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"Yeah you've said that a couple times."

2 25 "

Josie knows this is all she's going to get, she knows. But it's so frustrating, like trying to scratch an itch on your back, out of reach until you can get a friend to help. Sitting here begging a dead woman for help isn't doing anything, it's time to get to work.

She starts by checking the windows. The ones on these trains barely worked on good days, but she has to try. The first one rattles promisingly, but doesn't budge any further, the second one doesn't even move, but once she gets to the third, after a bit of a struggle, it cracks open.

"Yes!" She exclaims, "That's progress!"

But now looking outside she can see the void, preat () . 2 (()) 0 4 €) 3 . 8 () 7 a 4 . 8 8