorry for the old woman so I gave her my seat and she thanked me, I had a strange feeling in my stomach, this feeling is helpfulness which felt good to me. I love helping people because helping people makes me happy which makes society greater.
- One hot, stuffy morning on the Central line, a coughing fit overtook me to the extent I couldn't breathe. After about 5 minutes of embarrassment, a young Japanese girl sat down next to me and passed me a bottle of water. With little English all she could say was 'drink'. I was hugely grateful for her rescuing me from a very hot and bothered moment.
- I'd carelessly hooked my key ring, holding my house keys, studio keys and car keys, into my back jeans pocket before I sat on a crowded Central line train to Bond Street. I'd left the train and was on the platform when I heard shouting and turned back to the carriage doors. A dark-haired woman was standing holding out my big bunch of keys to me through the open doors. I said a heartfelt thank you as I put my hand out and took them from her and with a split second to spare, just as the keys changed hands, the doors closed! A huge thank you again!
- I woke up to a phone call from my dad telling me my much-loved grandpa had died. On the Tube over to my parents I couldn't stop crying. The woman sitting next to me asked if I was ok, and I told her my grandpa had died that morning. She took my hand and held it for the rest of the journey. I have never forgotten how comforted I felt by this small, intimate act.

- I was standing in the middle of a packed carriage, holding two heavy bags and a coffee. I was unable to hold on to a bar to steady myself and inevitably, as the train left the station, I lost my balance and spilt a small amount of coffee onto the light-coloured jeans of the lady sat in front of me. Embarrassed, I gushed - "I'm so sorry!" She smiled and said, "It's ok." The carriage emptied up at the following stop and I took a seat opposite her. I looked at her knee where I'd spilt the coffee and realised it, I'd spilt more than I had originally thought... Maybe she was burnt? Maybe the coffee was going to stain? Maybe they were expensive jeans? I could feel my face turning red with embarrassed guilt as I stared at my deed... It was another two stops before she left the carriage, but as she got up, she smiled at me again and said slowly "Don't worry - it's O.K.!" I remember breathing a sigh of relief and thinking how lucky I was to spill coffee on such a forgiving passenger.
- On Christmas eve I was due to travel back to my family in Reading for two weeks. I was travelling home straight after work by train that evening and packed an enormous bag of my things and presents. It was too heavy for me to carry, but I was stupidly, determined to manage it all and somehow painfully made it onto the Tube and to Tottenham Court Road. On the escalator, a man saw that I was suffering. He picked up my bag and carried it not only up the escalator, but out of the Tube station and then the ten minutes to my office. He wished me a merry Christmas and disappeared. I've never forgotten his kindness.
- When I was heavily pregnant and travelling on the Tube during a very hot April, I was really touched by the kindness people showed me. Not just offering me a seat, but water, wet wipes, anything to ease my discomfort. One lady even gave her mini fan to use! That was a great day! Lots of people were very friendly, asking me when I was due, telling me about their children and passing on tips. It made me see the people around me on my daily commute as people again! It was lovely!
- I was on a very crowded Central line platform at Liverpool St. An elderly couple struggled onto a train, the lady with a precarious toehold and her back to the platform. It looked like she would get pushed back onto the platform and they might get split up - look of panic! Only one thing for it - as the doors started to close, I gave the lady a good shove in the back, and off they went together.
- One evening I was travelling home from work. Countless things seemed to have gone wrong over the previous week and it all became too much. I desperately tried to conceal my tears. But failed miserably. A kind man sat next to me silently passed me a tissue, and another, who had been sat opposite, passed me a note as he stood to leave at his stop. I opened it and all it said was 'it will be ok'. My gratitude to those around me made me cry more - but I'll never forget it - and always try to do my best by others on London transport :)
- My boyfriend & I were on a weekend trip to London & on entering a museum my bf realised he was missing his wallet, which included our return train tickets & his Oyster card. As he was about to make some calls & cancel his cards, he got a call from the National Blood Service. For lack of any contact details, the lovely Glaswegian family who'd just found my bf's wallet called them & the NBS called Joe with the family's

contact number. We met them by the Palace of Westminster where we were reacquainted with Joe's wallet & acquainted with the loveliest young family you could meet. They turned a potential disaster into a lovely story about how good people can really be.

