

O'er (the) Sea

“A person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay. Like a person with two wooden legs getting another person with two wooden legs to guarantee that he has got two natural legs. It don't make either of them able to do a walking-match.”

—Charles Dickens

The trill of a ring tone snaps you out of your revêrie, and you locate the sound as being coming from the table behind you. You race towards the phone, and pick it up in time to hear Van Rjien's hushed but frantic voice.

“The meeting has finished, go find the ring! I found a small door in the back of the storage room, HURRY!”

With that, the line drops out. Putting down the phone, you see a notepad on which a list of familiar-looking names is written.

Name	Phone Number
Kaitlin	883-216-036-383-294-210-593-426
Ryan	240-887-033-211-679-291-357-066
Kirsten	990-424-559-884-968-358-429-210
Taylor	255-294-990-425-296-058-214-883
{ Sandy	384-292-964-215-064-676-429-968
{ Summer	048-040-372-385-354-968-998-252
{ Seth	967-968-998-384-698-683-030-698
Julie	356-091-990-977-045-383-082-426

—Steve Muirhead