

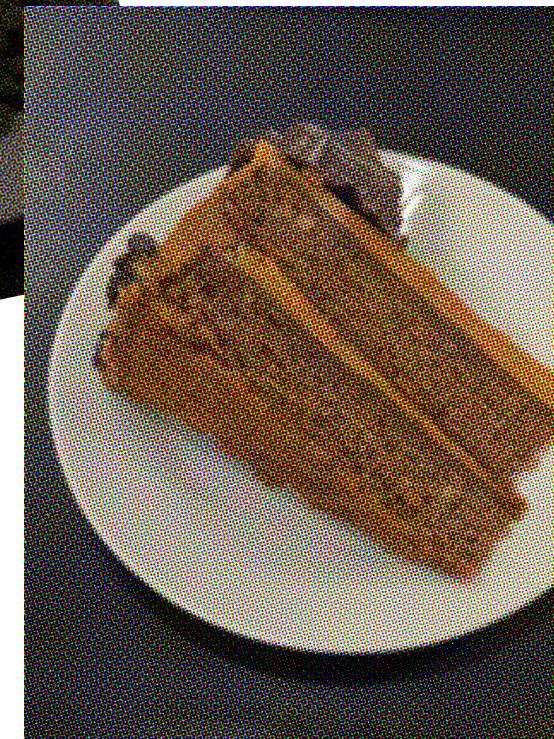
Storyline

From Winchester to Southampton

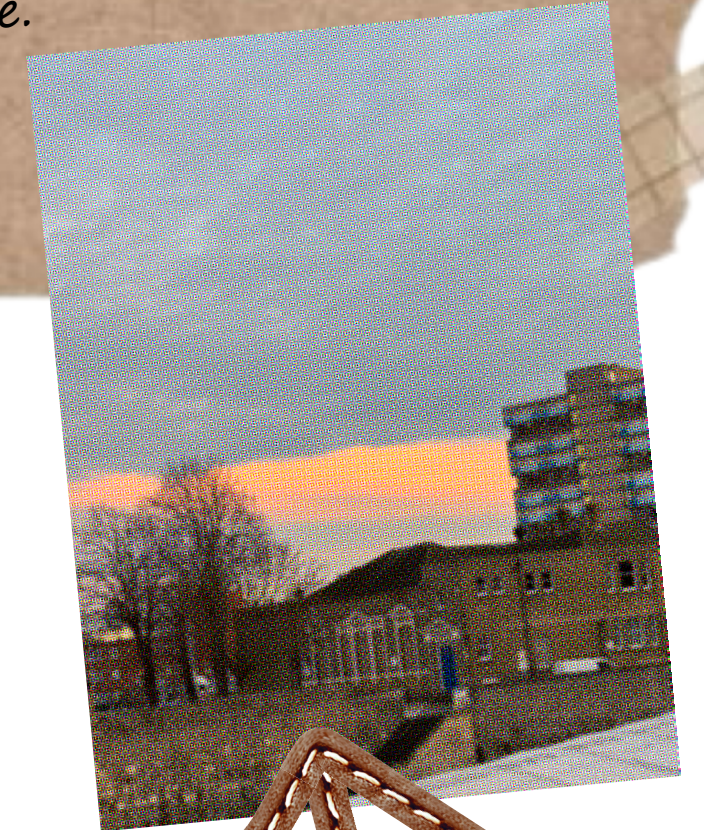


Departure — Winchester
The day begins at Winchester Bus Station. I am waiting, not rushing. The place feels familiar, almost quiet, as if the day has not fully started yet.

IKEA — Objects and Decisions
Inside IKEA, everything becomes practical. I pick up a pan, its cardboard packaging still intact. The object is ordinary, but choosing it feels oddly deliberate.



Looking Back — Before Returning
As the sky changes colour again, I realise the day has been shaped by small pauses rather than big events. I didn't travel far, but I collected moments — tastes, weight, light, and time.



A Brief Stop — Food and Sugar
I stop again to eat. A slice of cake, sweet and dense. It feels unnecessary, but comforting — a small reward without a clear reason.

Another Meal — Warm and Filling
Later, I sit down with a bowl of soup and side dishes. Steam rises. The food is warm and grounding. This is the slowest moment of the day.



Arrival — First Drink
My first moment in Southampton is a drink in my hand. Cold, layered, green and white. Before I explore the city, I ground myself through taste and temperature.

