

Amahl knew that today was the day. He sported his worn "I Love NY" t-shirt and a faded denim jacket (complete with American flag button) as well as faded jeans that had once been dyed a dark color. His hair was carefully slicked back, and his face bore three days worth of a beard. Amahl shared his family's distinct skin tone, the same as many Indians have. Against the darker color of his skin, the whites of his eyes made a startling contrast.

He had just arrived at the Grand Central Station a few moments ago. As friendly as Amahl tried to appear, he still drew wary stares from passerby, and many ushered their children past him hurriedly. He smiled to himself. What the people passing him couldn't see was the torment ravaging his mind. Amahl's fifteen-year old sister had died days ago during childbirth, his mother had died a few months ago from overdosing, and his father had passed away two years ago after a gang-related beating broke his ribs and he bled internally. Amahl was the only person left in his family.

Icy tears started streaming down his face. His clenched teeth were the only things keeping him from crying out in emotional pain. The smells of the subway entrance reminded him of his father. Amahl quietly cried as he remembered his father. When he had been smaller, his father would often take him places, and they used this subway for transportation.

Now, he felt so alone as he headed to the MetroPass booth. He asked the man behind the counter for a one-way pass and pushed two dollars over the counter. The man looked at him suspiciously for a moment, then passed over the ticket. Amahl sighed and headed towards Terminal A. He had nowhere to go, and no more family. The D-4 screeched to a stop. What irony.