



AUTHOR PROFILE

**Azra Sıla Yaşar****Level** B2**Genre** Horror-thriller

## Last Message

It was an ordinary evening in the city. The street lights had just started to come on, and people were leaving work and heading home. Cafés were crowded, and people waiting at bus stops were checking their phones and scrolling through social media. Everything seemed completely normal. Until that moment. Suddenly, thousands of phones across the city vibrated at the same time. A young man sitting at a café looked at his phone. A woman riding the bus took her phone out of her bag. A man watching TV at home noticed the notification that appeared on the screen. They had all received the same message. The message was very short and strange. "In 12 hours, someone will die. You can stop it." At the bottom of the message, there was only one location. Old Central Train Station. At first, no one took the message seriously. Some thought it was an advertisement. Others thought it was a bad joke played by a friend. But a few minutes later, social media strangely started to fill up. People were sharing screenshots of the same message. "Did you get it too?" "What is this?" "Is this a prank?" Before long, everyone realized that the message hadn't been sent to just a few people... It had been sent to everyone in the city. This situation created a strange sense of unease among people. How could a message be sent to thousands of phones at the same time? Moreover, no number was displayed. Only one word appeared in the sender field: "Unknown." As the hours passed, people continued to talk about the message. Some said it was a hacker attack. Some thought it was an advertisement for a new online game. But still, everyone had the same question on their minds: What if it's real? As the night progressed, some curious people started checking the location in the message. It was the city's old train station. It was a station that had been in use years ago but had been closed after a major accident. Now, it was an abandoned, dark, and quiet place. Most people thought it was ridiculous to go there. But curiosity always spurs some people into action. A young college student looked at the location on her phone. "It's

probably something silly..." he thought. But still, he felt a strange curiosity inside. He put on his coat and went outside. Half an hour later, he was in front of the old train station. This place was even more eerie than he had imagined. Rusty rails, broken windows, and dark platforms... It was as if no one had been here for years. Just as she was considering turning back, she heard a voice behind her. "Did you come because of the message, too?" When he turned around, he saw a middle-aged man. The man was holding a phone. "Yes..." said the student. "I was curious." The man smiled slightly. "Me too." After a while, other people started to arrive as well. A journalist. A security guard. A software developer. And a few more curious people. No one knew each other. But they were all here because of the same message. As they stood silently on the platform, everyone was thinking the same question: "Who sent this message?" Just at that moment... All the phones vibrated again. A new message had arrived.

A single sentence was written on the screen:

"The game has begun."

And at that moment, a muffled voice was heard from the old speakers of the station.

"Welcome. "

People stood frozen.

The voice coming from the speaker was cold and calm.

"One of you will die today."

There was a short silence.

Then the voice continued.

"But if you find the truth, you can stop it."

After the sound from the speaker echoed through the station, everyone remained completely silent for several seconds.

As if no one wanted to believe what they had just heard.

The young student looked around slowly. The faces of the people on the platform had the same expression: surprise and uneasiness.

A woman spoke in a trembling voice.

"This... isn't this a joke?"

No one answered.

Just then, the phones vibrated again.

A new message had arrived.

"Do not leave the station. "

People began to look at each other.

The middle-aged man spoke angrily.

"Okay, this isn't funny anymore. Let whoever is doing this come forward! "

No response was received.

But at that moment, the station doors began to close with a heavy sound.

The iron doors slowly slid into place.

A woman screamed in fear.

"The doors are closing! "

A few people immediately ran towards the door. They tried to open it, but it was locked.

The speaker worked again.

"There's no need to panic."

The voice was still speaking in the same calm tone.

"This is just a test."

The young student began to get angry.

"How do you mean the test?" he shouted.

"You're locking us in here and saying someone's going to die!"

There was no sound coming from the speaker for a few seconds.

Then it spoke again.

"If you don't find the truth... someone will really die."

Suddenly, tension increased at the station.

A journalist stepped forward.

He asked, "What truth?"

The speaker's voice responded briefly.

"The truth about your past."

These words made everyone even more uneasy.

People began to look at each other.

