



# A FLOAT

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'Funny, ominous, suspenseful.  
A smart, contemporary debut  
well worth reading'

*Globe and Mail*

Afloat  
by  
Jennifer McCartney

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‘O – at Mackinaw! That fairy island, which I shall never see again! and which I should have dearly liked to filch from the Americans, and carry home to you in my dressing box.’

Anna Brownell Jameson, *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, 1838

LEHI m

Usage: Biblical, Mormon

From an Old Testament place name meaning ‘jawbone’ in Hebrew. It is also used in the Books of Mormon as the name of a prophet.

*The Utah Baby Namer*

Your right hand, palm inward, thumb out, is the state of Michigan.

Mackinac Island is off the tip of your middle finger. Green and heavy, this limestone outcrop of land lies in the straits of Mackinac between the lakes of Huron and Michigan. The island is nine miles around with forest in the middle and it takes one hour to circle it by bicycle. You cannot travel by car, because there are none. The narrow road surrounding the island, the M-185, is the only highway in North America on which there has never been a motor-vehicle accident, although the cemetery is full. The weather intrudes like a clenched fist. During the winters the five hundred horses are taken away to a southern state.

It was May. The island lay underneath a sky shaded like the underbelly of a fish.

As the ferryboat angled towards the pier I watched my summer becoming larger, the houses clearer, the postcard image of horse-and-carriage suddenly alive on modern, gray-paved streets. The air was cold on the top deck, and everything was sharp, clear, and bright. The island's green crown, thick with forests, was welcoming. White seagulls turned pin-wheels in the sky and the lake was calm as we docked – the horn loud. Descending to the wooden jetty to collect my suitcase, then tugging it behind me onto the cement sidewalk, I approached the building I had, until now, seen only in photographs.

★

I will tell you everything that comes next, the exact events of that summer, so you can understand what I am waiting for now. It is 12:05 p.m. I have six hours until my visitor arrives. Enough time for everything to happen again.

# Mackinac

Gracing the top of the document stapled to the front gate is the delicate, embossed image of a golden canoe.

WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE BUT THE TIPPECANOE (EXCLUDING THE FRONT GATE) HAS BEEN FRESHLY WHITENED FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT THIS SEASON. PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH ANYTHING.

The wet paint sign is not hand-lettered – it looks professionally commissioned.

I set my luggage next to the wooden bike rack which says, TIPPECANOE GUESTS ONLY, PLEASE, and turn to the building, which months earlier had occupied an entire page of St. Paul's *Pioneer Press*. Its two stories are incongruous next to the slightly dingy Pancake House and the half-full marina. The metal plaque affixed to the entrance dates the building back to 1926, and though the restaurant is closed until tomorrow the front door is open. The fumes are overwhelming.

The owner's hair is dyed black in a long sharp ponytail which does not swing as she advances towards me. She extends a perfect hand, and when she smiles her teeth are white. It's impossible to determine her age as she is rich enough to have had any number of surgeries. She could be thirty-five or fifty-five.

My teeth are not as white as hers.

'Good morning,' she says. 'Welcome to the Tippecanoe.'

'Thank you,' I say.

She continues smiling as she sweeps me into the restaurant,

pointing towards a low, leather armchair that cannot be easy to extricate oneself from after a night of cocktails. Other new arrivals are already sitting properly in the half-circle arrangement, and among these even the men are beautiful. I wonder how she accomplished this as we were all hired over the phone.

The interior has hardwood pine floors, clean lines, and soaring ceilings – the perfect design and symmetry the handsome result of renovation, investment, and impossibly high standards. Glass, leather, and wood all seem to glow with natural light. The only questionable item of taste is the cocktail bar's appearance – the façade a glossy wooden half of a canoe.

'Authentic,' she assures me.

Seated, I scratch the leather armrest with a fingernail and then rub the mark with my thumb. The lake looks black beneath textured gray clouds and in the marina beside the restaurant is a fantastic yacht flying a French flag. A girl with long blonde hair and eyes drawn black with eyeliner leans over to me and whispers while nodding towards the boat, 'Who do you have to fuck to get a ride on that thing?'

As an introduction the owner tells us she used to be a ballet instructor on Cape Cod and gives a slight curtsy in her pointed high heels. She is dressed in perfect black like a monochrome painting, and there is no sign of lint anywhere. Her name is Velvet.

