

city to another.”

smashed in, but the carriage than you might think. The still even padded. Not entirely has been ripped out like some few are still recognizably these re roof's still on and that's the think it first, then I say it out v and cold, really cold. The riage would protect us from ny drones.

ision, it's sort of fun. Bear earing a space in the carriage, t have gathered there. There flies, beetles, woodlice. Bear urther up the carriage while ; out our wet things. I drape dry. Bear's shoes too, which rain and too much walking. I'm worried I'll find actual

r choice of accommodation. er agitated pacing, the toing ally though, outside, and eeping bags, telling stories.

We make them up, getting more and more fantastical.

We're survivors of a train crash. Of Armageddon. Aliens have landed and bombed our city. It's the War of the Worlds and we're the only two people left on Earth. What do we do?

“We have to get to the sea,” Bear says, with some certainty. “Find a boat. Set sail. It's bound to be better somewhere else. There are always some survivors. Or —” he says, really enthusiastic now — “this carriage could be a portal. It could take us wherever we want to go.”

I laugh. “What, at the push of a button?”

“Yes, or a magic word.”

“Say it then.”

“Ennerdale,” Bear says and we close our eyes, wishing.