

# Foreign Strings

## New:

“Does such a life filled with romanization truly exist?” This was the question that lingered through {Place Holder}'s mind. Creeping in and taking over; A bug crawling through her recollection. An untangible yearning for the romantic picturesque that lasted forevermore.

As she approached the towering blue doors of her school, a string of trepidation followed her in and reverberated through the narrow corridors. Fabricated smiles of the staff, welcoming her into another monotonous day, quickly made her forget the question in its entirety, making her focus more on the present.

Her life was too boring to be pondering on these questions, and she was fine with that, she thought, trugging her feet into the lifeless math class, decorated with papers strewn all over the floors.

Fluorescent lights casted a hard sterile shadow, the clock moved in slow motion, ticking endlessly without reason. Ultimately, she came to accept her 'boring' life, which was really just average.

## Old

By the time {PLACEHOLDER} approached the large blue doors warming her into another monotonous day, a string of trepidation followed her and reverberated through the narrow corridors with the fake, disinterested cookie cutter greetings by the staff, everyone was presented with.

The fluorescent lights beamed down onto the glistening floors casting a hard shadow onto the papers strewn across the halls that lay untouched. Unopened textbooks were flying into people's arms. {PLACEHOLDER} was still conscious, but fallen into a drowsy haze, was barely able to make out the foggy silhouettes, just enough to be able to tread her feet to the scanty, slate gray locker, just enough for her bag. The rusting door screeched at her, flying shut.

Getting to her first class felt impossible,

As she walked past the students, cemented in place, her vision getting steady, a question lingered in the blank abyss between reality and delusion. Though, she thought, a question never uttered never needed answers more than a lie. And a lie isn't a lie if it was never sung.

**(Not sure if i should keep this in)**

As she sat down in the bland, tirate beige desk, she noticed the similarities between them, and she was fine with that.