A Light on the Water

At the end of the pier, Mara waited for the evening ferry.
Across the bay, a single light appeared and disappeared again.
She took the small notebook from her coat and opened it.



A bell rang twice. The boat turned slowly through the last long stripe of sunlight. Mara watched as its windows came into view. Someone inside leaned forward and waved.



The Far Shore

By the time the ferry reached the other side, the sky was dark. A woman in a green coat waited beside the steps. She held a lantern in one hand and a folded letter in the other.

Mara closed the notebook. She could finish the story tomorrow. Tonight she wanted to hear the harbor, the water, and the footsteps on the wooden stairs.