

by

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I feel a warm kiss of musty air touch my cheek as I embark the train. I find a suitable window seat, delayer and sink into the worn blue upholstery. The springs squeak and sigh as I manoeuvre into a more comfortable position. Passengers enter the carriage, shuffling past, talking amongst themselves as they make their way through the carriage to their seats.

This journey I've taken endless times yet each experience is different to the next. I am witness to the seasons \tilde{N} change from the window view, accompanied by a variety of faces, all delivering new experiences to capture my attention. I am a curious soul, observant and inquisitive and these journeys I find myself watchful of different events play

On this day the automatic door has malfunctioned. I find it hypnotic watching it hammer and pound the frame, jerking back and forth. While I am mesmerized by the oscillation, a woman enters the carriage. Startled by the obstreperous door, eventually passing through to be seated. Her expression is telling that her day has already cooked up an antagonising menu and she is not partial to dessert.

As the train departs the ricocheting door continues in motion, I feel it is grating on this woman passenger. I glance around at the other commuters, most are oblivious, lost in the sound playing through their earphones. I notice the woman stand and with deliberation march toward the door.

At this point I am witness to a battle quite like no other, between two travelling warriors, the woman and the door tug and wrestle, until eventually the woman is victorious. With a restyle of the hair, more shabby than chic, she returns to her seat exhaling in relief. There is calm in the carriage... until the train meets with Diss and a passenger passes t\fci [\ $\check{z}dfcjc_b$ ['h\Y'XccfNg capricious movements once more.

I glance over in the direction of the woman whose face is turning a vibrant red hue. She wins round two of the sparring match with the door and is rewarded with ten minutes of cessation.

I gather my things ready to depart. I know I am close when the train reaches the bridge in Bramford, passing the derelict factory and fields of horses and dog walkers. The train cruises the tracks as the scenery changes from rural to urban. I make my way to the end of the carriage passing through the door. I hear a crash and her shout words I shall not repeat as I can still hear them echo.



