

# The Plastic Bag

The woman stormed into the street, cheeks wet with tears. Terrified of being seen — but she had to get out. How could he do this to her? The street was packed on both sides. She had to push her way through. Invisible in the crowd. Problem solved.

The wind was stronger than usual today — it felt like she was being pushed while already down. It was tempting to walk closer to the cars.

She stopped at a street corner and saw a plastic bag flapping in the wind near a parking lot. Why? Didn't she have places to be... didn't she?

Suddenly, nothing else seemed to matter.

The bag was graceful in its flight, stirring a sense of calm she hadn't felt in... ages. Why did this feel so familiar? The bag drifted around the corner, out of sight. Panic hit. She ran after it without knowing why.

It was stuck on a fence, flapping like an absurd flag. She climbed up to free it, earning a few stares. Didn't matter much anymore. The bag floated on, bobbing gently in the air. The wind had calmed. She walked for a while. She began noticing more people. Where was she, really?

She saw the bag heading into a shopping mall. She followed. Would it ever land?

A large gust pushed the bag inside — past pompous bakeries and desperate phone vendors. It barely made it out the other side. It lay flat on the pavement. Still.

She sighed deeper than she thought possible and looked around. Then the cat came. It ran off with the bag. Maybe it smelled something. Without thinking, she gave chase. She managed to grab the bag back — it tore a little — and threw it into the air just in time for a strong gust. The bag flew higher and higher until she could barely see it. She grinned from ear to ear. For some reason.

The street was chaotic — wind, noisy cars, stressed people — but suddenly, it felt more colorful. Had it always been?

Then she saw him. The man she had run from. He stood a little ways off, but she could see his eyes. So deeply sad. Small and colorless. She looked up again. The bag — maybe the dirtiest, most torn bag she had ever seen — was soaring. She looked back at the man. Smiled. Turned around. And walked away.