

As the train door slid open, a soft voice comes from behind. "Ivan?" he forces to turn his head around, malfunctioning to lift his head up. Out of many diverse faces, one familiar one stood out. Heels clanking, getting louder every second.

"Mum..." Ivan said with uncertainty.

Her hands spread free, yet he stepped back, avoiding her. "I thought you had lied, again..." he muttered. "How am I able to trust you after the incident 7 years ago?"

Her smile faded. "Stop thinking about the dark side, there are plenty of other good things to talk about."

"Like?" silence echoed in what felt like a vapid, endless room of misery. "There's only a dark side, sacrificing your own child so you could go to a wealthy family?" shadows crawled through his face. "There is no explanation."

"You thought it was for me? I only did that so I could come back to you, in somewhere other than the filthy streets. Don't you remember how much I cared for you? Giving you every piece of food I could get?"

"And don't you remember how as a child, I had to sit on the street, starving until the foster home people found me? Why didn't you negotiate with the family to take me with you? You didn't even try to find a solution."

"I- Don't forgive myself either... Leaving you, made me clench my chest every night." Her arms surrounded him, her sleeves drowned in tears as her shoulders sagged, carrying more weight than just Ivan.