

# JUST SO SMALL AND PERFECT

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A week after my mother died I packed her ashes into my purse, packed a suitcase, and headed for Dallas. Driving the highway, dodging semis in her old '87 Bonneville and smoking cigarettes I'd found in her bedroom closet, cartons enough to have lasted another year, I could feel her next to me in the seat. Her voice was muffled, bagged and all as she was, but she was asking questions, giving advice. She suckered me into a conversation. In death she was less to the point, and she started out rambling about the four lanes of the highway, how they used to be two. She and my father used to take trips to see the Rangers play on holiday weekends. Back before we came along, us kids, and before things went bad and Dad started hitting her.

"He had fists like a son of a bitch," she said. "A man that didn't need a hammer. And to him everything was a nail. You should imagine that."

"You tell that story too much."

"You should imagine that," Mom said again. "Cause a man that sees nothing but nails, and he's himself a hammer, well. How do you think that ends?"

"He came to your funeral. He was sad."

"I did good, leaving. He did good by you kids after that. I wish I could've once give him back a taste of what he gave me, though."

We were silent a while. I was nearing Childress, its lights pressing against the nighttime sky as I dropped off the high plain into rolling cotton country, red dirt I knew was out there in the dark. I'd made the drive

enough times myself that I didn't have to see it to get my bearings.

"And now *look at you*," Mom said. "Look at you. Look at you."

"I've earned a vacation," I said.

"You haven't earned shit. And you don't deserve this, Kristi."

"What do you want?"

"What every parent wants. The best. Just turn around and go home."

She kept talking, but I rolled down the window and lit a cigarette. The wind washed her out and left me a roaring silence. I hadn't had a cigarette in nearly two years, since I'd moved in to take care of Mom. She'd quit, too, but still had them stored, ready to start again or just in case of what I didn't know. I took a long drag and coughed. They were probably stale, and not what had been my brand, but it had been long enough I couldn't really tell the difference. Along the road I occasionally saw small pairs of yellow, shining eyes, cats and skunks and opossums that stared into the headlamps and let me pass before carrying on with their business. My mother, her ashes bagged and nestled in their little urn, had her own eyes out in the darkness. I heard her voice in my head, pleading but pitiless, and watched where I was headed.

I found Jorge's neighborhood, kind of in between Arlington and Dallas, before sunup. Morning traffic was just getting going, people heading to work and school, about their days. I drove between rows of 70's ranch-styles, every street named for a flower or tree or occasionally, just for variety's sake, an Indian tribe. I was ready for sleep but jittery, wired with nervousness and maybe a little excitement. Jorge lived on Lavender, a dead-end lane cut off by railroad tracks. Across them a field of grass, holding a few grazing cattle, stretched to the Interstate. I drove up and down a few times until I spotted the house number he'd given me. He had a silvery Honda car in the drive, something new since I'd last seen him. The house was indistinguishable from those surrounding it, and lights shone in a couple windows. I parked on the street and sat a moment, took a deep breath before going to the door.

Jorge stood in the open doorway with a surprised expression even though he'd known I was coming. He looked no different than he had six

months earlier. Skin pale, hairline receding, goatee a little too thick but shiny and trimmed. I'd been tried to decide whether or not we'd parted on good terms. We'd been together a couple years, since before I moved in with Mom, and only really stopped because he left Amarillo for a new job, some sort of IT thing. And there was more than that, but there's always more. He'd asked me to go with him, but I couldn't. I wouldn't, and I said no. We eyeballed each other, and then he finally invited me inside. He opened his arms, and I pressed into him for a hug. He gave off heat and an oily, manicured scent. He had a habit of ordering beard-care product from Norway and shampoos from God knew where, spending a lot of money on what hair he had.

"Sorry about your mom," he said, and we pulled apart. "But I'm glad you called. It's good to see you."

"Sorry for the short notice."

"No, no. How's Connie? She taking it okay? And Chad?"

I shrugged, mumbled they were so-so, and he led me through the living room and into the kitchen. Before leaving Mom's house I'd taped a note to the door: TAKE WHATEVER, I'd written, DON'T CARE. My sister had been after me since before Mom went to hospice to let her in, start taking things. Or at least marking what they wanted. Chad, our brother, hadn't been so involved, but he was perched, waiting. He checked in every so often. Bobby always needed money, help, something, and that's the only reason he ever called. I was happy to see Jorge but he was a means of escape, too. I didn't know what they'd do with Mom's stuff or even the house, but they could fight it out without me.

