

The Last Train to Chandipur

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It was 11:48 PM when the last train to Chandipur arrived at platform number 3 in Howrah Junction. The night air was heavy with monsoon mist and the faint smell of wet iron. A young investigative journalist, Anaya, boarded the near-empty train, clutching her leather-bound notebook and a voice recorder.

She had received an anonymous tip about a series of disappearances in the small coastal town of Chandipur. Every rainy season, one person would vanish-always from the train, always between the final two stations. The police had closed every case due to "lack of evidence," but Anaya wasn't convinced.

As the train creaked past the dark forests, Anaya interviewed the conductor, an old man with tired eyes. "We don't talk about what happens between Malkura and Chandipur," he whispered. "You'll know why soon enough."

At exactly 1:23 AM, the train lights flickered and the speed dropped drastically. A dense fog blanketed the tracks. Anaya stood near the window, her recorder capturing every sound. Then, she saw it-a figure, glowing faintly blue, floating beside the train for a few seconds before disappearing into the fog.

When the train reached Chandipur, Anaya discovered that no one else remembered the slowdown, the fog, or the figure.

She returned to Kolkata and published her findings, but the story was dismissed as fiction. Still,

every year, someone would find her article and decide to take that last train. Many returned, claiming nothing unusual. Some never came back.

To this day, Anaya's recorder remains in a glass case at the Kolkata Herald, constantly looping one eerie sentence: "We don't talk about what happens between Malkura and Chandipur"