

A misty, atmospheric photograph of a train station. In the foreground, a dark wooden upright piano sits on a wet, reflective platform. In the background, a train is visible on the tracks, and several tall, dark lampposts line the platform. The scene is shrouded in a thick mist, creating a sense of solitude and mystery.

A STORY IN TEN STOPS

Il treno delle ore perdute

(The Train of Lost Hours)

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A journey through missed chances, unspoken words
and the lives left beyond the window. Each stop brings
the traveller closer to a simple truth: time does not give
back what has been, but it can teach us how to inhabit
what remains.

There is a train that appears
only once in a person's life.
It does not follow ordinary tracks.
It travels through the lost hours.

Every carriage holds something
that was abandoned:
a love never declared,
a letter never sent,
a decision never made,
a journey never taken,
a promise forgotten.

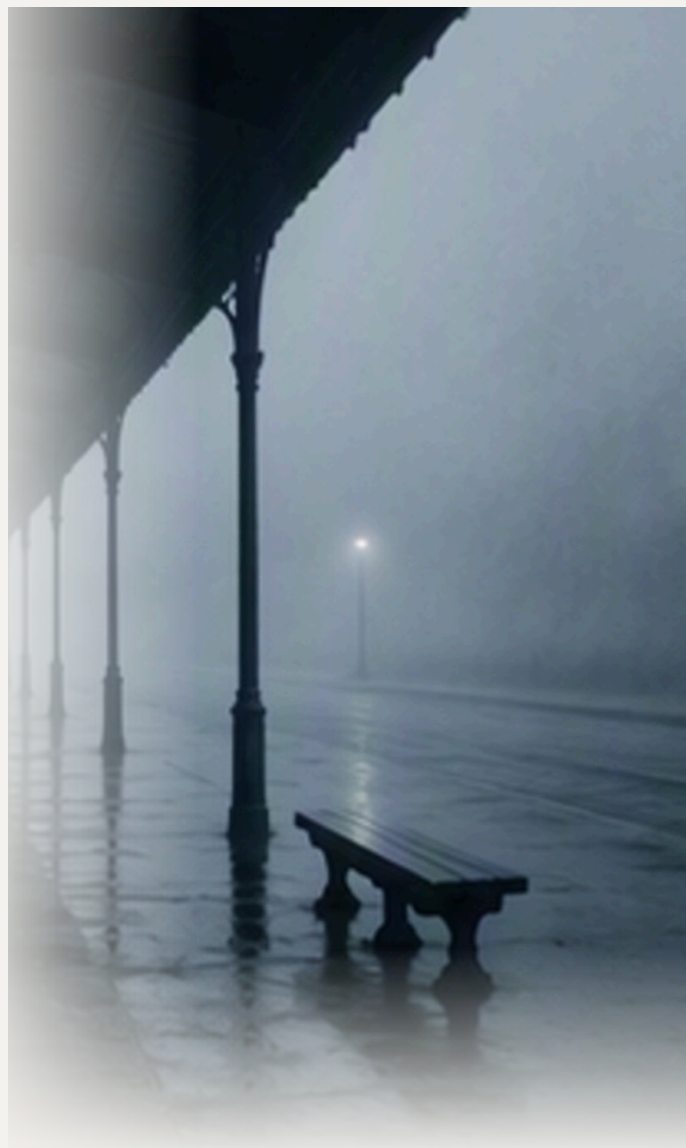
This is the journey.

La stazione senza orologi

(The Station Without Clocks)

One night a man finds himself in a station he does not remember ever visiting. There are no clocks, no departure boards, no travellers. The fog erases every horizon. The benches seem to have been waiting for someone for decades.

Walking along the platform, he discovers that every sign is without a name. As he is about to leave, a light appears in the distance. It is a train advancing without a sound. For the first time he understands that he did not arrive there by chance.





Ultima chiamata

(Last Call)

A metallic voice comes from the loudspeaker. It announces no destination, only a single phrase: «Last call». No one else seems to hear it. The train doors open slowly and the guard stands motionless in the doorway. The man hesitates. He knows that boarding means abandoning something, even if he does not know what. When he steps into the carriage, the landscape disappears into the fog and the station stays behind him like a memory already distant.

Il vagone delle parole non dette

(The Carriage of Unspoken Words)

The carriage is empty, yet thousands of voices resound in the air. Broken sentences, confessions never finished, letters never sent. Every word belongs to someone who never found the courage to speak it. Among those voices the man recognises one: his own. He hears a declaration of love never made, a plea for forgiveness caught in the throat and a farewell he was unable to say. Every sentence still seems to be waiting to be set free.





Venti euro per il destino

(Twenty Euros for Fate)

Crossing into the next carriage, the man notices ordinary objects: a crumpled receipt, a coin, a train ticket, a pizza left half eaten. The conductor explains that fate does not change only during great events, but also in the details that seem insignificant. A delay of a few minutes, a casual choice, a road taken without thinking. Behind every object hides a completely different life that could have existed.

La donna del binario zero

(The Woman on Platform Zero)

The train slows before a small station. Beneath a lit shelter sits a woman he does not know.

When their eyes meet, the man feels something impossible to explain. He has never met her, and yet he knows her. The conductor reveals that she would have been part of his life if, on a distant day, he had made a different decision. The train pulls away. The figure stays motionless on the platform, until the fog erases her.





Il controllore

(The Conductor)

At last the man finds the courage to speak to the conductor. The figure in uniform has an ancient gaze and seems to know everything about his life. He does not check the ticket. He checks the regrets. He lists forgotten events, people lost and roads never taken. He does not judge and does not console. He merely records what has been left behind. Before walking away he says something enigmatic: «No one loses time. It is time that keeps us».

La città che non ho visto

(The City I Never Saw)

Through the window an immense city appears, crossed by rivers of light. The buildings, the streets and the squares seem familiar. The conductor explains that this is the city where the man would have lived had he found the courage to leave many years earlier. Behind every window a different version of his existence unfolds. He can watch it all, but he cannot enter. The city slides slowly past the train, like a dream that refuses to stop.





Fermata: ieri

(Stop: Yesterday)

The train halts before a sign worn away by time. On it is written only: «Yesterday». The doors open for the first time. The man tries to step down, but an invisible force stops him from crossing the threshold. On the platform he sees scenes from his own past: mistakes, joys, chances lost. Everything is a few metres away, and yet it remains out of reach. In that moment he understands that the past can be remembered, but never inhabited again.

L'ultimo vagone

(The Last Carriage)

At the end of the train there is a closed door that everyone avoids. When he finally manages to open it, the man expects to find his greatest regrets. Instead the carriage is completely empty. No object, no memory. Only silence. At its centre stands a mirror. Drawing closer, he understands that the journey was never about what he had lost, but about what he keeps looking for. For the first time he looks at himself without nostalgia and without fear.





Le ore ritrovate

(The Hours Regained)

At dawn the train returns to the station where it all began. The fog dissolves slowly. The man steps onto the platform and turns towards the train, but the carriages are already vanishing. Suddenly he understands that none of the hours seen during the journey has been lost. Every mistake, every renunciation and every missed chance has built the person he has become. When the train disappears, the station finally finds a name again: Present.

The past can be observed, but not inhabited.
The present, on the other hand, is still
waiting to be given a name.

Il treno delle ore perdute

(The Train of Lost Hours)

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