THE LAST TRAIN TO MORNING
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On the platform, the clocks all showed different times. Mara trusted none of them. She held a small suitcase and a paper ticket with no date. The station was empty, except for a sleeping dog and a vending machine humming like an insect. A voice crackled overhead, listing destinations no map remembered.

She checked her pocket watch; its hands ticked backwards. Good, she thought. Maybe time could be convinced to return. She had missed something once, something important, though the details were gone. Since then, every choice felt like waiting on the wrong platform.

A warm wind pushed her gently forward. Down the track, darkness thinned. The train arrived without sound, as if silence pulled it in. Its windows showed moving scenes: a birthday cake, a hospital room, a closing door. Each image tugged behind her ribs.

The doors opened softly. No conductor waited. Inside stood a single mirror where seats should be. Her reflection looked older, steadier, almost amused. The platform began to crumble into light. Beneath it waited open, bright sky. Her watch stopped. Both hands pointed straight up. She laughed, surprised and bright, and stepped through the doorway.

The mirror cleared into glass, then into morning air. The train moved, and the past rearranged into possibilities. Streets straightened, heavy doors unlocked, distant hills awaited. For once, she did not look back.

Every clock agreed at last now. It was enough. More than enough, to arrive exactly where she was meant to be. She breathed in, answered the light, and chose to stay.

She carried nothing but courage and a small forgotten hope, which turned out to be everything. Morning did not rush her; it walked beside her, patient and wide. Together, they left regret behind and built a quieter future step by step.

No ticket is needed now, only moving forward, breath, and the brave decision to begin again. This time, she truly arrived. Right on time, at last. And she smiled. At ease.