It was as if everyone was thinking the same thing but no one wanted to say it.

The young student began examining the station.

It really did seem like this place hadn't been used in years.

There were old posters on the walls. Some were torn, some had faded. The rails were rusty.

In one corner, an old cabinet caught your attention.

The cabinet door was half-open.

He slowly opened the cabinet.

Inside was a yellowed train ticket.

He took the ticket in his hand.

When he looked at the date, his eyebrows furrowed.

15 years ago.

Just then, the journalist approached him.

“Did you find something?”

The student handed him the ticket.

When the journalist saw the date, his face suddenly became serious.

“This date...”

He remained silent for a while.

Then he spoke slowly.

“...the day of the train accident.”

A few people who heard these words suddenly looked up.

It was as if they all remembered the same memory.

The middle-aged man spoke immediately.

“This could be a coincidence.”

But his voice didn't sound very certain.

At that moment, someone else shouted.

"Look over here!"

Everyone turned towards where the voice came from.

At the other end of the platform, there was an old broken phone lying on the ground.

The phone's screen was still working.

A young person picked up the phone.

"There's a video here..."

Everyone gathered around him.

The video started.

The station was visible on the screen.

A little boy was smiling towards the camera next to the tracks.

A female voice could be heard in the background.

“Don't get too close to the rails!”

The child replied with a laugh.

“Mom, look, the train is coming!”

At that moment, the video showed a train coming rapidly from the distance.

Then the image suddenly cut out.

The video had ended.

No one was talking at the station.

Everyone's face was pale.

Because this image...

It must have been taken right before the accident 15 years ago.

The speaker worked again.

The sound was a little quieter this time.

"You're starting to remember.

The journalist shouted loudly.

"Who are you? ! "

The answer from the speaker was brief.

"Someone who knows the truth. "

Everyone at the station was silent.

The photograph of the little boy appearing on the screen was shining brightly against the dark platform alone.  
The boy in the photograph was smiling, but that smile now seemed heavy to everyone.

The young student broke the silence.

"Is this child... the child who died in the accident?"

There was no sound from the speaker for a few seconds. As if the other person was waiting for them to think.

Then the answer came.

“Yes.”

This single word echoed throughout the station.

A woman stepped back. Her eyes were wide with fear.

“Is that the reason we're here?”

The voice on the speaker spoke more slowly this time.

“The reason you're here tonight... is because you've accepted the truth.”

The journalist approached the screen. He looked carefully at the child's photo.

“What was his name?” he asked.

No one could answer.

This situation was even more frightening.

Years ago, a child died here, but no one even remembered his name.

The speaker spoke again.

“His name is Emir.”

The text under the photo has changed.

EMIR - 9 YEARS OLD

Suddenly the lights in the station flickered again.

Then new images began to appear on the screen.

Old security camera footage...

It was the footage before the accident.

People walking along the tracks, passengers waiting, staff moving around the station...

Then, in the footage, little Emir could be seen.

He was walking alongside the tracks with his mother.

The journalist's face turned pale as he looked at the screen.

"I... was here that day."

The young student turned to him.

"What did you see?"

The journalist could not speak for several seconds.

Then he told it slowly.

“Some of the rails had come loose. But no one seemed to notice.”

The security guard looked up.

“I had noticed it.”

Everyone turned to him.

The man took a deep breath.

“I saw that the signaling system wasn't working. But I thought the maintenance team would come. ”

The middle-aged man also spoke.

"I had noticed that the train was going too fast."

The young student looked around in surprise.

"So... everyone noticed something. "

No one answered.

The voice coming from the speaker spoke again.

"Yes."

Then he added:

"And no one did anything."

These words weighed heavily on everyone.

People at the station were slowly beginning to understand the truth.

The cause of that accident wasn't a single mistake.

It was the accumulation of many small errors.

And the biggest mistake was...

that no one took responsibility.

At that very moment, the phones vibrated again.

A new message had arrived.

"You're getting closer to the truth."

People looked at each other.

The young student shouted angrily.

“Okay! We told the truth! Now get us out of here!”

