



Winter Burrell – Barnsley College

Yet another day in the city, full of pollution and condensed full of people as I stood on the underground train alone again whilst sipping on my warm coffee. The intercom then blares out of the speakers causing me to turn to look at the digital display, informing me my stop was next causing me to smile as this train was starting to become a war for space.

The train then came to a slow decent in speed to then come to a halt, informing me that I had reached my location and step off the nightmare called a train. Without hesitation, I walked out of the underground with a smile on my face until the air pollution hit me in the face once I stepped out.

The cars in London were always pouring out emissions causing my face to twist to a disgusted expression as I chugged my coffee to then throw it into the nearest bin which was almost overflowing but it's something you're used to seeing in places like this.

However, something caught my eye on top of the bin; it was a book, not a normal book though. Out of curiosity, I grabbed it and started flicking through it to skim read it as it looked as if someone lost a book that they were reading but I soon realised it wasn't the case; It detailed everything in my life and contained my name in it and knew where I grew up and lived now causing my brow to lift and my eyes to widen as my heart skipped a beat.

Was this some joke my friend was playing on me?

Then my arm suddenly no longer felt like it belonged to me as I tossed it into the bin, what on earth was happening?

My eyes landed on the inside of the bin as I debated reaching into it when I suddenly forgot why I was looking in the bin, but something drew me to that book, and it detailed everything I had just done.

I was inside a book; I was a story.

I didn't know how to feel.

Should I be happy knowing that I was a 'main character' like people often obsessed over or should I be scared as I now had the realisation of the fact that everything, I did was decided for me and the reactions I received were planned by whoever wrote this?