The Train
Henrik Nordbrandt
It so happens that the train stops quite imperceptibly, so that all the stops lock the same points at once. The guard, not a day older after a quarter of a century, gets down in the dusk and walks slowly alongside the lit carriages towards the locomotive. Those who do not open a window keep their eyes on those who do and who lean out into the darkness. In every single compartment there is one person who continues to snore, unconcerned and fast asleep over an open newspaper. Then comes the moment when no one knows where they are going or where they have come from. The held breath, as then, released, sets the train in motion again. The guard comes back along the corridor against the direction of the movement. At the moment when he and the train are moving at the same speed, we see his face between his black uniform and his cap.

Translated from the Danish by Anne Born