

# Last Train to San Fernando



**P**enelope always had to go to work early, but first she had to take her six-year-old daughter, Jada, to school.

One hot Tuesday morning they both overslept. They were going to be late to catch their usual train from Port-of-Spain to San Fernando so they had to get dressed speedily. Then they grabbed their bags and kissed Daddy goodbye as they ran out of the house.

**They were running through their neighbourhood towards the main road when Jada suddenly stopped.**

“What are you doing?” asked Penelope, “We’re going to miss the train!”

“I forgot my lunch kit on the counter,” Jada said timidly.

“You have got to be kidding me! Jada, you’re stressing me out! If we miss the train it will be your fault. That was incredibly careless of you,” Penelope shouted.

Jada was ashamed because they had to run back home and people heard Penelope yelling at her.

“Forgot something?” asked Daddy, as he passed her lunch kit over the front gate. “Wouldn’t want you to forget your favourite lunch: bread and egg,” he added.

Penelope rolled her eyes.

“Thanks, Darling. See you later,” huffed Penelope as they ran in the opposite direction.

Twenty minutes and one jumpy taxi ride later, they arrived at the train station all sweaty and nervous.

The train station was a complete mess, with people swarming like bees as far as the eye could see.

“We have to get on that train. If we don’t, we would have to walk all the way to San Fernando,” she told her daughter. “It’s all your fault that we have to wait on all these people to get on the train,” she continued angrily, as they joined the long long line.

Jada paced nervously back and forth, worried that her teacher would be angry with her if she arrived late. After what seemed like an eternity, they finally had two tickets in hand.

*Suddenly a loud whistle came from the train. It meant that it would be leaving in five minutes. Penelope and Jada ran with the wind towards it.*

Penelope got on first. As soon as Jada was about to step on board, the train conductor said, “That’s it, the train is full. No more people can board.”

*Penelope rushed to his side, “Sir, I need to get on with my daughter. We have to get to San Fernando for eight o’clock. We already paid for our tickets.”*

“I’m sorry ma’am, but there isn’t enough space for both of you,” replied the conductor.

Penelope was furious but the conductor was just doing his job. He could not overfill the train because that would be dangerous.

Time was running out; the train gave another whistle and Jada began to cry.

"Please, Mr Train Master! I am begging you, let her on!" pleaded Penelope.

Just when it seemed like there was no hope and they would have to walk, an angel spoke up.

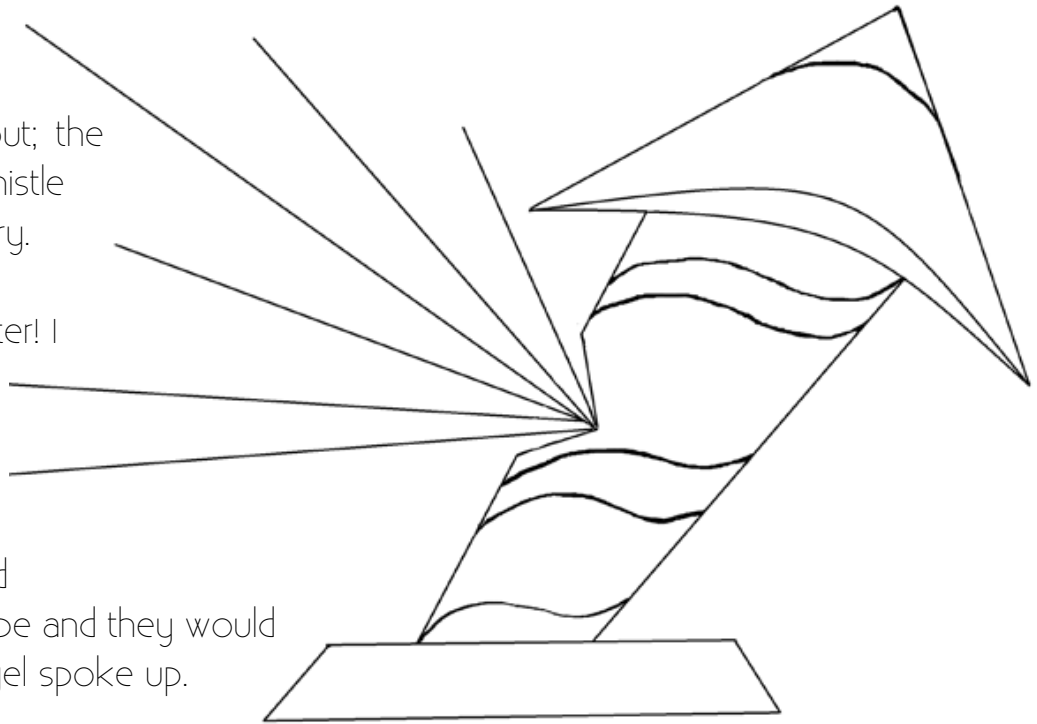
"She can take my seat," said Simran, Penelope's good friend.

"Thank you so much, Simran! You have no idea what this means to me. You must come over and have dinner with us soon," Penelope said.

"It's no trouble. I was just going for a joy ride. Hope you have a great day." Simran replied.

**Penelope dragged Jada onto the train and they were soon off. As Jada got to her seat she took a huge sigh of relief.**

They were so happy they didn't miss the last train to San Fernando.



THE END

---