

Candidate E evidence

Having a Bad Day

A'm oan ma wae tae Glesga Central. The light drizzle o' rain blends in wae ma tears as a rush fir my train. A had just finished ma meeting wae ma boss who telt me they had tae let me go. A shock tae say the least. A get through the gates at Central Station anely tae hear the final whistle blow fir the 3 o'clock train tae Ayr. A slump doon oan the bench n stare at the large black n orange screen wae aw the trains showing oan it. Wae half an oor tae spare till the next train tae Ayr a begin tae debate in ma heed whit's goane tae happen tae ma life now that am unemployed. How am A goanie pay the rent? How can A feed masel? Five minutes passed n A stop sobbing iver ma now "destroyed" life tae take a luk at the masses ae folk surrounding me n a poandered tae maself could any ae these folk's lives possibly be worse than mine at this moment.

As a scopes oot the folk aroond me, my eyes came tae a halt at the sight ae what appears tae be a stereotypical 'goth'. The pale, lanky figure wis awkwardly leaning against a pole whilst been laughed at by a group ae basic teenagers opposite him. A feel bad fir the boy and hinks tae maself under aw that dark clothing wae skulls plastered aw iver it, n the jet black eye makeup, he is probably a lovely young boy who is just trying tae express himself. His life's probably oan repeat: waking up n goane tae school, being made fun ae fir being a Goth, after school taking in more Goth jokes, goane hame n is probably kept awake aw night by his tears. But a smile wis brought tae ma face when a seen a smaw group ae folk just like the boy get aff a train n run taewards him screaming his name which seemed tae be Josh.

As a watch Josh n his friends go doon tae the underground, ma eyes are drawn tae a wee auld woman coming up the other side ae the stairs. The warm smile she kept giving tae those that passed her made me smile the way Josh did. It must be hard watching the world change fae everyoane being sociable n folk taking the time tae visit n write tae others, tae watch everyone being brainwished by social media n being obsessed wae their appearance n that. Ma guess wis she wis a 70 year auld widower who spoils her gran kids

n never firgets tae tell them what life wis like when she wis a wee lassie. A wis right aboot the grankid part as two little boys ran iver tae greet their gran, but A wis wroang aboot the widower part as a wee auld man followed the boys tae greet his wife Margaret wae a kiss.

Margaret n her family disappeared in tae a little café at the statiön whilst a wee lassie sat next tae me oan the same bench. She seemed fine just scrolling through social media oan her phoane. A got a quick glance ae what wis oan her phone scréen n what a seen upset me; the poor lassie wis scrolling though messages cawing her aw sorts ae names. A wis hinking ae saying something tae say tae the lassie like "don't listen tae them" or "these thing won't matter when you get aulder" but as soon as a built up the courage tae do so, the lassie switched tae messages wae someoane cawed Jessica, n aw the messages were just laughing at what the other folk were saying tae her. A wis relieved as she wouldn't have tae explain tae the lassie why she wis lukiing at her phone but a also wis happy fir her as she wisn't fazed by the thing being said aboot her.

It wis noo haulf past 3 n the train had still no arrived. A sigh as a kind ae firgot aboot what happened earlier. a goes back intae the mind set that ma life is ruined n will never be the same. That though wis stuck in ma heed until a little lassie came rushing round the corner. She had no hair. A didn't want tae assume but the two little tubes coming oot ae both nostrils gave away that she had some sort ae illness. A found it hard tae believe that even though this wee lassie has a life threatening illness she is still running aboot wae a grin oan her face, her maw wis behind her she obviously hurting as-well but was able tae keep a smile oan her face fir her wee one. The little toy car the lassie wis throwing across the station floor happened tae land right at ma feet. The warm look the wee tot gave me when she collected her car made me realize ma life is no destroyed.

The half 3 train finally arrived; but a didn't care if a missed it or no. A wis just happy tae be alive n healthy. The wee lassie opened ma eyes n made me realize a have the ability tae clean maself up n get ma job back so A'm gone tae do it. Wance in a while, it pays mair than wages tae tak' a keek aroond 'n' pat yersel' in someone else's bits.