The Tippecanoe is not a roast-beef restaurant. The menu we are given to study displays venison, smoked salmon, elk pepper steaks, and different sauces, most of which I've never heard of. Dishes are finished with pear walnut crème, fig confit or garlic sabayon. There is the full array of cutlery, including the shrimp fork: no corners are cut. The tablecloths are crisp and white, napkins the same. Crystal goblets are polished by hand. Velvet tells us apologetically that some tourists will

have to leave after being seated, realizing they cannot afford the restaurant. The clientele *do* fit the image for the most part however, Velvet assures us. I imagine men with business credit cards drinking Manhattans, and women with earrings and outfits purchased all at once, so that nothing is left to chance.

After a long speech and lots of handouts, we begin our hands-on training. My table of pretend guests is having tonic water, a glass of champagne, and a Brie and biscuit platter. In hushed whispers everyone is searching the kitchen, trying to complete their assigned tasks.

*Where's the whipped cream?*

*What the hell is Abalone? Is that the hot line or the cold line?*

*How do I make this napkin look like a swan?*

Velvet corners me by the espresso machine. Someone has left the grinder running and the air is hot and caffeinated. Smiling, she switches the machine off, then turns to me. She is much taller than I am.

'You brought out tonic water without a lime,' she says. 'All soft drinks must be served with one black straw, and one slice of lime.'

I nod. These are the details that must be remembered.

Velvet informs a young man wearing a baseball hat that for seventy-six years the sugar cubes at this restaurant have been presented to the guests in a china bowl, on a china plate, with an accompanying silver doily. The ketchup also goes on a doily plate – as does mayonnaise, syrup, hot sauce, salad dressing, soup, tea bags, and teapots. *When in doubt, doily.* She emphasizes her D's.

When Velvet leaves the dining area to retrieve our written tests, the hat-wearing waiter says, 'Fuck the doilies,' and puts one in his mouth.

He is still chewing when Velvet returns with the stack of papers.

As she distributes the tests, she reminds us that the Tippecanoe is the *first* restaurant on the island to open for the summer season, and the last to close for the winter. It is one of the top six restaurants in Michigan. I receive a perfect score on the Chamber of Commerce's standardized exam for new island employees.

The island has four hundred and three year-round residents.

The visitors in the summer number over one million.

There are seventeen pubs, most of them on Main Street, which runs the length of the town and is parallel to the water.

There are three ferry lines running boats into the harbor every fifteen minutes.

There are bike rental shops that charge by the half hour.

There is an old British fort on a cliff that is open to visitors.

There is a taxi service of horse-drawn carriages.

There is one red-brick school.

There is a medical center.

One of the girls gets four out of twenty and has to write the test again.

What [www.mackinac.com](http://www.mackinac.com) never told me, and what the written test excludes, is the incredible atmosphere. The streets in town are chaos, with ringing bike bells, and music pouring out of each pub and ferry horns blaring and school groups screaming and taxi drivers in their horse-drawn carriages shouting at tourists taking pictures in the middle of the road.

Conversely, everything is calm, green, the water is everywhere. There are no traffic lights and no exhaust fumes and no daily headlines save the weekly *Town Crier* and nothing is fast enough to be a problem.

At the end of this first day the espresso machine bears a sign, DON'T FORGET TO TURN ME OFF.

★

My first night on the island I am alone. The other girls are in their apartments, already friends. I met them all during training, our nametags a strange exercise in alliteration: Brenna, Blue, Bailey. Bell. Blue said her parents let her two-year-old sister choose her name. Brenna, the girl who commented about the yacht, told me that as soon as she gets her first pay check she's getting her roots done.

The bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen don't feel like my own yet. I leave my suitcase closed on the bed, unzipping only the flat compartment at the front to retrieve the last items I packed: the calendar and a box of thumbtacks. I press the month of May firmly to an empty white wall. The carpet's a hotel-shade of pink and each room is adorned with laminated instructions about the fridge, microwave, and kettle, reminders about remembering to lock the front door and close all the windows, a warning about ants. It smells as if other people lived here once but have been away a long time.

