Of all her white clad classmates, she was the first to sit. Her little area on the oval, not too far from the usual haunt she and her friends would share – had shared, back when they’d all still been together; an intact squadrant, had been kept nicely in her absence. Inspecting the grass around her, she noticed the others of her kind spread around her followed suit; she’d been the catalyst in this particular experiment – for once her peers looked to her for guidance, as someone worthy of their sheep like actions.

She ignored them, in an attempt to hide how strangely touched she was at the smallest of compliments, instead favoring to study the landscape, searching for –

“Five more minutes!” Her grandmother had said that day, as she waited for her to finish with the playground during her youth whilst absentmindedly brushing her arm, warding off the

Just like how the intriguing English teacher had done not a moment ago, witnessed from afar by the young student.

Her grandmother was always willing to help, always willing to listen to a new composition and always ready to offer a cup of tea to anyone whom may or may not be in need, or want, of one – especially the day when

She’d poured everything she had into each and every assignment the woman had given her, the Irish soldier, with each submission only ever earning her a high score; never one hundred percent. She’d come close once, still had the proof pinned to the English room’s board, her fourteen point five out of fifteen, filling her with both pride and annoyance. The figurative veteran –

Because it was like that, teaching lower school; always watching your back, on constant lookout, being forever vigilant in attempts to deter troublemakers before they begun – she’d more than earned the title.

The girl hypothesized that if she were to ever teach children as a profession, she’d likely go mad as a result – or continue in her descent; either way no good would come of it, she was sure. Something about the notion of a class filled with children unnerved her; babies, for a short amount of time, she could handle, but children? The thought repulsed her as

She was the most beautiful newborn she’d ever set her sight upon, despite the small purple smear on her left eyelid, courtesy of the forceps used by the Doctor to remove her from her mother’s womb. Bundled and squinty eyed, the girl’s new baby niece look up at her and blinked, a fairly ordinary, routine response one possesses when waking, yet it somehow seemed new. How many times had the girl herself witnessed others blink? Had done so herself? Countless, yet this new addition to the family evoked a new perspective upon mundane, ordinary happenings in the girl – a new sense of appreciation, it seemed.

She had felt the baby kick once before and still, after all this time, wondered at how her sister felt the movement; did it hurt her, or just feel odd? Uncomfortable or was the effect the complete opposite; reassuring? Her sister probably wasn’t aware of the action, but her hand absentmindedly stroked her round belly as she spoke, already comforting her unborn child; protective, compassionate and loving.

What would that feel like? Genuine compassion and interest in her life shown to her from another? The girl wasn’t surprised to discover the fact that she didn’t know.

The day was actually, surprisingly, rather pleasant; warm enough, not a cloud in the sky coupled with a light breeze; though light it was, it still caused the girl to shiver, break out in gooseflesh and attempt to

Her mother rubbed her hands as she

Her sister was continually astonished at how cold she got, so easily! Just the lightest zephyr

Her brother delighted in telling people his theories that attempted to explain her perpetual chill, although she found he could never decide between her being the muse for the original Terminator films (human flesh over a titanium skeleton) or, due to her frozen heart, her outer extremities never received adequate blood flow, or warmth.

The Sun shone brighter, it seemed, perhaps only because the breeze had temporarily abated, filling her with comfort and love through its merciful rays.

In that ephemeral moment, the girl convinced herself that she wasn’t always cold, that she had many people to help keep her warm, that she was, in fact, a guiding candle to light up the darkness and help illuminate the unknown for others likewise.

The draught returned, chilling her to the core instantly whilst at the same time shattering her perfect illusion like the cold hard slap of reality;

One day you’re going to have to learn to let people in, her mother told her, walking away, hurt at her daughter’s aversion to hugs, taking the rejection personally.

She hadn’t yet realized it, but amidst her epiphany like pondering, the girl had found just what she had come for.