

TRAIN

Nick sat up, staring into the darkness. He had heard the blast of a whistle, a hissing noise and the rhythmic clatter of steel wheels on steel rails.

"We haven't had a train here since I was a boy," said his Uncle Harry at breakfast. "And as for steam... you must have been dreaming."

Nick didn't argue. When he was small he had eagerly listened to his great-grandfather's tales about the good old days of rail travel when he had lived here.

It was his first time in this small country town and the surroundings were unfamiliar. Belinda, his cousin, led the way through the shortcut to the station. He was surprised to find that the tracks were rusted and had almost disappeared under the blackberry and ivy. The station windows had been boarded up long since, but Nick could just make out the lettering on the sign above the entrance to the ticket-office. The platform sprouted a crop of healthy weeds.

Belinda waited with impatience at the end of the platform. She called to him. Nick, however, was not in any hurry to leave. Standing on one of the rusty rails, he was sure he could feel a vibration.

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Noun count

Average noun frequency level: 5.83

Approximate age range: 12 - 14 years

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