

A gloomy rainy day welcomed people arriving at the station and those leaving, who were hoping to escape the town of despair. The sky was dark and depressing like Mr Donovan's heart and there was no spark of light shining in the town.

The lonely man sat all alone on the bench, staring at the joyous people arriving in town. He looked at the seat next to him, with his tears rolling down his bright red cheeks. Mr Donovan was looking at the butterfly necklace closely and his old, wrinkly fingers ran through the gold. It was the gift he wanted to give his late wife on the day of the accident.

"Hi, I'm Farfalla. It means butterfly in Italian. Are you waiting for the next train?" she whispered as she sat down on the empty seat. Mr Donovan's eyes opened wide and he gasped for air as soon as he saw her. Deep ocean blue, with the light brown sparkles in her eyes. Just like his late wife.

"Come on Farfar!" a female voice shouted. "We have no time to lose. We need to find him."

"We have to rush, bye Sir!" exclaimed Farfalla. He watched her leaving silently in shock of her resemblance to his late wife. The girl was about ten years old and had blonde hair like him when he was young. It was the first encounter that led to their friendship.

Farfalla felt very close to this old man. Something inside guided her to sit next to him and made her comfort him. She would make Mr Donovan's smile lift up everytime they saw each other and brighten his day. He gifted the butterfly necklace to Farfalla as he felt close to her. There was something about her that made his cold heart melt.

Mr Donovan told his stories about his olden days and about his late wife who tragically perished in the train accident and no body was found. Her beauty and kindness that he carried in his heart and memories since the day they met.

"G'day. Mr Donovan, right? I'm this girl's mother." said Farfalla's mother gently with a calm voice. "I heard a lot about you from Farfalla and I was wondering if you wanted to come over

for our Thanksgiving Dinner?”

“I would be honoured. Thanks for inviting an old man home whose company otherwise would have been loneliness and sorrow on Thanksgiving.” said with his voice trembling and cracking apart.

He wore his best clothes he had and carried a bouquet of flowers. Golden daisies for her hair, blue cornflowers for her eyes and pink roses for her lips. As he stepped on the doorway, his fingers were shaking as he pressed the doorbell. It was the first time having Thanksgiving with families in fifty years since the day of the train incident.

“Come in!” a familiar voice called. As an old woman opened the door, Mr Donovan called out  
“Annabella?!”