

The Weight He Carried starter



Dan's English Student
Original Story

The Last Train to You – Part 7: The Weight He Carried

Word Count: 約 1500 語

Chapter 1: The Invitation

A week after their quiet promise on the hill, Tom sent Emma a message.

*Can you come to my house tomorrow?
There's someone I want you to meet.*

Emma read the message twice.
Her heartbeat faster.

Someone.
Who?

A friend?
A relative?

She typed:

Your mother?

Tom replied quickly:

Yes. And... my father too, if he feels well.

Emma froze.

His father.

The man who had been the center of Tom's worries.
The shadow behind every sleepless night.
The pain Tom tried to carry alone.

Emma stared at her phone for a long time
before typing:

I'll come. Of course I will.

Tom sent only one more line:

Thank you, Emma. Really.

Chapter 2: Walking Toward His World

The next afternoon, Emma walked to Tom's house.
Her hands were cold even though the day was warm.

She carried a small box of cookies—
something simple, not too much.
She didn't want to make a wrong impression.

Tom met her outside.

He looked nervous.

"Are you okay?" Emma asked.

"I should be asking you that," Tom said with a small smile.
"But yes... I'm okay. Come in."

As they walked to the door,
Emma noticed Tom's hand shaking slightly.

She took it.

Tom looked surprised.

"You don't have to be strong every moment," Emma whispered.

Tom's hand tightened around hers.

"I'm glad you're here," he said.

Chapter 3: His Mother's Warm Eyes

Tom's mother opened the door.

She was small, with gentle eyes and soft hair.
She smiled warmly.

"You must be Emma," she said.

"Tom told us about you."

Emma bowed slightly.

"Yes. It's nice to meet you."

“You brought something?”
the mother asked, looking at the box.

“Oh—yes,” Emma said. “It’s just cookies.”

“How sweet,” the mother said. “Thank you. Please, come in.”

The house smelled like old wood, clean laundry, and something warm cooking in the kitchen.
It felt lived in.
Loved in.
And a little tired, like a family that had gone through too much.

Tom’s mother guided them to the living room.

Then she said quietly:

“He’s awake today. He wants to see you both.”

Tom’s breath caught.
Emma felt his fingers tense.

This was hard for him.
Harder than she knew.

Chapter 4: Meeting His Father

Tom’s father sat in a large chair near the window.
His hair was white.
His face was thin.
But his eyes were sharp—
full of stories, full of pain, and full of pride.

When he saw Tom, he smiled weakly.

“You brought her,” he said in a low voice.

Tom nodded.
“Yes. Dad, this is Emma.”

Emma stepped forward slowly.

“It’s an honor to meet you,” she said softly.

The father studied her carefully.

Not unkindly.

Just... fully.

As if he wanted to know the truth of her heart.

"You're the girl who writes letters," he said.

Emma blinked.

"Yes... I wrote some."

"She writes beautifully," Tom added quietly.

Emma blushed.

Tom's father nodded.

"Letters are important," he said.

"They tell you who someone is when they're alone."

His words felt heavy and true.

Emma bowed her head slightly.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Tom's father looked at his son.

"She's gentle," he said.

"That's good. You need gentle."

Tom looked down, embarrassed.

Emma smiled a little.

Chapter 5: A Quiet Conversation

After a while, Tom's mother left to check the dinner.

Tom stayed beside his father,
holding the older man's hand.

Emma sat on a small stool near them.

Tom's father looked at her again.

“You care for my son?”

Emma nodded.

“I do,” she said.

“And you’re not afraid?”

Emma hesitated.

“I was,” she admitted.

“When he didn’t talk about what he was going through.
When I could see the pain but couldn’t touch it.”

Tom closed his eyes.

Emma continued softly:

“But now... I’m not afraid.
Because I know the truth.
And I want to stand with him.”

Tom’s father smiled faintly.

“You remind me of Tom’s mother.”

Emma glanced at Tom’s mother in the kitchen doorway—
a tired woman with love in her eyes.

Tom squeezed her hand once, gently.

Chapter 6: The Weight of Guilt

Suddenly Tom’s father spoke in a quieter voice.

“Tom,” he said.

“I want to say something. And you need to listen.”

Tom looked up quickly.

His father’s voice was weak but serious.

“You’re carrying too much. More than you should.”

Tom shook his head.

“I want to help. I should—”

“No,” his father said firmly.

“You are my son, not my keeper.”

Tom’s jaw tightened, pained.

His father continued:

“You think staying here and worrying alone is love.

It’s not.

Love is letting others carry the weight with you.”

Emma felt her chest ache.

Tom bowed his head.

“I just... don’t want to fail you,” he whispered.

His father reached up slowly, touching Tom’s cheek.

“You could never fail me.

But you will hurt yourself if you never let anyone in.”

His eyes moved to Emma.

“Let her in, Tom.

Let her see the darkness too.”

Emma felt tears in her eyes.

Tom’s fingers found hers, holding tight.

“I’m trying,” Tom said softly.

“I really am.”

His father smiled.

“That’s enough.”

Chapter 7: When Pain Meets Love

After the conversation, Tom and Emma walked outside for fresh air.

The garden behind the house was small,
filled with old roses and soft grass.

Tom sat heavily on a bench.

“I didn’t know he would say all that,” he said quietly.

Emma sat beside him.

“It needed to be said,” she replied gently.

Tom sighed.

“I’m scared,” he admitted.

“Scared of losing him.

Scared of losing you.

Scared of choosing the wrong thing.”

Emma touched his hand.

“You don’t have to choose,” she said softly.

“I’m here.

Your father is here.

We can all walk together.”

Tom looked at her with tired, grateful eyes.

“How are you so steady?” he asked.

Emma laughed softly.

“I’m not steady. I just... love you.”

Tom’s breath caught.

He looked down.

And then he leaned into her—
his head resting on her shoulder.

It was the first time he let himself truly collapse against her.

Emma wrapped her arms around him.

It wasn’t a romantic hug.

It wasn’t about sweetness.

It was about giving him a place to fall.

“You’re not alone,” she whispered.

Tom’s voice was small, almost childlike.

“Don’t leave me.”

“I won’t,” Emma said.

“Not even on the hardest days.”

Chapter 8: A Promise from His Family

When they returned inside,
Tom’s mother served tea.

She touched Emma’s arm gently.

“He smiles more when he’s with you,” she said.
“I’m grateful.”

Emma flushed.

Tom’s father nodded from his chair.

“You’re good for each other,” he said.
“Remember that.”

Tom stood behind Emma,
his hands resting lightly on her shoulders.

He looked at his parents.
Then at Emma.

And for the first time,
he looked certain.

“Emma is part of my life,” he said.
“Not separate from it.”

His father smiled.

“Good.”

Tom leaned close to Emma’s ear, whispering:

“Thank you. For today. For everything.”

Emma squeezed his hand.

“Thank you for letting me in,” she whispered back.

And as they walked home under the quiet evening sky,
their hands held each other tightly—

**not just as lovers now,
but as partners who shared a truth deeper than fear.**

END