"Really," I told Jorge. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be that way." We stopped at the kitchen counter. He topped off his coffee cup and poured me one. I sat Mom's faux-silver and gold urn out on the faux-marble. "Is that her?"

"Fits, doesn't she?" I pushed her back into a mix with some jars and canisters lined up at the back of the counter. "Never know the difference."

"Weird." He shook his head and then drained his mug. "Listen, I have to work. Make yourself at home today, okay?"

"I thought you said you were calling in."



"Can't. Get yourself some sleep. Don't watch TV all day and then not be awake this evening. Computer's unlocked, but don't go crazy on there, either."

"Oh, Law." My mother's voice coughed its way to me. "And so it begins."

"Have a sandwich for lunch." I followed him to the living room, where he picked up a backpack and loaded his wallet and keys into his pockets, and then to the door. He stopped, and smiled. He leaned in and kissed me on the mouth. "I really am glad you're here."

"Me, too," I said. I stood on the porch to watch him into his new car and off down the street. The day was already warming up, sun just showing. Along dead-end Lavender people's lawn sprinklers were firing to life. I sat down on the lone porch step and closed my eyes, listened, thought I heard talking from somewhere. I opened my eyes and didn't see anyone. I thought about sleep and about how I'd otherwise spend the day.

We spent a week getting back into the swing of things, relearning each other. Jorge took adjusting. We'd always took it together, anyway. He woke in the mornings and went about his routine, sprucing his face and hair while I made breakfast. An egg apiece, toast, coffee. I suggested juice, and he only shook his head, slowly and sadly. A terrible idea. I kept Mom on the counter, too, and this displeased him in a similar way. His eyes kept falling to her, running over the urn like he was trying to open it, move it, make it go away.

"She's fine," I said. "She fits there. Leave her."

"You don't think she'd be more comfortable in the living room?"

"No, I don't."

I liked having her there amongst the coffee and flour and sugar jars. There wouldn't be any explaining to Jorge that I needed her around or that I was having conversations with her. He wasn't geared to accept such a silly notion. But we had breakfast, the three of us together, and then he went to work where, he explained in detail, he took care of all the computer needs of a large Methodist hospital. He handled their daily business and also saw to their online presence—website and email servers mostly, for now, but he



was working on developing their social-media outreach as well. He'd started with a Twitter account, said it was hipper and more to the point.

"At-Metho-care," he told me, pleased with himself. I thought immediate of methamphetamines and the centers who saw to sobering up their abusers, but I didn't tell him that. I knew the frown I'd get, and I wanted to enjoy what he was enjoying, what he'd done.

My days were hollow and strangely silent after the wind down with Mom. The first day I slept on his couch. I fell asleep with the TV and woke when he came home, had dinner and talked and then fell asleep again. That first night I slept in the bed with him. We kept to our separate sides of the bed, a polite kiss. Talked a moment of something that happened with a computer-illiterate doctor and I was out. I felt a craving for sleep, hard like a pang. The next morning Jorge left me a small list of chores and directives for surviving my time without him. It wasn't much. He didn't know how long things took, or didn't need much done—I flittered through his small cleanings and ran his few errands and then slept, clear and quiet in the living room. When Jorge wasn't around I smoked more of my mother's left-behind cigarettes, out on the concrete patio behind the house. I ran them down to nothing and then flicked the white butts high and far into the heavy, well-watered grass. He'd complain, if he found them. He'd admonished me into quitting even before Mom grew sick, saying he hated the taste of smoke and ash. He'd wanted my taste, he said, and I thought it endearing.

Since he'd moved Jorge had taken up a new hobby, I discovered. In one of the spare bedrooms he'd set up a table and covered it with small dropper bottles of paint. He had dozens of small metal figures in various stages of painting—miniature people but elves and dwarves, too, all manner of monsters and even dragons. Stuff I vaguely associated with Dungeons and Dragons, though that wasn't something I remembered him playing. I stopped to look at them a couple times when I was rounding the house, dusting or vacuuming or picking up. I sat in his chair and turned them over in my hands. He had nothing else in the house that suggested those games, so I finally asked him during dinner one night. His eyes lit up, and he laughed.

