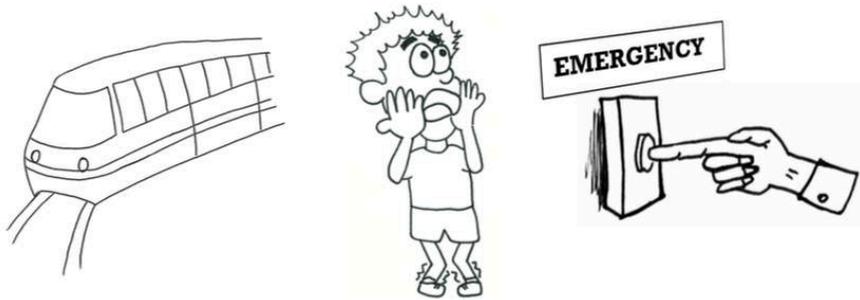


Unexpected Incident (Train)

Write a story about an unexpected incident.



SETTING

"Ding dong... Train is approaching the platform..." a soothing female voice announced over the rush-hour din.

Personally, I had never favoured taking the train due to the crowd and having to squeeze in a carriage with strangers. However, my classmates had insisted on going to the Book Fair at Expo and that the MRT would be the most efficient mode of transport.

It looked to be a typical, boring, June day in Singapore. Under the **oppressive glare of the sun, the world before me shimmered**. Thankfully, I stood under the shelter of Pioneer MRT station, **the immense ceiling fans dispersing the humidity-clotted air**.

As the train pulled into the station, the rest of the commuters and I shuffled forward. The doors slid open, and a throng of people spilled out – yet it seemed no emptier than before. We pushed and nudged forward, hoping to board the train.

PROBLEM

"Doors closing!" the announcement sounded.

Before I could enter the train, the doors slid shut. Sighing, I walked towards the nearby benches on the platform to wait for the next train. Just as I was about to sit down, a sudden cry cut through the lazy heat.

Whirling around, I saw a young boy who seemed to be **tugging furiously against an invisible opponent**. He was struggling on the platform with his body pinned tightly against the train. Looking closely, I gaped in horror – his sling bag, which had been slung around him, was wedged behind the closed doors. He was stuck!

Desperately, the boy braced a foot against the side of the train and pulled with all his might. Nothing. The doors held him fast in their **vice-like grip, like an alligator preparing to drown its prey**.

Staring helplessly, I could see his **tiny red face scrunched up with tears** as panic began to overcome him. With each tug, his whimpers turned into grunts, and into **chilling cries of sheer panic**. In utter despair, he turned to us with a hopeless and pleading look. A woman to my right gasped and raised a hand to her mouth. By now, pointing, quivering hands were raised throughout the crowd as they realised what was going on.

“H-h-help me...” he croaked in a strained voice, “help me, please!”

