

## Uncle Mo Holds a Grudge

A short story by

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We stand before the door, knowing we have to knock. Eventually. I straighten Tim's tie. It was straight already. It just seemed like the thing to do. Intimate, yet not so much that we'd be caught off guard if a family member swung the door open.

Tim says, "Geez, Brian, you look like you're being led to the gallows. Could you breathe or something?"

I can hear the ocean in the dark. It's right on the other side of the house. I can't see it, but I can hear it. Breathing, like I should be. A living thing, sucking air for its continued survival, like the monster I used to think I heard under the bed when I was a kid. I only know this ocean sound as an adult. I didn't grow up in this house. I didn't grow up in any pricey Long Island beach community. My parents saved the good stuff until after I was gone.

We're still not knocking.

"So where did they get so much money?" Tim asks.

"My father is a retired judge."

"Duh. I've known that for, like, a year. I want to know where he got all this money. Think he was on the take or something?"

It hits me like a sledge. It's possible. Yet it never occurred to me until the moment Tim said it. I just thought they saved well. Made good investments. But I only know my dad enough to know how much I don't know. He keeps the curtains drawn. I have no idea what he's capable of. I guess I never wanted to know.

"Maybe we should knock," I say.

"You think? Look. Brian. It's not like I never met them before."

"Right. Jongé's gallery. My big exhibit. And now...why after that you would agree to come here...I just can't work that out in my head. I have no idea."

"Because they're your family."

I have no comeback for that. It's a rotten hand, but I was dealt it. He's right about that. It's all about acceptance. Particularly on the holidays.

I knock.

The door swings wide, much the way I was hoping it wouldn't. It's my mom. Her hair is not that color of red that hurts. Not anymore. Now it's a color of blonde that leaves me numb. Her makeup looks to have been applied with a cement spreader.

"Baby," she says, half under her breath. As if no one should know I'm her baby. Not even Tim.

She rushes in and gives me a kiss. It leaves a print of orangey lipstick on my

cheek. I can tell. I can feel it. Then she rushes Tim identically.

“You remember—” I begin.

“Of course, of course. How could I forget?” She makes their first meeting sound like a mugging. It was, actually. But not with my mom as the victim. “Happy Thanksgiving.” It’s the picture of equanimity, in that she says it to neither of us in particular. More to a spot between our heads.

“Happy Thanksgiving,” Tim says in return. He has to. He’s on best behavior.

I just grumble. I’m family. I don’t have to do much of anything, and they still have to put up with me.

We step inside, and I watch Tim look up and around, taken by the spaciousness. It’s a palace. Why didn’t I get that until now? I assume he’s thinking about bribery and other forms of graft. He has orangey lipstick on his cheek.

My father is sitting on his wide ass in that behemoth of a black leather easy chair. No change in his position seems imminent. He’s staring at a football game. He raises one hand in a static wave without ever ungluing his eyes from the set.

He has a drink in the other hand. In case that doesn’t go without saying.

“Dad,” I say. “Are we the first to arrive?”

His answer? “Throw a flag, you blind jackass! That was more than pass interference, you overpaid baboon in stripes! That was a mugging!”

Which officially makes mugging the undiscussed topic of today’s gathering.

“Who all’s coming?” I ask. Hoping no one will say Patty and Chucky.

“Well, Patty and Chucky, of course,” my mom says. “And we’re hoping on Tressa and Mo. But we have to tell you something about Mo. Grant. Tell your son

about his Uncle Mo. Now. Before they get here. They might not want to talk about it, and Brian should know.”

“After this big third down.”

“After, my ass. This is your own brother and your own son. Tell him.”

“Gimme a minute, for God’s sake. We’ve waited this long.”

My mom turns to me with a look of guilt that clearly needs to be justified and forgiven. “We didn’t want to say it on the phone,” she says.

She’s wearing a white apron over her salmon-colored dress, and she rushes at me, lifting the edge of it, and uses the corner to wipe lipstick off my cheek.

The football game goes to commercial, and my dad hits mute. Looks up for the first time.

“Dad, you remember—”

“Yeah. We met. At that art thing. That was so long ago. How come no more art things, Brian? I thought you were serious about that.”

“I am. It takes time to launch a showing.”

“It’s been a year. Does it take a year?”

In the silence that follows, I feel my cheeks tingle. The ones on my face.

“Grant. Tell the boy about his Uncle Mo.”

“The Big C,” my father says. When I don’t answer, he says, “Cancer.” Like definitions were the only problem.

“Where?”

“It would be faster to tell you where he doesn’t have it.”