"No, no D&D," he said. "Just not for me. I met some folks who do play, though, and I really liked their miniatures. So I started painting them.

"They're just so small and perfect," he went on, setting down his fork to gesticulate with both hands. "Such amazing detail, the individual pieces. Sometimes I build larger dioramas—still tiny, in the big picture, but big for them. It's so much fun. I've got a Facebook page, artist page. I post pictures of my projects so people can follow along."

He went on about a company there in Dallas that made miniatures, the best he thought, and said he went to their store every week or two for group paint sessions. I'd have to go, soon, he said, meet everyone and check it out. I promised I would.

That night we made love, first time in a long time. I'd been alone since we split, and I got the feeling so had he. Jorge was unhurried but quick, too, careful to check every few seconds, asking if I was getting everything I needed. I promised him I was and worked hard to enjoy myself. I appreciated his concern, it was one of his finer qualities, and I could feel myself maybe starting to unwind from the hard months just behind me. We lay tangled, panting and grinning. I wanted a cigarette, though, and realized I'd either have to quit them soon or tell Jorge I was taking them up again.

"That was good," I said instead. "Thank you, sir."

"No, oh. No. Thank you." He laughed and then quieted, held his breath a moment. "We can have even more fun next time, if you want. I've still got all our stuff."

"Oh," I said, remembering how we used to play and knowing exactly what he still had—a faux-leather footlocker stuffed with rope, handcuffs, a whip, an outfit or two. I was pretty sure I was turning red in the dark, a little embarrassed, as ever, by the notion. It was more Jorge's thing, though I'd done it plenty. He liked being in charge, especially in the bedroom. Most the time, anyway.

"We could," I told him. "Yeah. We can."

Even after that we didn't, though, at least not right away. We stayed very vanilla, as Jorge liked to call it.

"But that's a good flavor, too," he promised.

I started hearing my mother's voice creeping back to me, salty and exasperated. It was almost a wonder Jorge didn't hear her, too, I thought. She was angry and awful, sitting on the counter and critiquing our love-making from the other room.

"What in the world's sexy about any of that?" she wanted to know. "And good Lord, the things he's wanting you to do more. Help me."

She spent quite a bit of time on our general physiques. His hairline and paunch, my cellulite and sagging. And my wardrobe.

"Like a pair of panties that don't involve a granny are going to kill you. Maybe you should let him dress you up after all."

I worked to shut her out and kept settling in. I did let him spank me one night, bending over the corner of the bed so he could slap at me with an open palm. I bruised a little but at least enjoyed the sting, and he ate it up. Our days went on about the same. I began thinking about something more permanent, knowing it was too far ahead, too soon, too something, but I was wondering if it was doable. I didn't think much about Amarillo and the house that wasn't mine—I wasn't sure what home I'd have left, anyway. I'd had my phone off a week and a half and wasn't thinking about it when Jorge's landline started ringing. I answered and heard my sister Connie's voice, raspy and tired. She was always tired, from doing what I didn't know.

"Kristi," she said. "You're hiding."

"I'm what?"

"It took some calling. We've been calling everywhere. Chad was right, though."

"Tell Jorge hey," I heard my brother say in the background.

"We need to talk," Connie said.

"I left a note."

"We found that."

"Take whatever."

"We would," she said. "You've got the car."

"The car?" I said.

"It's Mom's. It was."

"I'm driving it," I told her. "I've been driving it the last three years."



"That's our issue. We have to have it nice and clean and present, we'll have to sell it, and you're out driving it around."

"Here, here, let me. Come on," I heard Chad saying, and then he had the phone. "Kristi? Listen, you know I hate talking money, but we've got this going on. I've got this stuff going on, I mean, and we have to get it all together for the lawyer. We split three ways.

"I need the cash," he went on. "We all need it, everyone does. Couldn't you use it?"

Chad always had something going on, and I didn't feel like arguing with either of them. I promised I'd be back soon, I was just visiting, and I halfway hung up on them. They were hot to start moving property, dividing the empire. Half the reason I'd left town was their showing up at the house, wanting things. They'd have to deal with it without me for a while, and they'd have to wait on the car. I'd sold mine, paid off some debts, back when I moved in with our mother. They could wait. Bonneville couldn't be worth all that much, anyway.

