

The Window Seat

Extract from a story by Naziah Nawroj Age 15

Despite my inherent fear of travelling and strong dislike of herds of humans in small spaces, I stood at the platform of the London tube, impatiently waiting for the next train. Something about allowing unreliable vehicles to carry me across the vast unknown of dark tunnels, below derelict neighbourhoods and through the miniscule veins of the giant city, brought a shiver down my spine. It's inhumane.

The roaring of the tube jolted me back to reality. Mentally cursing myself for letting my mind wander, which would inevitably lead to an endless tangent of misplaced thoughts, I calculated how to approach the situation correctly. Windows flashed by. I shifted my weight from one foot to another, a rush of wind wafting past while the train decelerated and gradually came to a stop. Before me appeared a door, which slid open moments later. Many people scurried out, twice as many hurried in, including myself as I manoeuvred my way through the congested carriage.

The train lurched forward as I took a seat next to a rather gaunt looking man, decked in black ripped jeans and a black leather jacket. The seat was pressing uncomfortably into my back and the temperature was a little warmer than outside. I closed my eyes, attempting to drown out the echoing sounds of trains and people, maybe drift off until my stop came.

"Are you alright?" the leather-jacket-man asked. The voice was eerily creepy, harsh and gravelly sounding. I just nodded and looked away, glancing at the darkness of the tunnel through the opposite window. I'd be on stable ground soon anyway. I was almost content studying the drab interior of the train, simply to avoid conversations with shady looking strangers.

"You probably would've preferred the four fifteen train anyway. This one is doomed." he said.

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