

An illustration of a man and a woman sitting at a table in a cafe, looking out a large window at a cityscape at night. It is raining heavily outside. The scene is lit by a candle in a brass holder and a hanging lamp. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right. There are two cups of coffee on the table. The cityscape outside the window features various buildings, including one with a prominent dome. The overall mood is romantic and cozy.

The Last Train to You vol.3

starter

Dan's English Student
Original Story



The Last Train to You – Part 3:

Tom's Story

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: Before the Train

My name is Tom Walker, and for a long time, I did not want to return to Maplewood.

I left the town when I was twenty.

At that time, I believed I could do anything.

I believed I could write great stories, move to the city, and make a new life.

But dreams are heavy when you carry them alone.

In the city, days were long and nights were cold.

I worked in small cafés, bookstores, and even a market.

I wrote at night, trying to make something good.

Trying to make something true.

My first book did well.

My second book was okay.

My third didn't sell at all.

And then the calls stopped.

My agent stopped sending messages.

My editor stopped asking, "Do you have something new?"

I felt empty.

I told myself I was fine, but I wasn't.

So one cold night, I packed a small suitcase.

I bought a ticket for the last train to Maplewood.

Not because I wanted to go home, but because I didn't know where else to go.

I didn't expect anything from that night.

But then... I saw her.

Emma.

Sitting on the station bench with her suitcase beside her.

I didn't know then how much that moment would change me.

Chapter 2: The Girl at the Station

When I first saw Emma, she looked tired but peaceful.
There was something soft about her, something warm.
She wasn't looking at her phone, or the clock.
She was just... there.

I had forgotten that feeling—being present.

I walked closer, then lost my courage and sat far away from her.

But she looked up at the same moment.
Our eyes met for half a second.
She smiled.

It was a small smile, quiet and gentle.

But it felt like light in a dark room.

"Hello," I said. "Is this the last train to Maplewood?"

She nodded. "Yes, it is."

Her voice was calm, soft, steady.
A voice that made me want to sit beside her.

So I did.

I told her my name.
She told me hers.

Emma.

Simple. Beautiful.

Like a story beginning on its own.

Chapter 3: On the Train

We sat together on the train.
It felt strange at first—talking to a stranger.
But Emma didn't feel like a stranger.

Her laugh was quiet, not loud.
Her eyes followed every word I said, like she was truly listening.
Not many people do that.

So I told her things I don't usually tell anyone.

I told her I was a writer.
I told her I wasn't doing well.
I told her I was going home after many years away.

She didn't judge me.
She didn't say, "Oh, that's too bad," or "You should try harder."

She just listened.

And when she talked, her words were simple but full of life.
She talked about her work, her family, and her town with a kind of quiet love.

I remember thinking:

"If I could write a story like the way she talks, maybe it would be the best story I ever wrote."

But then the train slowed down.

My stop was next.

I didn't want to get off.

I didn't want the moment to end.

But I had to.
So I took my suitcase.
I looked at her one more time.

"I hope you find what you're looking for," I said.

It was the only honest thing I could think of.

When the doors closed behind me, I felt a strange pain in my chest, like I had left something important on the train.

Something I might never find again.

Chapter 4: Home, but Not Home

My family was happy to see me, but Maplewood felt different.

Or maybe I was the one who was different.

I walked through the streets and saw my old school, the small river, the park where I used to read.

But nothing touched me.

My heart was still on the train.

With her.

That night, I tried to write.

I sat at my old desk and opened my notebook.

But all I could think about was Emma's smile...

Her voice...

The way she listened to me as if my words mattered.

So I wrote about her.

And before I knew it, I wrote a letter.

A simple letter.

But full of truth.

I didn't know if I would ever see her again.

So I wrote what I couldn't say on the train:

"Thank you for that moment.

It made me want to believe again."

I didn't ask to meet her or talk again.

I didn't want to disturb her life.

But when I put the letter in the mailbox, my heart felt lighter.

As if I had taken the first breath in a long time.

Chapter 5: Days Without Her

Days passed.

I walked around Maplewood, trying to feel at home.

I tried to write again.

Sometimes the words came, sometimes they didn't.

Every day I told myself:

"You met her only once. Stop thinking about her."

But I couldn't.

I went to the station sometimes.

Not to look for her, I told myself.

But I did look.

Every single time.

One morning, as I stood on the platform, I felt foolish.

"It was just a moment," I whispered to myself. "Moments don't come back."

But deep inside, I wished they did.

Chapter 6: The Morning I Returned

One cold morning, I walked past a small café near the station.

The door was half open.

Warm light came from inside.

And then I saw her.

Emma.

Sitting by the window with a latte in her hands.

Her hair caught the morning light, and she looked peaceful, just like the first night I saw her.

My heart jumped.

I didn't plan to go inside.

I didn't plan anything.

My body just moved.

When she looked up, her eyes widened.
My name almost fell out of her mouth.

“Tom.”

That moment...
That single second...
Felt like something in my life clicked back into place.

Chapter 7: What I Couldn't Say

We talked.
Walked.
Laughed.

Everything felt easy.

But I knew I had to tell her the truth.

So when we sat by the river, I finally said it.

“Emma... I left Maplewood to follow a dream. But on the way, I lost myself. I forgot why I wanted to write. I forgot how to be happy.”

She listened, like she always did.

Her eyes didn't move away.
Her hands didn't shake.
She just waited for more.

So I told her the real truth.

“When I met you on the train... you reminded me that small things can be beautiful. That people can be kind. That maybe... maybe I don't have to face everything alone.”

Her eyes softened.
She put her hand on mine, and I almost forgot how to breathe.

I wanted to tell her everything in that moment.
That I thought about her every day.
That she made me want to start over.
That she made me feel alive again.

But she pulled her hand back, embarrassed.

And I knew I had to be gentle.

So I took her hand again.

Slowly.

Carefully.

“Emma... I want to try. I want to see where this goes. I came back because I wanted to see you again. And now that I have... I don't want this to be just a moment.”

Her eyes shimmered.

And she said the word that changed everything:

“Stay.”

Chapter 8: A New Story

That evening, I walked back to my family's house.

But the world felt different.

I knew where I wanted to be.

I knew who I wanted to see tomorrow.

And the next day.

And maybe all the days after.

Emma.

The girl on the train.

The girl who listened.

The girl who brought light back into my life without even trying.

I didn't know what the future would look like.

But for the first time in a long time...

I wanted to find out.

And I wanted to find out **with her**.

END (Part 3 完)
