This one starts in a field somewhere in Finchley...

Chapter 2

Fallin' in Love on public transport

Now I first arrives in London I have no understanding of the fare system. I don't know how much things cost, how to buy tickets, or the difference between a Travelcard and a Bus & Tram Pass.

This can lead to all sorts of confusion, which sometimes results in difficult questions from bemused locals, and occasionally even the offer of free travel.

That was I in short: to be fare evaders with no sense of shame.

Yeah. So I tend to fall in love with strangers on subways.

On my trips, mostly commutes, and rush hour.

Make and missed connections.

It's complete chance! No explicit cues from anyone. Pickup lines. Just two gals and nights to interact.

At least that's what I tell myself.

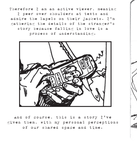
Because I still find it difficult

For that moment of mutual reconciliation from a stranger, in a smile or a glance.

Or to coincidentally step off together at the same destination.

The allure of the stranger is not a physical attraction. It's the ease that I shared a moment

Therefore I am an active viewer, seeking out these interactions actively. I examine the layout on their jackets. I'm curious about the details of everyone's story because fuller, in love is a reflection of myself.



And of course, this is a story I've clung to, with my personal perception of our shared space and time.

But from point of view, I'm sure all more turbulent.

Perhaps the most powerful type of empathy allows us to understand our stranger's culture as when love blends.