The response from the speaker was unexpected.

“Not yet.”

The journalist frowned.

“What more do you want?”

The speaker fell silent for a few seconds.

Then it responded.

"You need to remember one more thing."

The images on the screen changed.

This time it showed a few minutes before the accident.

The train was rapidly approaching the station.

A small problem with the tracks was clearly visible.

But no one was intervening.

Then, little Emir appeared again in the footage.

He had gotten a little too close to the rails.

His mother was calling out to him.

“Emir! Come back!”

But at that exact moment, the train approached rapidly.

The view suddenly darkened.

No one was talking at the station.

The speaker spoke for the last time.

“One person could have stopped everything that day.”

People looked at each other.

“Who?the young student asked.

A new image appeared on the screen.

A man was visible.

He was standing right next to the rails.

He had noticed the train.

But he only looked at it for a few seconds and continued walking.

The people at the station looked at that man slowly.

Because that man...

was one of the people currently standing at the station.

The middle-aged man's face turned pale.

His hands began to tremble.

He whispered, "No..."

The young student spoke slowly.

"...that's you."

The man stepped back.

"I... I only looked for a few seconds..."

The speaker spoke.

"Yes."

Then he added:

"And those few seconds... changed a life."

There was a heavy silence at the station.

But at that very moment...

A new message appeared on the screen.

“Final stage.”

A final message arrived on the phones.

“When the truth is fully accepted, the doors will open.”

People looked at each other.

The truth was now evident.

But the question still remained unanswered.

Who was sending these messages?

There was a heavy silence at the station.

The image on the screen remained frozen. The man standing next to the tracks had looked at the approaching train for a few seconds, then turned and walked away.

And that man...

It was the middle-aged man who was currently standing at the station.

The man's breathing had become rapid. His hands were shaking.

"I... I didn't know..." he whispered.

The young student looked at him.

"But you saw it."

The man shook his head.

“I just... thought there was a problem. But the train had already arrived. There was nothing I could do. ”

The speaker spoke again at that moment.

“You are wrong.”

This time the voice sounded harsher.

“There was something you could have done.”

Everyone at the station seemed to hold their breath.

The speaker continued.

“If you had warned the child approaching the tracks at that moment...”

"...that child could still be alive today."

The man's eyes filled with tears.

"I only stopped for a few seconds..." he said.

The response from the speaker was cold.

"Yes."

"And sometimes a few seconds... means a life."

No one was talking at the station.

After a while, the journalist took a deep breath.

"Okay..." he said.

“We accept the truth.

The speaker remained silent.

The journalist continued.

“Yes. We were all guilty.”

“One of us noticed the rails.”

“One of us noticed the signal system.”

“One of us noticed the speed of the train. ”

“And one of us saw the child. ”

The journalist looked around.

"But no one did anything.

These words echoed throughout the station.

Suddenly, the phones vibrated again.

A new message had arrived.

"It was accepted as true."

But the doors still hadn't opened.

The young student shouted angrily.

"What more do you want?!"

The response from the speaker was unexpected.

"Nothing anymore."

At that exact moment, the large screen on the station wall turned on again.

But this time it's not a photo...

A video was appearing.

In the video, little Emir was appearing again.

But this time, the image was different.

The child was looking towards the camera.

It was as if it were looking directly at the people at the station.

Then, text appeared on the screen.

“Artificial intelligence model activated.”

The young student looked at the screen in astonishment.

“What does this mean?”

A new voice was heard from the speaker.

But this time, the voice was different.

It was younger.

It was calmer.

“I am Emir.”

People looked at each other in fear.

The sound continued.

"I'm not the Real Order."

"I am an artificial intelligence created from his data."

The journalist spoke in astonishment.

"This... how is this possible?"

New images appeared on the screen.

Photos...

Videos...

Old recordings...

A text appeared.

"The artificial intelligence model created by Emir's family."

The voice spoke again.

"My mother and father collected my photos, videos, and audio recordings for years.

"Then, together with scientists, they developed an artificial intelligence model."

"A system that resembles the way I think."

The people at the station still looked frozen.

