



A DAY AT THE PARK ((ORIGINAL))

TEAMWORK AT CLASSROOM

It's a lazy afternoon at a lakeside. The lake glitters in the fading sunlight – and we can see a woman feeding ducks. Boats are floating languidly on the lake.

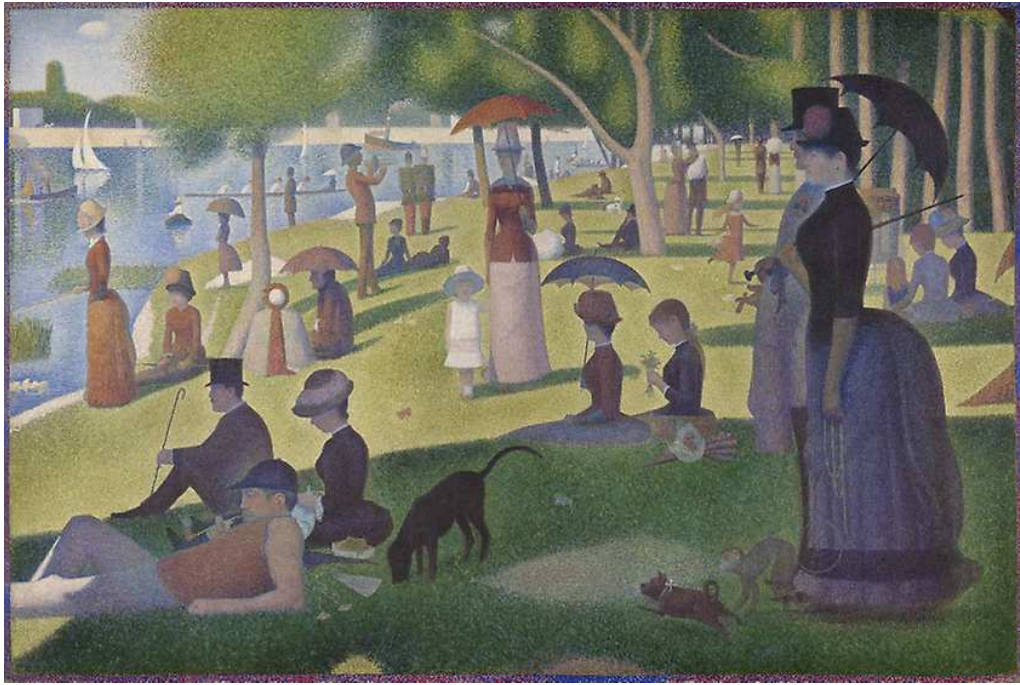
We can also see a ship with a smoking chimney far away, perhaps ready to embark on a long journey.

By the lakeside, there's a host of revelers. They are from various social strata – as becomes apparent by their different choices of dressing. Most of them are wearing hats and wielding umbrellas suggesting it is summertime.

A few children are playing and loitering around. The park has lots of stray animals as well – of all varieties like cats, dogs and monkeys – feeding on the leftovers. It's a public space, but it doesn't seem to be cleaned regularly, with lots of litter lying around.

There are many interesting frames within the frame – like a lady with an orange umbrella walking with someone that seems to be her daughter in a white dress. There are many faces that are expressionless. Most people have come with families, but there are some who seem to be alone.

Even though most people are here with their companions, some of them are engrossed in their own thoughts and individual passions. This suggests they might be lonely at heart, although they are in the midst of a swarm of people.



DOWN BY THE RIVERFRONT ((EDITED))

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It's not unusual to feel alone in a crowd. That's precisely seems to be the overbearing mood here. People have come, seemingly with each other. Yet, they are lost in their solitary ponderings and personal pursuits. Most are facing what seems to be a riverside pier, looking at the horizon - rather than at each other. Most lack passion.

On the surface, the scene depicts a busy yet languid riverfront. While the calm waters glisten with the fading warmth of a reticent sun, the shadows lengthen. It's late in the evening. Even the sailboats, steamers and ships on the river seem ready to go home.

The crowd here is dressed for the occasion. They are here not y chance or providence, but because they want to be here. They are here to meet themselves, and pensively stare at their indolent existence – flowing like a drowsy river.

Playful children and lively stray animals complement this innate fatigue of the adult lives depicted in the image. The scene feels like it seeks to be in motion, but has no option but to remain a still life - embossed in time.

Yes that's what it is. It's a depiction of the melancholy of urban existence.

Down by the riverfront, every day is but a long wait for the evening to arrive, where you want to be alone with yourself. But there's always a crowd around! People you do not connect to; people who do not want to connect to you. Nonetheless, they are always there, making you jostle for your own rightful space.

Alone by the river, detached and dispassionate, it feels like these are not people.

They are stories without ends.