

You can see him, can't you? On the platform; waiting for the train as the wind whips rain along its edge. There he stands, amongst the gathering of voices huddling for shelter on this Durham summer's morning, their suitcases packed with goings away and their briefcases full of self-importance, he waits for Sam. It might not be Sam. It might be someone else. After all, he tells me nothing.

Can you see the headlights of the train approaching? He can. He sips his caramel latte and thinks of stepping back to let the luggage drag their owners to the best position to get the seat that satisfies.

Did you feel that?

He did.

It was a prickle, a tingle, a feeling.

Then a whisper that's just out of reach.

"You should jump under this train" the whisper said.

"No, I don't think so", he replied, "That's not a good idea"

He moved away but the voice, now crouching on his shoulder, whispered "jump, jump, jump".

Eventually

He snapped

"Leave me alone," he hissed.

And there was silence.

The train arrived.

The voice boarded.

The comings and goings on a summer's day.