Through the open doorway of my suite the grounds are illuminated by old-fashioned lampposts, two of which are working. The long gravel road is lined with weeds and pine trees, the sign at the entrance reads, MACKINAC PINE SUITES. The bike racks are full, my father's mountain bike indistinguishable from the rest. There are beer cans in the garden, and it has the atmosphere of a place that is cared for but not invested in, tucked conveniently amongst the trees and away from the eyes of tourists. I wander out a bit further, guessing the long building must hold about thirty apartments and I wonder who else is alone tonight. Directly above me is an apartment on the second floor with a balcony. It's filled with light and people, but the stairs are steep and I wasn't invited. A bare ass appears at one of the windows, followed by shrieks. A silhouette calls out, 'You're new?'

'I'm new,' I say.

‘Come on up, grab a beer.’

I climb the cement stairs at a pace that doesn't appear too eager, but when I get to the top he isn't looking at me. On his white T-shirt is a large blue ribbon that says, 1st Place County Fair. There's no hemp necklace or gold chain or earring in one ear, and though his top front teeth are crooked he is passably handsome. He turns, tells me his name, wiping his palm on his jeans before shaking my hand. The accent is from Michigan, and I wonder which part.

‘Want a drink?’

I shrug, smiling, and I still haven't brushed my teeth. I stop smiling. The beer cooler outside the door is full of melting ice, and he gives me a wet can. ‘Thanks.’

I pull the tab, trying to remember when I last drank beer from a can. I think it was in high school, and I hope he doesn't crush the can on his forehead when he's finished. I don't ask about the ribbon.

Leaning our elbows on the metal railing, we stare out over the tops of the trees. He tells me Velvet bought the Pine Suites after someone killed his family in one of the guest rooms, and no one wanted to stay here anymore.

‘Killed them all with an axe,’ he says.

We consider this.

‘Imagine bringing an axe with you on vacation,’ I say.

He laughs, nodding. ‘Sunglasses, bug spray, unwieldy murder weapon . . .’ He counts the items on his fingers.

The island seems full of things I'd like to discover and it's only been eight hours.

‘Which suite was it?’ I ask.

Bryce winks at me. ‘You're in suite eight, right? Just don't be in your bedroom after midnight.’

I punch him in the arm. ‘Fuck off.’

He rubs his arm. ‘He'll be waiting for you.’

Someone inside is yelling for him, and Bryce excuses himself. I stay at the top of the stairs feeling alone, and I should have followed him in, but it's too late now. After a while he returns in a light-blue shirt that buttons down the front, but he hasn't unbuttoned it too far. The county fair ribbon is gone.

'You want to come down to the bars with us?' he asks.

'I don't drink,' I say, handing him my empty can.

He puts it in the plastic bag he's allotted for recyclables.

A group gathers and we wander down into town, everyone electing to walk the mile or so instead of riding bikes as there are so many of us. It becomes second nature to sidestep the wet piles of horseshit. They rarely get a chance to harden as there are men employed with brushes and wheelbarrows and shovels to scoop the piles out of sight. Tourists taking pictures of the carriages don't like to smell horseshit, I imagine, not at the prices they've paid to come here. These men are everywhere, wearing gray coveralls and standing beside their rapidly filling wheelbarrows. Bryce tells us that last summer immigration officials took most of these men away. They were chained by their ankles in the middle of the road, and led onto a waiting coast-guard boat. People took pictures. More men arrived to take their place.

One of the girls at the front of the group thinks this is totally sad.

At the bar the couches are leather and I sit by myself, wondering whose bare ass I was witness to earlier. Someone with a pink martini is talking to Bryce, and in the dim light I notice her long luminous nails, legs crossed towards him. He nods encouragingly for a few minutes while I wish for anyone to join me, to save me and talk about their city or cat or the poetry they write in spiral notebooks labelled POETRY. Anything so

there isn't empty space around me. When the girl with long nails retreats to the bathroom on wobbly stilettos, Bryce sits beside me.

'Looks like she forgot to finish getting dressed,' he says, nodding towards her backless top tied with string.

The couch seats two comfortably.

'Not your favorite person?' I ask.

'I try and stay away.'

I cross my legs towards him. 'Why the name Bryce?'

'It's a canyon in Utah. My family's Mormon.'

'Just your family?'

'You can't be Mormon and drink beer at the same time. Cheers.'

