I’m note how long it was befoe I realized that the shuttle train never stopped, probbly about the time it dawned on me that the people who had gotten on with me were gone. The train is supposed to run from Grand Cetral to Times Square, one stop, five minues at the absolute most. But it had been… how long had it been? I don’t know, I was reang my Family book. I can space out pretty bad sometimes.

1

2

Family lore has it that I slpt right through a freak tornado that ripped off our roof. But the bluish fluorscent lights on the train flickeed out with a hum, and when they turned on again, I realized somthing was amiss. The winws were turned into mirrors by the underground darkness, and in them was a face with a mischivous grin, complemented by a rakish light in the eyes and a tumble of curly brown hair. Samill, the trickster.

3

He materilized from the widow. “It’s been some time since we’ve seen each other.” “I can’t say I’ve mised you much, Samill,” I replied, sighing and putting my book down. He laughed heartily in respnse.  “All of the wnders I’ve shown you and you don’t even have a smile to spare for me?” He hd a note of mock offese in his voice. “I guess I’ll have to take this litle adventure to someone else.” “Go ahead. I won’t mind.”

He mant that I’m the only mortal to travel to the relm of the gods and retrn both alive and a motal. I did it when I was a girl; it was a whole thing I can’t get into now, but Samill was behid that, too. He damn nar got me killed.

4

“I don’t ned anything from you this time, Samill. And I’m not a kid anymore. Why would I take ths risk?” Samill appraised me. “Indeed, you are no longer a kid.” He tuned his head to the side and held his fiers to his eyes like a camera lens. “A fine yong woan, might I say. Are you in wt of a compnion?”.

5

“Alright,” he said, smiling. “No ned to be testy, just asking. Anyway, I need you to get someting that was stolen from me.”

6

“Get it yorself.”

7

“Oh no, I can’t show my face there. But you wold be able to slip right in and out, unnticed.” “Surely tere’s some other mortal in this world or anoher, aching for adventure or in ned of your favors. I don’t ned anything.” I looked down at my phone to chck the time, but the screen displayed Samill’s mischievous face in profile.

Samill looked at me seriously for sme time, calculatig something as he always did. “How is your sister, Stella? She must be twenty-seven yers old now, am I right?”

8

9

The air went out of me. Wat was he planing to do to her?

He narred his eyes, a playful grin foring in one corner of his mouth. “Don’t worry, love. Your sister is fine. I kept my end of that bargain.”