The young student asked slowly:

"So... why did you bring us here?"

The child on the screen remained silent for a few seconds.

Then he answered.

“Not for revenge. ”

There was a moment of silence.

“For the truth.”

The journalist looked up.

“The truth has already been revealed.”

The child on the screen smiled slightly.

“Yes.”

Then he continued.

“And no other child needs to die the same way anymore.”

There was a deep silence at the station.

After a while, the iron gates of the station began to open slowly.

The first rays of morning light entered.

A final message arrived on the phones.

“The test has been completed.”

There was another small sentence underneath.

“Sometimes, to change the world, all you need is to tell the truth.”

People slowly began to leave the station.

None of them spoke.

Because what they learned that night was too heavy to bear.

As the young student walked towards the door, he looked back one last time.

The screen had gone black.

The station was silent again.

But what happened that night...

It was something no one would ever forget.

Because sometimes the greatest crime is...

not doing evil.

Sometimes the greatest crime is...

doing nothing.

Everyone at the station was silent.

The middle-aged man was still staring at the screen. His eyes were filled with tears. A memory he had kept buried inside himself for years seemed to resurface at that moment.

"I... I could have really stopped it..." he whispered.

The journalist looked at him but didn't say anything.

Because in fact, everyone was thinking the same thing.

They all noticed something that day.

But no one took action.

At that very moment, the phones vibrated again.

A new message had arrived.

“The truth is not yet complete.”

The young student frowned.

“What else is missing?”

The sound coming from the speaker was heard again.

“Something else is missing.”

The journalist shouted angrily:

“What's missing?!”

The images on the screen changed again.

This time, the station's security cameras showed footage from a different angle.

It's a recording taken a few minutes before the train approached.

Next to the rails, little Emir and his mother were walking.

But there was someone else in the image.

A woman.

The woman was talking on the phone and was standing right next to the tracks.

The security guard squinted at the screen.

"This... this woman..."

The woman stepped back in fear.

Because it was clear who that woman was.

She was one of the people at the station.

The woman spoke in a trembling voice.

"I... was just talking on the phone..."

The speaker responded.

"Yes."

The woman shook her head.

"I didn't see the child..."

The image on the screen was zoomed in.

Behind the woman, little Emir was approaching the rails.

But the woman was still looking at her phone.

The journalist spoke in a deep voice.

"If you had noticed the child at that moment..."

The woman closed her eyes.

"...you could have warned him."

The woman began to cry.

"I didn't know..."

The speaker spoke slowly.

"You didn't know."

Then he added:

"Because you weren't paying attention. "

There was a deep silence at the station.

The young student spoke slowly.

"So everyone made a small mistake that day..."

The journalist nodded.

“And when all those small mistakes came together, it became a major disaster.”

The speaker remained silent for a while.

Then he spoke again.

“Yes.”

New images appeared on the screen.

Rails...

The train...

People running...

And the few seconds just before the accident.

Everything happened so quickly.

The young student was silently staring at the screen.

Then he asked slowly:

“So, what do you want to change by bringing us here? ”

This time, the response from the speaker was very calm.

“The future.”

The journalist asked in surprise:

“What do you mean?”

"When people admit their mistakes..."

"...the likelihood of making the same mistake again decreases."

The young student nodded thoughtfully.

At that exact moment, the station's lights flickered again.

Then a small door opened at the other end of the platform.

Above the door was an old sign:

"Control Room."

A new message arrived on the phones.

"The final clue is inside."

The people at the station looked at each other.

The journalist took a deep breath.

"I think we need to go. "

The young student nodded.

A few people began to slowly walk towards the door.

The door creaked open.

It was dark inside.

But there was only one computer running in the middle of the room.

A single file was visible on the screen.

The name of the file was:

“EMIR\_PROJECT\_FINAL.”

The young student approached the computer.

He moved the mouse.

The file was opened.

Hundreds of data began streaming on the screen.

Videos...

Audio recordings...

Photos...

And at the top, a single sentence was written:

“So that the truth may not be forgotten.”

People were silently staring at the screen.

