

“The Train”

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The Train was an interesting place.

The cabins rattled and clacked together, the windows painted with blurred scenery. The people inside the cabins watched the world pass by with narrow focus, and the people outside the windows were gone too quickly to know what they were thinking of.

Moving from one car to the next was no easy feat. The ride was rough and strong and terrible, enough to make an experienced seaman trip and fall through the walls, right into the empty space between the rails and the outside.

The walls? Well, they were there.

The wooden supports were exposed, and the wallpaper was fading after years of harsh passengers and harsher luggage, but they remained standing.

The cracks were growing steadily wider without the tools to repair them, but the walls remained standing all the same.

Children scurried between the cabins, afraid and exhilarated and all the things a child should be. Teenagers brooded from their well worn seats, much too tired from childhood antics to stand.

Adults watched on with teary smiles and scarred faces, hoping that maybe someday they'd find the children and the teenagers and the love that once belonged to them.

Some people had found particularly large holes in the walls, and were swinging their legs back and forth, over and over, as if they'd be able to leap out of the train to the people they'd never get to meet. It was a hopeless act, but they didn't know that.

Every once and a while, someone would fall.

Every once and a while, someone would help pull them back before they could.

But no matter what happened, life's conductor moved ever on. Across the hills and valleys and mountains, and through deep dark tunnels. The Train stopped for no one.

If only it were as easy to hop back on as it was to jump off.