

Engelsk A – Lang short story (original tekst)

The night was unusually silent when Daniel stepped outside. The city lights flickered as if the streets themselves were holding their breath. He pulled his jacket closer and started walking without direction.

Every step echoed between the buildings. In the reflection of the dark shop windows, he barely recognized his own face. The years seemed to have carved something unfamiliar into his expression.

At the far end of the street, a figure appeared. It did not move, yet Daniel felt drawn toward it. With every step he took, the distance seemed to shrink – though he could not explain how.

When he finally reached the figure, it vanished without a sound. Only a small piece of paper lay on the ground. Daniel picked it up slowly and read the words written on it: 'You are closer than you think.'

The message stayed with him long after the street had returned to silence, and for the first time in years, he felt a fragile sense of hope stir within him.

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