

*Limited third person narrator, character experiencing something for the first time, stuck to the point of view from one character, predominantly calm tone narrator*

The view calmed her. It reminded her of her hometown, where life used to move slowly. Such was the pace of leaves rustling in the wind, birds passing by and clouds drifting above.

She rested her hand on the dewy grass, the cold of it running a shiver along her frame. A coldness which dissolved when met by his warm voice.

“Doesn’t that cloud look too realistic?” he asked.

“What do you mean too realistic?” she laughed.

“Like I don’t know, it’s just such a perfectly painted cloud it seems. It doesn’t move any direction either right? It’s just, there.”

“It is indeed there” she said, looking at him with a subtle grin.

There were slices of saucisson and old cheese scattered on the cutting board. She wondered whether those were foods he liked, or if he had brought those thinking she would like them. Until now she had only picked at the olives, olives she had brought herself.

“So, are you still in contact with our old classmates?” he asked.

“No not really, only a few. But with those too I feel like we have grown apart. I guess we all changed. What about you?” she asked.

He slightly adjusted his stance, now resting his back against the oak tree.

“Almost nobody either. Only a few real ones.” he said, while turning his heads towards the clouds again. Their hands were besides each other, separated by a bunch of grapes. Their hands not touching. But to her, it almost felt like they did.

“Funny how our paths in the universes overlapped again.” he said.

She picked a grape. “Funny indeed.” she replied.

A little breeze swept over the grassy green hill they sat on, a breeze which kept bringing freshly cold air. She looked around her, subtly, trying to find her sweater. It lied in the grass in front of her. When she was about to reach for it, she figured she wasn’t *that* cold - he only wore a shirt after all.

"Want to sit in the sun? I'm getting a bit cold" he said.

"Yeah, sure." she replied.

She remembered he always used to be late in class. Always blaming it on the ferries. She was never late, but it seemed to her, he had probably forgotten. Would he still live across the river? She wanted to ask. Or is that too boring to ask?

She turned her head slightly towards his, took a breath, and just as she was about to speak her words, she saw him scrolling on his phone. She remained silent.

"I think I need to catch my train, it's there in ten minutes." she told him.

He slid his phone back into his pocket and met her with a warm smile.

"Of course. I'll walk with you." he responded.

"No it's fine, you need to go to your lecture anyways, right?" she asked.

"I guess you are right." he said.

With her little hands, she nimbly put her items back into her bag.

"Alright, well, was nice talking to you again!" he told her.

She couldn't look him in the eyes.

"Yes it was." she quietly responded.

As trees and bushes were passed by, valleys and plains crossed, steel tracks roared rust and the train rolled on, she sat alone. Alone, with her phone clutched between her fingers.

It didn't buzz. Not yet.

She told herself she wasn't waiting. Not really.

Still,

she didn't put it away.