還有四分鐘



弧岬站的鐘停了三年。風最強的時候，秒針還會往前一格，到了清早又退回去。澄記不得爸爸是怎麼跟小孩解釋這件事的。他當夜班站務時，她只覺得這種鐘也能算準時間，心裡很踏實。

今晚月臺燈還亮，候車室的公告已經撤下。明天起，火車只會經過這裡。她為了清空爸爸的鐵櫃搭車回來，找到最後一件東西是一封折過兩次的信。封面有她的名字，還有一行小字：等最後一班車。

秋姨在長椅上，把一張地圖從濕紙袋裡慢慢拉出來。她年輕時在站前賣茶，後來替乘客指路的次數，比在紙杯上記帳還多。她抬頭說，這張糊了，想把車站裡那張桌上的線留下來。

風從海堤方向推了一下門。澄想起遠端長椅背後有一面矮牆，兩個人坐在那裡就聽不見月臺廣播。爸爸以前只在那裡拆自己的信。

鐵道那頭有車輪擦過的聲音。秋姨看著玻璃裡兩個人的倒影說：『還有四分鐘。也夠做一件事。』澄把信收進袖口，站在往候車室和往海堤的兩個出口之間。

留下｜跟秋姨回到候車室

離開｜往海堤走，讀自己的信

还有四分钟



弧岬站的钟停了三年。风最强的时候，秒针还会往前一格，到了清早又退回去。澄记不得爸爸是怎么向小孩解释这件事的。他当夜班站务时，她只觉得这种钟也能算准时间，心里很踏实。

今晚站台灯还亮，候车室的公告已经撤下。明天起，火车只会经过这里。她为了清空爸爸的铁柜搭车回来，找到最后一件东西是一封折过两次的信。封面有她的名字，还有一行小字：等最后一班车。

秋姨在长椅上，把一张地图从湿纸袋里慢慢拉出来。她年轻时在站前卖茶，后来替乘客指路的次数，比在纸杯上记账还多。她抬头说，这张糊了，想把车站里那张桌上的线留下来。

风从海堤方向推了一下门。澄想起远端长椅背后有一面矮墙，两个人坐在那里就听不见站台广播。爸爸以前只在那里拆自己的信。

铁道那头有车轮擦过的声音。秋姨看着玻璃里两个人的倒影说：『还有四分钟。也够做一件事。』澄把信收进袖口，站在往候车室和往海堤的两个出口之间。

留下｜跟秋姨回到候车室

离开｜往海堤走，读自己的信

Four minutes left



The clock at Cape Bend had stopped three years ago. In the strongest gusts its second hand nudged forward a beat, then slipped back in the morning. Cheng could no longer remember how her father had explained that clock to children. When he worked the night shift, she'd simply trusted the hour it showed.

Tonight the platform lights were on, but the notice had come down from the waiting room. Tomorrow trains would pass without stopping. Cheng had come back to clean out her father's steel locker. Inside lay a letter folded twice. Her name was on the front, above a smaller instruction: wait for the last train.

Aunt Qiu sat on a bench, drawing a map from a wet paper bag. She had sold tea outside the station when she was young. Later she gave directions more often than she kept track of a cup. She looked up. The map had gone soft, and she wanted to save the lines on the old table in the waiting room.

The wind pushed at the doors from the seawall. Beyond the far bench there was a low wall where two people could sit without ever hearing the platform announcements. Cheng's father had opened his own letters there.

A set of wheels scraped the rail in the distance. Aunt Qiu studied their reflections in the glass. 'Four minutes left,' she said. 'That's time for one thing.' Cheng slipped the letter up her sleeve and stood between the door to the waiting room and the door to the sea.

Stay | Follow Aunt Qiu into the waiting room

Leave | Take the letter to the seawall