I imagine running my hands through his beautiful hay-colored hair as our beers click together. They are huge, bigger than a pint, and I have trouble lifting the glass with one hand. He is drinking Miller Light. I am drinking Labatt Blue.

Seated, Bryce and I are the same height.

The opening night of Velvet's restaurant is a carefully orchestrated event. Soft jazz plays through small expensive speakers mounted near the ceiling. The new menus stand sleek and upright in their leather jackets next to the cream-colored candles, the napkins are folded to look like swans. The air smells of orchid, fresh pesto, and starched linen, and the front door has been propped open with a tiny brass doorstop in the shape of a galloping horse. The sounds of cutlery and tinkling glassware and laughter echo with perfect pitch as the room fills. Nothing is too loud.

In a smooth black skirt and turtleneck, Velvet spends the evening air-kissing her friends and hissing instructions at the staff.

‘Nicole and Alan, *welcome!* Nicole, you look wonderful in that shade of beige, or is it more of an ecru?’

Then turning smoothly, with a sixth sense for incompetence as I pass with my tray, ‘Soup spoon, soup spoon, soup spoon!’

Rummy from Canada is nervous. He lives in apartment seven at the Pine Suites, and when you ask Rummy what time it is, he says things like, ‘time for a beer,’ or, ‘time for you to get a watch.’

This makes me think of my father.

He has a round easy face and thick earlobes, not pierced or decorated, and his build reminds me of a baseball player, his thighs solid under his uniform. He confides this is his first job in the hospitality industry – the exchange rate on the American dollar allowing him to maximize his savings for school. With the guests he is enthusiastic because he means it, not because he has to be. The more experienced servers, the ones whose names I cannot yet keep straight, will smack open the swinging door to the kitchen and announce, ‘Water and a main course to *share.*’

They’re looking for sympathy, and it’s too early to know yet which servers I will wish this fate on, *the cheap table*, so I nod.

Rummy arrives as I’m retrieving my second forgotten soup spoon of the night.

‘Is there a drink called a gin at seven?’ he asks.

‘Gin *and* seven. With Seven Up. Why?’

‘Shit. I thought he said, gin *at seven.* And I asked if he wanted his gin at seven o’clock.’

‘You’re joking.’

He shakes his head.

Chef Walter, a large African–American man from Kansas, turns to me as I’m laughing. He points a quiet finger at me,

thick and careful, as if not only his kitchen but his body too is disciplined.

‘Which one are you?’ he asks.

Before I can tell him my name, he turns back to the hot line, waving me away. ‘I don’t even care, just shut the fuck up.’

Mortified, I follow Rummy out into the dining room where my table of two is still finishing their Chilled Cranberry and Raspberry Soup with Grated Nutmeg. They’ve been enjoying their tiny bowls for thirty-five minutes, but at least the soup is intended to be cold. Next to them, Rummy approaches table five with a gin and seven on his tray. The two men ask Rummy where he’s from.

‘Canada, eh?’ The first man raises his gin towards Rummy as if making a toast. ‘Our fifty-first state!’

The other man sips his vodka tonic and chuckles, and I think I hear the word *Igloo*. Rummy then points out that their assumptions regarding his enjoyment of the warm Michigan weather are misplaced, as the island is actually five hours north of where he grew up. The men are from Connecticut, and as my table finally finishes their soup I see Rummy using his right hand to show them where exactly his home is in Ontario in relation to Michigan.

He finds me later by the canoe bar as I wait for a Manhattan on the rocks and tells me how, over their dessert of Figs Poached in Cabernet Sauvignon and Served with Almond Ice Cream, one of the men had conceded: ‘You guys got a great prime minister up there though, that Trudeau guy is really something.’

Rummy informed the man that Trudeau died earlier this month.

‘Oh right,’ he said. ‘Well, who you got running the place now then?’

We snicker at this, which makes me feel like I can't ask Rummy who Trudeau was. Wanting to know, and annoyed that I don't, I will look it up on the Internet later.

The restaurant fills quickly. Women with bodies that look too sleek to have borne children arrive on the arms of men wearing linen clothing and smelling of pre-dinner cocktails. Each elegant couple raise toasts across their immaculate tables, ordering hors d'oeuvres as well as desserts, and each check is well over one hundred dollars. When I finish at eleven, I feel there will never be enough time in my lifetime to learn everything I need to know about food, wine, and luxury.