- I had my phone stolen whilst in a shop in Covent Garden this weekend and felt really vulnerable, angry & upset with London...this one event had been enough to make me hugely disappointed in Londoners and started to make me regret moving here from the suburbs a year ago. But I've been meaning to add the Acts of Kindness I've been shown on the Underground to this web page for a few months now, and just spent an hour reading pages of everyone else's stories...it reminded me that there are still far, far more good, honest, kind people in our city than there are bad. There are so many strangers out there who do lovely things without expecting anything at all in return. It's been enough to finally put a smile on my face after five days!
- As I travelled northbound to Belsize Park on the Northern line, late evening towards the end of November 2011, the tears that had been threatening to spill over since the beginning of my journey starting silently sliding down my cheeks at around Camden Town. Thank you to the lady on the Underground who handed some tissues to a girl with a white coat and red shoes that could only manage to whisper 'thank you' at the time.
- I am constantly amazed by the kindness of strangers who I can rely on to offer me a hand with a bag as big as me (I'm only 5ft2) every Friday, without fail when travelling out of London to see my parents for the weekend. I always look a sweaty, flustered mess struggling with handbag & carrier bag in one hand, blue wheely case in another. At Hampstead Heath station - around December time - one young chap in a grey woolly hat arrived on the opposite platform, was leaving the station, but re-entered just to help me down the steps to simply turn back round & go on his way. One of many chivalrous Londoners out there. Thank you to you all! :o)
- I had to get home from London to Wales as soon as possible I could to say my goodbyes to a family member dying of cancer. I was listening to my iPod when Sex Bomb came on, which irrationally made me start to cry. Hysterically. The girl sat opposite me asked me if I was okay and talked to me all the way to King's Cross, even though I looked crazy and was howling. Thank you for being so kind, Sarah from Oxfam!
- Victoria station, rush hour, mega busy. An elderly gentleman fell over on the staircase at Victoria Tube, his bag went flying, and he hit his head on the steps. An obviously professional man, he appeared stunned but embarrassed, and shocked. He landed on his face, people trod over him and rushed past. I stopped and picked up his bag, another man stopped and helped. We offered first aid, he declined, we knew he was ok. I felt it my duty and pride to offer another human being the help and support we would all wish we have. We should not judge on the basis of the apparent circumstances, since there is more to all of us.
- I fainted on the Overground this morning and managed to hit my head rather hard. Four people helped me, looked after me and made sure I was OK while we waited for

the ambulance to arrive. Thank you to all of you. I wish I knew your names so I could properly say thank you, but you were so kind to me, and you made my embarrassment a little more bearable! Thank you so so much!

- I fell down outside Woodford station (and later found out that I'd broken my arm) my hand was bleeding quite profusely and was painful to move. I decided to continue on my journey to work anyway. I stopped by the shop on the platform to buy some plasters for the cuts on my hand. The shop keeper kindly gave me some plasters and a bottle of water for free to dress my wounds. He was so kind.
- I seem to have developed a rather nasty chesty cough, which I'm blaming on the constant change in weather. When on the Tube and coughing people tend to look away, concerned that just by looking they too may catch your cold. However today a old lady walked from one end of the Tube over to me and offered me a cough sweet. Not only did this soothe my throat but it made me smile. Thank you
- One morning last year I had got on a very crowded and hot Northern line feeling a bit unwell. As we approached Moorgate, I started to feel more unwell and stood up to get off. Next thing I remember is waking up on the floor having passed out and having had the emergency cord pulled for me. I was deeply embarrassed and tried to rush off the Tube, but several passengers made me sit down and drink some water. I was surprised how helpful people were.
- The person who writes a daily quotation onto the white board at Clapham South station warms my heart and makes me smile. Thank you for your thoughtfulness and I hope you know you brighten up an otherwise mundane commute! Keep it up :-)
- After heading off the platform at Plaistow, I came across a young man rolling off the train in his wheelchair. With massive stairs in front of us there was no way he'd be able to get up and after a bit of awkward eye contact, we both chuckled, and I offered to lift him up the stairs. I brought him out of his wheelchair and picked it up and took it to the top of the stairs. He thanked me and we had an amazing conversation afterwards.
- I was going through a difficult time and I was crying on the train from Victoria to Clapham Junction. A girl offered me a tissue from a hand-made little cotton purse. Her grandmother made it especially for her to hold hankies. I couldn't tell her why I was crying or stop. But the care that purse was made with and the love it represents, somehow made things a little better.
- I was on a late-night train back to Redbridge on a Friday night. I managed to grab a seat and as usual, I started scrolling through my iPhone, listening to the various tracks I had chosen. The train stopped, and a young gentleman who was sitting next to me, left a note on my lap as he got up to leave. The other passengers around me who noticed, started asking me to read out what he wrote, assuming that it was some sort of romantic gesture. The note said the following: " I saw you flicking through your playlists ..don't be weirded out but listen to Josh Pyke - "Middle of the Hill" and any song by Chris Carneau. Enjoy!" Of course, when I got home, I looked them up on iTunes and I am glad to say they were good choices.