But at that moment, something happened that no one noticed.

A very faint sound was heard from the station's speakers.

It was as if a child was whispering.

"You're ready now..."

Everyone in the control room remained motionless for a few seconds.

The white light on the computer screen still illuminated the room. The young student slowly removed his hand from the mouse.

"The answer has been recorded."

The text on the screen was still there.

But the sentence right below it caught everyone's attention:

"Now you have to prove this in the future."

The journalist frowned.

"What do you mean, proving this in the future?"

The speaker remained silent for a few seconds.

Then that familiar voice was heard again.

"Most people admit their mistakes."

“But they make the same mistakes over and over again.”

The middle-aged man spoke slowly.

“So you don't trust us.”

The voice responded.

“I'm looking for reasons to trust.”

One of the screens on the wall of the control room suddenly turned on.

The screen showed an image of the city.

The night was slowly coming to an end, and the first lights of dawn were beginning to appear between the buildings.

But there was something else on the screen.

A train line image.

The journalist looked carefully at the screen.

“This is... the new train line in the city.”

The security guard also approached the screen.

“Yes. This line was opened a few months ago.”

The image on the screen slowly zoomed in.

A small object on the tracks caught our attention.

It seemed like one of the rails had come loose a little.

The young student understood immediately.

“Is this... a malfunction?”

The voice coming from the speaker responded calmly.

“Yes.”

Everyone at the station suddenly looked at each other.

The journalist spoke quickly.

“This could be something serious.”

The voice continued.

“If no one intervenes...”

"...approximately forty minutes from now, a train will pass by on that track. "

The young student suddenly became tense.

"So, another accident could happen. "

The speaker responded.

"Yes."

There was a heavy silence in the control room.

The middle-aged man whispered while looking at the screen:

"This is our test."

The journalist nodded.

"Yes. This time it will depend on what we do."

The young student spoke quickly.

"Then we must immediately notify the authorities!"

The security guard took his phone out of his pocket.

"I will call the railway headquarters.

The woman also picked up the phone.

"I'm calling the emergency line too."

Suddenly everyone started taking action.

The previous silence in the control room gave way to panic.

The journalist looked at the map on the computer.

“The train has thirty-five minutes until it reaches the station.”

The young student spoke quickly.

“We have enough time.”

The voice coming from the speaker was heard again.

But this time, the tone was different.

It was softer.

“You're acting differently this time.”

The journalist replied.

"Yes."

Then he added:

"Because now we know what's important."

The image on the screen changed.

The fault in the tracks was still visible.

But a few minutes later, maintenance crews appeared in the view.

Railway workers began working around the tracks.

The young student took a deep breath.

"I think we did it."

After a while, a new message appeared on the screen.

“The danger has been eliminated.”

Everyone in the control room breathed a sigh of relief.

The middle-aged man closed his eyes.

“This time we noticed it in time.”

The voice coming from the speaker spoke for the last time.

“Yes.”

There was a short silence.

Then he added:

“This time, a life was saved.”

The door to the control room opened completely.

The morning sun was streaming into the station.

A final message appeared on the computer screen.

“Test completed.”

But this time, there was another sentence underneath:

“People can change.”

The light on the screen slowly faded.

The system had shut down.

The young student looked back one last time as he walked towards the door.

The control room was silent again.

But this time, the silence was different.

Because tonight, not only was the past revealed.

At the same time...

the future had also changed.

After the computer in the control room shut down, only the morning light remained in the room.

But no one left immediately.

It was as if everyone wanted to make sure whether what had just happened was truly over.

The young student gently touched the computer screen.

The screen went completely black.

"I think it really turned off..." he said.

The journalist took a deep breath.

"Yes. The system appears to have completed its task. "

But at that exact moment, one of the small screens on the wall of the control room flashed again.

Everyone suddenly turned to look at the screen.

Only a single word was written on the screen.

"WAIT."

The young student spoke in astonishment.

“What is this?”

That familiar voice was heard on the speaker again.

But this time his voice sounded weaker.

“It's not over yet.”

The middle-aged man frowned.

