

How many tigers?”

How many tigers are there in the world daddy”?

Amy was her usual lively self as the train arrived on a sunny Tuesday morning at the bright and cheerful Cheney Station; reflecting the child’s mood. This was her second week at school and she always asked a question during the journey. Tuesday was Tim’s turn to take her, and he struggled for a suitable answer.

Tim had been reluctant to take Amy as it encroached on his “me time” whilst travelling to work.

After several discussions with Jane a compromise was reached. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays she would drop off Amy at school and on Tuesdays and Thursdays he would take her. After all it was the same train line that took him to his office in town. He’d only have to catch an earlier train, walk with Amy to the school then walk back to catch the next train; they were pretty frequent at that time of day.

Tim knew that spending quality time with his only child should be a joy. She was usually asleep when he arrived home at night. Precious time which would end too soon, he thought, if only she’d ask questions that he could answer. He reminisced, “How many bees are there in the world?” “How tall is the tallest giraffe when it’s a baby giraffe?” Today- Tigers!

Two questions a week he mused. He had an idea.

On Thursday Tim told Amy that it was his turn to ask a question. He still hadn’t thought of one but hoped for inspiration on the train. At the station entrance a notice informed them that due to leaves on the line they should take the train standing on the opposite platform. This route would pass through a tunnel; Amy hadn’t travelled in a tunnel before and rushed to sit by a window. “Ask me the question daddy.” she said enthusiastically. The train moved out of the station and in a few minutes they were in the tunnel. “OK Amy, can you see the face at the window?” “Yes! It’s me, it’s me” she squealed with delight.

I’ll have to think of a more difficult question next time thought Tim.

363 words