



Chip and the Transit Trip



Chip and his pal Len planned a big trip to the woods. They had big backpacks stuffed full of things for camp. It was time to leave the city and ride out to the wild forest.



They rode a train to the big station, where they would catch a fast train to the woods. The station was a huge interchange. Now they had to transfer to a new one. It was a busy transit spot packed with a big crowd.



They needed to find the right track to ride on, or they would be stuck there all day. Chip and Len sat on a bench and waited. They had to listen to the intercom up on the wall. A loud voice began to tell them where to go.



"The next train to the forest is on track..." Just then, a loud train horn let out a blast on the track. The blast interrupted the voice on the intercom. It was so loud! The noise got in the way of their plan. Chip and Len could not hear the number.



Which track did they need? "We must not miss it," said Len. "Let us check the map." They ran to look at a big map locked behind a transparent glass case. But the map was an old one. It had too many lines, and that made it hard to see where the trains went.



They needed to find someone who could help. Chip saw Ron the bird standing by a tall desk. First, Ron had to help a lost dog who had come from far away and did not speak much. When he was done, Chip said, "Hello, Ron.



Can you help us? We need to get on the right train." "I can help you," Ron said with a smile. "Let me say it on the intercom again." Ron spoke into a small black box to transmit his words. His clear voice called out across the big hall.



"The train to the forest is on track five!" Chip and Len ran quickly past a busy cross path to get to track five. The doors were open, ready to transport them to the woods. They stepped inside just in time. Their day would turn into a fun camp trip after all.