

The Layover

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Chapter 1 - Stranded

Claire leaned back in her airplane seat, staring out the oval window at the patchwork of clouds below. Her eyelids felt like weights, dragging her down with every blink. The hum of the engines should have been comforting, but instead it pressed on her temples like a slow drumbeat, relentless and numbing.

She had been traveling for nearly twenty-four hours—connections, layovers, shuffling between terminals, dragging her luggage through sterile airport halls. Every muscle in her body ached, her joints stiff, her fingers cramping from gripping her carry-on too tightly. Her neck throbbed, her head swam, and she could feel the fine tremor of fatigue crawling into her bones. Sleep had been patchy, broken, too short to heal the weariness gnawing at her insides.

Then, mid-flight, the voice came over the intercom, calm but clipped:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to inform you that due to missed connections, you will not be able to catch your connecting flights upon arrival. Airport staff will assist you with accommodations."

Claire blinked slowly. The words sank like stones into her chest. Missed connections. Missed flights. She couldn't remember the last time she'd slept properly. Her thoughts jumbled, anxiety prickling under her skin.

She tried to force herself to focus, to think through the logistics. Which terminal? Where would she stay overnight? Could she even make it to the hotel shuttle without collapsing? The questions bounced in her mind like errant sparks, setting her nerves alight.

The minutes dragged, each second a hammering echo against her exhaustion. Around her, passengers murmured, some silent in their own anxious reverie, others flipping through screens, tapping phones, or whispering to travel companions. Everything felt distant, dreamlike, as if she were seeing the world through a fogged glass.

When the plane finally touched down, the familiar grind of landing sent another wave of fatigue crashing over her. Her legs felt like wet ropes as she stumbled down the jetway. The airport, usually a place of mechanical motion and light, stretched out before her like an endless maze of fluorescent halls and polished tile. Her stomach twisted in exhaustion; she felt untethered, like a leaf caught in a slow current.

At the terminal, she was met with the sterile glow of overhead lights and the low hum of escalators. Signs directed passengers toward accommodations for missed connections. She moved like a ghost, dragging her rolling bag, every step an effort. Around her, people moved in quiet clusters, voices muted by exhaustion or routine. She barely noticed them.

The clerk at the counter gave her a sympathetic nod, handing over a small voucher for a nearby hotel shuttle. Claire nodded numbly, words failing her. She didn't care about hotels. She didn't care about directions. All she wanted was to collapse somewhere dark and quiet, to let her body fold into itself and disappear.

Instead, she found a chair near the terminal gate and sank into it like a stone. Her body folded awkwardly, her head lolling to the side, one hand gripping her bag strap. Around her, the terminal stretched in soft, dim fluorescent light. The low murmur of conversations, the distant announcements, the shuffle of feet—all blended into a lullaby of monotony and exhaustion.

She closed her eyes for a brief moment. Just a moment. But the moment stretched. The hum of the terminal twisted in her mind, a low, vibrating resonance that pressed against her temples. She opened her eyes, and for a second, the light seemed... wrong. A flicker at the corner of her vision. A shadow she couldn't place.

She shook her head. Too tired. Too stressed. Too far gone to trust her senses. She told herself it was exhaustion, her mind playing tricks. She forced herself to sit upright, adjusting her position.

Time passed, and the terminal grew quieter. Travelers drifted in and out, most moving silently, their faces blurred in fatigue. Claire's own eyelids drooped, heavy as lead. She could feel sleep creeping over her, threatening to pull her under in fragmented, uneasy slivers.

She tried to focus on her breathing. Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. Keep alert. Keep awake. But the quiet of the terminal was seductive, whispering of dark corners, of stillness. Her vision blurred, her thoughts scattered. She blinked slowly. She could almost feel herself slipping.

Somewhere in the distance, she thought she heard a soft, maternal voice. But it wasn't real—her mind, frayed at the edges, had conjured comfort where there was none. She shook herself again, grimacing. Not real. Not real. Focus. Stay awake.

And yet, the thought lingered, a seed planted deep: **maybe she wasn't supposed to sleep yet. Maybe the night wasn't only about waiting.**

She rubbed her eyes, straightened in the chair, and stared at the glimmering stretch of the terminal ahead. Somewhere past the endless gates, past the faint echoes of announcements and rolling luggage, the long night awaited her. And Claire knew, deep in that exhausted, fragile corner of her mind, that it would be **longer and stranger than she could imagine.**

Chapter 2 - Waiting

The terminal felt impossibly large, cavernous, stretching into dimly lit corridors that seemed to ripple and shift at the edges of her vision. Every sound was too loud and too close: the echo of rolling luggage, the distant hum of a cleaning machine, the soft murmur of travelers' conversations. Even the squeak of a cartwheel seemed to vibrate directly into her skull.

Claire dragged her bag along, each wheel a weight against the tile, each step a reminder of how exhausted she was. She'd been awake for nearly twenty-four hours, punctuated only by rushed layovers and cramped airplane seats. Her joints ached, her neck stiff and sore, her head pulsing with a dull throb that would not relent.

She tried to focus on something simple. Her phone. Maybe a text to someone back home, maybe a quick scroll through social media. But her thumbs felt heavy, her eyes too tired to follow the words. Everything she read seemed distant, abstract, unreal. The terminal stretched on forever, each announcement, each flicker of fluorescent light making the walls feel closer, oppressive.