- I was on a very busy platform at the weekend. An American family got off the carriage but left a little girl behind in the rush. Her face completely crumpled in the seconds after the door closed and as the carriage pulled out. I think all of us on the platform thought the worst. A few minutes later she was returned by an older woman - who had got off with the little girl at the next stop and caught the Tube back with her - and dropped her back with her (I think) amazed family who had not known what to do. And then she just waited to catch another Tube.
- I remember seeing this on Tube one evening after the peak hour rush. A woman entered the carriage and as she sat down some papers fell from her bag. A man sitting opposite leaned forward and helped gather the papers from the floor. This exchange initiated a conversation between the two. They continued to warmly laugh and talk for about ten minutes until it was the woman's stop. Looking disappointed, she announced it was her station, said goodbye and got off. The man remained on the Tube. Sat there. Door open. Thinking. Then suddenly dashed out, moments before the Tube doors shut, walking briskly after her down the platform. It was kind of cute.
- I tell you, you London Tube riders rock. Seriously. I have a toddler and a stroller and a temperamental back & I cannot tell you how grateful I am that kind and thoughtful people, without my even asking or looking at them, offer to help me with my stroller up and down those rascally Tube station stairs. And it's not always just a stroller & baby. On occasions it is also laden with bags, food, shopping, general child paraphernalia etc. as well. A thousand thank you's to the 12 (yes 12 on different occasions/stations) people who helped me just in this past week. It's people like you who make me smile and feel a little bit cared for and remind me why I love London. Thank you.
- I'd just moved back to London, looking for a job and was finding city life hard to readjust to. Getting out at Holborn one day I saw a family, dad with two little ones, mum and a baby in a pram, the mother looking worried. I stopped and offered to help her with the pram and ended up going down escalators and the stairs with her. We didn't have a mutual language but at the end she gave me the best smile and a big hug, it made my day much better!
- On our way to see Bugsy Malone and all dressed up we were constantly thwarted by works on the line and were very late. A strong gust of wind at Embankment blew my son's pork pie hat onto the line and the outing was turning disastrous. His Dad said "well that's that it's a goner" we felt like giving up on the whole outing. On the off chance I mentioned it to a supervisor who said "you need a hat for Bugsy Malone" sprang into action, stopped the train leapt onto the line and rescued the hat. I love that man. It was the best bit of the day my son said.
- My boyfriend broke up with me and then dropped me off at the Hampstead Tube station. I was miserable and tried to hold back my tears as I took the lift down to the station platform. A girl in the lift came up to me and said "You just had a break-up, right? I can tell. You poor thing." She gave me a BIG hug and chatted to me for 10 minutes. It really cheered me up. It truly felt as if she was an angel sent down to give me hope.

- I go through Shadwell station every Thursday as I drop off and pick up my daughter from her Granny's house. Invariably fellow commuters help me with the buggy up or down the 20 or so stairs to lifts. Recently a woman saw me struggling down the steps as the train arrived. She knocked on the driver's window, asked him to wait, dashed up the stairs, helped me down them and thanked the driver as we dashed past his window through the open doors. I thanked her profusely and she waved me off saying she had kids and knew what it was like. If I had missed that train, I would have had to wait 15 minutes for the next one, not the best way for a tired mummy and grumpy 2-year-old to spend their time!
- Heavily pregnant, with a large protruding bump, I dreaded my daily Northern Line commute. One particularly awful day I found I was unable to get onto three successive trains due to the crush at the door. I was becoming increasingly distressed but working hard not to show it. I tried to catch the eye of a rather stern-looking professional woman, hoping for a sympathetic smile, but she didn't acknowledge my look. Then as the next train's doors opened and the fourth mad crush of my morning began, she suddenly sprang to life and shouted, "there is a pregnant lady here, let her on please". She escorted me onto the train and demanded that I be given a seat. I flopped into the chair, overwhelmed to the point of tears, but she still didn't look at me and I was never able to thank her for her selfless kindness.
- On my way to a 9am lecture feeling particularly grim, the Tube driver announced "We are now approaching Mile end, God bless and take care. Keep smiling." It cured my Monday morning blues and put me in a good mood for the rest of the day. Thankyou!
- Today was an awful day. Heavily pregnant I found I had been made redundant and, hormonal and depressed, started on my way home. The escalators being broken at St Paul's was just another disappointment in an altogether miserable week. Just as I turned to lift my suitcase a young man of about 20 appeared; cool, attractive and relaxed he lifted my bag for me with a simple "I'll take that for you". He carried it all the way to the bottom, enquiring about how far along I was and finally wishing me a nice day before going along on his way. After he left, I burst into tears. This simple act of kindness rekindled my faith in humanity. Thank you, stranger, for making my day.
- Having travelled on the Tube for 30 years and never having had a curious incident, on a very hot summer's morning in 2010 (it may have been 2009) the Victoria line was stuck between Highbury and King's Cross. I began to feel very faint and untoward and shrunk to the ground fearing I would pass out & my bodily functions would misbehave. A very lovely lady spotted me, gave me her seat, fanned me, dabbed me with water, gave me a drink & saved me from humiliation and I would love to be able to thank her.
- Whilst exiting Old Street station in haste, on my way into work with great urgency, I was the first to notice a blind man struggling to mount the escalators to the top. I helped shepherd him to the surface, said my farewells and went about the last leg of my commute. It was only when I scheduled a last look back that I noticed he was still struggling to navigate the ticket machine forecourt (hard for most people at that rush hour let alone the visually impaired). I went back, reintroduced myself and walked him

to his meeting halfway up City Road. We chatted all the way about family, friends and life. He was a very pleasant fellow who wished me all the best with my upcoming marriage to my now wife Sophie and thanked me for taking the time to help him. I wish that was part of my journey to work every day.

