



She is slowly rocking and rattling, the Number-80-Tram, heading towards the terminal.

The wheels squeak going through the bends and the old trollies groan and moan silently to themselves. They sense the old age but they still keep going. The wooden seats are uncomfortable and the windows became clouded behind the black curtains. But from the outside the yellow carriages look still like new, almost new, as here and there the paint is peeling off and gives a picturesque touch to it.

It is far too late to paint it all over again.

In the mean time the last passengers left the train, and I continue on my own, slowly and peacefully through a landscape that does not exist anymore.

Now the train gets even slower. But time does not count anymore, time does not mean money anymore, time is the last grain of sand that drops down, time is nothing but measurable nothing. The tram jingles for the last time. The last ray of sun falls through the cloudy windows. And outside a small boy waves at the passing tram...