Her gaze drifted to the passengers. Most were hunched over phones or laptops, some drifting into half-sleep in the uncomfortable chairs, bodies curled inward. She caught glimpses of faces in the reflections on the polished floor, shadows moving unnaturally, and her stomach tightened. Had one of those reflections... lingered too long? Something almost wrong? Her mind scrambled, searching for an explanation. Fatigue. Surely fatigue.

She walked, dragging herself in loops across the gate area, trying to keep alert. She counted steps, silently, over and over, focusing on her own breathing. Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. The mantra helped, but only barely. Sometimes she thought she heard a soft whisper in the distance, a voice she didn't recognize, but the terminal was quiet. Perhaps it was her own imagination. Perhaps it wasn't.

Time lost all meaning. One moment she was passing the coffee kiosk, the next she was leaning against a wall, pressing her palms into the cool tile, head spinning. The terminal had become a kind of limbo, neither day nor night, neither safe nor dangerous. Every small detail felt loaded with significance—every shadow, every flicker, every hum of machinery.

And then she thought she saw movement out of the corner of her eye. Something human-shaped, yet... not quite.

Chapter 3 First Sightings

Hours later—or perhaps it had only been minutes—Claire slumped into a hard chair near one of the boarding gates. Her eyelids drooped, heavy and impossible to lift, yet she forced them open. That’s when she saw it: familiar faces from her flight, walking casually through the terminal, but... broken. Half of each person was skeletal, the bone visible beneath semi-translucent skin, yet the other half appeared entirely normal.

She blinked, rubbed her eyes, and looked again. They were still there. A man moved past, pulling a small carry-on, his arm partially stripped down to bare bone, fingers curling with a subtle, unnatural grace. A woman nearby stretched, her shoulder and collarbone hollowed to reveal skeletal structure, yet she yawned, sipping coffee as if nothing were unusual.

Claire’s breath caught. Her first impulse was to speak, to ask them if they could see her, if they were real—but no words came. Her tongue felt thick, heavy in her mouth. They were oblivious to her presence, continuing mundane activities as though everything was normal.

A child ran past, backpack bouncing, half-skeleton legs moving naturally. Claire’s heart raced, stomach twisting. She tried to tell herself it was exhaustion, hallucination brought on by sleep deprivation and stress. But every time she looked away and back again, the skeletal passengers were still there, undisturbed, mundane and horrifying.

Some were eating sandwiches, sipping bottled water, scrolling phones. One elderly man closed his eyes in a chair and drifted into sleep, his jaw slack and one half of his skull stark white beneath skin. Claire felt a shiver crawl down her spine, her pulse hammering in her ears. She looked for something to hold on to—a backpack, a tile, her own reflection—but the world felt unstable, slipping, impossible.

She began pacing in small loops, forcing herself to move, to stay awake, to anchor herself in what she assumed was reality. But every time she passed a skeletal passenger, her chest tightened. One woman passed her chair, her skeleton arm extended to adjust her bag handle. Another man stretched, revealing a ribcage through a half-flesh torso. Each sight, mundane yet impossible, gnawed at her mind.

Then, across the terminal, she noticed her first hint of the flight attendant. She was standing by a kiosk, calm, serene, uniform crisp, a faint smile on her lips. There was something in her gaze, something soft but commanding, that made Claire’s heart slow for just a fraction of a second. She didn’t know why, but she felt drawn-anchored in a way that no skeletal passenger could

unnerve her. Something about her presence felt... otherworldly. Like a guide, patient and waiting, quietly watching over a fragile traveler drifting too close to the edge.

Claire shook her head. She had to be hallucinating. It was fatigue, it had to be. And yet, despite the panic gnawing in her chest, a small, inexplicable thread of calm ran through her, tethered to that quiet figure across the terminal.

Chapter 4 - Escalation

Claire wandered further into the terminal, dragging her bag over the polished tile floor with heavy, uneven steps. The hum of the air vents and the distant rolling of luggage wheels made her head throb with a slow, unrelenting pulse. Every surface glimmered under the fluorescent lights, sterile and cold, reflecting her jittery movements back at her.

She tried to anchor herself in something familiar-checking her boarding pass, tracing the lines of the gate numbers-but the terminal seemed to stretch unnaturally, corridors lengthening, shadows deepening. Her exhaustion made the environment fluid, mutable; the tile beneath her feet seemed to shift subtly, the walls breathing with the hum of the terminal. She was acutely aware of her own heart, pounding erratically, her hands clammy and shaking.

Then she saw them again.

The passengers from her previous flight, moving through the terminal as if nothing were unusual, but grotesquely altered. Half of each person was skeletal, the other half flesh and clothing. At first, they were at the edges of her vision-blurred, like apparitions-but now they were closer, clearer, impossibly detailed.

A man sat at a charging station, hunched over his phone. She caught sight of his arm: bare bone, ivory-white against the black fabric of his sleeve, tendons and sinew stark against the tile. His fingers typed with a slow, deliberate rhythm, unaware of their skeletal state. He was normal and impossible all at once. Claire's stomach lurched. She looked away quickly, closing her eyes for a moment, trying to shake herself, telling herself it was fatigue. She opened them again. The man had not moved. Not in the way normal people move.

Across the terminal, a young woman stood near a coffee kiosk. Her shoulder and upper arm were revealed to the bone as she lifted a cup to her lips. The movement was casual, mundane. Claire's chest tightened. It was as if the world had folded itself inside out, presenting the impossible as normal.

