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Her eyelashes caressed the glass and her breath fogged up against it.

She was waiting for the moment when the bus would pass by her window.

At that moment she would know that it were only a matter of seconds before her loved one would pass through that front door.

The world was gray outside, but inside, her heart burned in a million colours of anticipation.

Time is an annoying thing that knows just when to stand completely still.

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