

## Chapter 3

I run back to the ticket box. The ticket man is not there. I bang on the window. I wait. Nobody comes. There is a door nearby. I bang on that. The ticket man comes to the door. He is holding a cup of tea.

‘The ticket box is shut,’ he tells me. ‘This is when I have my tea. The next train is not till 10.30. You can get your ticket then.’

‘I don’t need a ticket,’ I say. ‘I have a ticket. You sold me a ticket for the 10.20.’

‘Well why are you bothering me when I should be having my cup of tea then? Just sit on that seat and wait, and

at 10.30 you can get on the train. That's all there is to it. Easy.' He starts to shut the door.

'No,' I yell. 'You have to stop the train. You have to stop the 10.20.'

The ticket man calls to his mate, 'This kid wants to stop the 10.20.' He says to me, 'If you were mucking around and missed your train, I can't help it. We are not going to stop all the trains just for a silly kid. Sit down there and wait and when the next train comes, remember to get on.'

He is shutting the door again but I stick my arm in the way.

'No,' I say. 'My sister is on the 10.20. She is just six and she is by herself and a man is going to kidnap her. Please, you have to stop the train.'