

## **The Last Train Home**

Ravi stood alone on the platform as the evening sky faded into shades of orange and blue. The last train home was due in ten minutes, and the station felt unusually quiet. He checked his watch again, wondering how a single day could change so much. That morning, life had felt predictable. He had gone to work, answered emails, and complained silently about the routine. But one unexpected phone call altered everything. A chance to move to a new city, a new job, and perhaps a new life stood before him. As the wind brushed past, Ravi realized how fear often disguises itself as comfort. The familiar platform, the known train, and the routine destination had kept him safe, but also stuck. The idea of stepping into the unknown made his heart race. He took a deep breath. Sometimes, he thought, courage is not loud or dramatic. Sometimes, it is simply deciding not to stay where you are.

The train arrived with a low rumble, lights cutting through the dusk. Passengers stepped out, others hurried in, each carrying their own untold stories. Ravi hesitated for a moment, gripping his bag tightly. He remembered his father's words: "Growth begins where certainty ends." Those words echoed now, clearer than ever. He smiled faintly, feeling a calm resolve settle within him. As the doors began to close, Ravi stepped forward. Not onto the familiar train that would take him home, but toward the office to make one call. One decision. One step toward uncertainty. That night, he did not board the last train home. Instead, he began a journey that would redefine what home truly meant. And in that quiet station, as the lights dimmed, Ravi understood: sometimes, missing a train is how you find your path.