Southern Cross

Some passengers on the train started to worship, and the train was silence. A woman took out her silver cross and held it in the hand. A boy lowered his head and started to move his lips. Nella had a feeling that even if he just dropped a tiny needle on the floor, every one will hear it and start to look at him with anger. It was the Southern Cross station. Many passengers got off the train here and went to heaven. The main building reminded Nella more of a church rather than a normal train station. Nella just sat straight on the seat and looked out of the window. He didn’t want to worship nor want to get off, and the scenery outside was beautiful as usual.

2nd time

It was the southern cross again. Just like last time, Nella sat still on the seat and looked out of the window while others prayed and left the train. Suddenly, a person put a hand on Nella’s shoulder. Nella turned around. It was an old lady. Her hair was all silver, like the lining of a thermometer. Her eyes were milky, and Nella found it hard to look into those eyes. ‘Why are you not worshiping, young man?’ ‘I have my own god.’ The old lady smiled, ‘What kind of god is your god?’ ‘It’s just the god I believe in.’ ‘Do you worship to him?’ ‘No…’ ‘If you don’t have faith in him, it’s not your true god. Gods exist because you believe they exist.’ ‘Well… I’ve worshipped to him once…’ The next second, Nella froze. A blonde girl with two blue eyes shining like a crystal ran out of the church-like station. She was wearing a white wedding dress, and she opened her arms. ‘I worshipped to him that day, asking for his blessings. I believed him, and he made us the happiest couple that day. My wife...’ The girl ran closer and closer to the train. ‘Her name is Sophia.’ Tears slid across Nella’s cheek silently. ‘…and I’ll never see her again.’ The blonde girl disappeared.