On the train leaving Buenos Aires



C. Maxwell's words

The storm had calmed and a timid pastel sunrise had unassumingly introduced the next day, but even in the light, it was nearly impossible to read or write. Celia's pen slipped and scratched on the notebook paper, while the typewritten words of the novel stumbled off the pages, falling into her lap and spilling onto her seat, jerking up and down and left and right with every shaky motion of the train.