

Yellow

Yellow. Of course *her* favourite colour was yellow! How could I not have noticed it before? Even sitting on this boring train there were so many things around that were yellow. Tiny little dots in the pattern of the worn seat covers, brightening up the deep blue engulfing each of them. The particular seat I was examining was chosen for a temporary relief from walking around on a pair of high, thin heels by a glamorously dressed woman. She, too, was wearing yellow. Her satin dress reflected the sun in the most beautiful tones of honey, gold and amber. To stop myself from staring at her for too long I averted my eyes and looked outside the window. Leaving the station we had stopped at moments before, the city came into view. I could make out flecks of yellow here and there, spotted along windowsills and balconies lined with flower pots. The sun, slowly disappearing behind the skyline, emphasized the small flowers in the distance even more. I saw children, running in backyards and parents watching over them. One of the children had thrown their hat on the ground, where it looked almost the exact same as some of the clustered flowers just a few feet away. The hat, too, was yellow. As the train sped up, the skyscrapers became few and far in between more modest, rural-looking houses. They, too, became scarce after a couple of minutes and the train continued to snake its path through fields and fields of produce. To my dismay, I couldn't make out many yellow things here, but my journey had only just begun.

I leaned back and closed my eyes. My thoughts started to drift and soon enough I was mentally wandering through my closet. Did I even own anything yellow? I could not think of a single piece. What a shame, really, when it was such a pretty colour. Maybe I should ask *her* on a shopping trip to help me pick out a few yellow pieces of clothing. Maybe I would even be able to find a dress as gorgeous as the woman across from me was wearing. I couldn't help but slightly chuckle at the thought. Yes, maybe I would be able to find a dress like that, but it would look far worse on me. I felt that I wasn't built for more elegant types of clothing. I would much rather wear a sporty dress, if I had to wear one at all. Of course, *she* would disagree and make me try on such a dress anyway. And, of course, if *she* did, I would happily oblige just to make *her* smile that wonderful smile *she* always has when *she* accomplishes something. Yes, inviting *her* on a shopping trip sounded like a better idea by the minute.

When the train rumbled around a corner, I was woken up by a man having a sneezing fit a few rows away. He mumbled a few apologetic "sorry"s and went back to read his book. I

yawned and stretched my arms. I hadn't even noticed falling asleep earlier. Looking out of the window did not tell me much about how far we had gotten, as it was pitch black outside. Not thinking much of it, I turned on my phone to see that I had slept for about half an hour, which meant that I still had half of the way to go. I shrugged and turned my attention back to the window. My eyes had adjusted slightly to the darkness and I could see that it was not entirely pitch black since there were a few lamps lining the ceiling every now and then. There were also some attempts to graffiti the walls at a couple of points but I knew the security in this tunnel was rather strict and checked the usual spots people tried to graffiti frequently.

Suddenly, the train was plunged into light. The sun, now barely above the horizon, coloured everything in a mesmerising hue of gold. What intensified this effect was the endless sea of yellow flowers blooming on the field the train was barrelling past. I could not take my eyes off the gentle sway of the blossoms, seemingly dancing in the evening breeze. Out of the corner of my eye I could tell that the other passengers in my vicinity were as captivated by the view as I was. Tearing my eyes off the window, I quickly fished for my phone in my pocket. As my fingers closed around the case, I smiled. *She* would love to see this. I opened my camera and took a few pictures, trying to capture reality as best as possible. To make sure I had at least one good snapshot, I opened the gallery. Or rather, I tried to open the gallery, but my fingers slipped and instead, I switched from the phone's back camera to the front one. I rolled my eyes at my own clumsiness and went to actually open the gallery this time. Before I could, however, something caught my eye and stopped me in my tracks. I stared into my own face, hoping to see what flashed up just a second earlier. Adjusting the angle slightly, I managed to make out what it was. I let out a small gasp at the realisation that in the low glow of the evening sun, my usually brown, dull eyes had small, yellow flecks sprinkled all over the irises.

I smiled. Of course *her* favourite colour was yellow.