She kept walking, desperate to stay moving, to convince herself this was all in her head. Yet the skeletal passengers persisted, drifting through her vision like living ghosts. One elderly man reclined in a chair, hands folded across his chest. One side of his face was hollow, the eye socket empty, jaw clenched in quiet repose. Across the terminal, a mother adjusted a stroller, her forearm a lattice of exposed bone as she pushed it gently along.

Claire's breathing grew ragged. She felt the tightness in her chest expand, curling like a vice around her ribs. The terminal, usually neutral, now felt hostile, each shadow a threat, each flicker of light a warning. She tried to ground herself-counting tiles, repeating her mantra: *inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale.* But the skeletal figures made her doubt her own mind. Were they hallucinations? Or was this something... else entirely?

Her legs trembled, threatening to buckle under the weight of exhaustion and fear. She stumbled to a nearby water fountain, taking a few tentative sips, the cool liquid washing over her tongue.

Her reflection in the polished steel of the fountain distorted her face, and for a fleeting moment, she thought she saw a glimmer of the skeletal structure beneath her own skin. Heart hammering, she shook her head violently. Too tired. Too far gone. She had to be imagining things.

Then she noticed movement elsewhere—a small group of skeletal passengers clustered near a newsstand. They read magazines, flipped through newspapers, sipped coffee, completely unaware of her gaze. They didn't speak to her. They didn't interact. They simply existed, performing mundane activities while half their bodies were starkly, horrifyingly bare. A mother combed a child's hair, revealing the child's skull beneath one side of the soft hair. The tableau was quiet, domestic, and utterly surreal.

Claire's mind flailed for explanations. Exhaustion, sleep deprivation, stress. It had to be. Otherwise, what was happening? Yet the skeletal passengers persisted, constant and unblinking, ordinary and impossible.

Through the chaos of her rising panic, she caught sight of the flight attendant again. The woman stood near a kiosk, serene, composed, an almost **mythic presence amid the impossible**. Her uniform was crisp, her expression soft but knowing. She did not speak to Claire, but her gaze lingered as if measuring, guiding, waiting. The calm emanating from her was alien and comforting at once, like a lifeline dangling over the chasm of Claire's fraying consciousness.

Claire took a deep, shuddering breath. Her legs shook violently. The skeletal passengers were moving closer now, drifting past her in slow, deliberate motions. She stumbled, pressing her palms against the cool tile walls, trying to orient herself. The terminal lights flickered, casting strange shadows that made the skeletal figures appear to float, unbound by gravity or normal perception.

Her vision blurred. Panic pooled in her stomach and chest, a cold, sinking weight. Sweat clung to her temples. Every muscle in her body screamed for rest, for escape, but there was nowhere to go. She was caught in the terminal, suspended in an impossible liminal space between wakefulness and collapse, reality and hallucination.

Somewhere behind her, a child's laugh echoed, but hollow, distant, as if traveling from the end of a long tunnel. Claire spun, but no one was there. She felt her knees give way. Her pulse thundered in her ears. She wanted to scream, but no sound came.

And then, she remembered the serene presence across the terminal—the flight attendant, calm, watching, waiting. A tiny thread of focus, a sliver of sanity, clung to her in the chaos. She forced herself to move toward that thread, drawn by something she could not articulate. Something in her chest whispered: *listen, follow, survive.*

Her hands shook as she pressed herself against a nearby wall, breath shallow and fast. She was trembling uncontrollably now, on the edge of collapse. The skeletal passengers moved around her, silent, performing mundane acts as if to mock her panic, unblinking, unstoppable.

Claire's heart raced. Her vision swam. She knew what she needed, even if she didn't know why. Somewhere near that serene figure-somewhere near the woman who seemed impossibly calm-there was a way to ground herself. A way to survive the night.

And yet, as exhaustion and fear collided in her chest, the terminal seemed to stretch infinitely before her, filled with skeletal forms and impossible shadows. Every step forward felt like wading through a dream she could not wake from. Every heartbeat was a drumbeat of panic.

She closed her eyes, willing herself to focus. Willing herself to hold onto that thin, guiding thread. Willing herself to reach the woman in uniform.

And then, finally, she made the decision: she would go to her, follow that impossible calm... even if it meant stepping into something she could not yet comprehend.

Chapter 5 - Mirror and Water

Claire's legs felt like lead as she shuffled across the terminal, every step a battle against gravity, exhaustion, and fear. Her pulse hammered in her ears. The skeletal passengers from her previous sightings drifted around her, unblinking and indifferent, performing ordinary acts as if her terror were irrelevant. A man adjusted his suitcase, revealing bare bone beneath one sleeve. A woman sipped coffee, her skull half visible beneath translucent skin. Claire's stomach twisted, nausea pooling low.

Somewhere ahead, the flight attendant stood. Calm, serene, unflinching, a beacon of quiet in the chaos of Claire's fraying mind. The woman's uniform was impeccable, her posture perfect. She radiated a stillness that seemed almost impossible, like she was **anchored outside of time**, observing the world and all its absurdities with gentle authority.

Claire approached slowly, each step hesitant, trembling. The flight attendant's gaze met hers. It was soft, measured, and yet it penetrated her panic with the precision of a blade.

"Hey, honey," the woman said, her voice low and velvety, almost otherworldly. "When I'm overwhelmed, I usually splash cold water on my face. It helps me calm down and get a grip on my current situation."

