

As the conductor stamped tickets in the cabin next to him, he looked outside of the window to see what a nice day it was. The sun was shining, birds were chirping, well, the birds flying by at least. The conductor had now stamped the last of the tickets he now headed to the engine to tell the train-master that everyone had been accounted for.

“Good” she replied “everyone in coach class is accounted for, though I do think someone should check up on the suites.”

“Ehh it's about to be five, we can open the cafe car.” The conductor stated.

“Ok, you do that.” She replied.

Curtis remembered in the early days when he would have to run down the hallways and leap over the gaps between cars just to get to the cafe to tell them to get ready to open. But now all he needed was a simple call through the loud speaker to alert them of their job.

“We’re gonna be opening the cafe in twenty minutes so please feel free to get on down there. No reservation is needed.”

Not even a minute later Curtis got a call from the cafe telling him they were already preparing the food, and also when the closing hours would be. Of course the cook also relayed the info of what was on the menu. Not protocol, just, he found it interesting.

Unlike in cars or planes which don’t go on roads, it's not every man for himself. Cars are more like beetles and spiders, solitary creatures and are trying to get to a destination on their own. Passenger trains all must communicate with one another, all of them trying to surf across the web of tracks without hitting each other. Curtis thought of it like a busy bee hive; all of them figuring out where to go. A train terminal, like a

beehive, is incredibly busy with people coming in and leaving. Curtis knew when he left the station that the trains must communicate with one another. If a train leaves too early, then any other passengers must wait an incredibly long time for a new train to arrive. Plus, if the train leaves early it may get backed up by another train that just left and make a sort of “train traffic”. If the train starts to leave too late, another train arriving at the station could very well hit the first train.

Curtis grabbed his watch noting it was 6:00 and went into the engine of the train. “We are coming up on a junction, I’m gonna slow the train down.” The engineer said. Curtis knew where the train was going so within not even a minute he radioed to the signal tower worker to tell them where they were going. In the signal tower the signalman clutched one of the levers as the train appeared on the horizon. From the train the engineer could see that one of the two signal towers blinked red meaning to slow down. At the same time the track at the connection slowly slid to the other track. The train glided smoothly to the other track without incident.