Maybe it’s just me, but he doesn’t sound broken up. I try to gauge whether I

am, but it's hard to tell.

"Stomach? Does this explain all the gastrointestinal trouble?"

"Everywhere but there. Lungs, which is no surprise, since he smokes like a chimney. And now liver and thyroid and bone. He went in for a routine physical and they did a chest x-ray. He thought he was fine. Instead he gets hit with all this. All at once. That's not why the gastro stuff. You know damn well why the gastro stuff. It's because he never lets anything go. Holds on to the tiniest little things. Forever. Like a pit bull. That would give anybody indigestion. He's had it most of his life. It's just part of who he is by now. Oh. Wait. It's back."

The football game blasts again. It's actually still a commercial. A beer commercial. But it's one of those sound-only ones. The camera is showing the field, which seems to trick people like my father into turning up the sound. Nice to know the average American consumer is so easily manipulated.

Tim and I follow my mom into the kitchen. For lack of a better plan.

I say, "What if he wanted to tell me himself?"

"Who? Mo?"

"Yeah. Uncle Mo."

"Well, I doubt that," she says. "Since he's not speaking to you."

"Since when is he not speaking to me?"

"How would I know? He just said he wasn't. You know how he is about grudges."

"Yeah, but for what?"

"No idea. But don't feel bad. He's not speaking to us, either."

I press both hands to my temples. Just to be sure that, should my head explode, I have a good hold on it. There might still be time to mitigate the damage.

“Okay. Wait. If he’s not speaking to you or Dad, and he’s never been all that keen on Patty and Chucky, and he’s not speaking to me...” I wait, in case the obvious question is...obvious. Apparently not. “...then why is he even coming?”

She fixes me with a look of utter blankness. Like I’m not even speaking English. “It’s Thanksgiving. We’re family.”

“Okay. Fine. Great. I’m going to show Tim the beach patio.” I grab him by the sleeve and pull him down the long, long hall and through the den. As we step through the sliding glass door and out into the noisy night—all that breathing—I say, quietly, “That is one scary-ass window on family.”

“It’s true, though,” he says.

“I know. That’s the part that’s scary.”

Tim is rubbing my shoulders on the patio in the dark when we hear the snicker. A wheezy laugh that reminds me of a cartoon character, but I can’t remember which one. I can hear the cartoon laughter in my head, but can’t match it with a drawing. Was it a dog? Doesn’t matter, really. In real life it’s Chucky, my eleven-year-old nephew. I don’t even have to look around to know.

Notice he shares a name with a demonic, possessed doll from a horror film. That has to be more than a coincidence.

“Go take a swim in the ocean, Chucky,” I say without looking around.

“That’s so gay,” Chucky says.

"I think you missed the point of that phrase. It's too grotesque to be used, but if you're too much of a moron to avoid it, it's for things that aren't. Literally."

"What?"

I didn't say he was smart. Just demonic.

"This is Tim."

We turn, and Chucky is standing in the doorway, framed by a halo of light from the den. It's in stark contrast to the fact that he's gone completely Goth since I last saw him. His hair is dyed jet black and spiked. His trench coat sleeves are pushed up to the elbows, his hands jammed into slash pockets. He's wearing black eye makeup. Which is all very weird when you're not even five feet tall.

"I know who he is," Chucky says. "My mom told me all about it. She said I shouldn't say anything to embarrass you."

"So don't," Tim says.

"But she's not around."

"But I'll tell her," I say.

"But she won't believe you. She'll believe me. She always believes me."

"Then I'll take matters into my own hands and thrash you to within an inch of your life."

I don't usually say things like that. But you have to know Chucky. It's a dirty job, but it's been needing doing for years.

"Don't let him pull you down to violence," Tim says.

Chucky sticks out his tongue and says, "I'm not scared of you, Uncle Faggot."

"I take it back," Tim says. "Do what feels right."

I cross the deck in three strides. Chucky takes off running, back into the house. Toward the safety of his mother, my older sister Patty.

I choose to let him go.

“Well,” Tim says. “He’s a fun little guy.”

“I try to cut him some slack for being raised by my sister. But it’s hard.”

He gives my hand a squeeze. “He’s a kid. He’ll grow out of it.”

“Oh, I doubt that. He’ll just grow up and express himself differently. He’ll cut his hair and go into politics and co-author constitutional amendments against gay marriage. Once a bully, always a bully. They just refine their tactics.”

Tim laughs. And it makes me want to kiss him. But first I check, to make sure Chucky’s not watching. Chucky’s watching.