- I'm 19 years old young boy I'm passing from APLASTIC ANEAMEA diseases. 1 day I'm travelling from Stratford to Notting Hill Gate before three stops my nose starts bleeding and my body start shaking then I'm getting off the train and 1 of your staff member give me a hand he help me to sit on chair and do wireless, he giving me lots of hope and he do wireless call, so now I'm really happy with TfL staff cause they help every person in any condition.
- Late at night, two teenagers from the north of England had accidentally got onto the Reading-Paddington train. They'd meant to go to Salisbury! Overhearing their frantic, tearful conversation, I rang National Rail Enquiries and found out there was no train back, so I introduced myself and took them to Waterloo by Tube. It was their first time on the Underground. Hopefully, they managed to get to Salisbury in the end, and liked their introduction to the London Underground!
- I had a special event in Central London that day and due to excitement and being busy I hadn't eaten all day. My friends joined me at the event, and we were making our way home on the central line at 12.30am. I was beginning to be feel faint at that point but was sticking it out till we got home. The Tube was packed with people and a guy stood beside me with a bag full of take away sushi. As a joke I offered to buy his sushi off him as he was getting off at his stop. He cheerfully said...you want some? And he handed out two big trays to me and my friend for free and jumped off the train. It was so nice, and we thoroughly enjoyed the nice sushi.
- I was in London for the first time. I clutched my red luggage and a creased address and no English knowledge at all. On the Tube, a girl was carrying a dog in her arms, it was staring at me frightened: it also did not understand. The girl caught me looking painfully at her dog: her smile my first understanding.
- I was carrying a very heavy and awkward box holding a wedding cake I had made for my friend & had what felt like 100 Tube changes to get there. As I struggled off one Tube, a man asked if I wanted help. I said no, that I was fine, & immediately regretted it. As I got to the top of the escalator there, he was waiting for me, and without a word took the box from me, and walked with me to my next Tube, put me on the Tube, smiled, and walked off.
- Some time ago I was at Whitechapel Tube and saw an elderly chap trying to retrieve something from under a seat on the station platform. It was clear that it was going to be nigh on impossible for him to get whatever it was because he couldn't bend down. I offered to help and bent down to look at what was under there ... his false teeth! I took a deep breath, grabbed the teeth, gave them to him and, smiling, got on the next train.
- I was on the Tube earlier this week travelling from Acton Town to Baron's Court. A mature gentleman came into the carriage at Hammersmith and I offered him my seat.

When he declined, I told him I was only going one more stop. Just then, the movement of the train made him fall against some people. I leapt up and assisted him saying "Well that just goes to show that you DO need this seat!" He was grateful to me and sat down.

- A blind man walked onto the Tube train on which I was travelling. As the doors closed, he reached out his right hand, trying to locate the central pole. He missed it, but then a young lady gently took hold of his hand and placed it onto the pole. It was a swift and simple gesture, but the kindness and humanity of it moved me to tears.
- As my family were walking along outside the Tate Modern we met a lady asking directions to the nearest Tube station, when I asked where she was heading she said 'King's Cross' as this was where I was heading I offered for her to join me, we left my family outside London Bridge Tube station and travelled together to King's Cross, I am not confident on the Tube but having someone depending on me to get her there brought out a strong side in me I did not realise I had, and it was so nice to have company on what I find a very nervous and scary journey, she talked all the way which made the journey go so fast, I left her at the information point at King's Cross to continue on her journey.
- I'm a type I diabetic of 5yrs. Then newly diagnosed, I was late for a baby shower in town, changing bags I rushed out the door. On the Tube a French man asked me directions. I was going same way, so we chatted and travelled together. Just before Russell Square I hypo'd , but changing bags before, I left my glucose tablets at home. Panicking I told the man in broken English I needed to leave to get sugar. The door opened and I ran. But the man stopped me and said his grandma was diabetic and not to worry he would see me safe. With that he calmly walked me outside, sat me down and bought me a Lucozade and waited till I felt better. I will be forever grateful to him and I have never been without my glucose tablets since. Thanks Mr Kind French Man ;) x
- Racing through London Bridge, on our way back from holiday, suitcases in hand, the staff in the ticket hall asked which Tube we needed. When we said southbound Northern line, they told us the last train was already in the platform, then spoke into walkie talkies and got the staff on the platform to hold the train for us. Would have been a nightmare getting home without them.
- Outside the station I discovered my purse was missing. Returning home to cancel cards I stopped and asked the friendly TfL staff member for help: "Today's your lucky day" he said. A wonderful couple travelling in my carriage had handed it in at the next stop. Staff there had just rung through to say it had been found. THANK YOU.
- I was on the Northern line, getting off at St. Pancras & a young man saw me struggling with my 3 bags and offered to help. I was off to the Eurostar; he needed the Piccadilly line. That young man walked my suitcases and me all the way to the Eurostar, he went completely out of his way. Really are great people in this city!
- I often have to take the Waterloo & City line in rush hour, and am so grateful to the drivers wishing passengers, when we get to Waterloo, not only a safe journey, but

also to enjoy our evening, (once or twice it's even been "Have a good night out!". Every little count!

