**Write an original story beginning with the words: The train I was travelling by stopped suddenly with a violent jerk………**

**(NAVYA GANATRA 9th JK2)**

‘Good Morning!’ , shouted the cuckoo bird in my room, right into my ears. “Finally, one more day left for the school trip….”, said I with a sigh, striking out one more day on the calendar. Quite common it is and seems to be human tendency, that the day we long for the most comes the latest.

Soon the time came when I and my friends who were to be my roommates then, boarded the train with our luggage for our Delhi-Amritsar trip late in the evening. The best thing of the trip being phones and cameras allowed – we clicked selfies and group photos in which, to our astonishment, our escorting teacher joined us until time, rather light permitted us. Sharp at 9:30pm, the teacher came to take a round and said, “Lights out, kids!” We pretended to wrap things up and snore to glory. Whereas the truth was that as soon as she left we began our party. Darkness was gathering and it started getting cold; so cold that the windows were covered with frost, not allowing the moonlight to fall in. The lights were out so all we culd se were the silhouette of batch mates.

We thought of spending the night in the flashlight of our phones. “It would be so exciting!”, one of us said, while the other expressed her fear. /We are all ‘Potter heads’, I mean Harry Potter fans. We looked out of the window and found ourselves in the middle of a valley. The environment was such as if the dementors were present. We put a blanket on us? And scared the others on the train, as if, we were the dementors feeding on happiness and warmth.

Suddenly the train stopped. People came out of their cabins running, the look of fear on their faces, frightened us. “There has been a short circuit in the engine room. The driver is burnt badly, and the brakes have failed.”; they said, breathing desperately. “Then what about the manual brakes?”, said a brainy friend of ours, whom we often refer to as ‘Newton’s wife’. “What? I saw that in the movie ‘Unstoppable’”, she justified. That was a brilliant idea, and we ran up to the engine room to suggest it.

When we reached there, we found that the engine room was cloaked with the flames of a roaring fire. People tried to enter but were stopped by the flames. Then one of the frightened but still hopeful civilians, trying to help us in the situation, pointed out to the train approaching us. We all understood that if we didn’t slow down, the train would derail and fall into the valley with hundreds of students and other passengers on board.

We did not have much time! What do we do ? we racked our brains and ……”Idea!”, said I, “Some of you just barge into the room wrapping blankets and try to put the manual brakes. Till then me and my friends would request all the passengers to the back of the train and push it in the reverse direction. The weight of thousands would help ensure that there is no havoc created.” We went to work and succeeded.

This was the time of danger when our personality, presence of mind and of course benefits of watching thrill movies is tested. It was an experience worth experiencing. Don’t wory! We reached Delhi safely and got the driver aided.