

a large suitcase slipped on the road. Jerry helped the man and took him into a shop so some people could look after him.

Ten minutes later, the man came to Jerry. 'Can you help me? I am in a hurry to get to the South-Eastern Railway station,' he said. 'My accident has made me late and I really need to get to the station in ten minutes; it is very important. I'll pay you twice as much!'

Jerry felt sorry for the man and really wanted to help him. I ran as fast as I could and the man didn't miss his train, but Jerry didn't want the extra money.

'Jack looked like a race horse,' said the other cab drivers when we went back to the cab stand. 'We thought you didn't like speeding for extra money.'

'I didn't get any extra money,' said Jerry.

'You'll never be a rich man,' said Larry again.

'I don't know if he'll ever be rich,' said Governor Grant. 'He deserves to be rich, though!'

Jerry didn't rush, but most customers preferred to use his cab because he was gentle and responsible. One day a gentleman knocked on our door. 'Mrs Briggs would like you to drive her to her daughter's house every Sunday,' said the gentleman.

'I'm sorry,' said Jerry. 'I only work six days a week; I want to spend some time with my family.' The customer left shaking his head.

The next Sunday, Polly walked into the stables. 'Poor Dinah Brown's mother is very sick. She must go to her quickly!' she said.

'Will you be able to take her?'

'Of course I will,' said Jerry. 'It is Sunday today, but this is a different thing!'

We rode all day but it was a lovely ride in the country and Jerry stopped on the way back to pick some flowers for Polly.

When we came home at night, Polly was waiting at the door. 'Oh Jerry, you must be so tired!' she said.

Jerry smiled and gave her the flowers. 'Well, Polly, I didn't lose my Sunday, you know; the birds were singing and Jack enjoyed his day,' he said. 'We had a lovely time.'

