

Writing

(b)

Ticket booked, I fell asleep quite late, excitedly while thinking about all the things I would do when I reached the southern part of the country after tomorrow's short train ride. It was going to be so much fun, or so I thought.

My eyes shot open suddenly and I sprung upwards. The sun was gleaming through my curtains and striking my eyes. I checked my phone and to my surprise, it was already 9:15. This meant that I only had fifteen minutes before my train departed. I rushed out of bed and quickly threw on some clothes. My suitcases were already packed and ready, so I did not have to worry about them. I took my phone and quickly ordered a cab. I then gathered my wallet, my house keys, and my headphones. I rushed downstairs, threw on my shoes, and waited outside for the cab. My heart was pounding at this point and I had never felt so worried. When the cab finally arrived, I hopped in and we were off. This ten minute ride felt longer than any other in my life. I jumped out of the car as soon as we reached the station, grabbed my bags, and sprinted. To my dismay, the train had already left moments before my arrival. I thought I was done for, but I saw a bus heading towards the next station. I hopped on and arrived at the next station in twenty minutes. I ran off into the crowd of people to see if the train was there. Luckily, it was and I had managed to get on right before it was leaving. Once I got on, I felt very relieved. After this I knew that I should always set an alarm so I do not oversleep. I also knew that it is important to manage myself better and not stay up late before something as important as going on a trip.