the Glass Sentence
For my parents and my brother
There can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or other me—lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, “The American Scholar,” 1837
CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS
Plate I: Map of the New and Unknown World x–xii
Plate II: New Occident and Its Adjoining Ages xii–xiii
Plate III: The Baldlands and Its Adjoining Ages xiv–xv

PROLOGUE 1

PART I: EXPLORATION
Chapter 1: Closing an Age 5
Chapter 2: The Wharf Trolley 20
Chapter 3: Shadrack Elli, Cartologer 32
Chapter 4: Through the Library Door 48
Chapter 5: Learning to Read 64
Chapter 6: A Trail of Feathers 80
Chapter 7: Between Pages 95
Chapter 8: The Exile 109
Chapter 9: Departure 123

PART II: PURSUIT
Chapter 10: The White Chapel 137
Chapter 11: On the Tracks 154
Chapter 12: Travel by Moonlight 169
Chapter 13: The Western Line 181
Chapter 14: The Glacine Age 196
Chapter 15: Safe Harbor 209
Chapter 16: Seasick 225
Chapter 17: A Swan in the Gulf 240
Chapter 18: Chocolate, Paper, Coin 253
Chapter 19: The Bullet 268
Chapter 20: At the Gates 274

PART III: ENTRAPMENT
Chapter 21: The Botanist 291
Chapter 22: The Soil of the Ages 300
Chapter 23: The Four Maps 313
Chapter 24: Into the Sand 327
Chapter 25: The Royal Library 334
Chapter 26: Of Both Marks 347
Chapter 27: With an Iron Fist 358
Chapter 28: Sailing South 367
Chapter 29: The Leafless Tree 371
Chapter 30: The Eclipse 384

PART IV: DISCOVERY
Chapter 31: The Lined Palm 397
Chapter 32: Flash Flood 409
Chapter 33: The Nighting Vine 414
Chapter 34: A Lost Age 426
Chapter 35: Below the Lake 436
Chapter 36: A Map of the World 444
Chapter 37: The End of Days 451
Chapter 38: A Fair Wind, a Fair Hand 462
Chapter 39: The Empty City 470
Epilogue: To Each Her Own Age 483
and UNKNOWN WORLD

BY Shadrack Elii

MASTER CARTOLOGER
NEW Occident

Indian Territories

The Baldlands

BY
Shadrack Ellis
MASTER CARTOLOGER
and ITS ADJOINING AGES

Prehistoric Snows

New Hampshire
Vermont

Massachusetts
Rhode Island
Connecticut
New Jersey
Maryland

New Occident

Virginia
Kentucky
Tennessee
N. Carolina
S. Carolina
New Akan
Georgia
Seminole
The Baldlands
and its adjoining ages

by Shadrack Elli
master cartologer
It happened long ago, when I was only a child. Back then, the outskirts of Boston were still farmland, and in the summer I spent the long days out of doors with friends, coming home only when the sun set. We escaped the heat by swimming in Boon’s Stream, which had a quick current and a deep pool.

On one especially warm day in the summer of 1799, July 16, all my friends had arrived at the stream before me. I could hear them shouting as I ran toward the bank, and when they saw me standing at the edge of the best diving spot, they called to urge me on. “Jump, Lizzie, jump!” I stripped down to my linen underclothes. Then I took a running start and jumped. I had no way of knowing that when I landed, it would be in a different world.

I found myself suspended over the pool. With my knees curled up and my arms wrapped around them, I hung there, looking at the water and at the bank near it, unable to move. It was like trying to wake while inside a dream. You want to wake, want to move, but you can’t; your eyes remain closed, your limbs remain stubbornly still. Only your mind is moving, saying, “Get up, get up!” It was just like that, except the dream that would not let go was the world around me.

Everything had gone quiet. I could not even hear my heart beating. Yet I knew that time was passing, and it was passing too quickly. My friends remained motionless while the water around them rushed past
in swirling currents at a frightening speed. And then I saw something happening on the banks of the stream.

