

Shorts

Humorous – Hopeful – Tragic – Scary – Adventurous

Night Train.

The hum was driving the machine along the way. There was no chuga-chuga no puff-paff, it was only the hum that can be felt through the floor by our feet, through the seat by our backs and through the constant shaking by our heads and entire body.

There was no scenery passing by behind those black windows, just the cold reflection of the motley crew that resided within the compartment. An occasional orange glow would penetrate the glass from time to time indicating that there was still life out there in the void, but barely anyone paid attention in the inside. In fact for all we knew, and by the disinterest that was apparent on the faces of the residents, this train could have been going anywhere. If you concentrated enough you could almost imagine it moving through the galaxy towards some distant solar system.

Moving from the outside in and examining the passengers you can see what a motley crew they really were. Right behind me there was a group of what sounded like polish girls, in their early 20s, most likely students. Talking fast and boisterous, the rapid and cheer full zh and sh sounds could be heard all over the wagon. Next to me on the right was an equally aged man watching the finals of a soccer game on his phone, across from me was a girl wearing a deep green sweater, deep into the process of knitting what appeared to be another sweater this time yellow and blocking all other distractions besides the process with her headphones. To the left was an old woman deeply in thought reading something on her computer with her shoes off and her feet tightly compressed against her so as to fit entirely on the seat. Across from her was a middle aged man of middle-eastern descent talking with someone in Arabic on his cellphone. On the commuter seats were men and women of varying ages and races, waiting for their journey to be completed almost all with their heads burred in their phones.

For a moment or for the duration of this journey we are all here. Strangers who could before imagine not inhabiting the same room do so now irregardless of class or profile. A few minutes later a sound comes through the intercom announcing our approach to the next station and people get up to leave, me included. I exit the train doors and I am by myself again, I look around and see the people walking past, ready to make the reverse journey. I turn and start making my way home.