

Loose threads...part two

My suitcase doubled as a pillow for my feet. My nightie nestled inside yearned to stretch its length. I could relate. I had decided not to change into sleepwear. My everyday clothing was just fine. I may have to escape the confines of my bed, during the night. Sleepwear was no option.

Snores drifted upward as the “engine that could” took us up dale and down valley. I opened our sliding glass door along with the curtain in order to gain air and open space. An elderly (older than me) man was passing by wearing his night shirt. He was holding a toothbrush and a tube of paste, not my brand. He wore those slip on slippers that Scrooge in “The Christmas Carole” wore. He didn’t know that I was looking down at him. He had no hair.

After an hour or so of trying to sleep I searched for a book and flashlight. (My suitcase was so heavy with sleep that it was difficult to pry open. It yawned just wide enough for my hand to grasp the items. Just then the train slowed, the lights flickered, and the air stopped.

We had arrived at the Spokane, WA. Depot. We waited for the train from afar to arrive and hook up with our train. It was late. It carried the dining car. Already I was hungry. I learned, though, what the midnight blues were all about: No dining car, no food. Now, no pumping air. I sat up. Ouch! I climbed down from my bunk and headed out of the compartment. See, I was ready for anything. I was still in my everyday clothes. Yea!

The conductor said it was all right to go outdoors and smoke. I don’t smoke but decided that it was all right to go outdoors and not smoke. My husband joined me. He was in pj’s. No coats or quilts were needed. The temperature was 86 degrees. Warm! We waited (some of us smoked, others fumed) until 3 a.m. for the connector train. By then I was too sleepy to care about confinement. The air was reinstated. The Sandman found a willing victim. I slept until breakfast time.

Breakfast is a healing bandage. Hot coffee, bacon, eggs and toast can take away a few of the kinks. Nothing there can deal with the wrinkles in the everyday clothes. Breakfast was good. Then I went back to my bunk for a nap. We had hours before our arrival at the Park. Whoa! Our bunks were made up. Again, knees to knees. We could wonder about the observation car, drink all the bottled water and coffee we wanted. We could read. We could quilt. I tried not to yawn.

The gun was yet to be uncovered.

To be continued...Lana Russ