The grass began growing before my eyes. It grew steadily, until it reached the height that it normally reached in late summer. Then it began to wilt and brown. The leaves on the trees by the banks of the stream turned yellow and orange and red; before long, they had faded and fluttered to the ground. The light around me shone dully gray, as if stuck between day and night. As the leaves began to fall, the light grew dimmer. The field turned a silvery brown as far as I could see and in the next moment transformed itself into a wide, snow-covered expanse. The stream below me slowed and then froze. The snow rose and fell in waves, as it would through the passage of a long winter, and then it began to recede, pulling away from the naked branches and the soil, leaving muddy earth behind it. The ice on the stream broke into pieces and the water once again rushed through it. Beyond the banks of the stream, the ground turned a pale green, as new shoots sprang up through the soil, and the trees appeared to grow a verdant lace at their edges. Before too long, the leaves took on their darker summer hue and the grass grew higher. It passed in an instant, but I felt as though I had lived an entire year apart from the world while the world moved on.

Suddenly, I dropped. I landed in Boon’s Stream and heard, once again, all the sounds of the world around me. The stream gurgled and splashed, and my friends and I looked at one another in shock. We had all seen the same thing, and we had no idea what had happened.

In the days and weeks and months that followed, the people of Boston began to discover the incredible consequences of that moment, even if we could not begin to understand it. The ships from England and France ceased to arrive. When the first sailors who set out from Boston after
the change returned, dazed and terrified, they brought back confounding stories of ancient ports and plagues. Traders who headed north described a barren land covered with snow, where all signs of human existence had vanished and incredible beasts known only in myth had suddenly appeared. Travelers who ventured south gave reports so varied—cities of towering glass, and horse raids, and unknown creatures—that no two were the same.

It became apparent that in one terrible moment the various parts of the world had come apart. They were unfastened from time. Spinning freely in different directions, each piece of the world had been flung into a different Age. When the moment passed, the pieces lay scattered, as close to each other in space as they had always been, but hopelessly separated by time. No one knew how old the world truly was, or which Age had caused the catastrophe. The world as we knew it had been broken, and a new world had taken its place.

We called it the Great Disruption.

—Elizabeth Elli to her grandson Shadrack, 1860
PART I

Exploration
1891, June 14: 7-Hour 51

New Occident began its experiment with elected representation full of hope and optimism. But it was soon tainted by corruption and violence, and it became clear that the system had failed. In 1823, a wealthy representative from Boston suggested a radical plan. He proposed that a single parliament govern New Occident and that any person who wished to voice an opinion before it should pay admittance. The plan was hailed—by those who could afford it—as the most democratizing initiative since the Revolution. They had laid the groundwork for the contemporary practice of selling parliament-time by the second.

—From Shadrack Eli’s History of New Occident

THE DAY NEW OCCIDENT closed its borders, the hottest day of the year, was also the day Sophia Tims changed her life forever by losing track of time.

She had begun the day by keeping a close eye on the hour. In the Boston State House, the grand golden clock with its twenty hours hung ponderously over the speaker’s dais. By the time the clock struck eight, the State House was full to capacity. Arranged in a horseshoe around the dais sat the members of parliament: the eighty-eight men and two women rich enough
to procure their positions. Facing them sat the visitors who had paid for time to address parliament, and farther back were the members of the public who could afford ground-floor seating. In the cheap seats on the upper balcony, Sophia was surrounded by men and women who had crammed themselves onto the benches. The sun poured in through the tall State House windows, shining off the gilt of the curved balcony rails.

“Brutal, isn’t it?” the woman beside Sophia sighed, fanning herself with her periwinkle bonnet. There were beads of sweat on her upper lip, and her poplin dress was wilted and damp. “I would bet it is five degrees cooler on the ground floor.”

Sophia smiled at her nervously, shuffling her boots against the wooden floorboards. “My uncle is down there. He’s going to speak.”

“Is he now? Where?” The woman put her pudgy hand on the rail and peered down.

Sophia pointed out the brown-haired man who sat, straight-backed, his arms folded across his chest. He wore a linen suit and balanced a slim leather book on his knee. His dark eyes calmly assessed the crowded hall. His friend Miles Countryman, the wealthy explorer, sat next to him, red from the heat, his shock of white hair limp with sweat. Miles wiped a handkerchief brusquely across his face. “He’s right there—in the front row of speakers.”

“Where?” the woman asked, squinting. “Ah, look—the famous Shadrack Elli is here, I see.”

Sophia smiled proudly. “That’s him. Shadrack is my uncle.”