- I was walking down a Central line platform the other day with my cello on my way home. As I was about to get on, the driver, who was walking down the platform to start his shift, asked me "How do you manage carrying that big thing?" We then had a great conversation about his guitar!
- Whilst rushing between the Waterloo and City line and the Northern line at Bank on Monday morning I reached into my coat pocket only to discover to my Oyster card had vanished. Just as I was about to mutter a few choice expletives and turn back to look for it I felt a tap on the shoulder and turned to see a girl about my age who had had clearly chased after me (I was keeping quite a pace!) and was holding out my card - absolute lifesaver!
- I was stuck on the platform of a delayed Overland train and in a massive hurry, my 6-year old daughter had fallen at school and broken her arm, she was en route in a taxi to a hospital. My phone was not working so I asked the teenager next to me if I could send a message from his phone, he did, the train arrived and was very busy, my daughter called the number back, the phone was passed along the packed carriage to me so I could comfort her, during this time the lady next to me was going to the same hospital but didn't know the way, I was able to help her and the whole carriage saw how helpful the man had been in letting me use his phone.
- At 5 months pregnant I was traveling on the Central line during morning commute. Standing as usual. I felt lightheaded exiting the train at Liverpool Street and began to lose focus. A man walked up to me and took my arm leading me to a seat. Without him I would've passed out and fell to the ground. I just can't remember if I thanked him properly. I hope he knows how much I appreciated him. I have and will always offer a pregnant woman a seat as I've come to find out...we really need it.
- A young boy jumped onto the seat next to me and the mum was looking around for a seat for herself. I moved to the only other seat, at the other end of the carriage, so she could sit with her baby. She started to thank me, but the baby had interrupted her by singing a rude song loudly. The entire tube knew the words were, but the baby just mumbled them. The carriage was full of laughter from teenagers to elderly couples (I was quite surprised they knew this song). Even though the child singing would've happened whether I gave up my seat or not, I took it as a giant thank you from the mother and child, and from London Underground. I ended up having a great day, with that rude song stuck in my head. Hah!
- I was on my way to university and I was late when my drink exploded in my bag. My books were covered in orange squash and my CVs dripping wet. I was kneeling on the platform surrounded by my soaking belongings when a twee old lady waddled over and handed me tissues and a plastic bag and said, 'I hope these will be of some use'.
- My colostomy bag split whilst on the Tube, I was in despair and quite upset. Despite the obvious problems, other passengers offered tissues and assistance. I had to leave the train at the next station (Lancaster Gate) and station staff took over the rescue,

getting me to their staff toilet and making sure I was OK. They even contacted my destination station to keep an eye out for me when I resumed my journey!

- I did that four-stride run to the Tube doors, but they closed. Then they opened just for me. I waved a thank you to the driver at the other end of the platform, then got on: he said "you're welcome" through every one of the speakers on the train.
- Fresh from a small town I began an internship in London, on my first day I was overwhelmed by the morning commute on the Northern line. A very kind man realised my hesitation as I let several Tubes pass me by at Euston station. After three Tubes whizzed by, he grabbed my hand and got me safely on the next train, so I wasn't late for my first day. This act of kindness showed me this big city is not such a scary place.
- AFTERWARDS On the Tube it is strangers' help that makes me cry. A man standing by to let me on the train first. The wreck of me. I crawl with the kindness of it.
- On a busy morning train, I spotted an elderly blind man and his guide dog boarding. I noticed that as they squeezed on, the dog's tail was still outside the carriage, and in danger of being caught by the closing doors. Before I could yell out, a woman passing by on the platform reached through the doors and tucked in the dog's tail. Her hand made it out just in time and the dog didn't notice a thing.
- At Christmas we took our Autistic Son to London, seated ourselves on the Underground after which a German lady who had just arrived to spend Christmas with her daughter presented him with a parcel of German cakes she had hastily wrapped. She then wished him a Happy Christmas and returned to her seat as love and emotion filled the carriage.
- Me and my boyfriend were heading home on a busy Underground train when we noticed a homeless lady wandering around the carriage in need of spare change. When only one person gave and she was about to walk away, I remembered the leftover quarter-chicken I couldn't finish from our Nando's visit that day! Her gratefulness when we gave it to her was enough to make anyone smile.
- A minor act of kindness but it prevented me having a terrible day. An occasional traveller to London, I was reading as I made my way to Euston to journey home and dropped my oyster card. I didn't notice and would've panicked when I'd realised later, only a kind man opposite gently tapped my knee and pointed at the card. A brief nod and smile were exchanged as tacit acknowledgment. Thank-you.
- I was on the Central line on my way home, and I sat next to a lovely guy who kept getting up to offer his seats to those who needed it most, when I got to my stop I gave him a note which said 'You're a lovely guy, I hope you have a nice day' and he had the biggest grin after reading the note
- I tried to take my shoulder bag off and caught my earring in the strap. A very kind man saw this, offered to help and made someone else hold his coffee while he gently untangled the ear wire, gave it back to me and apologised for dropping the other part

(which I soon found on the floor). I couldn't have freed myself without the help of this lovely gentleman.

