

Tuesday, October 6, 2026

' 2026 Morning Update • Story Time • Wed, 07 Oct 2026 02:35:27 GMT • 4:03

Cora: Last bus out of Cobre, folks, and she is running right on time for once. Mile marker two fourteen coming up, then the long grade down to the junction.

Javier: How long till we hit the junction, miss?

Cora: Forty minutes, give or take. This old girl climbs like she means it.

Sully: She has got opinions, this one. I rode her twin sister up to the Bisbee shaft back when I still had knees worth mentioning.

Ana: You mined copper up there?

Sully: Thirty-one years. Retired now. My lungs still file complaints every morning, but my pension buys good coffee.

Victor: Speaking of buying, friends, can I interest anyone in the finest multi-tool this side of the state line? Seventeen functions, fits in a shirt pocket.

Mabel: Young man, I am eighty-one years old and I have survived this long without seventeen functions.

Dottie: Shh, easy now. Lily finally fell asleep. Sorry. Please, go on.

Cora: Everybody hold on a second. Do you hear that?

((bus engine sputtering out - engine_stall_01.wav))

Javier: Was that the engine?

Cora: That was the engine giving up. All right, nobody panic. I am pulling her onto the shoulder by mile marker two fourteen.

Ana: Are we safe here?

Cora: Flat shoulder, good visibility. But she is dead, folks. I mean truly dead. And there is no signal out here. Not a single bar.

Victor: Then we walk. The junction cannot be more than, what, ten miles?

Cora: The relay station is five miles back the way we came, and I am the one walking it. Company policy and common sense.

Sully: Then you are taking me with you. I know the old mining road. It cuts two miles off, and I know where the wash crosses it.

Cora: You have got a flashlight?

Victor: Take mine. Industrial grade, part of the deluxe sample kit. No charge.

Sully: Much obliged. Everybody stay with the bus, stay warm, and do not let the kid touch the radio dials.

Javier: I heard that.

Ana: I will keep an eye on everyone. I am a nurse. Organizing worried people is half the job.

((thunder rolling - thunder_01.wav @ far))

Mabel: Was that thunder?

Dottie: Storms come fast out here. Lily hates the loud ones.

Ana: Then we will make this bus the quietest place in the county. Javier, you have got a

tight and stay dry.

Mabel: When I taught school in Cobre, the roof leaked right over my desk every spring. I used to tell the children the sky was taking attendance.

Javier: Did it work?

Mabel: Half of them stayed dry and all of them stayed. That was enough.

Victor: You know, I have driven this route selling tools for nine years. Never once been the customer who needed rescuing. Humbling.

Ana: You gave up your flashlight without being asked. That counts for something.

Dottie: Lily is still asleep. Through all of this. Babies know things.

((bed:end))

Javier: Listen. The rain is stopping.

Ana: And listen past it. Do you hear that?

((tow truck horn - truck_horn_01.wav @ far-right))

Cora: Morning, folks! Relay station had a pot of coffee and a tow truck with your name on it.

Sully: Five miles of mud and one very proud miner. The wash ran two feet deep behind us, but the mining road held.

Mabel: You two look like drowned coyotes.

Cora: The truck will tow us to the junction. Everybody keeps their seats, their stories, and their multi-tools.

Victor: For you, Cora, the deluxe model. On the house.

Cora: Last bus out of Cobre, folks. She always gets through. Same time tomorrow?