The woman looked at her in surprise, forgetting for a
moment to fan herself. “Imagine that! The niece of the great cartologer.” She was clearly impressed. “Tell me your name, dear.”

“Sophia.”

“Then tell me, Sophia, how it is that your famous uncle can’t afford a better seat for you. Did he spend all his money on his time?”

“Oh, Shadrack can’t afford time in parliament,” Sophia said matter-of-factly. “Miles paid for it—four minutes and thirteen seconds.”

As Sophia spoke, the proceedings began. The two timekeepers on either side of the dais, stopwatches in their white-gloved hands, called for the first speaker, a Mr. Rupert Middles. A heavyset man with an elaborate mustache made his way forward. He straightened his mustard-colored cravat, smoothed his mustache with fat fingers, and cleared his throat. Sophia’s eyes widened as the timekeeper on the left set the clock to twenty-seven minutes. “Look at that!” the plump woman whispered. “It must have cost him a fortune!”

Sophia nodded. Her stomach tensed as Rupert Middles opened his mouth and his twenty-seven minutes commenced. “I am honored to appear before parliament today,” he began thunderously, “this fourteenth of June of the year eighteen ninety-one, to propose a plan for the betterment of our beloved New Occident.” He took a deep breath. “The pirates in the United Indies, the hordes of raiders from the Baldlands, the gradual encroachment of our territories from north, west, and south—how long will New Occident go on ignoring the realities of our altered world, while the edges of our territory
are eaten away by the greedy mouths of foreigners?” There
were boos and cheers from the crowd, but Middles hardly
paused. “In the last year alone, fourteen towns in New Akan
were overrun by raiders from the Baldlands, paying for none
of the privileges that come with living in New Occident but
enjoying them all to the full. During the same period, pirates
seized thirty-six commercial ships with cargo from the United
Indies. I need not remind you that only last week, the Gusty
Nor’easternor, a proud Boston vessel carrying thousands of dol-
lars in payment and merchandise, was seized by the notorious
Bluebird, a despicable pirate who,” he added, his face red with
exertion, “docks not a mile away in Boston harbor!” Growls of
angry encouragement surged from the crowd. Middles took a
rapid breath and went on. “I am a tolerant man, like the people
of Boston.” There were faint cheers. “And I am an industrious
man, like the people of Boston.” The cheers grew louder. “And I
am loath to see my tolerance and my industry made a mockery
by the greed and cunning of outsiders!” Clapping and cheering
erupted from the crowd.

“I am here to propose a detailed plan, which I call the ‘Patriot
Plan,’ and which I am certain will be approved, as it represents
the interests of all those who, like me, believe in upholding our
tolerance and our industry.” He braced himself against the dais.
“Effective immediately, the borders must be closed.” He paused
for the piercing cheers. “Citizens of New Occident may travel
freely—if they have the proper documentation—to other Ages.
Foreigners living in New Occident who do not have citizen-
ship will have several weeks to return to their Ages of origin,
and those remaining will be forcibly deported on July fourth of this year, the day on which we celebrate the founding of this great nation.” More enthusiastic cries erupted, and a flurry of audience members stood to clap enthusiastically, continuing even as Middles charged ahead.

Sophia felt her stomach sinking as Rupert Middles detailed the penalties for foreigners who remained in New Occident without documents and the citizens who attempted to travel out of the country without permission. He spoke so quickly that she could see a line of foam gathering at the edge of his mustache and his forehead shining with sweat. Gesticulating wildly, without bothering to wipe his brow, he spat across the dais as he enumerated the points of his plan and the crowd around him cheered.

Sophia had heard it all before, of course. Living as she did with the most famous cartologer in Boston, she had met all the great explorers who passed through his study and heard the much-detested arguments championed by those who sought to bring the Age of Exploration to an end. But this did not make the vitriol of Rupert Middles any less appalling or his scheme any less terrible. As Sophia listened to the remaining minutes of the speech, she thought with growing anxiety of what the closing of the borders would mean: New Occident would lose its ties to the other Ages, beloved friends and neighbors would be forced to leave, but she, Sophia, would feel the loss even more acutely. They won’t have the right documents. They won’t get in and I will lose them forever, she thought, her heart pounding.