- While travelling to work one day I saw two very smart businesswomen in high heels, discussing the important meeting they were going to. We stopped at a station and a little boy got on. The doors closed and it became clear that the boy's mum had not got on, but was stuck on the platform - as the train pulled out she managed to indicate by gestures that she would get on the next train and meet him at the next station. The two smart ladies immediately took care of the little boy, told him they would look after him and got off the train with him at the next stop to wait for his mother. I was so touched that their important meeting was instantly forgotten in the face of a child in need.
- I was on a packed Hammersmith and City line train needing to get off at Baker Street. I was by the wrong set of doors and as we arrived at Baker Street there was very little movement from the people around me as no one was getting off, to the point that I thought I'd miss my stop. As I was beginning to panic a lovely man asked if I needed to get off and on hearing I did he proceeded to take my hand and pull me through the crowd to the open doors. His act of kindness made my day.
- The Tube is always hot & I have lupus which means I'm extra hot. Today a young man leapt up and gave me his seat. I was fanning myself with a magazine when the woman next to me handed me a fan. She stood to get off, so I went to hand her the fan back and she said keep it. When I looked at the fan it was covered in butterflies - the symbol of lupus! I was really touched by the unexpected kindness of 2 people.
- I think people are extraordinarily kind and helpful on the Tube. Several times I have gone from the playground at East Finchley to my home at Archway with my small granddaughter and a baby in a small buggy. Without fail, people help me up and down the steps every time.
- I was commuting to work when a man stood near me and started grinning madly. This being London at rush hour I tried to ignore him, until he pulled from his bag the same book as I was reading - Rupert Everett's autobiography. We shared a long and funny chat about where we'd got to, what he was up to etc, which made the journey much more fun. I no longer ignore happy strangers...
- I was fighting off a panic attack once in rush hour and a lady next to me, completely unprompted, offered me her bottle of water and talked to me about her new outfit all the way to my stop to distract me. I was too flustered to thank her properly, but it worked, and I'll always remember lovely jeggings lady.
- I was at King's Cross station, searching in my bag for my Oyster, after taking everything out of my bag and coming to the conclusion that it must be lost a man walked up to me and gave me his travel card, saying he didn't need it and I looked like I could use it. Left a smile on my face that lasted all day!
- Making my way home onto the Piccadilly line at Heathrow with two enormous suitcases I too eagerly took a seat and painfully crashed my sternum on the armrest bringing tears of pain to my eyes. Other passengers winced for me both for the

obvious agony and me for my embarrassment. I was gripping the seat with a hand over my eyes focused on the pain when the passenger opposite caught my attention and offered me his sweet sesame snack with an expression of great empathy. The gesture and the biscuit brought huge comfort to my wounded pride and bottom and a smile to my face. A latter-day Esmeralda in male form on the London Underground.

- I gave up my seat to a young mother with a baby in a sling. After a minute or so she stood back up, the baby was wriggling so much. A recent father myself, we struck up a conversation that lasted between Oxford Circus and Brixton. I've been Underground commuting for twenty years and have rarely exchanged more than a smile from a fellow passenger. It made my week.
- We live in Warrington, Cheshire. One day, our answer-phone gave us this message, "I have found this mobile 'phone and am calling the number entitled "Mum and Dad" to say that I will leave it at the Dollis Hill station". The male caller left no identity details. Our son, who lives in Willesden, collected his 'phone. Many thanks to our unknown friend, from Mum, Dad, and Son.
- I'd been doing a community development workshop and it had been a difficult session, only to be rivalled by the verbal abuse I received from some youths in the street later that day. On the Tube I began to cry, feeling overwhelmed by the situation and a little girl of about 5 came over to me and asked me if I was alright before running back to her parents. She reappeared holding a tissue a few minutes later which her parents had asked her to give to me. They all waved as I got off the Tube and I felt better knowing that there are kind people in London too, counteracting the obnoxious ones.
- Not strictly a Tube story, but a bus one. I developed epilepsy as an adult and had several seizures before being on the right medication. My last fit was as I got off a bus near Clapham Common late at night in a not too safe area. I hit my head on the pavement so was injured. When I came around in the ambulance the crew told me a woman had seen me fit and got off the bus to take care of me, ring 999 and make sure I was safe - staying with me until they arrived. I never knew who she was, but if you happen to be reading - thank you for all you did for me during a very scary time :)
- At Camden Town station, where I pass by every day at around 6:30pm on my way home from work, a conductor from Northern Ireland makes the announcements on the platform. Having spent the last 8 years in Belfast (and not being from England) the words 'the train is about to depart, stand clear of the doors' is hugely comforting and makes me feel right at home :)
- I was rushing off the tube in a hurry to get onto a different line which I could see pulling up onto the platform opposite. Just as the doors of the connecting Tube were closing, a lady narrowly made it through the doors and proceeded to pull something out of her pocket. In my haste to catch my connection, I had dropped my brand-new phone on the first Tube. This lady had run after me, jumping onto a Tube she didn't need to be on (going in the opposite direction) just to give it back.