Claire blinked, staring at her. There was something in the cadence, the weight of the words, that made her entire being pause. The flight attendant wasn't just giving advice—there was something **timeless and inevitable** in her tone, as if she had guided countless travelers through this very liminal night. Something about her presence whispered of thresholds, of crossings, of a world Claire could not yet comprehend.

Without thinking, Claire moved toward the restroom. Her hands shook violently, catching the steel counter for balance. She turned the faucet, letting the cold water gush over her palms first, the sudden shock jolting her senses. She cupped her hands and brought the water to her face, the icy liquid burning and shocking, waking her from the thick fog of panic and fatigue.

She straightened abruptly and looked into the mirror—and froze.

The reflection staring back was **half her, half skeleton**. The left side of her face was her own, pale and drawn from exhaustion. The right side was stark white, bone visible beneath taut skin, a hollow eye socket gaping where her real eye should have been. Her jaw shifted unnaturally as she opened her mouth to gasp, revealing teeth stark and glimmering.

Claire's breath hitched. She pressed her palms to her cheeks, feeling the impossible reality beneath her fingertips. Her mind screamed, flailing in panic. *No, no, no... this isn't real... it's just sleep deprivation... hallucinations... too tired... too tired...*

Her knees buckled. She stumbled backward, tripping over her own feet. The terminal swirled around her, fluorescent lights fracturing into shards of color. She could hear the low, mechanical hum of the terminal engines like a heartbeat, punctuating each frantic inhale and ragged exhale.

The skeletal passengers she had seen drifting through the terminal were everywhere now, pressing against the edges of her vision. Their mundane actions-walking, sitting, drinking, reading-were grotesque in her perception, half of them stark, white bones, half ordinary flesh. They did not notice her. They never had. And she felt suddenly, desperately alone.

A strangled sob escaped her throat. Her hands clawed at her hair. Her vision blurred with tears and exhaustion. She wanted to run, to escape, to disappear into the cold floors of the terminal-but she had nowhere to go.

Her pulse thundered violently. She felt sweat pooling on her back, her chest constricted, every breath shallow and panicked. The edges of the terminal seemed to stretch endlessly, doors and walls melting into impossible angles. The skeletal passengers drifted in and out of her focus, moving through the world in impossible ways.

And then she fell.

The collapse was sudden, violent, and yet strangely quiet. Her knees gave way, her body folding inward as she crumpled onto the cool tile. Her arms curled over her head instinctively, trying to shield herself from the impossible vision of half-living, half-dead travelers. Her eyes squeezed shut. She didn't fight the darkness as it crept over her consciousness. She welcomed it.

Somewhere behind the veil of panic and collapsing vision, she thought she heard the flight attendant's voice again, soft, unwavering, distant: "*Breathe. Calm yourself. Follow the thread.*"

Then everything went black.

Chapter 6 - False Awakening

Claire's eyes flickered open to the soft hum of fluorescent lights and the distant echo of announcements. The ceiling panels glimmered pale and sterile above her. She blinked several times, disoriented, her head spinning with the fog of sleep. The hard tile beneath her body pressed into her side, cold and unyielding, and for a moment, she didn't remember where she was.

Then fragments of memory returned in a chaotic, disjointed wave-the skeletal passengers, the cold water, the mirror, the panic, the flight attendant's serene voice. Her heart began to hammer again. She sat up quickly, rolling to her feet, only to find herself in what appeared to be the terminal for her next flight.

It was eerily normal. No skeletal passengers. No fractured reflections. Travelers moved with ordinary rhythms: carrying luggage, checking phones, sipping coffee. Everything was mundane, comforting in its monotony. Her pulse began to slow, the tightness in her chest was easing just enough to make her dizzy with relief.

She touched her face. Her skin was intact. Her reflection in the tinted glass of a nearby gate looked... normal. Pale, tired, but unmistakably her. The tiles reflected her upright posture, and she could see the soft fall of her hair across her shoulders. Nothing was wrong.

Claire let out a shaky breath, sinking back into a chair. It had been exhaustion. A vivid, terrifying hallucination brought on by sleep deprivation, anxiety, and a night spent in a sterile terminal alone. The skeletal passengers, the mirror, the panic-they had all been manifestations of her fraying mind. That had to be it.

She rubbed her eyes, willing herself to stay awake, to keep alert. After everything she had "seen," she refused to trust herself. No more closing her eyes. No more lapses. She glanced around, her eyes tracking the familiar yet comforting motion of normal travelers: the shuffle of feet, the murmur of voices, the quiet rustle of boarding passes.

Somewhere near the gate, a small child laughed, and Claire flinched, the sound carrying an echo of the earlier surreal terror. But here it was innocent, ordinary. She let herself relax a little. Perhaps she had survived the night's ordeal, and now reality had reasserted itself.

A terminal worker passed by, a cart clattering over the tile floor. Claire noted every detail: the way his jacket hung, the rumble of the cart, the way fluorescent lights gleamed against the metal surfaces. Anchoring herself. She would not lose touch with reality again. She refused.

Still, something about the air felt... off. Not wrong, exactly, but different. Too quiet in some spaces, too bright in others. She shook the thought away. She was being paranoid. Hallucinations

had a residue-they lingered even after the mind was convinced it had dismissed them. That was all this was: residue.

Time passed-or maybe minutes, maybe hours; she couldn't be sure. The terminal slowly filled with more travelers. She observed them carefully, noting the mundane interactions that her exhausted mind might have twisted last night. Everyone was intact, normal. No skeletons. No fractures. Nothing to challenge her perception.

