

The Day Everything Went Wrong

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I have been on many trips in my life, but I have never had a day like last Saturday. My mate Jack and I had arranged a little adventure: a train journey to the mountains, a long walk and lunch in a village that he had recommended. What could possibly go wrong? Well, everything, as it turned out.

The problems started early. I had looked after Jack's dog the night before, and it had woken me up three times, so I slept through my alarm. By the time I got to the station, our train had already left. "We have missed it, haven't we?" said Jack. He was not amused.

We decided not to put off the trip and bought tickets for the next train. Although it was slower, we still felt fairly cheerful. We got on and found two good seats. However, after ten minutes the train stopped completely. A tree had fallen across the line, and nobody could say how long the delay might be.

While we waited, the rain started. Of course it did. It was typical, wasn't it? We had not brought coats, because the weather report had promised sunshine. Jack said the village café might still serve lunch when we arrived, but I was not so confident. I was cold, wet and very hungry.

We eventually reached the village at half past two. The café that Jack had talked about so much was closed on Saturdays. "It was open last year," he said. I could see that he was disappointed, and honestly, so was I. The streets were familiar to him, but everything looked grey and ordinary to me.

Then something unexpected happened. An old woman who lived next to the café saw our sad faces and invited us into her kitchen. She made us sandwiches and hot tea. The atmosphere was warm and friendly, and we felt really grateful. She told us that her son had been a train driver, so she knew how bad the trains could be.

We got home at nine o'clock, tired but smiling. It was the worst trip I have ever had, and also somehow the best. I have definitely learnt one lesson: always take a coat. And next time, I might just stay in bed.