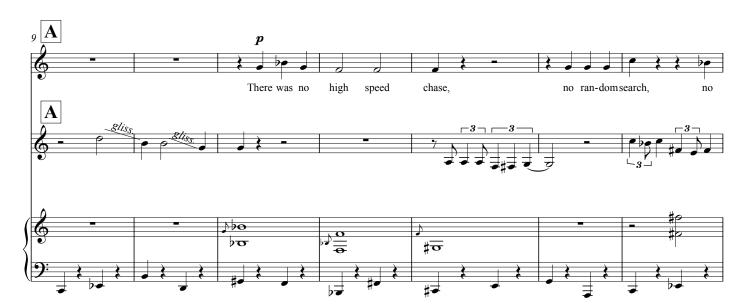
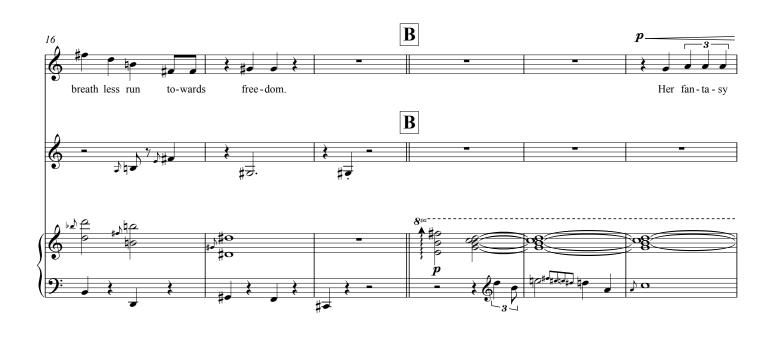
Border Crossing

Music by Ben Tibbetts

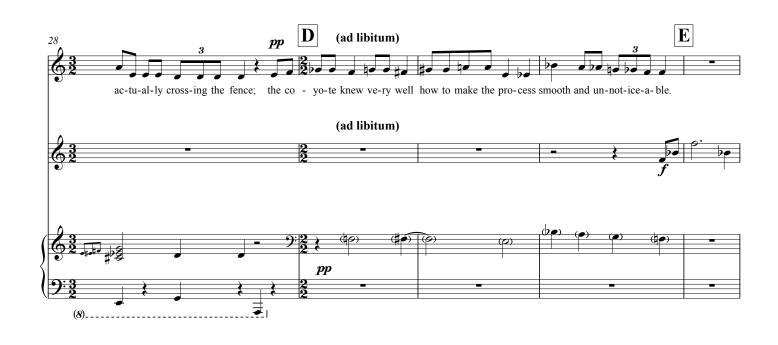


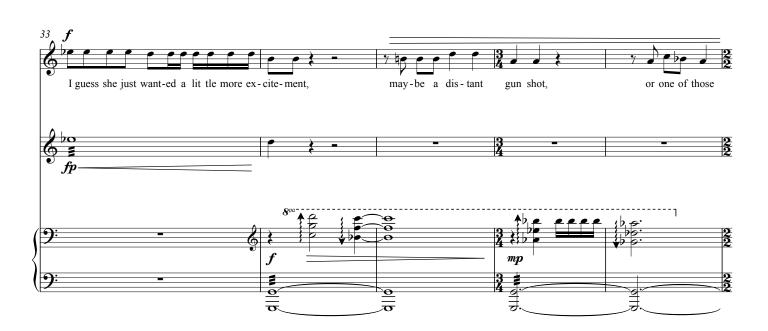


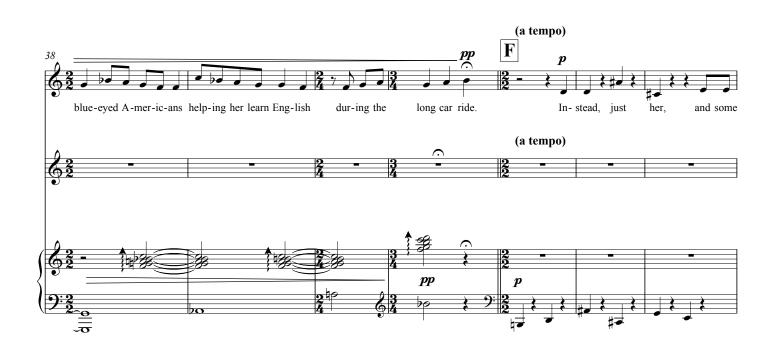
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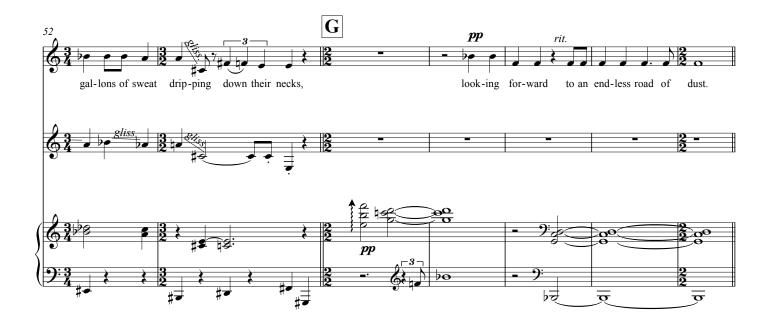












Spoken:

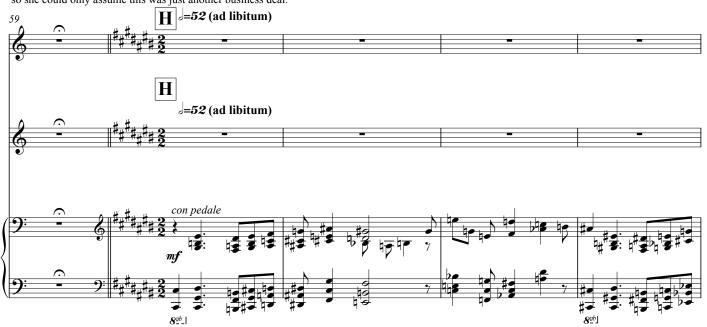
"The man driving them did not have blue eyes and was not exciting at all.

