

## ENGLISH-CREATIVE WRITING

### Belonging- Creative

---

Trains sped by, leaving behind whirlwinds of rubbish. An old man passed a blind violinist as a melancholy melody escapes the strings. Their hearts seemed to resonate with the same emptiness, he thought. The clouds thundered above as this man headed for platform 9. He saw men in suits give him the look and deliberately avoiding him as he passed them. Each of their strides seemed to have a purpose, a destination; home, wife, kids. His strides were heavy and slow as he headed for a different destination; house...empty house.

His scattered thoughts were disturbed as a ball rolled past him and onto the tracks below. A boy followed suit, noticing neither the stern yellow line, nor the excessive danger of the tracks. In a split second, the old man held him back before another train roared by but lost his balance in the process and fell with a thud on the concrete floor. The boy, with a face of complete innocence, hurriedly helped the old man up with his small arms as his mother frantically ran over, almost tripping herself in her haste. She was about to thank the old man for saving his son's life, but hesitated and gave him the look. Without another word, she steered her son towards their platform with such rapidity it was as if she had seen a monster. The man had an idea of what the women must be thinking, they were all the same; how could that man show himself in public...especially when there are children about...imagine the nightmares my son will have...

Do they respond out of fear? He thought as he continued walking. Do they respond out of disgust? Or is it both?

The mother had reacted like every other typical human reacts towards him. He was used to it but it puzzled him. A monster. Who was the monster? He thought. Was it me? To the world that sees only my appearance, yes, I sadly admit that I may belong under the monster category. But on the inside, was she the monster?

The man reached platform 9 and quickly made his way towards the closest carriage door. As he passed the man wearing the fluoro jacket with a whistle at his lips, the man gave him the look. However, it quickly morphed into an evil smirk as he blew his whistle before the old man reached the doors, signalling the train driver that all passengers have boarded the train. The doors started to slide shut, leaving the old man with no choice but to make an un-coordinated leap between the doors into an already crowded carriage.

The train started moving. People shifted themselves to make space for him, more out of disgust than good-will towards the old man. When he lifted his head up, they inched away even more, this time out of fear. The look was etched in their faces...fear and disgust in their eyes...repulsion in their minds. He moved a couple of steps towards a pole and gripped it tight. The man who sat in the seat closest to him noticed the old man's hand while flipping the pages in his newspaper. Out of the sincerity and respect in his heart he lowered his paper and started to get up, intending to vacate his seat for the old man. However, he froze in mid-air when he saw what everybody else saw and sat quickly back down.

After several stops, the old man finally had the opportunity to sit down on a vacated seat. Tired after a long day, his memory swept him off the train and into the fields of wheat and corn. His children were playing an elaborate game of tag, running through long strands of wheat that danced softly in the breeze. His wife walked by his side, smiling at the perfectness of their life.

The image faded into a war torn country ravaged by machine gunfire and exploding shells, one of which landed him in hospital for the rest of the war and a mind-prison for the rest of his life. He could not be the husband he was before the war, so she left. He could not be the father he was before the war, so his children left with her. The life he knew ended...

He was a cripple. A one-legged, eight-fingered and scarred-faced man with a walking stick.