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The Station

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SUE THOMAS

THE STATION

They sat in the center of the huge, bare room. There was nothing for them to do but to sit and stare at the emptiness. There wasn't a movement anywhere, and they were so exhausted, they didn't care if they ever saw anyone or anything again. The fluorescent lights buzzed incessantly and gave the already bleak room an eerie, bluish cast. They merely sat in their seats waiting—unfeelingly.

A tall young boy sauntered into the room and started playing the dusty, old pin ball machine. The clatter of the machine echoed in the silence of the room. They were curious as to what kind of a home he had, and what his parents were like. His eyes were blank and expressionless as he lazily and half-heartedly pushed and pulled the controls. He seemed very lonely and dejected standing there.

While they watched the tall stranger, a man came through the room pushing his broom. He carelessly swept up the cigarette butts that had been stamped out on the floor, and continued to sweep the rest of the room. He looked very old and tired as they watched him sweep—slowly and methodically. The only sounds in the room were the swish of his broom, the discordant din of the pin ball machine, and the endless buzzing of the lights.

They picked up their bags and silently left the station.