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August 19, 2022

Runaway Train (First Choice)

Creative Skills Development

## Runaway Train

Harvey's blue eyes slowly and painfully opened. He woke up on the floor of what seemed like a train cabin. His head was throbbing, and his hangover was as loud as the thumping and piercing sound of the train wheels on their metal rails. He had no memory of how he got aboard this train that was racing away like the beating of his heart.

Harvey thought to himself, "Have I been sabotaged?" "Is someone playing a cruel joke on me?" He was the only passenger aboard this train from hell. He raced to the front of the train to see who was in charge, but there was an empty seat in the first compartment where the driver would have been. Panic swept through his body like the loud piercing sound of beating tribal drums.

Harvey slumped back in one of the seats and horrible thoughts danced through his mind as if they were in a musical of his torture.

"Where was this train going?" How would it stop?" "Who was behind this madness?", and most importantly, "Will I survive this?"

He had to find answers and he had to find them fast. He was deathly afraid of what might happen to him if he didn't find a solution. He did not have a phone or watch on his person. No help was coming his way. Harvey felt the cold clench of doom spread over him from head to toe.

Harvey's wife was in New York. They were recently having marital problems and he got so mad at her that he stormed out like a hurricane to the nearest bar to drink away all his sorrow

and regret. He wished he could see Jenny one last time more than anything in the world. 2022 doesn't seem to be turning out to be a good year.

He wanted to wipe the slate clean, but he thought, "Will I ever get the chance?" Right now, this was his only chance to save himself and see if that was possible.

"Who threw me on this train, and why?" He suspected someone had spiked his whiskey and crown. "Was it a crazy ex-girlfriend of mine?", he thought. "Could it be a crazy ex who was jealous of my wife and me?"

There could be no way to know for sure. It could have been a friend of his that had a grudge against him. Now wasn't the time for answers. Now was the time to escape. Harvey had no idea that his old pal Johnny threw him into the train because he was insanely jealous of him for nearly twenty-five years. Johnny had been working with a new reality television show and figured Harvey could go on its first trial run. Johnny had twisted everything for his gain, including Harvey's imminent death. No one knew he rigged everything about the train. Suddenly, a voice came from a megaphone on the corner of the front of the train.

It spoke loud and clear and said, "Prepare for your death."

Harvey knew this was the end, but he had to keep trying to fight for his life. He thought for a long time about what to do next.

"Would it be possible to hotwire the train?" He wasn't very good with things like that. He had a crazy idea. He would have to wait for the exact right moment to escape. He noticed suddenly, as he was staring at the roof of the train that there was a small hole in the roof. He was tall enough to reach it. He put his finger in it and noticed it had been previously damaged. Harvey was able to pull back the opening.

He thought, "Now it's do or die."

Harvey hoisted himself up until he was on the roof of the train. He ran like a speeding bullet and jumped from the top of a section of the roof. He suddenly saw the train was headed straight for a cliff.

He thought, "This is now or never."

Harvey climbed briskly between two of the compartments. He hung onto the lowest part of the train. The train was passing over a bridge and he saw his perfect moment for escape. He jumped into cold water and swam to land. Harvey forced his tired limbs to walk three miles and he shook from the cold like a dog before he discovered anyone. Harvey looked like he had been through hell and back, which he had. Harvey never did find the answers he needed, but he was fortunate to be in one piece. He made up to Jenny when he got back home to her. After he told his wife about his unbelievable harrowing death adventure, they moved far away. He never again went to a bar in anger. He was fiercely afraid of the consequences of his mistakes and tried not to make mortal enemies for the rest of his days.