- I was travelling to Euston on the Central Line when we were delayed by signal failure, and people started chatting. A man asked if I knew the way when I had to change to the Northern Line. Then he took my case and came with me from Tottenham Court Road all the way to Euston to make sure I got my connection. I would have missed it getting the case up and down all the stairs and elevators. He was so kind and helpful. I live in the north and people say that Londoners think only of themselves - not true!
- I was travelling back from London to Northampton and had to change Tubes at Green Park. I was totally lost and couldn't find the Victoria line. I seemed to be going up and down the same staircase! Eventually I just stopped and stared when a lady came up to me and said, "you look a little lost can I help you"? She took me to the Victoria line platform (she was going my way) and we got on the train together. I was trying to get to Euston, and she was going to King's Cross. We had a wonderful chat throughout the short journey - I shall not forget her kindness.
- I was travelling back from Australia, after 24 hours in transit and a lovely gentleman carried by 20kg bag up a set of Tube steps for me. chivalry is not dead! Thank you young man
- I have two stories: Travelling to Liverpool Street on the 18th September 2011 I kissed my boyfriend goodbye (we were actually breaking up) I was shaking trying not to draw attention to myself, I walked away with his hand in mine until we didn't reach! "I'm gonna miss you" I said..... Still shaking, head down some nice man comes up to me and says "he was a very lucky man, you're very beautiful" It just made me smile :) Coming down the escalators from Liverpool Street and I get a tap on the shoulder from a Gentleman telling me my handbag was open and he didn't want anything to get stolen :)
- I was full of a cold on the Tube to work and couldn't help but sniffle and whimper as I struggled to breathe through my nose. The gentleman stood next to be turned and said, "you sound as I feel - take these to help you through the day" and offered a small packet of Kleenex and Strepsils. I really did feel better for them.
- Several years ago, I was unemployed and travelling home from yet another unsuccessful job interview. A man sitting opposite me was reading a newspaper and started writing something on it which he tore off and folded. A few stations later he got off the train, but before he did so he gave me the folded paper. It said, 'EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD'. I still have that scrap of paper.
- I was on the way to Uni during rush hour one morning. Getting off at Waterloo I saw a woman with a double buggy struggling to get up the busy stairs. I watched as businessman after businessman pushed passed her without offering to help. Though I had my hands full I put my stuff to one side as helped the woman up the stairs before going back to get my bags.
- I was travelling home for Christmas with the world's biggest suitcase filled with (what seemed) to be the heaviest presents I could have purchased. I live on the Central line and was heading for Kings Cross, so I had to change at Bank. For those who know bank they will be aware of the twisty staircase up to the Northern line platform. I was

sweatily attempting the ascend which is difficult without a huge case. A man with a blue jumper, jogging up passed by and grabbed my case jogging it to the top. I can't tell you how appreciative I was of this kind act, I really thought I would die before I reached the top!

- At a very busy Covent Garden station when only 2 of the lifts were in operation, I was astounded by the genuine kindness of the staff doing crowd control. I was 36 weeks pregnant and had arranged to meet a friend for lunch before the baby arrived. Too tired from the pregnancy to walk to Holborn, I opted to patiently wait with the throngs of tourists at Covent Garden. When a TFL staff member noticed my Baby on Board TFL badge, he parted the crowds and insisted that I come with him (even though I would easily have got on the next lift). He sent me to his colleague who ushered me down in a private lift! Knowing that the chances of me getting a seat on the tube were slim, they just wanted to make my journey a little bit easier, and for that I am very grateful. The Tube may be old, expensive, smelly and over-crowded at times, but it is an essential part of London that makes me fall in love with this city all over again. I couldn't stop smiling on the Tube the whole way home.
- One night I was travelling home on the Tube trying hard to stop tears from rolling down my cheeks. In a packed Tube feeling lonely and embarrassed, with a simple touch on the shoulder and a show of concern, I was consoled by a stranger. At my stop another passenger got off and asked if there was anything, he could do to cheer me up and with his kind words and the offer of a Dairy Milk and a coffee, made me smile again. Thank you.
- I'd been crying a lot after finding out that my friend had a terminal illness, and it wasn't until when I was on the Tube, trying to hold it in, that some lovely women lent me a mirror to wipe off mascara tracks on my cheeks. Not only that, but a kind stranger opposite gave me a tissue, asked me what was wrong and then offered me work experience! I was so speechless that I'm not sure if I thanked them properly - but I was extremely touched and hope that one day they know how comforting they were to me that night.
- Once, I was very ill while working in London. The Central line was the only way I could get home, but the journey would last two hours. I had no choice. After half an hour, I fainted and fell on the carriage floor. When I came around, a man had picked me up and was carrying me in his arms. I was covered in my own vomit, but he didn't care. He carried me to his seat and put me down there. I could barely speak and couldn't stand. He wouldn't let me thank him and walked away embarrassed. I never even learnt his name and wish I could thank him.
- I have been suffering from seizures for 7 months and I had one on the Underground last week. A lovely guy stayed with me and held my hand until the ambulance came. It was the first seizure I've had on my own, so his kindness meant the world to me. I'm so glad he was there.
- Tourist Outreach. Whenever I see someone looking at a map or lost, I'll always offer to point them in the right direction. I've done it for years and keep a daily count of

how many people I give directions to (with a complicated scoring system for the success of my help). I'm +4 today.

