

*Great, Casey thought, just great! My heel broke off and I missed my train, again. The boss will have my head! That story has to be done today. I'm in way over my head on this one.*

Casey stood in the subway station. In an effort to take her mind off work, she looked around. All the people, all the backgrounds, all the jobs, and all the people not fortunate to have jobs. She threw a dollar in a homeless man's hat as she walked past. She walked around and looked at the graffiti filled walls, wondering why someone would deface property like that. She watched a little boy with his mom, waiting with glowing eyes for his first ride on the subway. "Is it here yet mommy?!" Casey heard, and she smiled, remembering her first subway experience.

As her line came, all of her memories of the subway vanished, and the 3 o'clock deadline on her article became more and more of a reality. *Finally that darn train is here! I need to get to work!!*

Casey took a seat next to a well dressed man who looked to be in his thirties. He was very attractive and about her age. The two began to talk and Casey again forgot about her article.

They shared their beliefs on religion, politics, and all other things informal. A man seated behind them kept inviting himself into the conversation, which Casey found quite amusing. Her dad had always gotten into her conversations, up to the day he died only a few weeks earlier. Casey was mourning, but very busy. She hardly even had time to keep her poor, lonely mother company.

When the two men got off the train, Casey went back to exploring her surroundings. There were about 30 people on the train, all sorts of people. *Funny how subways can bring together all these different people, she thought, and we're all heading in the same direction, at least in the literal sense.*

Casey heard the little boy again, talking with glee about his first subway experience. She smelled the air, it was a mixture of perfumes, bad body odor, and dog. She listened to the people talk, all she heard was murmurs. Nonetheless it kept her entertained, and she realized after looking at her watch that she wasn't running too far behind schedule.

Just then, the lights on the train went out and she heard an announcement. "The subway train has broken down. Please stay calm, and we are very sorry for this inconvenience."

*WHAT?! I NEED to go to work! I can not believe this. I'm in so much trouble.*

Casey sat there, on the verge of tears, listening to all the people sighing and being angry. She wasn't angry, she was sad, mad, scared for her job. She was in no mood to be in a train with all these people, she wanted to see her dad. He always made her feel better. The memories of her dad flashed through her brain and she shed a single tear, on the cold, dark, broken subway train.