

The Last Train to you vol.4

starter



Dan's English Student
Original Story



The Last Train to You – Part 4: Letters Between Us

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: A Letter I Didn't Send

It was a slow Sunday afternoon.

Emma sat by her bedroom window with a pen in her hand.

She had been holding the same piece of paper for almost an hour.

Outside, the sky was gray.

The kind of gray that made everything quiet.

She wanted to write to Tom.

She wanted to say many things—simple things, small things, important things.

But she didn't know how to start.

“I miss you.”

No, too strong.

“I hope you are well.”

Too cold.

She sighed and looked out the window.

Tom had been busy recently.

He stayed in Maplewood, but not as close as she wished.

He visited his family often, helped them, talked with them, fixed things in their house.

Emma understood.

Family comes first.

But still...

She wanted him to think of her, too.

Finally, she wrote:

Dear Tom,

I hope your days are gentle. I hope you sleep well. I hope you remember the river, the café, and the way we talked.

I miss those moments.

She stopped.

She folded the paper.

She didn't put it in an envelope.

She didn't send it.

Instead, she put the letter in a small box under her bed—the place she kept words she was too scared to share.

Chapter 2: Tom's Letter

Meanwhile, in his old room, Tom sat at his desk.

He looked tired.

Not physically—but tired in a quiet way.

His family needed him more than he expected.

His father wasn't well.

The house was falling apart in small ways.

There were bills, old memories, and heavy conversations.

Tom wanted to see Emma.

But every time he thought about going to her, something came up.

Still, that night, he wrote:

Dear Emma,

Thank you for the walk. Thank you for listening to my story. I think about that day often.

Sometimes it feels like the only warm place in my mind.

He stopped, then added:

I don't know how long I will be busy here. But I want you to know that I think of you every morning when I wake up. And every night before I sleep.

He stared at the last sentence for a long time.

It felt honest.

Too honest.

But he didn't change it.

He put the letter in an envelope and walked to the mailbox outside.

Before he opened the metal door, he closed his eyes and whispered:

“Please reach her. Please tell her what I can’t say.”

Then he sent it.

Chapter 3: The Distance Between Us

Three days later, Emma found Tom’s letter in her mailbox.

Her heart jumped.

She took the envelope to her room, sat on her bed, and opened it carefully.

As she read Tom’s words, she felt warmth spread through her chest.

He thinks of me.

In the morning.

At night.

She held the letter to her chest.

But then...

She felt a small, sharp pain.

Because even though Tom wrote beautiful words, he wasn’t by her side.

Days passed without seeing him.

Sometimes she wondered if she was waiting for someone who didn’t have space for her.

Still, she wrote back.

Dear Tom,

your letter made me smile. I keep it on my desk. When I look at it, I remember the river and the way you held my hand.

But I also miss you. I miss your voice. I miss walking beside you.

She paused.

Then:

Come see me when you can. I’ll be waiting near the river.

She sent it.

A simple letter.

A small hope.

But enough.

Chapter 4: The Letter That Didn't Arrive

Tom checked his mailbox every morning.

But Emma's letter didn't come.

One day.

Two days.

Three days.

Nothing.

He started to feel anxious.

Maybe she was busy.

Maybe she didn't want to write.

Maybe... she had changed her mind about him.

He told himself not to worry.

But he did.

On the fourth day, he found an envelope on the ground by the old gate.

The wind had pushed it under the fence.

He picked it up.

It had his name.

The ink was a little wet, as if rain had touched it.

His heart beat fast.

He opened it slowly.

When he finished reading, he had to sit down.

Emma wanted to see him.

Emma missed him.

Emma was waiting.

He closed his eyes.

"Emma... I'm sorry. I didn't know."

He wanted to go to her now—right now—but his father called from the kitchen.

“Tom! I need help!”

Tom looked at the door.

Then at the letter.

For a moment, he felt torn in two.

Chapter 5: Words at Night

That night, Tom couldn't sleep.

He kept reading Emma's letter again and again.

Her words were gentle.

Soft.

But also, lonely.

He could almost hear her voice in the quiet room.

He sat at his desk and wrote again.

Dear Emma,

I'm sorry. I found your letter late. I wanted to come, but things here are difficult. I know that's not a good answer. But it's the truth.

He stopped.

Then, slowly, he wrote:

I miss you too. More than I can say in one letter.

If you can wait for me a little longer, I promise I will come.

He breathed out.

Maybe it wasn't enough.

But it was honest.

He sent the letter the next morning.

Chapter 6: Waiting

Emma received Tom's new letter on a sunny afternoon.

She read it on the riverbank, in the place where they had sat together.

Tom's handwriting was a little messy, as if he had written fast.

His words were simple.

Not perfect.

Not poetic.

But they were his.

And they were true.

Emma closed her eyes.

She could wait.

Not forever.

But for a little longer.

Still...

Something inside her felt uncertain.

Letters were beautiful, but they couldn't hold hands.

They couldn't walk side by side.

They couldn't look into each other's eyes.

Is this enough?

she wondered.

But she pressed the letter to her heart and whispered:

"I hope you come soon, Tom."

Chapter 7: The Letter Emma Didn't Expect

A week later, Emma received another envelope.

Her heart jumped—Tom?

But the handwriting was different.

Smaller.

Careful.

Sad.

It was from Tom's mother.

Emma opened it slowly, fear rising inside her.

Dear Emma,

Tom wanted to write to you, but he is at the hospital with his father. Please don't worry too much. Tom talks about you often. He keeps your letters close. He said one day he hopes to bring you here, to meet us.

When things calm down, he will come to you. I promise he will.

Emma's hands shook.

Tom hadn't told her everything.

He didn't want to worry her.

A soft ache filled her chest.

She sat down on the bed, holding the letter.

Then she wrote one more letter—slowly, carefully, with all the gentleness she had.

Dear Tom,

you don't have to hurry. I understand. I'm here. I'm thinking of you and your father. And when the day comes, we will walk together again.

Until then... please take care of your heart.

She sent it.

And waited.

Chapter 8: A Small, Quiet Hope

Days passed.

Then one morning, Emma opened her mailbox and found a simple, white envelope.

Inside was a single line.

Tom's handwriting.

Thank you for waiting.

I'm coming soon.

—*Tom*

Emma closed her eyes.

Her heart felt warm and light, like a soft sunrise.

Letters couldn't hold hands.

Letters couldn't walk beside her.

But letters could keep a small hope alive.

And sometimes...

Hope was enough to keep love warm until the next meeting.

END