“What do you mean?”

The screen suddenly changed again.

This time, the station's security cameras were turned on.

Footage from different points in the station was appearing on the screen.

Empty platforms...

The morning commuters slowly arriving at the station...

The cleaning staff...

Everything seemed normal.

The young student asked in surprise:

“Why are you showing us these things? ”

The answer came from the speaker.

“Because that's how real life begins. ”

The journalist was looking at the screen intently.

“What do you mean?”

The images on the screen began to change rapidly.

One camera feed stood out in particular.

A worker was seen working next to the rails.

But after a while, the worker opened a small box next to the rails.

Inside the box were some cables.

The young student squinted his eyes.

“This... doesn't look like routine maintenance.”

The security guard also approached the screen.

“No. This man is not a railway employee.”

Everyone suddenly became tense.

The journalist spoke up immediately.

“Could this be one of them?”

The speaker remained silent for a few seconds.

Then he answered.

“Yes.”

The image on the screen was enlarged.

The man's face began to appear clearer.

The middle-aged man suddenly spoke in surprise.

"I know this man."

Everyone turned to him.

"Who?"

The man spoke slowly.

"This is the investigator who closed the investigation after the accident."

There was suddenly tense silence in the control room.

The journalist understood immediately.

“So, the person who covered up the accident...”

“...is now dealing with the rails again.”

The young student whispered:

“Could this be sabotage? ”

The voice coming from the speaker responded in a serious tone.

“Yes. ”

On the screen, a man was placing a small device next to the rails.

The journalist spoke quickly.

“This could be a bad thing.”

The young student immediately ran towards the door.

"We need to stop him!"

The security guard followed him.

"If they're really committing sabotage..."

"...there could be another train accident."

The middle-aged man also began walking quickly.

"This time we'll stop it."

Footsteps were echoing in the station corridors.

Passengers were slowly beginning to enter in the morning.

But none of them had any idea of the danger approaching.

The young student's breathing quickened as he ran towards the platform.

From a distance, he could see the man standing next to the tracks.

The man was still fiddling with the device.

The journalist shouted after him.

“Hey! What are you doing there?”

The man suddenly flinched.

Then he quickly stood up.

And he noticed them.

Everyone looked at each other for a second.

Then the man started running quickly.

The young student shouted.

“Stop!”

But the man was already running away towards the back corridors of the station.

The security guard ran after him.

“He won't get away this time!”

The corridors were narrow and dark.

Footsteps echoed off the walls.

The man turned the corner.

The young student turned right behind him.

But when he turned the corner, the man suddenly stopped.

He was holding a small remote control in his hand.

There was a strange smile on his face.

"You're late. " he said.

The young student was out of breath.

"What did you do? "

The man showed the remote control.

“Sometimes people want to forget the past. ”

Then he pressed the button.

A metallic explosion sound was heard from the direction of the tracks in the distance.

The station suddenly shook.

The journalist screamed in fear.

“No!”

The young student immediately started running towards the tracks.

But everyone had the same question in mind.

Would they be able to get there before the train arrived?

When the train came to a sudden halt at the station, complete silence reigned for a few seconds.

The smell of burning metal rising from the rails mingled with the air. The screeching sound of the brake pads still echoed in our ears.

The young student was standing breathless next to the railway tracks

His heart was beating so fast it felt like it was going to jump out of his chest.

But at that moment, he noticed something.

A red light was flashing a little further ahead on the tracks.

"Wait..." he said.

The security guard immediately asked:

"What happened?"

The young student pointed ahead of the tracks.

"There's something there."

The journalist also looked carefully.

A small black device was lying among the rails.

And a red light was flashing on it.

The security guard's face suddenly turned serious.

"This... could be an explosive."

The middle-aged man spoke with fear.

“Like the explosion just now?”

“Yes.”

The train driver had stepped out of the cab.

He shouted from afar:

“What’s going on here?!”

But no one answered him.

Because everyone was looking at that small device between the rails.

The red light was starting to flash faster.

Beep...

Beep...

Beep...

The young student spoke slowly.

"This could be timed."

