The Last Train Home

Mira sprinted through the dimly lit station, her bag slapping against her side. The clock ticked closer to midnight, and the last train home was seconds from departing. She could hear its whistle, a mournful sound that echoed in the empty halls.

"Wait!" she shouted, her voice swallowed by the rumble of the engine.

As she reached the platform, the train's doors began to close. A man inside—a stranger with kind eyes—reached out and held them open. Mira stumbled in, breathless, muttering a quick "thank you" before collapsing onto a seat.

The man nodded and returned to his book. The train jolted forward, and Mira let out a sigh of relief.

But something felt... odd. The other passengers were silent, their faces pale and expressionless. Outside the window, the cityscape blurred, replaced by endless fields of fog.

"Where is this train going?" Mira asked, her voice shaky.

The man looked up from his book and smiled faintly. "Home," he said.

"But this isn't the right direction," she insisted.

"It is," he replied, his voice steady. "For some of us."

Mira's heart pounded as she noticed the book he was holding—a journal with her name etched on the cover. Before she could say another word, the train plunged into the mist, and everything went dark.

When Mira awoke, she was in her bed, the morning sun streaming through her window. On her nightstand lay the journal from the train. Inside, the pages were filled with memories she hadn't written—moments she had lived but forgotten.

She realized then that the last train had taken her not home, but back to herself.