“I’m back, Uncle F—”

He’s just forming the F sound in his nasty little mouth when we all see the movement. Chucky’s head shoots up. Way up. Uncle Mo is tall. Actually, he’s big in all directions. He’s shambling through the den, leaning on a walker. Headed for the patio, and us. Chucky gets distracted and forgets he was in the process of verbally assaulting me.

“Happy Thanksgiving, Great Uncle Mo,” he says, doing a near-flawless impression of a human child.

Uncle Mo thumps the top of Chucky’s spikey head. It’s almost impossible to tell if it’s meant as punishment or affection. In my family, that’s always a fine line.

“Uncle Mo...” I say. Not sure what direction to take it.

“You I’m not speaking to.”



“Right. Why is that again?”

“I couldn’t tell you without speaking to you. Which I’m not.”

He stops shambling in about the center of the patio and sets a hand brake on his walker. Then he sits on it. It’s the kind with a built-in sling seat. I half expect it to come crashing down. He’s an enormous man. Surprisingly, it holds.

He heaves a deep sigh and slips a pack of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. He’s wearing nothing but shirt sleeves in the chilly ocean air. But he doesn’t look cold. Maybe he has too many layers of Mo to feel the cold. When he tips his head down to light a cigarette, I notice that he’s now almost completely bald on top. The hair he’s tried to comb over is standing nearly straight up. Like a scary version of clown hair. His jowls droop forward as he sucks on the filter.

“What about Tim?” I ask. “Are you speaking to Tim?”

His head comes up, and he looks Tim over carefully. As if there’s a multi-point inspection that will help him decide. “Well, I never met Tim, not once in my life. So I can’t think what I would have against him.”

Tim approaches my huge uncle and holds out a hand. Mo shakes it.

“Pleased to meet you,” Tim says.

“I doubt that,” Uncle Mo says. “But you’re an acceptable liar.”

“You know that’s his boyfriend, right?” The unacceptable voice of Chucky the Demon. “Uncle Fag has a boyfriend.”

At first my Uncle Mo just wrinkles his forehead. Mostly right in the middle, between his eyebrows. Just as I’m thinking he’s willing to let it all pass him by, he says, “You gonna let that little monster talk to you like that?”

"I was hoping to avoid violence."

"Violence is just what the doctor ordered for that kid."

"Tim doesn't like violence."

"For Chucky I'll make an exception," Tim says.

Chucky takes off running again, but I close the gap before he even makes it through the den. I scoop him up by the waist, pinning his arms. He thrashes and kicks, but I have the dangerous end aimed out into thin air.

"Thought you weren't afraid of me."

"You better put me down. I'll tell my mom you tried to touch me."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. She'll know exactly where I did and didn't touch you. You'll have a road map of bruises to prove it."

My eyes land on the entertainment center cabinet. The doors are hanging open. There's nothing on the huge middle shelf except a big screen TV. I carry him over to it. I look up to see Tim standing in the doorway.

"Move that TV, would you?"

He pulls it out onto the couch, still connected to its cords and cables.

I stuff Chucky into the cabinet and close the doors. I look around for something to bar them, and find one of my dad's many antique gavels sitting on top of the wet bar, within reach. I jam it through the twin handles and step back.

Chucky bangs hard on the cabinet door. The gavel holds.

"I'm going to scream my head off!" Chucky wails. "You'll get in trouble!"

"Hey, Tim. Want to watch the game?"

"Um. Sure. I could go for some football."

“Uncle Mo?” I call out to the patio. “Want to hear the game?”

“Put it up real loud so’s I can hear it out here.”

The players run some sort of pass formation sideways on the couch. I turn the volume three bars short of maximum.

“Can’t really hear it!” Uncle Mo yells in.

I pump it up to “Max.”

Chucky screams for help, but even I can barely hear him. And I’m standing right in front of his lemon-oiled mahogany cell.

We’re out on the patio, Uncle Mo smoking his second cigarette. The moon is throwing a silvery-white band of light onto an ocean that’s otherwise too dark to see. We’re still a bit overwhelmed by the blast of the football game, even with the patio door closed. But Chucky seems to have given up on summing help. Either that or he’s lost his voice. Two equally satisfying options.

Tim says, “So. Brian’s Uncle Mo. If you were speaking to your nephew Brian...and this is just hypothetical now...what would you tell him about why you’re not speaking to him?”

Uncle Mo tilts his enormous head. Takes another long drag of smoke. As though his death is not progressing on schedule. “If I were speaking to him, I would be speaking to him. So then there’d be nothing to tell.”

