It is late afternoon when the Boundless is finally ready to depart. On the Terrace deck Will feels the brisk Atlantic wind pick up. By now the locomotive has pulled the first-class cars alongside the Bedford Basin. Miles away, out of sight, he knows the last cars are being coupled back in the rail yard.

The terrace is crowded now, and when he hears the long shrill whistle from the locomotive, an excitement beats within him, in time with the train's connecting rods. A huge plume of steam bursts from the locomotive's smokestack.

Cho—

And again.

Cho-cho . . . *cho*-cho-cho . . .

And the train is moving, not the sluggish pulls from earlier but an intent straining.

Cha-cha-cha . . . *cha*chachacha . . .

Picking up speed now, the grayish plume rising high into the spring sky; smaller, alternating plumes jetting from the pistons.

Cha-ch-ch-cha-ch-ch-tchtchtchtchtchtchtch . . .

They are finally on their way!

"Some champagne, sir?" a waiter asks him, holding out a platter filled with slender glass flutes.

"Thank you," says Will, taking one. He has a sip, savors the crisp nutty flavor before letting it bubble down his throat. He smiles, pleased with himself. He couldn't fool the bartender, but he's fooled this waiter. And why not? Everyone tells him he looks older than his age, as tall as his father now, and likely to be taller still. His first champagne.

He closes his eyes. He is going somewhere. And he has a plan.

His father just doesn't know it yet.