

A Clean Beginning

Through the window I see a black coal mine. The few yellow lights passing by at a rapid speed give an ancient feel...

And I love it.

Most people find the trip boring, a waste of time, but it gives you a place to find inner peace. I am unsure if others often feel the same, but a silent moment without people nearby has always been my greatest satisfaction. When the doors open on a station, I get a weird feeling. A feeling of being a Hollywood-hero.

A minor hero.

A useless fool.

In this world, my good deeds are never to be seen. Even if people would reckon me as a hero, the porcelain in me would know what the future holds. Even though I couldn't change this, moving could amend my reputation and clear all my past failures. When I got Forza Horizon 4 for my 12th birthday, I already knew where my life would end up. Driving on the beautiful country roads in a game placed in Britain, felt like a dream come true. Until I saw the historic castles, churches and even houses, I never could had thought a place like this even existed. The mixed terrain of sandy seaside and flat, but hilly land was enough for years of exploration. But before I could achieve my goals and visit the countryside, I had to start the new life here.

I like looking at the people entering the train, seeing how different everyone is. Just looking at someone could tell a fair amount about them. If only I could see their inside as well... Even though they are free people, everyone looks at life as a prison. People will never be satisfied. No matter what is done and sacrificed; It won't make them happy.

Among the crowd I spot a blonde girl, giving me a memory of what happened five years ago. A memory I've been striving to forget, but she's so similar she does nothing else than reminding me. When she turns my direction, our eyes accidentally meet. I look away quickly, and stare back at the black underground tunnel. I try my hardest not to look back but jump when someone touches my shoulder.

"Sorry, did I scare you?", said a mild teenage girl's voice with the most beautiful accent I've ever heard. It was her talking! I felt my heartbeat fly to the moon, maybe even further!

"...A little. Do you need something?", I answered gently. I know I can never get an accent as good as hers. And I hate it.

"Not really. Can I bother you a little bit?"

"Don't say a little, you can take my time as you wish."

Thinking back at the previous sentence, it had a way too formal tone. I'm always tense when I suddenly get talked to by a stranger, and I'm unable to chat normally, but this time is different. I almost get paralysed. Life is so much easier for people with high communication skills.

"Hellooooooooo... - You fine in there??", she asked, waving her hand in front of my face.

"Yes, yes, uhh, sorry", I answered, snapping out of *it*.

"You don't sound that British...", she said.

There it came... As I expected.

"Yeah, I just moved here. This is my first day living *this* life."

"Oh! Welcome to London then! Beautiful place innit?"

I had no idea what 'innit' meant, but quickly assumed it was a slang word.

“Yeah.” -Probably a good enough response. It felt extremely hard talking about something without being prepared. Like a great fire burning down your body. Even your surroundings. A devilish fire from a furnace, welcoming, or rather luring with the smell of yummy cake. There was no way I could escape from the situation now. Even if I gave everything to leave, I probably wouldn’t have a good enough excuse to manage doing so. Why did she even come to *me*? The only path in sight is to ask her.

“So, why did you walk up to *me* out of nowhere?”

“Little self-confidence in that question...” she said, shaking her head. “The answer’s simple. Everyone is so silent and stares at their phones, while you looked like a worthy talker. Maybe you lack high social skills, but I enjoy talking to you way more than staring at my phone and snapping my face to everyone.”

That last phrase of hers gave me a whole new perspective at her. Until now, she looked like the type of girl who had a beloved boyfriend and snap round the clock whilst drinking Monster. But maybe my impression was wrong? At least this proved she was no bitch.

I looked at her to examine her and she smiled back. She opened her mouth to say something but was interrupted by the speaker system announcing the next station. This was my station. I told her that we must part here, but her reaction was rather unexpected. A smile appeared on her pretty face, and she made clear that she was disembarking here as well.

When we left the train, she took my hand and began speaking; “Hey, I know we just met a few minutes ago and I don’t even know your name yet, but w-...”

A shouting, disgusting voice with an American voice interrupted her.

“CHARLOTTE!

WHAT!

IS!

THAT!”

“Excuse me?”, the blonde girl answered with an unsure tone.

“YOU CANNOT HOLD THAT THING’S HAND! You could rather be together with a Frenchman! But not THAT!”. “And You!” She was facing me now. “If I see you together with Charlotte again, I will personally kill you. You are nothing worth her time, understood!?”. “Come Charlotte”, she said, taking her hand and dragging her behind her like an angry mother. I stayed there for a few moments to let them walk away. Seeing them enter the building in the front didn’t make things better. My new school. Am I really *that* ugly...? The new life didn’t start off as I expected. Already hated. My only fear now is to suffer the same way. For another five years.