The changing room is hot, loud, and crowded with female bodies in bras, wearing socks, putting on lipstick and body spray. The room begins to smell of deodorant, hair gel, and scents like 'passion' and 'ocean.' I kick off my black work shoes and strip off my apron, already stained with salad dressing, sauce, and wine. The closet behind me says 'Tuxedo Shirts' and I take a hanger, buttoning the shirt to the neck and placing it back in the closet for it to be cleaned by a professional laundry service in St. Ignace. This convenience comes out of my pay check.

Tonight Brenna isn't wearing underwear, just a thin black strip of pubic hair visible before she pulls up her pants.

'I can't stand wearing them,' she claims.

Blue, a tiny girl with dark hair and a delicate silver cross which she wears on the outside of her uniform, disagrees, maintaining that vaginas are like feet.

'It's like wearing no socks with running shoes,' she says, scrunching her nose. 'And then your feet start sweating.'

I have never considered *not* wearing panties and, despite this warning, I make up my mind not to wear any tomorrow.

★

The pub I'd been to on my first night turns out to be the employee bar of choice. Its proper title is the Cockpit Club, but it has obtained an affectionate nickname over the years.

Rummy and I agree to meet at the Cock after work, as it also happens to be the closest bar to the restaurant. The two buildings face one another on Main Street, and the time elapsed from clocking out to having your first sip of beer is about five minutes. It is maybe twenty feet from the door of the Tippecanoe to the front door of the Cock, but I ride my bike anyway, pedaling quickly for ten feet and then coasting the last ten. I park a suitable distance away from the bike I know belongs to Bryce. I do not lock it.

It's a cold northern Michigan night, and I'm wearing a bright sweater the color of a new leaf. He sees me through the glass doors before I open them, and inside the bar is thick with warmth, almost hot. John the bartender doesn't recognize me yet but gives me a nod, and Bryce is standing by the jukebox.

'Hey, come help me pick songs,' he says. He feeds a bill into the machine. 'You first,' he tells me.

I flip the selections back and forth taking my time, and I finally choose 'Hollywood Nights' by Bob Seger, a song I always pick first. He presses F8, a song by James Brown. We both agree on Michael Jackson for the last one. My song begins suddenly, the line about the girl standing bright as the sun. Bryce motions to a couch full of people I haven't met yet.

The girls in his group are singing along, 'he was a Midwestern boy', and waving their martini glasses in time to the music.

I glance at them, then back at Bryce. 'Thanks,' I say. 'But I'm meeting Rummy.'

He smiles at me. 'Well, you're welcome to join me. I promise not to sing.'

★

I am half pleased at appearing so indifferent and half mortified to have refused his offer. Sitting up at the bar alone as the sing-along turns into shrieking giggles, I decide if Rummy doesn't arrive soon I'll have to pretend to talk on my phone. Taking it from my bag, there is no signal.

The Cock is small, and caters to the island workers, not the tourists. It is brightly lit by fluorescent bulbs, and the chairs and tables are white plastic. Against the left wall and out of place are two leather couches – probably cast-offs from a family living room – and against the right wall the bar extends the length of the room.

Rummy arrives when I am halfway through my first pint.

'He'll have a gin and seven up,' I tell the bartender.

Rummy sits down heavily on his stool, sweat on his face even though it's cool outside. He shakes his head.

'I've never had such a stressful job before,' he says.

John sets the gin and seven in front of him and Rummy eyes it warily before pulling out the straw and draining the glass.

'I'd rather have my rye and ginger,' he says.

He motions to John and asks for a shot of rye whisky in his ginger ale. John shrugs. Rummy turns back to me.

'So have you ever heard of Hamilton, Ontario?'

I think for a moment. 'I've heard of Newfoundland. My parents saw a moose there, a huge one by the side of the road.'

He decides to ignore this. 'That's a different province. Do you like Lifesavers?'

'The candy?'

'They were made in Hamilton. For seventy years, every Lifesaver sold in North America was made in a factory down the street from my house.'

'No shit,' I say.

I lean back on my stool and turn my head slightly to see what Bryce is doing, while Rummy continues.

‘You could tell what flavor they were making because of the smell. On the days when they made butterscotch, the whole street would be lined with people. Neighbors. Kids. Standing around. Sniffing.’