- I broke my arm, falling off my bike, so reluctantly got onto the Tube in the middle of rush hour the following week. A man clocked I was in pain and orchestrated the carriage so I could get a seat - a great reminder that Tube travel isn't always grumpy and selfish!
- I moved from Canada to London for a MSc Applied Positive Psychology - to study kindness and joy. Upon arrival I took the Tube from Heathrow with a suitcase of books, one of clothes and all my worldly belongings. Changing at Bank was tough, but three different people stopped to help me carry my luggage up the stairs. At Clapham a couple of Londoners walked me to the door of my friend's house helping me with the luggage all the way. What an incredible welcome to the UK!
- Arrived at Latimer Road station on a cold Sunday. As we walked up the stairs to the platform realised there was a train waiting there. I started to run to try to catch it, but my friend had a bad foot and couldn't keep up. We heard the beeping for closing doors but as I ran up the doors didn't close. The driver must have seen us running and held the train the extra 10 seconds for us to get in. Only a small thing but made a big difference to a long journey home!
- I was at a station where the stairs are divided into two lanes. A young man was walking up one and saw a woman with a pushchair struggling to carry it down the other side. He immediately dropped his bag and rushed down and then back up to where she was to help her carry her buggy down the stairs. It was lovely.
- I was kind to someone today after reading your poster. I guess it was just life imitating art...
- Hello, as a regular visitor to London, I know how busy the TfL staff are. After a 24-hour flight from Australia, I was weary and befuddled by the escalator, my suitcase and the need to get down to the Piccadilly line - no elevator! I asked the attendant and he kindly took my larger bag on the escalator, chatted all the way down about the "ups and downs" of his day. Thank you for a wonderful start to my time in London.
- I had just got off the Tube at Bank station and my knee swelled up to the size of a balloon. I couldn't walk at all. After numerous attempts to ask someone to get help failed, a smiley-faced girl rushed to my aid. Whilst waiting for a taxi, she stayed with me and kept talking to me, knowing I was in great pain. I'll never forget the kindness she showed to a stranger that dark day.
- I was wearing my teapot ring (a ring with a teapot and teacups on it) during rush hour and the lady squashed up next to me commented on how nice it was and we started a very nice conversation on the Tube during rush hour - a real rarity!
- A hot Tube carriage full of noisy Arsenal supporters, mostly men, mostly twice my size and half my age. Suddenly, I start to feel faint, but am too embarrassed to say. One supporter notices, asks me if I'm OK and suddenly the men make more space,

fan my face, and someone produces water for me to drink. I hope Arsenal won that night because those fans on the Tube were fantastic.

- I was travelling home one Sunday evening, dreading the Monday morning which was fast approaching. When we got to the last stop, the driver came over the tannoy and announced: 'Wakey wakey, rise and shine. You're now at the end of the District Line. Alight here for Wimbledon'. He then went on to remind us that it takes fewer muscles to smile than to frown. Needless to say, a lot of us left the train smiling. I'm very grateful to the driver for cheering up my evening.
- I had received some awful news and was in a state of utter shock and disbelief. I had to travel on the Tube to meet my family and friends but could barely function. I sat in tears at Embankment station, and a woman approached and asked if I was ok. I told her I couldn't work out how to get to my destination, and she held onto me and took me there. She should have got off after two stops, but she stayed with me for an extra six stops, then even changed trains with me to make sure I got to my friends. She restored my faith in humanity at one of the lowest points of my life. She could have walked by, but she didn't.
- I was returning home on a packed Tube and standing at the end of the carriage next to me, was a young woman carrying a bag and parcels in one hand and struggling to tie the shoelaces on her boot with the same hand but failing very well. A seated passenger walked over, bent down and smiling, asked if she could help. I was ashamed for not noticing earlier that the young woman had only one arm but was so relieved that someone had shown her kindness.
- It was rush hour and I was struggling with a heavy suitcase and two bags at Green Park station. I was so pleasantly when a gentleman offered to help and carried my case all the way up the stairs. Chivalry isn't dead... and Londoners are friendly & helpful!
- Every time a person moves seat so that two people together can sit together, I think how kind. And what is wonderful is that it happens so often.
- Photo collection found the Tube and returned to owner by seeing a reoccurring face in the photos to establish the owner. She appeared to work in a bakery and in one photo I saw a phone number on a shop through the bakery window. I phoned the shop to find the address and meet the owner of the CD case.
- Three years ago, my mum had a heart attack at Baker Street, thanks to the kindness of a stranger, they gave her CPR until the Paramedics arrived. Our family never found her to give her our immense thanks for saving our mum's life.
- When coming out of a carriage the new pair of shoes I was wearing caused me to trip up. I went flying and my man bag, which had quite a lot of money in it, flew even further into a crowd of noisy teenagers just out of school. I thought that would be the last I would see of it but no. Some helped me up and some others brought my bag back to me. I was most impressed and gratified!
- I had a baby girl in May, and we've been travelling on the Tube together for the past few months. I don't think I've ever had to wait more than three seconds at the top of

a flight of stairs with the pram. Everyone who comes past offers to help lift her down to the train. And that pram's not light...so thank you all.

- When I had a corneal ulcer, and could hardly see at all, I tried to take the Northern line to Warren St. A young woman helped me: she was diabetic, and a lawyer, and said she knew what it was to have health problems. She got off her train, helped me to street level, and would have taken me to the bus stop, but I told her not to as she would have to pay again to continue her journey. I would love her to know how grateful I was....
- A woman on the train threw her litter on the floor as she was getting off the train. Seeing this, another woman picked it up and put it back in her bag. As a result, she was punched in the face. The carriage was shunned into silence and the poor lady was crying. No-one so much as offered a caring word. I took her by the hand and led her to the office and reported the crime. I was late for work that day and got reprimanded but it was worth it.
- While travelling on the District line I witnessed a young child in a very distressed state because he needed to do a wee. Kindly one of the other passengers passed over his near empty water bottle and much to his mother's relief, and some other passengers shock, he was able to relieve himself.