"That car," Mom said. Felt like she was whispering in my ear. "That car is the only one I ever owned. Who goes through life only owning one car? Bought it with your father's alimony money. Before he decided he just wasn't going to pay it. Shouldn't have left him off with that."

"I thought he paid child support."

"That ain't alimony, dear." My mother's voice dripped, full of something hard to tell. "He quit the alimony after the first man I met. He was supposed to pay until I got married again. Which didn't happen, of course. Most people learn once is enough.

"But I started seeing Herman Willis, fellow worked at the school district. Oversaw buses or the free lunches for poor kids, something like that. I've done forgot how the hell we even met. Went out with him a few times, didn't even sleep with him. But your father sure thought I did."

Mom laughed. I knew the story. Dad had a jealousy in him and never stopped thinking of Mom as his. He flew into a rage when he found out she was seeing Herman, and that's when the alimony stopped. He was done. If she'd taken him to court he'd still have refused.

"It's one of his better qualities," she said, and I could feel her shaking

her head. "Sort of. The first man I did sleep with after your father—well. I don't guess you know that story."

"I don't."

"That's too bad," my mother said.

I started picking up a newspaper every morning and penning my way through the classifieds. I hadn't worked in a while and wasn't sure what was out there. I'd been a receptionist at a couple doctors' offices before Mom got sick, one dentist and one optometrist. I could do ninety words a minute, typewriter or computer didn't matter. My knack precluded the need for a spelling checker. If I was still in Amarillo I thought I could call one of them up, that they'd probably be willing, even want, to rehire me. At least recommend me somewhere else. There wasn't much showing, though—people kept saying times were tough, things were slow. I guess they were right. Or I was looking in the wrong place. I started circling lesser listings, work-from-home opportunities and get-rich-quick schemes. I wasn't proud.

I was thinking about staying. Jorge seemed open to it, and I thought we'd be okay. We were always pretty much okay. After a little looking I lined up a couple interviews. The first was with a gastroenterologist's office manager, a short and chubby woman who dressed poorly and chewed her nails. They needed a part-time receptionist, or so the ad had said, but she didn't seem especially interested in filling the position. The other was a call-center job, helping people with their cell phone bills or activation or something like that. A short man with a beard asked questions about my favorite foods, how I acted at a party, whether I was more of a drama person or comedy. I told him comedy. Even after the interview I still didn't know the details and it paid nothing, but I expected to hear back from them. Didn't know if I'd take it or not.

Jorge started disappearing in the evenings, getting used to having me around. While I sat in the living room, watching television, he retreated to his painting setup. He was every bit as serious about it as he'd seemed. Most every miniature he spent weeks with, adding thin layers at a time, and then when he finished he tucked them away into a foam-lined plastic case. Couldn't set them out, or at least wouldn't. Dust, he said. He didn't even

bring them out of the case to show them to me, only taking me on a tour of his online page instead, the pictures he'd taken. I tried to remember how he spent his time before he moved away, and I couldn't. I thought we'd just watched TV together, gone out to dinner or movies. I peeked into his sanctum every so often, watched him bent at his table, brush in hand and staring at a figure through a bright magnifying lamp. Hunched like a toymaker, Geppetto, but not really making anything.

"I'm working on the metals," he said at one point. "Non-metallic metals. Using different colors to get the effect without actually using a metal paint."

On the second Wednesday since I'd been staying with him Jorge loaded a couple dozen of his tiny paint bottles into a carrying case, along with brushes and a few miniatures and other supplies. His group was meeting, and he insisted I go, check it out. We climbed into his Honda, so low to the ground, and drove into Dallas proper. He was excited for the trip, his first since I'd arrived, and he kept telling me how excited he was for me to meet people. He told me their names, but I couldn't keep track of them all. I watched the city lights grow and fade along the highway. It was just after dark, a little late-day traffic was still out, and I realized it was our first trip out of the house, at least that wasn't to the grocery, Wal\*Mart, or something like that.

"Just be, I don't know—reserved," he told me as we rode along.

"There's a process to learn. I've learned so much from these guys."

"I don't have to paint anything, do I?"

"Well, no." Jorge frowned and let his foot off the gas pedal a little.

"But you might want to. This is a great chance to learn."

