

*Assignment: Dialogue: Capture a compelling conversation. Bring the speakers to life. It can be a dialogue you engaged in or dialogue you observed. Report accurately what the speakers said and describe how they looked while they spoke, so the reader can visualize them. (500 words)*

Splashes of sunlight fall across alternating blue and red seats as the train emerges out of Manhattan.

The small Metro-North car's pale cream floors are full of dirt and shoes and more shoes. Friday at 6 p.m. and the train is full of commuters escaping the city and work for the weekend. There is little standing room left as men and women who were at one point this morning well dressed crowd into the train. Now, the women are slipping flat comfortable shoes on their feet and putting the high-heels into their bags as the men fling their suit jackets over their bags and undue their ties.

"Tickets, Tickets, have your tickers out," the voice of the Metro-North conductor booms even though she is not yet visible to most of the commuters.

Making a pathway for the conductor to walk down, the sea of standing passengers parts down the middle of the aisle as people rummage through bags and pockets for tickets.

"Tickets, tickets, remember Monday is November you must have a news pass. October passes will not be accepted," the woman calls out again.

The ticket collector makes her way to the middle of the car. Petite dressed in a blue train suit uniform, brown hair peaking out from underneath a blue hat she walks steadily through the car as it careens around a bend. She is almost to end of the car, checking tickets and collecting cash from those who have none.

"Tickets, tickets," she says in front of a row two from the end.

The passenger on the window side hands her his ticket. The man on the aisle reaches for his wallet.

"I need to buy one," the man in his thirties says as he pulls his brown leather wallet out of his equally brown dress pants.

"Where to?" the woman asks.

It is obvious from his clothes, his tone, and manners that the man like many on the train is fairly wealthy. However, his lack of a suit and messy haircut, slightly longer than the average male train commuter, suggests he isn't a member of the Wall Street elite.

"Cos Cob," he replies.

"How about Greenwich?" the woman asks with a slightly amused expression

"No, Cos Cob," the man says again having missed her expression.

"How about Greenwich?" she asks again.

"Ah, is this train not stopping at Cos Cob?" he asks a little confused.

"Nope, how about Greenwich?" she answers

"I guess Greenwich it is," he says.

"17 dollars," she says.

He hands her three fives and a two single dollar bills.

She walks into the next car, calling "tickets, tickets, have your tickets..."

He reaches for a phone texting someone possibility about picking him up from the Greenwich station, since his car is probably at the Cos Cob one. Or maybe he feels embarrassed and hopes to blend in to the sea of commuters who cannot stop staring at their phones while they text, email or flip through Internet pages.