

On the train she sat alone, aloof from the rest of the passengers. She had a strange, puzzled look on her face, as one who is very quickly taking in a completely new experience and trying to process it all at once. The damp, cold, musty air floated up to her nostrils and at the first whiff it repulsed her. She had never been in so dark and dirty a place. Wrapping her mink fur coat even more tightly around her, she shuddered as a man clothed in rags approached her and asked her if she could spare some loose change. She just shook her head and turned to gaze out the window at the blinking florescent glow of the station. The hum of people talking and moving was soothing in a way, but the disgust of the scum on the windows, doors, seats, and floors made her whole body tense up. And that is how she sat, silently staring, for what seemed like an eternity.