

Creative Writing Short Story

Deep marron satin gathered under my calloused fingertips, creasing and then smoothing it back out to the drone of the background voices. Bodies staggered back and forth, in synchronised movements, as the track contorted around the jungle of concrete and high-rise buildings. Commuters concealed their faces with broadsheets, expensive suits emerging from underneath and feet comfortable in black loafers of luxurious Italian leather. Disseminated through the carriage were small clusters of ripped jean clad teenagers, eyes flittering over the adverts plastered across the walls in an obvious attempt to avoid eye contact with the strangers, precariously balancing against the metal pole, directly opposite them. Three girls, in their early teens, huddled around a phone screen, giggling overexcitedly at the video they were watching, wrinkles forming around their eyeliner coated eyelids. To their right, a tight lipped woman glanced over at the group disapprovingly, clearly aggravated by their constant squealing.

“The next station is Waterloo,” the overhead speakers monotone voice filled the train carriage, only to be replaced by the shuffling of feet and newspapers being packed away.

Packing her few possessions, of a book and half eaten granola bar, into her designer handbag, the lady across from me sauntered towards the doors. Despite her attempt at subtlety, the sigh of relief she let out as she found herself a far enough distance away from the girls didn't go unnoticed. Hesitantly, I mimicked her actions, throwing my book back into my bag, though my nerves meant that I'd read no more than a few sentences in the half hour train journey, and proceeded to sling my battered satchel over my shoulder. As expected, most of the carriage filed out onto the platform and dispersed through the station, awaiting the arrival of their next train. Those in a hurry shoved me lightly against one another and I felt somewhat like a Ping-Pong ball as I fought against the current of bodies. Snatching my ticket from my pocket, I put it through the machine, relaxing slightly when it let me through with no resistance. I was running late enough as it was and, as much as I wanted to turn back and go home, any more time wasted would just prolong the inevitable anxiety that fluttered its delicate wings, inside my stomach, to the rhythm of the pounding of my heartbeat in my ears.

Families and friends hugged one another enthusiastically in greeting at the station exit and I scowled bitterly, knowing my reunion wouldn't be quite so pleasant. It would be a miracle if I didn't throttle the girl when I heard the excuse she'd give that were, with a doubt, not going to be at all truthful. Slouching against the graffiti covered wall we'd agreed to meet at, I pulled out my phone and texted the number she'd given me to contact her with in an email a few weeks ago with a short, “I'm here.” Why pretend to play nice when I'd already made it pretty obvious that we weren't here to gossip about annoying college roommates and share holiday photos? Ten minutes past. Twenty more followed. One hour went by and the only signs of life were a woman who had passed by a few moments before, arms weighed down by shopping bags from a shop name I failed to recognise. Growling lowly to release, at least, a fraction of the frustration that was pulsing inside of me, I slammed my fist against the wall. At first,

my whole hand was encased in numbness, soon replaced with an intense burn as the peachy flesh on my knuckles rapidly turned blue and purple, doubling in size. Tears crept onto my cheeks, mostly due to the crippling shock that ran through my body. Sinking to my knees and clutching them tightly against my chest, overbearing regret lunged at me, knocking the air from my, already struggling, lungs. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. How would I explain this one to Holly? She wouldn't believe whatever I said anyway, which aggravated me, even if it was my own fault for threatening to punch the person I was meeting and then ending up with a bruised fist that would, most definitely, need to be looked at in a hospital. 'Just ten more minutes,' I promised myself, pulling out my phone to entertain myself and distract myself from the deep desire to scream as loud as my vocal chords would allow. Though it probably wouldn't be the smartest move in an alleyway beside a train station. Anxiously, I watched the little blue bird appear on my screen as it loaded, only to be replaced with my timeline filled with messages from the devil her self's fans. Nothing but abuse, as usual.

"You don't deserve to be her sister," some girl had tweeted at me, "no wonder she dropped you as soon as she had the chance." Linked below were photos, hundreds of them, of my sister and I hated myself to admit that she looked genuinely happy. Happier than she ever was with me. Against all better judgement, I scrolled down further.

"She is so selfish. She needs to leave Laura alone," the next account had commented, "she's only dragging her down and stopping her from reaching her potential because she always drops everything to help her sister." If only they knew the truth. I hadn't seen my sister since she was signed three years ago and all her cancelled tour dates and interviews to 'help her darling little sister,' where the publicists way of disguising the fact that she was too lazy to show up at the airport or get out of bed for an interview. Overpowering loathing suddenly coursed through me and I regretted ever agreeing to see her.

"Forget this," I muttered in frustration, gathering my things and storming out of the alley, until I heard an all familiar voice from behind me.

"Meghan?" she called from behind me, though it only made me sprint faster towards the nearest thing that would get me away from her. "Meghan!" she screamed and I turned to face her. Somebody pushed me roughly and I tripped backwards, unable to regain my balance until I'd already formed a flustered heap on the tracks.

"MEGHAN!" that's when the train came.