The woman sitting beside Sophia fanned herself and
shook her head in disapproval. When the twenty-seven minutes finally ran out and the timekeeper rang a loud bell, Middles staggered to his seat—sweating and panting—to wild applause that filled Sophia with dread. She could not imagine how Shadrack stood a chance of swaying his audience with only four minutes.

“Dreadful spitter,” Sophia’s companion put in with distaste.

“Mr. Augustus Wharton,” the first timekeeper called loudly, while his colleague turned the clock to fifteen minutes. The cheering and clapping subsided as a tall, white-haired man with a hooked nose strode confidently forward. He had no notes. He clasped the edges of the dais with long white fingers. “You may begin,” the timekeeper said.

“I appear before this assembly,” Mr. Wharton began, in a deceptively low tone, “to commend the proposal put forth by Mr. Rupert Middles and persuade the ninety members of this parliament that we should not only put it in place, but we should carry it further,” he shouted, his voice rising to a crescendo. The audience on the parliament floor clapped ecstatically. Sophia watched, agonized, as Shadrack’s expression grew hard and furious.

“Yes, we must close our borders, and yes, we must enact a swift deportation of foreigners who leech this great nation of its strength without giving it anything in return, but we must also close our borders to prevent the citizens of New Occident from leaving it and undermining our very foundations. I ask you: why should anyone wish to travel to other Ages, which we know to be inferior? Does not the true patriot stay home,
where he belongs? I have no doubt that our great explorers, of whom we are so proud, have only the best intentions in traveling to distant lands, pursuing that esoteric knowledge which is unfortunately too lofty for many of us to comprehend.” He spoke with condescension as he inclined his head toward Shadrack and Miles.

To Sophia’s horror, Miles jumped to his feet. The crowd jeered as Shadrack rose quickly, placing a hand on his friend’s arm and easing him back into his seat. Miles sat, fuming, while Wharton went on without acknowledging the interruption. “But surely these explorers are on occasion naive,” he continued, to loud calls of agreement, “or perhaps we should say idealistic, when they do not realize that the very knowledge they so prize becomes the twisted tool of foreign powers bent on this great nation’s destruction!” This was met with roars of approval. “Need I remind you of the great explorer Winston Hedges, whose knowledge of the Gulf Coast was ruthlessly exploited by pirates in the siege of New Orleans.” Loud boos indicated that the memory was, indeed, still fresh. “And it may not be lost on anyone,” he sneered, “that the masterful creations of a certain cartologer gracing us with his presence today make perfect research materials for any pirate, raider, or tyrannical ruler with an eye toward invasion.”

The audience, taken aback by this direct attack, clapped somewhat reluctantly. Shadrack sat silently, his eyes furious but his face calm and grim. Sophia swallowed hard. “I’m sorry, dear,” the woman murmured. “That was very much uncalled for.”

“In sum,” Wharton went on, “I wish to add an amendment
that will put into effect a complete closure of the borders not only for foreigners but for citizens as well. Middles has the Patriot Plan, which will protect us from foreigners. I say good—but not good enough. I therefore propose here, in addition, a measure to protect us from ourselves. The Protection Amendment: Stay home, stay safe!” The cheers that met this were few but enthusiastic. “I propose that foreign relations be restricted and trade with specified Ages be facilitated, respectively, as follows.” Sophia hardly heard the remainder. She was watching Shadrack, wishing desperately that she could be sitting beside him rather than gazing down from the upper balcony, and she was thinking about what would happen if Wharton’s plan passed and the Age of Exploration came to an end.

Shadrack had warned her already that this might happen. He had done so again the night before, as he practiced his speech for the fifteenth time, standing at the kitchen table while Sophia made sandwiches. She had found it impossible to imagine that anyone would hold such a close-minded view. And yet it seemed, from the response of the people around her, that it was all too possible.

“Does no one want the borders to remain open?” Sophia whispered at one point.

“Of course they do, my dear,” her benchmate said placidly. “Most of us do. But we’re not the ones with the money to talk in Parliament, are we? Don’t you notice that all the people who clap for the likes of them are on the ground floor—in the pricey seats?”

Sophia nodded forlornly.
Finally, the bell rang and Wharton triumphantly left the stage.

The timekeeper called, “Mr. Shadrack Elli.” There was a smattering of polite clapping as Shadrack strode to the dais. While the clock was being set to four minutes and thirteen seconds, he glanced up at the balcony and met Sophia’s eye. He smiled, tapping the pocket of his jacket. Sophia smiled back.