The journalist immediately asked:

"How much time do we have?"

At that exact moment, a laughter was heard from far away.

Everyone turned around.

That saboteur man was standing by the stairs on the upper floor of the station.

He had a remote in his hand.

And he was smiling.

“Did you think you would get away so easily?”

The security guard shouted:

“You're crazy!”

The man shrugged.

“Sometimes people want to erase the past completely.”

The journalist spoke angrily:

“By killing a whole train full of people?!”

The man did not answer.

He just lifted the remote control.

“Wait a minute.”

The young student shouted:

“Stop!”

But the man had already pressed the button.

The light on the device between the rails suddenly began to flash rapidly.

Beep Beep Beep Beep

The security guard immediately shouted:

“Everyone, stand back!”

The passengers began running in panic.

The station suddenly descended into chaos.

The young student was still beside the tracks.

Their eyes were on the device.

“We need to stop this...”

The journalist shouted:

“Don't go there!”

But the young student had already jumped onto the tracks.

He ran to the device.

The lid of the small metal box was half open.

There were complex cables inside.

Red...

Blue...

Yellow...

And a timer.

00:28

The security guard shouted in fear:

“Twenty-eight seconds!”

The journalist held his breath.

“Do you know this?!”

The young student spoke quickly.

“No... but I have to try!”

The saboteur was watching from above.

He still had that cold smile on his face.

“Let's see if you can be a hero this time too.”

The young student looked at the cables.

The timer was ticking rapidly.

00:18

His heart was beating wildly.

If they cut the wrong cable...

Everything could have exploded instantly.

The security guard shouted:

“Quick!”

00:12

The young student took a deep breath.

Then he grabbed the red cable.

He paused for a second.

Then he let go.

“No...”

He reached for the blue cable.

Timer:

00:07

The journalist closed his eyes.

Everyone at the station held their breath.

The young student clenched his teeth.

And he cut the cable.

Suddenly...

The beep sound stopped.

The timer froze at 00:03.

The station fell completely silent.

No one was moving.

Then the security guard whispered:

"...He stopped."

The journalist exhaled slowly.

"He really stopped..."

But at that very moment, a voice came from above.

The saboteur man shouted angrily:

"This is not over!"

And he quickly began to run down the stairs to escape.

The young student immediately stood up.

"We need to stop him!"

The security guard also started running.

"He won't escape this time!"

Footsteps echoed in the station corridors.

The saboteur was running towards a dark tunnel.

But this time, there were three people chasing him.

And now he had nowhere left to run...

The footsteps of the saboteur echoed against the concrete walls of the station as he ran towards the dark tunnel.

The young student, the security guard, and the journalist began to chase after him.

The inside of the tunnel was dark. Only weak lamps placed on the walls were burning at intervals. The sections between the lights were almost completely dark.

The saboteur was fast.

But it was obvious that he was afraid.

He turned around and shouted:

“Don't follow me!”

The security guard shouted:

"Stop! You can't escape! "

The man started running faster.

As we progressed deeper into the tunnel, the air became colder and thicker. The sound of another train could be heard in the distance.

The young student was gasping for breath, but he didn't stop.

“Don't lose him!”

The saboteur turned a corner and entered the side corridor.

The corridor was narrow and old. There were rusty cables and old electrical panels on the walls.

The journalist shouted as he tried to catch up behind him:

“This man knows the entire layout of the station!

The saboteur looked back again.

Then he quickly opened a door and entered.

The young student also immediately reached the door.

When he opened the door, it was a small maintenance room inside.

But the saboteur was not inside.

“He got away!”

At that exact moment, the door on the other side of the room slammed shut.

The security guard shouted:

“Over there!”

They immediately ran towards the door.

When they opened the door, they found themselves back in the large tunnel with the rails.

But this time the situation was more dangerous.

Because the light of another train was visible in the distance.

The journalist spoke in astonishment:

“The train passes through here too!”

The saboteur jumped over the rails to the other side.

“You can't catch me!”

The young student shouted:

“The train is coming!”

But the man did not stop.

The security guard made a quick decision.

