

worst-case scenario

Undoing his seatbelt, turning around and lifting himself by the seat backs to get his feet onto the suddenly almost vertical aisle, he realized that it was impossible. No way back – up – to where she must be seated, feeling just as he did. Too steep, too much smoke, too many screaming flailing people. If they had not quarreled in the car, if they had made up and chosen seats together, if at least they could have overcome their feelings and held hands at the end. But it wasn't going to happen now.

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