We arrived at his miniature company building, a huge warehouse in a small semi-industrial area just off a busier, store-lined street. A number of cars were nestled at the side of the building, facing the glass doors of their storefront. Jorge carried his gear and nearly had a skip to his gait. He led me inside to a fairly large space. Racks full of miniatures, hundreds, maybe thousands, circled the room, along with shelves holding board games and books and novelties. A couple dozen people, men and women, a few of them with kids, already sat at folding tables, their own paints and figures spread



out as they worked. They greeted us both like long-lost friends while Jorge got to a seat and unpacked. They were nice, really nice, but I had to insist, as they introduced themselves and welcomed me to the scene, that, no, I really didn't want to paint.

I sat down by Jorge and watched them all wrap up into the same pursuit. Jorge painted much like he did at home, silent and absorbed. Others talked about games, their workdays, politics. They all traded paints back and forth, the small half-ounce bottles, and advice, tips or suggestions for doing things. Some were good, really good. Much better than Jorge—their half-finished minis were exquisite. Smooth and clear. Some were free-handing intricate designs on cloaks, or lions and birds on shields, drawing perfect eyes on tiny faces. For a moment I thought of Mom, taking care of her for so long. Tiny pills split up and grouped and put into her hand. Carefully walking her room to room in the house, delicate steps. So much of her fragile and difficult to see, and I kept working on her. I looked over the painters' work and then got to studying the paint itself—they all had so many of the same, nearly-same.

"Can't you just make your own colors?"

"These are precise," Jorge said.

"You can't just mix your own? Like, blue and red is purple, yellow and blue green?"

He hemmed and hawed, turned a little red in the face.

"This is better," he finally said. He added, very quietly, "Please, don't."

"It's much better paint," someone else offered. "Very good consistency. High-quality. They make it here."

"You're sure you don't want to try it?" a woman asked me, and I begged off once more.

I settled into my seat and smiled, checked my watch. I didn't know why Jorge was embarrassed by my question, but he surely was. It took him a few minutes to calm down and get into his groove. Once he did he looked boyish, almost joyful, and I tried to appreciate what he was doing. I wanted to like his likes. But he—everyone—was just adding a layer of paint and letting it dry. Painting and watching it dry. Like coloring in a coloring book. I snuck out for a cigarette after a bit, and when I returned Jorge glanced at

me and frowned. He'd noticed. He didn't say anything, though, just worked on his figure. He'd turned a small goat-man, or maybe he was a satyr, shades of flesh and fur. It was coming along all right, I thought.

He must have noticed how bored I was, because before long he started packing up. The rest of the crowd was still going strong, nearly nine o'clock, but we slipped on out. He told his friends goodbye, and I stretched and headed for the car. Jorge set his case in the backseat and climbed behind the wheel, slowly drove us away from downtown. He was silent. I tried to figure out what I ought to say to him but couldn't quite find it. I fumbled at the armrest and cracked my window a bit, trying to let a little air in, and he immediately rolled it up again from his side. I heard the small click of his locking the window controls.

"That was really disappointing, Kristi" he said, and I wasn't sure if he meant the paint or the window or something else altogether. But I thought I agreed.

We stayed up awhile trying to put Jorge's finger on the problem. It just wasn't kosher, he finally stammered, to talk about other paints. Bad form in the company's house, or some such. I shrugged, and I apologized. Jorge seemed mollified, but I was a little exasperated by the time we went to sleep. I woke the next morning before him, without alarm or prompting, just awake. Before coming to Dallas I'd always been up early. Mom's schedule in the waning days had been bizarre, but she'd liked the early. Turned me into a morning person, eventually. I slipped from bed and made my way to the kitchen. I pulled a stool up to the counter where my mother sat. Awake. It was morning, after all. I put on a pot of coffee.

"You know what I always liked?" she wanted to know. "I had to get to be nearly forty years old before I figured it out myself."

"Ballet," I said.

"Ballet," she said. "I saw Swan Lake for the first time when I was 38. It's practically a blamed children's ballet—children dance it—but I loved it all the same. Good stuff."

"The way they go at the end."

"The way they go into the water together, in the end. Lovers together,

forever. A lot of folks will compare it to *Romeo and Juliet*, but that misses the point, I think. And the staging—nothing in a play compares to the ballet. You should see it, Kristi. You really should.”

“I’m sure it’s lovely.”

“You’re sure it’s—just say no,” my mother said. “No, thank you. That’ll do.”

“I just don’t like it.”