The rude goon was wearing an awful jean shirt.

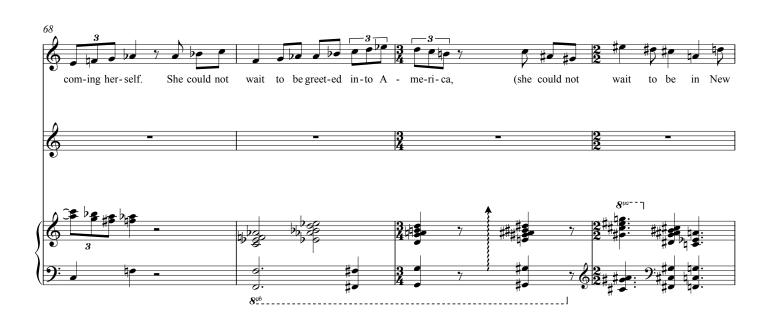
He was very fond of smoking.

That car smelt like an old ashtray that had been sitting out in the sun.

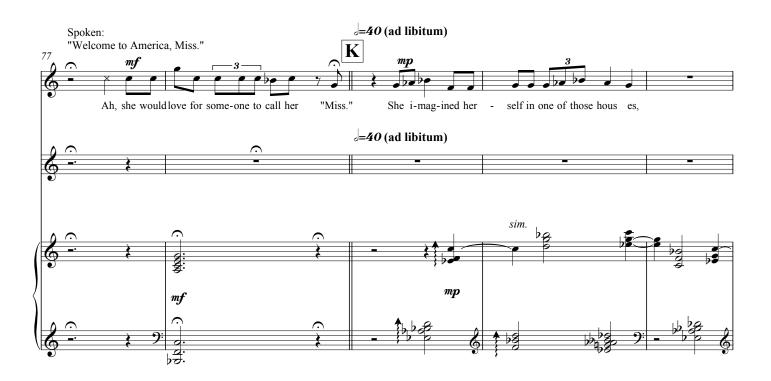
When my mother first encountered the goon, he greeted her with 'money first,' so she could only assume this was just another business deal."



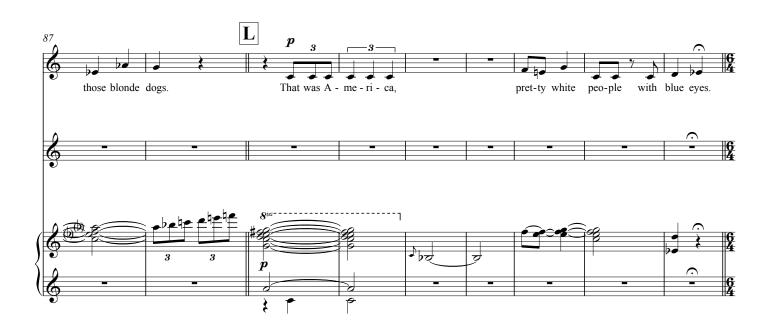






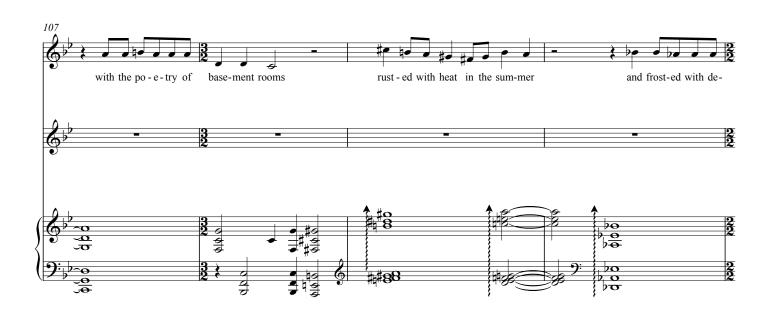


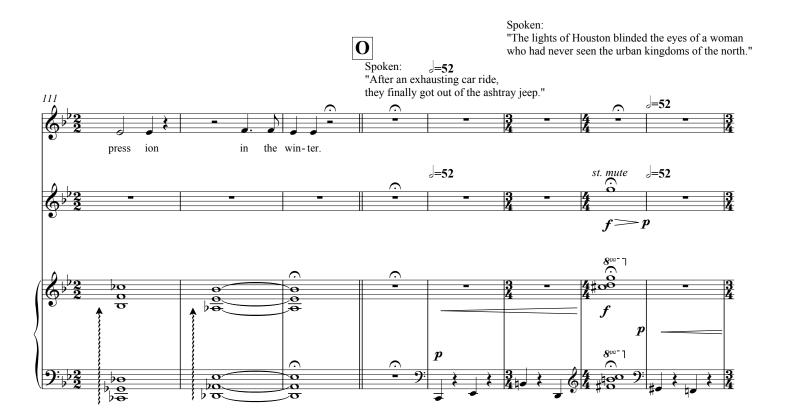












Spoken: "She felt her body catching fire; her tight jeans had hardened with hours of sweat and were pushing against her skin."

The other girl went on her own way.

Who knows where she went. There was no need to know.

She probably became a whore, and if she did? Who would care."

Spoken:

Spoken: "The coyote disappeared into the night,

like most undomesticated dogs do."



