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Travelling by trains is very cheap and comfortable so a railways station is a place full of great hustle and bustle. Here we come across people from different parts of the country in different fashions and colors.

Last Sunday, I went to the Chennai central station to see off my friend. He was going to Calcutta by the Howrah Mail. The waiting hall was crowded with all sorts of passengers. There was a long queue in front of the booking window. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry. A passenger's pocket was picked. But the pickpocket was caught red-handed and handed over to the police. I bought the ticket and came off. We soon reached the platform. The scene there was very interesting. Passengers were waiting eagerly for the arrival of the train. Some were sitting on benches and smoking or reading newspaper. A few were pacing up and down the platform. The vendors were having a busy time. There was rush at tea-stall. The coolies in red uniforms were sitting in a line.

The train stamped in. There was noise and commotions everywhere. There was a great rush at the doors of compartments. Many passengers got down and many more got in. Coolies were seen carrying heavy bundles of luggage on their heads. Children clung to their parents in the great rush. The whole platform was full of noise.

Luckily, my friend got a comfortable seat near a window. Soon all were settled. It was time for the train to depart. The guard blew the whistle and waved the green flag. The engine whistled and the train began to move. There was waving of hands and handkerchiefs. The train gains speed and kept the stations. The platform looked a deserted place once again.