Book 3 Sneak Peek!

Can you spot the error that a research trip to 30th Street Station revealed to me? If you see it, post your comments on my [Facebook page](https://www.facebook.com/matty.dalrymple/) or [blog page](http://www.mattydalrymple.com/blog)—and maybe you’ll find ones I don’t know about!

“Now arriving at 30th Street Station,” came the conductor’s voice over the speakers. “If you are leaving the train at 30th Street, please check to make sure you have all your belongings. 30th Street Station is next.”

Patrick could hear the groan of the brakes and a moment later the train left the brightness of the sunny Saturday morning for the darkness of the tunnels under the station. The woman had fallen to the floor and was curled into a fetal position, a thread of sound emanating from between her clenched teeth. Just as Patrick and Holly reached her, the train shuddered, and Patrick rocked into the old woman standing over her.

“She did it,” the old woman hissed, her eyes on Holly.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Patrick, trying to keep his voice steady.

The door to the car whooshed open and the conductor started in, then stopped as he took in the scene. “What’s going on here?” he asked loudly.

Someone in the back of the car yelled, “That woman is having a heart attack!”

“It’s not a heart attack!” cried the old woman. “That girl is doing it to her!”

The car was almost at a stop, and Patrick managed to squeeze past the conductor and pull Holly along with him. “We’ll go get a doctor,” he said to the conductor.

The conductor looked down at the woman on the floor, who was no longer making any sound, and back at Patrick. “What’s that old lady talking about?” he asked.

“I have no idea,” said Patrick.

The train, with a final jerk, came to a stop.

“She did it!” the old woman yelled, pointing at Holly.

Other people began to squeeze past Prada and the old woman, pushing Patrick and Holly from behind. The doors between the cars were open, and Patrick could see the people in the next car craning to get a look at what was happening. He heard someone say “… bomb?” and suddenly the passengers in the next car began surging toward the exit.

The conductor pulled a radio from his belt. “We have a medical emergency on the Keystoner, the quiet car. We just pulled into 30th Street. Call 911.”

The train doors whooshed open and passengers spilled out of the car and surged toward the stairs to the concourse, carrying Patrick and Holly along with them. Being jostled in the middle of the scrum, Patrick heard the conductor’s yell—“Hey, you there with the girl, come back!”—but, gripping Holly’s hand tighter, he pulled her along, keeping his head down. As they reached the stairs, they saw two transit cops starting down.

Patrick and Holly scrambled up the stairs with the other passengers. When the crowd burst out of the stairway into the grand concourse, and had left behind the shrieks, and then the even more ominous silence, of the stricken woman, they lost their forward momentum and came to an untidy stop next to the clacking TRAIN INFORMATION board.

Patrick pulled Holly into the center of the group, but then realized that people were glancing their way, whispering to their neighbors and gesturing with their heads, backing away almost imperceptibly. He bent toward Holly.

“Let’s go, honey.”

Holly nodded, her eyes wide and wild.

Still holding her hand, Patrick pulled Holly across the concourse, their steps echoing alarming in the cavernous space. They had almost reached the exit when he heard someone call, “They’re over there!”

He glanced back and saw two more transit cops striding toward them.

He pushed through a loose group of people near the exit, who were watching the activity curiously, and burst outside.

There was a line of taxis at the doors, but could they really get in one and away before the cops caught up to them? Maybe they should run—but ahead of them rank after rank of traffic circled the station like boats in a concrete moat, and the cops would surely be at the door before they could get to the corner of the enormous building and slip out of sight.

A taxi was the only option.

Patrick, with Holly in tow, started toward the first one in the line, steeling his nerves to not break into a run. When he got there, he propelled Holly into the back seat and slid in after her. He risked a glance back. No cops.

The cabby put down the *Philadelphia City Paper* he had been reading.

“Where to, Bud?” he asked, activating the meter.

“U Penn Hospital emergency room,” he said. “As fast as possible.”

“Is your girl hurt?” asked the cabby, looking at Holly with concern.

“No,” said Patrick, and squeezed Holly’s hand. “It’s her mother.”

“No problem, Bud,” said the cabby, and pulled out at a brisk pace.