

Tales from a New York City Train Rider

By Nigel

The pushing, pulling, annoying crowd surrounds me five days a week on the train ride to and from school.

It's not easy taking the train. I get pushed around like a rag doll.

And this is how it really goes down on the train.

7:30 a.m. I wait for the train to come like I always do. I can always tell when the train is coming. It's when I see its big round eyes shining on the train track. I can see it long before I hear it.

As soon as I get on the train. I head right for the best spot against the door.

On the train everyone stares at everyone else. I'd rather read the ads "*Help Wanted: Need Somebody Over 19 To Type For Me.*"

"Can you spare me some change?" a homeless man sings.

People stare at him and try their best to get away.

As soon as the homeless man leaves, a man with a bag comes. *\$1.00, \$1.00, everything \$1.00.*

Nobody buys anything. I wonder why he bothers.

A blind man enters the train and hits everybody with his cane until somebody gives him a seat. After a while, he gets off and everybody dashes for his seat.

Soon, I get off the E train and transfer for the R. As I wait for the train, I can smell the lady's perfume next to me. Sometimes, the sweet smell makes me think of food. Other days, it makes me sick.

Nigel's picture book text.

I look on the track, and, not to my surprise, I see a big fat rat going scurrying toward the sewers.

But the troubles of the train unfold when I get home, and I relax in my bed.

And that's what really goes down on the train.

Nigel's text, p. 2.