

***Zeely* by Virginia Hamilton**

“Aren’t train stations just grand?” she said. “Look at those pillars – I bet they’re all of three feet around. And the windows! Did you ever see anything so very high up?”

The windows were enormously wide and high. John Perry forgot his fear and lifted his head. He smiled up at the windows. Sunlight streaming down exposed sparkles of dust in a shaft to where they stood. Mr. and Mrs. Perry looked up, too. They all stood there, separated from the busy waiting room by the peaceful light and shadow.

It was Mrs. Perry who remembered there was a train to catch. “Oh, my! Hurry, you two!” she said to John and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth fell in step beside her father, who had started toward the train platform. Mr. Perry carried both John’s and Elizabeth’s suitcases. He urged them along more quickly, for the gate to the train had opened. Most of the people had gotten aboard.

“Elizabeth, I want you to sit and act like a lady,” said Elizabeth’s mother.

Elizabeth did not look back to where Mrs. Perry walked with John. “Goodness,” she said to herself, “do you think I don’t know what’s what? Leave me alone and I’ll do what I’m supposed to do!”

Elizabeth heard her mother talking to John. “Remember to comb your hair,” she was saying, “and don’t bother people with questions.”

“You can tell him not to open his mouth for the whole trip.”

“Elizabeth,” her father said, “calm down.”

“Just tell him not to bother *me!*”

“Elizabeth!” her father said.

“Mind that you do whatever Elizabeth says...” It was Mrs. Perry talking to John.

Elizabeth had heard her. She smiled and held her head up like a proper lady.