

Yorkton Station concourse,
approaching the witching hour.



Right,
I'm off Frank.
Just the last train
to come in.

Night,
Station
Master.

23:50



Tickets please.
Thank you....
thank you.

23:55



Sorry Sir,...
didn't see you in the
shadows. No trains until
06:00 now.

I'm **waiting**
for a friend. We
promised we would
both meet up at
this spot.

We **parted**
just in front
of this office
twenty years
ago.



I've been lucky, I
made **my fortune**. But my friend, is a more-stay-
at-home person. A bit of a **plodder**. It will be
interesting to see how
he has fared.