A faint memory surfaced-the flight attendant. The serene figure that had guided her through the panic, the one who had suggested splashing cold water to regain composure. Claire searched the terminal briefly, expecting to see her, to acknowledge her role in the night's ordeal. But she was gone. The absence was unsettling, a subtle tug at the edges of Claire's mind. She let herself believe it was normal, that the woman had simply moved along, guiding others, as terminal staff often did.

Claire leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes just briefly to gather herself. She allowed herself a slow, deliberate breath. Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. Her muscles loosened; the tension in her chest eased. She felt safe-for the moment.

The boarding announcement came, jarring her out of the fog: her next flight was ready. She grabbed her carry-on and moved toward the gate, noting the short connection she would have at the next airport. Everything seemed normal, predictable, safe. She had survived. The nightmare was over.

And yet, as she passed a reflective surface near the boarding gate, she caught a flicker in her peripheral vision. A shadow, perhaps, or a trick of the light? Her heart skipped. She shook her head violently. Too tired. Too paranoid. Hallucination residue, nothing more. She moved on, determined to stay rational, grounded, alive in the real world.

Chapter 7 - The Short Connection

Claire sat in the gate area, her legs still trembling from the night's ordeal, though she refused to think about it. Every detail of the terminal-the polished floors, the dull hum of overhead lights, the muted chatter of other travelers-seemed benign, ordinary. The skeletal passengers, the mirror, the panic, the collapse-none of it was real. Just exhaustion. Just hallucinations. She repeated this to herself like a mantra, willing herself to believe it.

Her flight was called, a short connector to another city, another airport. The boarding process was smooth, routine. Claire slung her carry-on over her shoulder, inhaling the familiar scent of recycled air and coffee, feeling a momentary thrill at the mundane normality of travel. She slid into her window seat, pressing her hand against the cool, laminated surface of the armrest. The hum of the engines starting beneath her legs was comforting.

The plane took off without incident. Claire stared out the small window, the city lights below twinkling like distant stars. She let herself relax, leaning back, closing her eyes just briefly. She felt the soft sway of the plane and the familiar vibrations, allowing her body to drift into a state somewhere between wakefulness and rest.

When she opened her eyes again, she realized with a small pang of anxiety that the horizon outside the window had the same pattern of lights, the same sprawling urban grid she had seen departing from her original airport. A shiver ran through her. It couldn't be. She was on a different flight, to a different city.

"Just exhaustion," she muttered under her breath, shaking her head. "Just hallucinations. Nothing else."

The flight attendant passed down the aisle, smiling politely, offering water and snacks. Claire forced a small nod, focusing on the normalcy of the interaction. Every gesture, every detail was grounded, ordinary. Yet her gaze lingered on the attendant longer than usual. There was something familiar in the calm presence, a thread of inevitability she couldn't place. The woman smiled, and Claire felt the same flicker of reassurance she had during the panic in the terminal, a subtle tether to sanity.

Minutes dragged. The flight seemed longer than it should have been, the hum of engines too loud, the faint rattle of the overhead compartments too sharp. Every small noise-the beep of a seatbelt warning, the shuffle of a passenger's feet, the click of a drink can being opened-made her startle. She felt her pulse quicken.

Then the plane began its descent. Claire pressed her hands into her knees, trying to steady herself, willing her mind to remain rational. The city lights below grew clearer, streets and

buildings coming into focus. But something was off. The layout-familiar yet subtly wrong- made her stomach twist.

The plane landed smoothly. Claire followed the crowd down the aisle, keeping her head down, mind tightly gripping the idea that everything was normal, routine, real. Her carry-on clattered against the floor as she hurried toward the jet bridge, eager to leave the confines of the plane.

She stepped into the terminal. At first glance, it appeared ordinary, filled with travelers heading to various gates, luggage wheels rolling, announcements softly echoing overhead. She exhaled, relief flooding through her body.

But as she walked further, she noticed subtle, disconcerting details. The same newsstand she had passed last night was there, but the arrangement of magazines was identical, too precise, as though frozen in time. A couple of passengers waited for a gate assignment, their movements eerily synchronized, almost mechanical. She shook her head, trying to dismiss the feeling.

She moved to the next concourse, following the signs for her connecting gate. The further she walked, the more the terminal seemed... familiar. Too familiar. Every kiosk, every bench, every flickering light mirrored the previous airport, down to the smallest details. Her pulse quickened. *Impossible*, she told herself. *Different flight, different airport. I'm just tired.*

And then she saw them.

Across the terminal, passengers gathered around a large monitor, eyes fixed on a news broadcast. Their faces were normal at first glance, but something in the posture, in the stillness, set her nerves on edge. Claire forced herself to step closer, heart hammering, hands cold.

The broadcast flickered into focus. Words scrolled across the screen, stark and unforgiving: **“Flight 732 - All passengers deceased in crash.”**

Claire froze. Her stomach dropped. Her knees weakened. The skeletal visions she had believed were hallucinations suddenly surged back with terrifying clarity. She looked down at her hands- and for the first time, noticed the faint, unsettling translucence creeping over her skin, the delicate lacework of bone faintly visible beneath.

Her breath hitched. The terminal around her shifted in subtle, horrifying ways. Travelers she had assumed normal-passengers disembarking, walking past her-appeared half skeletal, their flesh and bone interwoven in impossible, silent patterns. She stumbled backward, choking on disbelief and terror.

