

## The woman from the passing train

It was a cold winter evening in 1962 – one of the worst nights of my life.

I was returning home from a liquor store, late at night. I was walking through an alley when I checked my wristwatch. The time was 1:05 am, but it sure wasn't right. The atmosphere suddenly became unsettling and I turned around because I thought someone was following me. When I did, there was no one there. Earlier that evening, I had a few drinks with my friends, so I just ignored it, because I thought I was hallucinating, so I continued my way to the subway. As I was going down the stairs to the train, I felt like something tried to push me, so I quickly gripped the handle and yelled: “Hello?” \*echo\* No one was there. I immediately heard scratching on the rails, but it stopped. When I got on the train, I felt sick to the stomach, but I thought it was just the alcohol. I felt like someone was breathing on my neck. And then I woke up. I heard a scratch in my closet, but i thought I was still dreaming. I turned on the TV, and the breaking news were on. It was a report of a plane crash in which no one survived. As soon as the investigator said the plane was purposely brought down by the pilot, my husband's picture broke on his nightstand, shattering glass around the room.

The End? We'll never know.

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