“What does that mean?” her companion asked excitedly. “A secret sign?”

“I wrote him a note for good luck.”

The note was really a drawing, one of the many Shadrack and Sophia left for one another in unexpected places: an ongoing correspondence in images. It showed Clockwork Cora, the heroine they had invented together, standing triumphantly before a cowed Parliament. Clockwork Cora had a clock for a torso, a head full of curls, and rather spindly arms and legs. Fortunately, Shadrack was more dignified. With his dark hair swept back and his strong chin held high, he looked self-assured and ready. “You may begin,” the timekeeper said.

“I am here today,” Shadrack began quietly, “not as a cartol-oger or an explorer, but as an inhabitant of our New World.” He paused, waiting two precious seconds so that his audience would listen carefully. “There is a great poet,” he said softly, “whom we are fortunate to know through his writing. An English poet, born in the sixteenth century, before the Disruption, whose verses every schoolchild learns, whose words have illuminated thousands of minds. But because he was born in the sixteenth century, and to the best of our...
knowledge England now resides in the Twelfth Age, he has not yet been born. Indeed, as the Fates would have it, he may never be born at all. If he is not, then his surviving books will be all the more precious, and it will fall to us—to us—to pass on his words and make certain they do not disappear from this world.

“This great poet,” he paused, looking out onto his audience, which had fallen silent, “wrote:

No man is an island, entire of itself; Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less. . . . Any man’s death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.

“I need not persuade you of his words. We have learned them to be true. We have seen, after the Great Disruption, the great impoverishment of our world as pieces fell away, washed into the seas of time—the Spanish Empire fragmented, the Northern Territories lost to prehistory, the whole of Europe plunged into a remote century, and many more pieces of our world lost to unknown Ages. It was not so long ago—fewer than one hundred years; we remember that loss still.

“My father’s mother Elizabeth Elli—Lizzie, to those who knew her well—lived through the Great Disruption, and she saw that loss firsthand. Yet it was she who inspired me to become a cartologer by telling me the story of that fateful day and reminding me, every time, to think not of what we had lost but what we might gain. It took us years—decades—to
realize that this broken world could be mended. That we could reach remote Ages, and overcome the tremendous barriers of time, and be the richer for it. We have perfected our technologies by borrowing from the learning of other Ages. We have discovered new ways of understanding time. We have profited—profited greatly—by our trade and communication with nearby Ages. And we have given.

“My good friend Arthur Whims at the Atlas Press,” he said, holding up a slim leather-bound volume, “has reprinted the writings of John Donne, so that his words can be known to others beyond our Age. And this learning across the Ages is not at an end—much of the New World is still unknown to us. Imagine what treasure, be it financial”—he looked keenly at the members of parliament—“scientific, or literary, lies beyond the borders of our Age. Do you truly wish to wash that treasure away into the sea? Would you wish our own wisdom to fall out of this world, imprisoned within our borders? This cannot be, my friends—my fellow Bostonians. We are indeed tolerant, and we are industrious, as Mr. Middles claims, and we are a part of the main. We are not an island. We must not behave like one.”

The clock ran out of time just as Shadrack stepped away from the dais, and the timekeeper, caught up by the stirring words, somewhat belatedly rang his bell into the still silence of the State House. Sophia jumped to her feet, clapping loudly. The sound seemed to rouse the audience around her, which broke into applause as Shadrack returned to his seat. Miles
pounded him heartily on the back. The other speakers sat stone-faced, but the cheers from the balcony made it clear that Shadrack had been heard.

“That was a good speech, wasn’t it?” Sophia asked.

“Marvelous,” the woman replied, clapping. “And by so handsome a speaker, my dear,” she added somewhat immaterially. “Simply stupendous. I only hope it’s enough. Four minutes isn’t very much time, and time weighs more than gold.”

“I know,” Sophia said, looking down at Shadrack, entirely unaware of the heat as the members of parliament withdrew to their chamber to make a decision. She checked her watch, tucked it back into her pocket, and prepared herself to wait.

