

23 - 1 Cabe  
2-21-06

English 11:3  
Subway Prologue

In the very back of the subway car was an eighteen year old songwriter. He sat in the corner seat, reading the newspaper. He was dressed in a fitted black tee shirt and dark blue jeans with a pair of sneakers and appeared as every other teenager. With him he had an acoustic guitar and a duffel bag. In his duffel bag, several items peeked out. A bouquet of yellow roses, a notebook, and a white teddy bear covered in red and pink kiss marks.

He seemed to be focusing on the *Life* section of the paper where they feature columns about music and new artists. He seemed tired but anxious to get out of the subway and on his way. Usually, nerve racking situations didn't get to him. He seemed intelligent, like he did average in school. He had a somewhat muscular build. He used to be a jock, wrestling to be exact, until he tore a muscle in his shoulder and wasn't allowed to wrestle anymore, on doctor's orders.

He was of average height, with short black hair which was mostly hidden by a baseball cap. He was attractive but he didn't say much unless it was necessary. People didn't readily appreciate his sarcasm.

When asked of his name, he responded "Noah". When asked why he had flowers and a teddy bear, he explained that it was for his girlfriend, whose birthday is the next day. While he spoke, he couldn't help but think her present was too cliché - oh well, too late now. He just silently prayed to himself that she'd like the song he wrote her.

From the outside, he seemed oddly interesting as if every part of him had some story to tell, from his guitar to the tattoo on his arm, he seemed knowledgeable, alert, and extremely intriguing to those around him.