Bryce is sitting back on the couch, looking relaxed and, I think, a bit bored amid the shouts of the girls around him. He looks over and nods. I lean forward again and look at Rummy.

‘I like the green Lifesavers,’ I say.

He rolls his eyes at me. ‘Green is not a flavor.’

Drunk already from the vodka he sips during work, Trainer joins us, slamming his empty water bottle proudly on the surface of the bar. He slides into the high-backed barstool next to Rummy, slinging his backpack off his shoulder. Trainer is tall, large, and bearded, his Cleveland Indians hat frayed at the edges and lined with sweat stains. He looks at me, then at Rummy.

‘You’re the Canadian,’ he says, as a statement.

Rummy says *yes* as if he’s resigned himself to this new identity.

‘Where are you from again?’ Rummy asks.

‘Sandusky. You know Cedar Point?’

‘No.’

‘The amusement park.’

‘Sorry.’

‘Well, it’s in Sandusky.’

Trainer turns and looks straight ahead, sipping his Belvedere and soda until Rummy asks if he’s ever heard of Hamilton. Trainer hasn’t, but has been to Toronto. They begin discussing the city while I concentrate on appearing interested, wondering if I should go to the bathroom so I can pass by the leather

couch. Soon, however, Trainer's favorite haunts in Ontario's capital command my attention. He orders another drink, and attempts to enlighten Rummy and myself.

'Well, my first time I was eighteen. I'd been chatting with this guy from TO online, and we'd agreed to meet. He was thirty-six. I told my mom I was going to see the Hockey Hall of Fame.'

'That's in Canada?' I ask.

Trainer ignores me and continues. 'Got there after nine hours on the Greyhound, and he takes me to this pretty seedy place.' He pauses. 'Well, pretty much any bathhouse I've been in is seedy. We bypassed the slurp ramp for the hot tubs. You guys know what a slurp ramp is?'

Rummy and I shake our heads.

'It's like this platform with curtains all around you, and in the curtains are slits about waist high to stick your dick through.'

I imagine Trainer naked, fitting his penis through a hole in a stiff curtain. Immediately his life seems much more interesting than mine.

'So, whatever, that's not my bag, we went to the hot tub. It's like, really crowded. I had to walk down the steps with my wang flopping from side to side until I reached the surface. So the hot tub's just full of these floating dicks, literally.'

'So what do you do when you're in there?' I want to know.

'Whatever you want.'

His second drink finished already, he orders a Bud this time, and winks as he lifts the bottle to his lips. 'Predictable is boring,' he says.

Although I roll my eyes when he says this, I'm often susceptible to the type of people who make these sweeping pronouncements.

John's Yellow Submarine is the drink special, written on a chalkboard next to the Pac Man video game. The ingredients are listed as blended vanilla ice cream, Baileys, and banana liqueur. I order one of these next, and it comes with half a banana stuck upright onto the side of the glass.

Trainer confides that he trusts Rummy because he's from Canada. There is no particular logic to this, only Trainer's perception of Canadians as being the coolest people in the world.

'Canadians are funnier than us,' he states. 'And I don't feel like a homo in Toronto.'

'And we make great Lifesavers,' Rummy adds.

Trainer wants to know what the hell he's talking about.

'I like the green ones,' I say again.

Bryce arrives beside me at the bar to pay his tab, and tells me he's meeting someone down the street.

'A buddy of mine,' he says. 'You'll probably meet him.'

I want to go with him, to pretend I was just leaving myself, but he's bought me a beer and I can't leave it.

He sets it in front of me saying, 'Labbatt's, right?'

I nod and thank him, and, without breaking eye contact, he says, 'No problem. The first of many.'

I don't turn to watch him go, but I know when he's gone.

'He seems nice,' Rummy says.

When I leave the bar at two thirty alone, Trainer is walking with difficulty up Main Street, held up by someone half his size.

He gives me a wave and yells, 'Juan here is helping me home tonight because Juan is so fucking hot. Isn't that right, Juan?'

Juan nods and looks pleased.

As I walk towards my bike, I have a sense of how important

this all is. Of how each star is warm and the night is good and the sound of bikes and horses should be recorded so that everyone can hear, everyone can know how important this all is. These thoughts are interrupted by me falling over.