“What *do* you like?” she wanted to know. I shrugged. “What do you want? What does it for you? That ought to be easy enough to answer.”

“It’s not.”

“It is. You just say it, and then you get it, or you try. I found out I like ballet, so I started trying to get it. Take it. I bought tickets for all the Amarillo shows. I swayed standing in line at the grocery. Every now and then I’d take off all my clothes and stand in front of the mirror on the back of my bedroom door, and I’d peek up onto my tiptoes like I was a dancer myself. You walked in on me once, remember?”

I shook my head, couldn’t help smiling. She’d jumped a foot in the air and hollered me out of the room.

“I felt stupid, and I loved it,” she said with a hard sigh. Then she paused a moment. “So what are you doing?”

I didn’t know. Really didn’t. I opened her urn, took a steak knife from the holder on the counter and cut a slit in the plastic, vacuum-sealed packaging that held her remains. I wasn’t exactly sure where I was going with them, but I felt of a sudden it was time to go. Shortly I heard Jorge’s alarm. I started his breakfast, sat and sipped coffee while he went about his routine. I poked my fingers into my mother’s ashes, lifted out a small pinch. Gritty, what I supposed I’d expected. I sprinkled them into a mug and filled it with coffee for Jorge. He came in for his breakfast, sat at the table and went to it. Sipped the coffee, coughed a little.

“I left you a list on the bedside table,” he said. Chores. “Just have a salad for lunch.”

I didn’t say anything. If he had anything to say about our night before he kept it to himself—no further complaint nor apology. I saw him out the door, a little earlier than usual, like he aimed to escape. I went back inside,



checked his list of busy work, and then I hit the computer. Had to look around a little, but I found a Thai place that delivered at eight in the morning, called them up and put in an order. The woman who took it sounded sleepy, unsure, and I thought she must've thought I was crazy, even if they did take orders so early. They charged double the delivery fee, but I didn't care. I wanted it.

I plugged my phone in to charge, got a shower and then sat down to check my voicemail. The inbox was full, most from my siblings. Connie sounded progressively angry and terse in her messages, each slightly louder but shorter than the one before it. She had questions about the car, the house, things that might be tucked away in the garage and whether Mom had seen a lawyer at any point. Chad was apologetic on the line but wanting to hurry things along—cash, he finally said. He just needed some cash to operate. I understood that, right? Between their messages was one about the gas service being shut off—they'd no doubt raided the house for goods, our mother's little treasures, but hadn't bothered with anything like paying a bill. I couldn't say much, though. I'd just left it sitting there, too. Long enough.

I packed my things and loaded into the Bonneville. My mother's ashes I settled in the passenger seat again, wedged between one of my bags and the armrest so she wouldn't spill. Back inside I made sure I hadn't forgotten anything, found a piece of paper to leave Jorge a note. Thanks, I told him, but too much to do. I carried it to his painting table and tucked it under a half-painted blue dragon right in the center of his workspace, where he'd be sure to see it. I turned out lights and let myself out, locking the door behind me.

I drove out to Arlington, not having to fight too much traffic, and followed directions on my phone to the baseball park. I found it just off the Interstate but a bit to itself, surrounded by well-landscaped trees and fields and nestled beside a small river. There weren't a lot of people around. I drove onto the manicured grounds, parked at a curb still well away from the stadium. It occurred to me that this wasn't even a place my mother had ever been—her last trip to a baseball game would've been to the old stadium.

Where that was I didn't know, but I thought this was fitting anyway. She always spoke fondly of her and Dad's jaunts, a happy time preceding much less happier moments. The park felt like that—kind of an old place, totally a new one. I felt like a part of it. The park, my mother's life. Things long before me, all passed now.

I walked her out into the open field, off the sidewalk and alongside the river. It crinkled and rolled almost silently. The water was a little dirtier than it had looked from a distance, and I turned away from it, kept walking. Finally I found a good spot. A tree gnarled its way full of leaves to the sky, sitting atop a small hillock as well-maintained as all else around us. The wind was at our back, and neither of us had anything more to say. I shook Mom out into the breeze, made sure to stay upwind. She settled and faded from sight. I thought about a prayer, some little eulogy, but nothing came to mind. I didn't wait long before sealing up the empty container and returning to the car. I had a lot ahead of me, but I thought she'd have been pleased.