Her rational mind screamed for answers. Sleep deprivation, exhaustion, hallucination. But nothing could reconcile the crash report with the undeniable reality before her eyes. The skeletal passengers moved through the terminal as if the world had finally folded itself, revealing its hidden truth.

Claire's pulse thundered. Her legs gave way, but she forced herself to stay upright, forcing one step in front of the other. The flight attendant-serene, calm, impossibly composed-stood nearby, watching, waiting. The same faint, eternal thread of reassurance pulled at Claire, but this time it carried something more. Something inevitable. Something she could not yet name.

The airport, the passengers, the mirrored repetition of terminals-it all pressed in on her consciousness like the tide of some unseen river, inescapable, unstoppable. Claire's mind wavered on the edge of panic once again, teetering between disbelief and comprehension.

She realized, with a cold, sinking certainty, that she had not escaped. That her ordeal was not over. That the night, the skeletal passengers, the flight attendant-everything-was far from hallucination.

Chapter 8 - Crossing the Threshold

Claire's legs were unsteady as she approached the gate for her next flight. Each step felt heavier than the last, weighted by exhaustion, dread, and the lingering shock of the news report. The terminal stretched endlessly before her, a maze of polished floors and flickering fluorescent lights, the hum of activity around her muted in the sudden tunnel vision of her terror.

Travelers moved with normal, predictable rhythms-yet something in their posture, in the way their heads tilted, their arms swung, made her stomach knot. Her pulse hammered in her chest, every beat echoing in her ears. She scanned the crowd, her eyes darting between ordinary faces, searching, hoping.

And then she saw it.

A hand. Half flesh, half bone, resting casually on a luggage handle. A man walking, half of his skull faintly visible beneath pale skin. A woman adjusting a backpack, the lattice of her ribs faintly etched through her blouse. Skeletal passengers-once confined to her hallucinations- were now unmistakable, striding, eating, reading, talking without acknowledgment of her gaze.

Her breath caught in her throat. Claire's rational mind screamed-*Exhaustion. Hallucination. Sleep deprivation*. But her eyes could not lie. The skeletal passengers moved with purpose, silent yet profoundly present, existing on a boundary she could not cross, yet could not ignore.

Claire's fingers clenched the straps of her carry-on. Every fiber of her being trembled. The terminal was both normal and impossible, ordinary yet revealed as something else entirely. Her vision blurred with tears and fatigue, and yet she could not look away.

Through the shifting haze of terror, she saw her anchor-the flight attendant. Standing near the boarding door, immaculate in her uniform, her expression serene and unyielding. She did not move to speak, did not gesture. And yet Claire felt a pull, a thread of inevitability stretching from her chest to that calm presence. The attendant's gaze pierced her panic, grounding her in a liminal space that was neither fully real nor fully imagined.

Boarding began. Claire stepped onto the jet bridge, each footstep echoing unnaturally, the metallic surface cold and solid beneath her heels. The skeletal passengers moved through the airport, fading from sight as she entered the plane, but she could feel them everywhere-an awareness, a resonance of presence that pressed against the edges of her perception.

Inside the cabin, the air felt thick, saturated with the hum of engines and the faint scent of recycled air and disinfectant. She slid into her seat, heart hammering, knees shaking, hands slick with sweat. Across the aisle, a man reached for the overhead bin. One side of his arm-flesh- was normal, the other stark bone beneath translucent skin.

Claire's mind recoiled. Every rational explanation, every whispered mantra of hallucination, faltered under the weight of the impossible. She pressed her palms against her eyes, taking shallow breaths, willing herself to stay seated, to survive.

The flight attendant passed down the aisle, silent, serene, radiating that impossible calm. Her gaze lingered on Claire, a tether of inevitability. Claire wanted to speak, to ask, *what is happening?*, but no words would come. The attendant only smiled, faintly, knowingly, guiding her without action, without explanation. Like the river Styx itself, flowing quietly, inexorably, drawing souls to the threshold.

The plane took off. Claire felt the familiar press of acceleration, the sway of lift, but the horizon outside the windows seemed too bright, too vast, stretched like a canvas that had been warped and repainted. Shadows moved at the edges of her vision-passengers flickering between flesh and bone in impossible, silent motions. Every detail of the cabin-the stitching of seats, the latch of overhead bins, the flick of the air vent-was painfully vivid, as if reality had been sharpened and warped simultaneously.

Her breathing grew ragged. Every nerve screamed. She tried to anchor herself in sensation-the cool metal of her armrest, the vibration through her legs, the rhythmic hum of engines-but even that felt unreliable, a fragile tether in a world that had already broken its rules.

Claire pressed her hands to her face again, desperately, trembling. She could not escape the truth pressing against her consciousness. The skeletal passengers were real. The terminal, the planes, the flight attendant-everything she had assumed were hallucinations-was only the beginning of a revelation she was too exhausted and terrified to comprehend.

She pressed herself into her seat, chest heaving, staring at the aisle. Every passenger who moved past her seemed to shimmer, partially skeletal, partially human. A faint, metallic echo accompanied each footstep. The line between life and death, reality and dream, had blurred completely.

The flight attendant paused at the front of the cabin, her calm gaze sweeping over the passengers. Claire felt the impossible pull again, that thread of inevitability. The woman was not just guiding passengers; she was guiding them *through*, across a threshold Claire had only glimpsed in panic and half-formed hallucinations.

The plane climbed higher. Claire closed her eyes, wishing desperately for normality, for safety, for any semblance of ordinary existence. But she knew now-it was gone. She was no longer a traveler among the living. She was among something else entirely.

