

# Bluebird Express

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*This is a story of a Korean Mother who wants to become a child again, since she thinks she's becoming boring a dull. But this is only until she gets as much as excitement she can take. She becomes a character in a fairy tale from a story in a book.*

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# 1 - Chapter1 What ever happened to little miss Korea?

There was an eerie feeling that particular morning. A sort of, indifference between my life, and everyone else's. If living someone's better life means living a fantasy, then most days, I must be dreaming.

I usually don't believe in the fairy tales I read to my kids. Heck, I NEVER believe them. Although its unbelievable and usually inaccurate, its best to keep your kids' imagination run as wild as it can get, am I right? So, I like these stories I read every night, and I always want to read them over and over again. That night, I decided to read the same story that I read to my kids over, to see how much I have changed since I was a child. After I finished realizing how old and boring I really was, I went to my bathroom to get ready for bed.

The next morning I decided I was going to be different. I wanted to become a fun Mom, and not strict like my mother was. With this big decision, I walked to my bathroom, and was getting ready for another day at work. But suddenly, I blacked out with a *thwack!* on the back of my head.

When I woke up, I was up and giddy.

"Are you to be bordin' this here train, ma'am? It'd be time to take off soon," a man called out to me.

"Train...? What train-" oh. My. Goodness.

Just a minute ago, I was absolutely sure that I was in my bathroom wearing my robe and getting ready for work, but when I looked behind me, there it was. A train. No. THE train. The immense load of weight lying restfully on the tracks, weighing as much as two suns and a hundred moons. How is this possible? Quite frankly, I've asked that question to myself ever since my dear daughter Min was brought home from the hospital.

"Good God of Holy Souls... Where am I?!" I screamed in immediate panic.

"Gosh, ma'am. You're at the Bluebird Train Station! You've got your luggage and travelin' clothes, I thought that'd be what you're doin'!"

"I-I'm terribly sorry I yelled at you... I was just- a bit startled, is all," I said more calmly.

"No problems here, ma'am! I've delt with critters stronger than fifty oxen! No trouble be botherin me from a pretty lady as you," he gloated, although I doubt he's ever faced such a beast.

Then, I thought back to what the luggage boy had said, and looked below me. There it was again. My luggage, and I was even wearing my long traveling coat. I opened my case and immediately recognized all of it's contents. But I looked above me, and saw something I definately did NOT recognize. Through what I thought were my eyes, I saw a dream. Perhaps an illusion, and it was mesmerizing. I could've stared at this vast, purple sky for hours, until I was abruptly interrupted.

"So what'll it be, ma'am? Is this train, the train to *your* reality?" he stared straight into my eyes.

"To reality...? What do you mean reality?" I asked, feeling a little awkward.

Then he froze. Like a deer in the headlights, or as I like to say, like a pika to an African sparrow. I'm guessing my words caught him by surprise, although I wouldn't know why.

"Where are you from... miss?" he said in monotone.

"I'm from South Korea. But I moved to America a few years ago," I told him with my unusually perfect english.

"Showsh Koorya? What in the bloody name of mary is Koorya? Cross that. What'd be your name?" he said quickly.

"Min. Min is my name in America. My Korean family calls me Min-jung, but you'd best call me Min."

"Min? Eh, well. My name is Kraveon. It's a common name, but who'dn't like a name like that?" he said with an easy smile, "alright! Off 'ya go then! On to the journey to reality."

Surprisingly without a second thought, I boarded the train and decided to go with it, thinking this might be just another one of my childish dreams.