

year N1 week 8 ===story.

The train that would not stay on the track.

Once upon a time there was a train that was tired of staying on the track. 'Why must I run on a track all the days of my life?' asked the train.

'You had much better stay where you are,' said the track. 'I was laid for you to run on and you were made to run on me. Everything is better off in this wo4d if it stays where it belongs.'

But the train would not listen.

'I'm not going to stay here,' he said and he jumped off the track and began to run along the road.

'Keep off!' cried the automobiles. 'This road was made for us. Keep off! Keep off!'

'No such thing!' said the train, 'There's plenty of room on the road for me.'

He ran on down the road. He stopped at the houses for people and trunks and he stopped at the post office for the mail bags. He ran out to the barns for the milk. Everyone was delighted. It was much easier than carrying everything down to the station. But the train took so long that he never got to the end of his trip!

People waited for their trunks and they never came. The letters in the mail bags were so old that no one troubled to read them. The milk was sour and was no good to anyone. People stopped putting their things onto the train and began to send them by automobile instead.

'There now,' said the automobiles, 'no one is using you anymore. You should have stayed on your track as we told you to. The road is no place for you.'

But the train refused to go back to his track. One day he saw a horse running across the fields.

'Why should I stay on the road?' asked the train. 'That looks like fun'

He left the road and started off across the fields.

'You mustn't come here!' cried the horse, 'This is my field. Keep off! Keep off!'

'No such thing,' answered the train. 'There's plenty of room in this field for me.'

Bump, bump, bump went the train across the field until he came to a brook.

'How do I get over this?' asked the train.

'Jump,' said the horse.

'I never jumped in my life,' said the train 'I always have bridges laid down for me.'

'Bridges?' laughed the horse. 'You'd better go back where you belong. The track is the place for you.'

But the train paid no attention to him for just then he heard an aeroplane up in the air.

'That looks like fun,' said the train. 'Why should I stay on the ground? I'm going to fly.'

'Silly,' said the horse, 'you, who can't even jump a brook!' The train tried to fly. He tried with his front wheels. He tried with his back wheels. He tried with all his wheels. He tried until he was tired.

'Well,' said the train, 'there appears to be something wrong. I can't fly. People won't ride on me when I bump across the fields, and they won't send trunks and mail by me when I run on the road. They say I'm too slow. I don't seem to be good for anything! I might as well stay right here and let my fires go out. No one would miss me!'

The train felt lonely and discouraged. He felt he was no longer of any use in the world. Then an idea flashed through his steam pipes.

'I might go back to my tracks,' he thought. 'I wonder if they're still there?'

He crept across the field and down the road to the station There lay the tracks right where he had left them, stretching off in both directions. They looked so safe and smooth! The train gave a great puff of happiness as he climbed back on.

At the station there were many people waiting and a pile of trunks and mail bags.

'This is just where I belong,' whistled the train cheerfully. And from that time on the little train could be seen every day running happily down the tracks, as smooth as could be.