Words

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Charles turns the page of his newspaper. A picture of a taped-off subway platform catches his attention.

Suddenly, he is there, standing on the platform’s edge, waiting for the oncoming train. He tastes the stale smoke in the air. Palms sweaty, he sets his suitcase down and removes his tie, tossing it onto the tracks. A gaggle of uniformed schoolgirls with glossy lips and high heels stampedes in Charles’s direction. They would later refer to him as looking “like, sad and stuff.” *Better to wait until they’re gone,* he thought.

The clock overhead on the graffiti wall seems to slow down, trying to interfere. Charles simply sighs and looks at the quickly growing light to his left. *Nice try, Father Time.*

His ears fill with a numbing sound like wave upon wave upon endless wave. With one deep breath, the man closes his eyes, and wonders if anyone would remember him—if anyone would care. Then, with the majesty of a balloon that has been lost to the sky forever, he jumps in front of the subway train and dies instantly.

Charles turns the page and takes a sip of coffee. *One mustn’t become too attached to these stories. They’re much too morbid.* He takes another sip. *Imaginations like that are what cause the events in the first place.*