

As the train door fills the station with gas, Ivan remained on the bench, waiting for an uncertain arrival. The area fills up, yet an isolation bubble wraps around him. A familiar, yet forgotten silhouette prances towards him, his eyes lose the highlight when seeing it.

A once smooth hand transformed into a gnarled fingertip that was placed gently on his shoulder. His head sagged down, yet his back stiffened, it was pretty much impossible to lift his head that piled with bricks on it. She gripped onto his hand and took him to the nearby cafe; his fingers were chilly as if they had frostbite on them.

“Forget about my minor mistake. I understand how leaving my child is an atrocious thing to do for a parent, I know that, but it was for the better. There are many things that were memorable, like...” Silence scattered between them in what felt like a vapid, endless room of misery.

It was difficult to think, Ivan’s aggressive tap-dancing feet, the clanking of the mugs of coffee. A tantrum could have occurred, yet it remained mentally kept.

“Anything come to mind yet?” he uttered quietly, lips barely moving.

The pastries aroma left off a burning smell, while his mother contemplated. “You thought it was for me? Life was difficult then; I did everything to try and keep you up to date. Don't you remember how much I cared for you? Giving you every piece of food I could get?”

Wrinkles smeared across Ivan’s forehead, his eyes watery and red, “And don't you remember how as a child, I had to sit on the street, starving until the foster home people found me?” he muttered as he casted a face full of guilt on his mother’s face.

Warm arms swung around him, squeezing him until all the blood couldn’t flow. Tears streamed onto her woven blue cardigan. The fragrance hit his nose, the mouthwatering deserts seemed fine, not black and colourless.