And as the cabin lights flickered with the plane's ascent, the skeletal passengers moved like shadows, brushing against the edges of her vision, silent, eternal, and impossible.

Claire exhaled a long, shuddering breath. She was no longer certain of the world she had once known. And she could feel, deep in her bones, that she was approaching a crossing she could not turn away from.

Chapter 9 - Revelation

The plane had leveled at cruising altitude, the cabin humming with the soft, constant drone of engines. Claire sat rigid in her seat, heart hammering, eyes darting between passengers who moved in quiet, unremarkable ways-but somehow, not quite right. The edges of her vision seemed to ripple, a subtle vibration she couldn't explain. Every movement, every gesture seemed stretched, half-formed, fractured.

She pressed her palms to her face, inhaling shallowly, trying to anchor herself in the familiar: the seat under her, the metal tray, the muted overhead light. But no matter how firmly she grasped at reality, the shadows persisted. The skeletal passengers she had glimpsed before, now unmistakable, flickered along the edges of her perception, each one a ghostly echo of the impossible.

The flight attendant appeared at the front of the cabin, her uniform crisp, her expression impossibly serene. She moved with a deliberate grace, silently passing between rows, checking safety harnesses, guiding passengers with eyes that seemed to pierce both time and space. She was both present and distant, a being outside the plane's mechanics, outside the constraints of life as Claire knew it.

And then the announcement came from the captain, a calm, mechanical voice that seemed out of place, almost dissonant:

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have an incoming message from your connecting airport. Please direct your attention to the monitor at the front of the cabin.”

Claire's pulse hit her throat. Her fingers clenched the armrests as the screen flickered to life. The news broadcast that followed made her stomach drop, a slow, icy horror spreading through her chest.

“Flight 732-All passengers deceased in crash.”

Her breath caught. Every rational thought fractured in that instant. The skeletal visions she had thought were hallucinations, the panic, the terror, the impossible reflections-none of it had been imagined. Her mind struggled to reconcile the words on the screen with the scene around her. She looked down at her hands.

Half of her fingers were pale, skeletal, faintly visible beneath skin that seemed almost translucent. Her nails were shadows of themselves, a lattice of bone and sinew. The reality she had clung to, the explanation of exhaustion, hallucination, sleep deprivation-it was gone. She was caught between two truths: the world she had known and the world she had glimpsed in panic, now fully unveiled.

Her eyes darted across the cabin. Every passenger she had seen was shifting, subtle at first, then unmistakable. Flesh and bone intertwined in impossible, silent forms. A man adjusted his glasses, the left side of his face normal, the right skeletal, teeth visible beneath skin stretched taut. A woman leaned over a child's shoulder, the child's small skull peeking through soft hair. They moved, unblinking, unacknowledging her gaze, a muted parade of the impossible.

Claire staggered to the aisle, trembling violently. Her pulse raced, each beat echoing in her ears. She wanted to scream, to call out, to demand explanation-but her voice refused to form. Words would not come. Only panic, raw and unfiltered, pulsed through her veins.

The flight attendant approached, her movements fluid and calm, her gaze fixed on Claire with impossible clarity. She stopped before Claire, hands folded neatly, an anchor in the storm of impossible reality.

"You see them now," she said softly, almost a whisper, yet resonant with authority. "You see what is. You understand what most cannot."

Claire could only nod, unable to speak. Her chest heaved, tears spilling down her face.

"They are caught between worlds," the attendant continued. "You were given a glimpse last night because you were on the edge, awake and exhausted. Now you are awake, and you see clearly. What is revealed to you is not a hallucination. It is the threshold. And I am here to guide you."

The words hung in the cabin like a tangible presence. Claire's mind struggled, grasping at comprehension. The skeletal passengers were not figments; they were caught in a liminal space, suspended between life and death. And the flight attendant-the serene, unyielding figure-was their guide. She moved through the cabin like the river Styx incarnate, shepherding souls across a threshold Claire could now see but not yet understand.

Claire felt herself trembling uncontrollably. Her eyes flitted between the passengers and the attendant, between the cabin and the impossibility of her own skeletal hands. A low, mechanical hum filled the air, subtle but pervasive, as though the plane itself was aware of the revelation unfolding.

She stumbled forward, trying to ground herself, to reconcile the impossible with the real. The attendant's hand brushed lightly against her arm, not to touch, but to steady, to guide. "It is not your time," she said, her voice a balm against the terror. "But you must see, you must understand. They are not gone-they are moving on, and so will you."

Claire's breath hitched. The cabin shimmered. Passengers she had once seen as normal now revealed their duality fully, flesh and bone intertwined in silent, incomprehensible unity. She staggered to the aisle, heart hammering, mind unraveling, yet tethered by the impossible serenity of the attendant.

And in that moment, Claire understood: she had been given a glimpse of a reality most could not see, a liminal truth suspended between life and death. She was still alive-but she was on the edge,

walking alongside the dead, guided by the presence of the river itself, embodied in the flight attendant who moved among them with grace, authority, and inevitability.

Her knees buckled, and she fell to the floor once more, tears streaming freely. The skeletal passengers moved past her, silent, ordinary, eternal. The flight attendant knelt briefly beside her, a hand hovering near Claire's shoulder, an anchor without touching, a guide without command.

"You will move forward," she whispered. "But remember. The world is not always what it seems. And the threshold... is always waiting."

