

Flashback

By Dante Mirezzi

Year 1919. Splash, as one-foot treads through the dark and misty water. A lonely figure walks gloomily through the rainy downfall. A carriage flies by, splashing him as it races for the train ahead. The horses pull ferociously, neighing loudly, desperate for a break. The commotion overwhelmed the mysterious man as he fell to the ground, soaking his black cloak. Hour after hour, night after night, he waits as the trains pass by. For the 45th time, he asks himself, "Who am I?" A lonely man with no friends? Or a person unsure who he is? Which train am I waiting for?

"Hey" a boy whispered, "I brought you some food". He helped the man get up, struggling in the wet. He was surprised how heavy the man was, as he steered him to shelter under a tree. Suddenly a flashback of a boy around the same age, hugging him tightly popped into the man's mind. "My son," he said. "Huh," asked the boy in confusion. "You look like my son," the man said again. This was the first thing the man had remembered before the exploding landmine. He had woken up in a field hospital, luckier than the others, with all his limbs attached but a major head concussion and no memories. The boy understood this sadness, he had also lost his father in the war. He reached out and gave the man a hug, saying, "I'm sorry." "No, no, no, don't say sorry! You have helped me. I had forgotten all about my son. I couldn't remember anything; I don't even know my name!"

The cloaked man marched out from under the tree, desperate to find his son. "Wait, wait!" called the boy, racing after the old man. "Maybe I can help you! I love solving mysteries! "If your family hasn't seen you here, we could try looking for them in the next town, west of here. It's on the train line!" Again, an image floated into the man's mind, this time his son was playing football in the street outside a row of red brick terrace houses.

Finally, the man knew which train he had been waiting for. Memories of his family started flooding into his mind. His own parents teaching him to write, his wedding, sliding a ring onto his wife's finger and the joy in her face, the fun of playing football with his son. The train pulled into the familiar town, his home so close now. Anxiously he knocks on his own front door, "Is this my home, will my family remember me, do they know I am alive? Will they still love me?". The door opened and his sons face appeared through the crack of the door. In a shocked voice he asked "Dad?" and they both started crying and hugging each other. "Mum, mum dads' home!" As the son lead him through the door, he turned back to thank the boy but found he had vanished.