

by the window. She threw her bag aside. Her long messy hair casually draped over her shoulders, and her chin was resting on her hand on the window frame. Livid dark circles around her eyes concealed a bit of depression and a few pimples described her tiredness as if she was about to fall asleep in the next moment. Her thoughts drifted away as the bus shuttled through the city's bustling streets. Her eyes suddenly became tender and soft as water.

The corners of her mouth rose, and she bursted out laughing.

In the front seat, Catherine asked, “Rosa,