Claire pressed her palms to her face, trembling, and finally let herself sob. Not from exhaustion. Not from fear. But from the impossible, undeniable weight of revelation.

The plane hummed on, carrying them forward. Claire closed her eyes, holding onto the tether of the attendant's presence, understanding for the first time the true nature of the night she had survived-and the impossible journey she was still walking.

Chapter 10 - Final Crossing

Claire's eyes opened to the hum of the engines, the cabin dimly lit by the orange glow of reading lights. The air felt heavier than usual, saturated with a tension she could no longer ignore. She pressed her palms to her face, trembling, aware of every sensation: the rough texture of the armrest, the vibration through the plane's fuselage, the faint scent of recycled air. Yet nothing felt real.

Her hands-half skeletal, half flesh-trembled in her lap. She stared down at them, disbelief giving way to icy understanding. This was no hallucination. The skeletal passengers, the mirrored reflections, the impossible repetition of terminals-they were all real. The world she had thought familiar had been a thin veneer over something older, something unyielding, something eternal.

Around her, passengers moved quietly, their motions almost ritualistic. Flesh and bone intertwined seamlessly, the two states coexisting in impossible balance. Some shuffled, some ate, some read, but all were aware of the threshold, all were suspended between life and death. Claire could feel their presence pressing in, a tide of liminal existence washing over her, indifferent and eternal.

At the front of the cabin, the flight attendant appeared again, impossibly calm, impossibly present. She was not a woman of flesh and blood alone, nor of bone alone. She was both and neither, a vessel of the river Styx, a guide between worlds. Her gaze swept over Claire, steady, knowing, unyielding.

"You are ready," she whispered. Her voice carried across the cabin, soft but absolute, a bridge between worlds. "The threshold awaits. Do not fear. It is only a passage. And you... you are still alive."

Claire's breath caught. Alive. The word trembled in her mind like a fragile anchor. But the passengers around her were no longer mere shadows-they were fully revealed. Half skeletal, half living, moving through the cabin in quiet purpose. Their faces were serene, resigned, eternal. Some smiled faintly at her, acknowledging her presence without speaking. Others stared forward, eyes unseeing, tethered only to the liminal space they now inhabited.

Her pulse raced. She wanted to scream, to flee, to hide. But the plane was no longer simply a vehicle through the air; it was a vessel on a river, carrying the living alongside the in-between, guided by a presence she could neither ignore nor fully comprehend.

The flight attendant extended her hand, not touching, but inviting. Claire's mind resisted, screaming with every rational instinct, every survival instinct. And yet, inexorably, she felt herself drawn forward. She rose from her seat, trembling, every step a negotiation between fear and inevitability.

The cabin blurred around her. The passengers moved past, brushing by, their skeletal forms brushing her awareness. She felt cold, a shiver crawling over her exposed bones. Every sound was amplified: the hum of engines, the scrape of luggage, the soft shuffle of feet. Time itself seemed to bend, folding over, stretching, holding her suspended between what had been and what would be.

She reached the flight attendant. Their eyes met, and in that instant, Claire understood. The woman was not just a guide for others; she was a guide for her, for every soul caught between, for every life tethered to the thin thread of existence. She had been preparing Claire, revealing the impossible in fragments, showing her glimpses of truth she was not yet ready to face.

“You must see,” the attendant said, voice soft but resonant. “The world is layered. The living, the departed, the in-between—they coexist. And sometimes, one must witness to understand.”

Claire’s knees buckled. She collapsed to the aisle, tears streaming freely. Around her, passengers brushed past, indifferent yet impossibly aware, some smiling faintly in acknowledgment. She pressed her hands to the floor, feeling the cold metal of the aisle, grounding herself against the tide of the liminal.

And then the final revelation came.

The monitor at the front flickered to life, showing the wreckage of Flight 732. Claire’s eyes widened in horror. Every detail confirmed the truth she had glimpsed but refused to accept: the crash was real. The passengers she had assumed were hallucinations were now undeniably dead—or caught between death and this threshold. She looked down at her hands again—half skeletal, half flesh—and understood that she, too, was suspended on this narrow edge.

The flight attendant knelt beside her, one hand hovering near her shoulder, an anchor without touch. “You are not theirs,” she said. “Not yet. But you are here. Witness. Understand. And when your time comes, you will cross as well.”

Claire gasped, sobbing, trembling, utterly exposed to the impossible reality around her. The skeletal passengers moved past silently, their presence eternal, their purpose inexorable. They were neither terrifying nor welcoming, simply real-reminders of the fragility of life and the inevitability of passage.

She took a shuddering breath, clutching her own hands. Alive. For now. Watching. Learning. And guided by a presence older than memory, calmer than fear, as inevitable as the river itself.

The plane continued on its course. The cabin lights flickered once, twice, then held steady. Outside the windows, the night sky stretched endless and indifferent. Claire pressed her palms to her face and finally exhaled, understanding the impossible: she had survived, she had witnessed, and she was forever changed.

The flight attendant stood, a serene sentinel at the front of the cabin, and with a glance that held eternity in its calm, she moved toward the forward door. A subtle, final reminder: the threshold was always waiting.

And Claire, trembling, exhausted, half alive, half something else entirely, knew-she would never forget.

Authors Thoughts

The story explores the thin line between life and death, reality and perception. The skeletal passengers symbolize mortality, while the flight attendant represents guidance and acceptance. It's about confronting fear and the ways near-death experiences change how we see the world.