

Cool air circulates, signaling the departure.

“What’re you writing?”

“Nothing.”

“...I want my sister to have my jewelry. My brother can take my laptop. My bank account will be...”

“What is all this?”

“If you must know, I’m writing my final wishes.”

“Wow. Why?”

“You’re sure nosy, aren’t you?”

“You seem like you’ve got something on your mind. I like to listen. So speak.”

“No. It’s nothing much.”

“You’re sitting here, all alone, writing your final wishes and that’s ‘nothing much’? There’s obviously something serious going on.”

“Why do you care so much?”

“I’m an angel from heaven, sent here to help you out of your misery.” Laughter ripples forth from both sides. “Now, what’s wrong? Are you contemplating death?”

“I might be.”

“Why?”

“Don’t you ever feel like things never go your way? Like, what’s the point of living? You know, I work so hard everyday of my life. I do what is expected of me, even when I don’t like it. But I never get appreciated. Nobody cares! It pisses me off so much! When I do something, it’s like, ‘Oh, you did that. That’s nice.’ But when I fail at something, everyone’s at my back. Suddenly, I’m the center of the world. All my life, I feel like I’ve lived someone else’s life. When I was young, I did what my parents wanted. At school, I was the person my friends made me to be. What I’m studying now is what my family expects me to. At work, I’m the person that the boss thinks I should be. I’m never free to be just me – God, I don’t even know who I am sometimes! You know what this is like? It’s like being on a train and wondering halfway through the journey if you’re on the right train or not.” A soft sigh escapes. “So confusing! I don’t see the point of continuing to try and live in this empty world.”

“Live? That doesn’t sound much like living to me. Seems like your waiting.” A look of confusion shoots from the other side. “How many people do you think are waiting for the train, right now, in this station? A few hundred? How many people do you think wait for the train in this city? Millions? And look at them. There’s frustration, quick glances at the time, passiveness – A few have even taken the wrong train. But you know what they did, that you haven’t done? They’ve gotten off and are now going to take the right one.” There is a slight pause. “You say you feel like you’re on the wrong train. Get off it then! That’s the beauty of trains. You can always get off one and get on another. And don’t just sit in this station. There are hundreds of stations around the world and thousands of trains that need passengers. Your train might not be here. But it is out there, somewhere...” The crowd surges forward as cool air rushes past, signaling the approach. “Here comes a train.”