—9-Hour 27: Parliament in Chambers—

The hall was stuffy with the smell of damp wool and peanuts, which the audience members bought from the vendors outside. Some people went out to get fresh air but quickly returned. No one wanted to be away when the members of parliament returned and rendered their decision. There were three options: they could take no action at all, or recommend one of the plans for review, or adopt one of them for implementation.

Sophia looked at the clock over the dais and realized that it was ten-hour—midday. As she checked to see if Shadrack had returned, she saw the members of parliament filing into the hall. “They’re coming back,” she said to her benchmate. Several minutes of rushed scurrying ensued as people tried to find their seats, and then a hush descended over the audience.
The head of parliament walked to the dais, carrying a single sheet of paper. Sophia’s stomach seemed to knot of its own accord. If they had voted for no action—as Shadrack recommended—they would not need a sheet of paper to say so.

The man cleared his throat. “The members of parliament,” he began slowly, emphasizing that he, for one, did not pay for his time, “have voted on the proposed measures. By a vote of fifty-one to thirty-nine we have approved for immediate implementation”—he coughed—“the Patriot Plan proposed by Mr. Rupert Middles—”

The rest of his words were lost in an uproar. Sophia sat, dazed, trying to comprehend what had happened. She pulled her satchel strap over her shoulder, then stood and peered over the balcony railing, anxious to find Shadrack, but he had been swallowed by the crowd. The audience behind her was expressing its collective disappointment by means of missiles—a crust of bread, a worn shoe, a half-eaten apple, and a rainstorm of peanut shells—hurled down at the members of parliament. Sophia felt herself being pressed up against the lip of the balcony as the enraged crowd pushed forward, and for a terrible moment she clung to the wooden ledge to avoid being pushed over it.

“Down to chambers, down to chambers!” a timekeeper cried in a piercing tone. Sophia caught a glimpse of the members of parliament hurrying past him.

“You’ll not get away so easily, cowards!” a man behind her shouted. “Follow them!” To her relief, the crowd suddenly pulled back and began clambering over the benches for the
exits. Sophia looked around for the woman who had sat beside her, but she was gone.

She stood for a moment in the thinning crowd, her heart still pounding, wondering what to do. Shadrack had said he would meet her in the balcony, but now he would surely find it impossible. *I promised to wait*, Sophia said to herself firmly. She tried to steady her hands and ignore the shouts from below, which seemed to grow more violent by the second. A minute passed, and then another; Sophia kept her eye on her watch so that she would not lose track of time. Suddenly she heard a distant murmur that became clearer as more people chanted in unison: “Smoke them out, smoke them out, smoke them out!” Sophia ran to the stairs.

On the ground floor, a group of men was battering the doors of the parliament chambers with the overturned dais. “Smoke them out!” a woman shrieked, feverishly piling chairs as if preparing for a bonfire. Sophia ran to the front doors, where seemingly the entire audience had congregated, choking off the entrance. “Smoke them out, smoke them out, smoke them out!” She hugged the satchel tightly against her chest and elbowed her way through.

“You bigot!” a woman in front of her suddenly shouted, flailing her fists wildly at an older man in a gray suit. Sophia realized with shock that it was Augustus Wharton. As he swung out with his silver-tipped cane, two men with the unmistakable tattoos of the Indies threw themselves against him, one of them wrenching the cane from his hand and the other pulling his arms back behind him. The woman,
her blue eyes fierce, her blonde hair clinging to her face, spat at Wharton. Suddenly she crumpled into a pile of her own skirts, revealing a police officer behind her with his club still raised. The officer reached for Wharton protectively, and the two tattooed men melted away.

There was a shout followed by a cascade of screams. Sophia smelled it before seeing it: fire. The crowd parted, and she saw a torch being hurled toward the open doors of the State House. Screams burst out as the torch landed. She pushed her way into the crowd, trying vainly to catch a glimpse of Shadrack as she inched down the steps. The smell of smoke was sharp in her nostrils.

As she neared the bottom, she heard a shrill voice cry out, “Filthy pirate!” An unshaven man with more than a few missing teeth suddenly toppled against her, knocking Sophia to the ground. He rose angrily and threw himself back against his assailant. Sophia pushed herself up from hands and knees unsteadily; seeing a clear path down to the street, she hurried down the remaining steps, her knees trembling. There was a trolley stop right by the corner of the State House, and as Sophia ran toward it a car was just arriving. Without stopping to check its destination, she jumped aboard.