

enhanced by Arabella Tedder

It is impossible for the 05:55 train from Cambridge to London King's Cross to be late, and every morning Dana Wilson looks pityingly out the window at the wheelchair-bound man who always manages to just miss it. On this particular day, the prim woman who has already stepped onto the train watches him wheel onto the platform, face red and sweating, and sniffs as he calls out for her to hold the doors. Of course, there is no way for her to do this, and she knows this and the man knows this and Dana knows this—there can be no way that any passenger can be allowed to delay the train—and yet, Dana thinks, the smartly-dressed woman could have at least called out and apologised. Instead, face as pin-straight as her hair, the woman reaches up for the handle above her with what is very recognisably the newest of Edison Technology's enhanced arms, and turns away, the state-of-the-art diamond wiring glinting noticeably under the cool white lighting running through the carriage. At 05:55, and not a second later, the engines drone into action and the train zips out of the station. Dana casts a glance over the carriage and sees all the usual occupants: the person whose redheaded children's glassy eyes show that the bracelets they wear must be from Edison's Keep-Quiet range; the elderly man sat by the doors who gains a new attachment every few months or so, as his hips and knees and ears and eyes give out; and the police officer stationed by the doors between every carriage, his unblinking red eye scanning each person for any anomalies. Today there is a new boy sat across from her, fifteen and clearly fresh from high school. The skin around the tools that have replaced his hands is puckered and red raw – he must be heading for a job in construction. His smooth temples indicate he doesn't have the same memory enhancer that blinks blue at Dana's own, and she doubts he left school with many

qualifications. He scratches at the skin just above his enhancements and winces.

No pain relief add-ons Dana thinks, and winces with him.

'Excuse me, love,' a feeble voice comes from beside her and Dana tears her eyes

away from the boy to see a woman, around eighty years old, peering up at her,

'Would you mind letting me know when we get to Royston station, please? My eyes aren't what they used to be, and they never seem to announce the stations over

the speakers anymore.' Dana looks for the tell-tale signs of Edison Optical

Enhancers (slightly whiter sclera, slightly duller iris, and a small pinprick of light in the centre of the pupil) and sees nothing.

'You should get yourself some EOE's,' says the elderly man by the doors, 'Changed

my life, they did. Couldn't see a thing 'cause of the cataracts and they fixed me

right up. Can see better than I ever could. Edison's a bloody miracle man!' The

woman next to Dana nods at the man and smiles a smile that doesn't reach her eyes.

'I'm afraid a nurse's wages don't quite cover those fancy Edison gadgets,' she

says, 'and there's not too long until I retire now, I'm not sure I need to be able to

see that much!' Her laugh is hollow and quiet, and Dana places her hand on the woman's arm.

'I'll let you know when we get to Royston station, and I can help you off if you

need it.'

'Oh thank you, dear, that would be so helpful!' The woman looks at Dana, smiling

(she feels something uncomfortable settle in the pit of her stomach).

Dana arrives at work by 06:25, just in time for her 06:30 start. When she gets to her desk, there is an email waiting for her from her boss: *Need a quick chat. See me in my office in ten minutes.* Iris, who sits across from her, looks up momentarily before her eyes dart back down to her screen, her quick typing unbroken. (The churning

The boy on the train that morning had the typical arms of someone trying to get a job in a factory or o