She looked back longingly, flowers beside her failing to bring out the life in her eyes. Her dress endlessly flowing downwards but refusing to touch the ground. Her socioeconomic status presenting an optimistic world only to be contorted through pessimistic eyes. Katia had always been this way, and change never seemed to come into reach. She was as sophisticated as her class demanded, this being a scarce action that was to the approval of her parents. She was a writer, engulfed in her own world, one leagues beyond ours but for her this world was not a stranger, appearing so often in her own. Katia’s face was as it always was, soft and inviting but yet aloof, foretelling unweary outsiders of what is to come if they engaged in conventional conversation; for to anyone, her personality lay behind so many walls that it would make them believe that it ceased to exist.