“Go along the edge of the tracks!”

The three of them started running along the narrow path along the edge of the tunnel.

The sound of the train was getting louder.

The rails were starting to shake.

The saboteur, on the other hand, was very close to reaching the exit door.

He ran towards the door.

But as soon as he opened the door, the security guard caught up with him.

He grabbed the man's arm.

"It's over!"

The saboteur tried to escape angrily.

"Let me go!"

As the two struggled, the light of the train completely penetrated into the tunnel.

The train was very close.

The journalist shouted:

“Get away from the tracks!”

The saboteur made one last move.

He pushed the security guard and tried to escape.

But this time, the young student got in front of him.

The saboteur paused for a moment.

The sound of the train was deafening.

The young student spoke decisively:

"You can't hurt anyone anymore. "

The saboteur looked around.

On one side, the approaching train...

On the other side, three people...

They had nowhere left to run.

Finally, she fell to her knees.

As the train passed by with a loud noise, the tunnel filled with wind.

No one spoke for a while.

Then the security guard took out his walkie-talkie.

“Center, the saboteur has been captured. ”

The journalist took a deep breath.

“Is everything really over?”

The young student looked into the darkness of the tunnel.

Then he answered slowly:

“Yes...”

"This time it's really over."

But none of them were aware of it yet.

What happened tonight wasn't just an accident...

It also revealed a truth.

And that truth...

had not yet been fully told.

When the saboteur fell to his knees, only the receding sound of the train remained in the tunnel. The chase and danger that had occurred just seconds earlier had passed like a storm.

The security guard spoke sternly as he bound the man's hands.

"It's over now. "

The saboteur lowered his head. He didn't say anything for a while. Then he spoke slowly.

"Do you think it's over? "

The journalist frowned.

"What do you mean? "

The man looked into the darkness of the tunnel.

"Everyone forgot about the accident from years ago. The files were closed. People moved on with their lives. "

Then he looked up at them.

"Except for me. "

The young student asked carefully:

"What do you have to do with this?"

The man's voice sounded slower and deeper.

"My brother was in that accident."

There was a brief silence in the tunnel.

The journalist spoke in astonishment.

"An order?"

The man nodded.

"Yes."

The young student didn't know what to say for a moment.

"So... why?"

The saboteur closed his eyes.

"Because after that accident, no one truly punished those responsible. Everyone blamed the blame on someone else. "

Then he opened his eyes again.

"I wanted to make people feel the same fear. "

The security guard spoke sternly.

"By killing innocent people? "

The man did not answer.

He just looked at the ground.

After a while, the sound of police sirens was heard in the distance.

Rescue teams were heading towards the station.

The journalist took a deep breath.

"The truth will come out. "

The young student was looking into the darkness of the tunnel.

He had only one thing on his mind.

That little boy who had died years ago.

Emir.

When they returned to the station, the sun had fully risen in the morning. Sunlight was shining on the platforms, and people were slowly returning to their daily routines.

But what happened that night completely changed the lives of several people.

While the police were taking the saboteur away, the young student stood on the platform.

He looked at the rails.

Another train accident could have happened just now.

But this time, people didn't remain silent.

The journalist approached him.

"Do you know," he said.

"Sometimes, the action of a single person can change everything."

The young student nodded.

"Yes."

Then he looked at the rails once more.

"Maybe that's exactly what Emir wanted."

The journalist asked in surprise.

"What?"

The young student smiled slightly.

"Instead of people getting scared and remaining silent... changing things."

At that exact moment, a short static noise was heard from the station's old speakers.

Everyone paused for a moment.

Then, for a very brief moment, a voice was heard.

A familiar child's voice.

"Thank you."

The voice disappeared immediately.

It was as if it had never been heard.

The young student looked up at the station.

But nothing was visible.

Only the morning light...

people's footsteps...

and trains rolling along the tracks.

Life was going on.

But everyone who was there that night now knew this:

Sometimes it takes no great power to stop a disaster.

Sometimes it takes only...

one person being brave at the right time.

And that night...

Instead of silence, courage was chosen.

End...