Well played, Uncle Mo, I think. But I don’t say so. I don’t say anything.

“Let’s try it another way. Let’s say you’d recently begun speaking to Brian again. What would you say about the problem you guys just cleared up?”

Mo tilts his head the other way. Like that dog listening to the phonograph. Only a lot less cute. "I would tell him...that I think he already knows."

Tim looks up at me, over all that clown hair and smoke. Questioningly. I shake my head.

"Let's say for a minute that he doesn't."

Uncle Mo lets out a sound that could be the word "ugh," or the word "oy," but could also be more of a grunt and less of a word. "My heartburn is killing me," he says, rubbing his expansive gut. He goes into his hip pocket and pulls out something that looks for all the world—granted, it's dark out here—like a pewter flask. He unscrews the cap and takes a long swill.

"I hardly think that will help," I say.

First, nothing.

Then he says, "Tell my nephew, to whom I'm not speaking, that if I were speaking to him, I would have him smell this."

He holds the still-uncapped flask out for Tim to smell. Tim sniffs hesitantly. As if it might hurt. Then his face takes on a curious expression.

"Smells like..." He trails off. Sniffs again. "Cherry. And mint."

"Correct."

"So it's..."

"Maalox liquid."

"In a flask?"

"Why not in a flask? It's a container that allows you to discreetly carry something liquid..."

“Guess so,” Tim says. “Now, getting back to—”

“Right, right. I knew you’d get back to that eventually. Probably what gave me heartburn in the first place. Okay, fine. You tell my nephew that in my day there was such a thing as responsibility.”

My jaw hangs slightly open.

“How am I irresponsible?”

No answer. He just sits there, balancing his vast bulk on that tiny—in comparison—walker seat, nearly obliterating it from view. I get hit in the face by the smoke of one of his exhales.

“He’s not sure what he’s done that’s irresponsible,” Tim says.

“Right,” Uncle Mo says. “Irresponsible people are like that.”

“Okay, this is stupid,” I say, surprising everyone. Even myself.

It’s time to go inside soon. Uncle Mo just lit his fourth cigarette, and my mom will call dinner any minute. And I still don’t know what the bloody hell is going on.

“One person’s stupid is another person’s important point,” Mo says, apparently not sensing that this qualifies as talking to me.

“Well, if it’s such an important point, clarify it. Damn well spell it out so I get it. What’s the purpose of an important point when no one understands it anyway?”

Uncle Mo sighs. Stands, shuffles over to the rail, and flips his half-smoked cigarette onto the beach.

“When I was your age, I wanted to do lots of things,” he says. “But I didn’t do them. I had a sense of responsibility. I married Tressa. I settled down. We had

Sherry, God rest her soul. Because she had problems, we had to work harder. It didn't matter what I wanted to do. I did what was right. Just because it's something you enjoy doesn't make it right. Now, if you don't mind, I'm old, and I'm sick. And that's all I care to say about that. And besides, I have to go to the can."

Tim and I watch in silence as he shuffles back inside. Stooped, and looking exhausted. I think, It must be hard work, this doing what you think is right. It must make you cancer-ridden, and old before your time.

I look at Tim, who looks at me. His expression is hard to read in the half-light.

I say, "Is it just me, or did my Uncle Mo just come out to us?"

He shakes his head. "I don't know. I couldn't tell. It was all too cryptic."

"Yeah. You're right. Even if that's what he meant, I don't think you could call that coming out of the closet. Maybe cracking the door slightly. Speaking of which... it might be time to unlock Chucky."

"Oh. Too bad."

"Know what would be fun? If he doesn't know he's been unlocked. If he sits in there for a while longer because he's too stupid to keep checking."

"But he'll hear that gavel being pulled out."

"I have an idea."

Tim follows me inside. I turn down the TV two or three notches.

"Hey, Tim," I say, a little too loudly. "Before we go check on dinner, I'm going to shove another gavel between those cupboard handles. You know. In the other direction. He'll never get out that way."

I reach over to the cupboard doors and pull the gavel out, hopefully having

successfully convinced Chucky that I'm not unlocking, but double locking. I lean my hand on the doors for a minute, in case he tries them. Nothing moves. I notice the hem of his trench coat sticking out of one door. But I don't try to fix it. I just smile.

"Well," I say loudly to Tim. "Shall we go eat?"

We're about to sit down to dinner.

"Where's Chucky?" Patty asks. She seems to be talking to me, our mom, and Tim all at the same time. And she hasn't even asked for a proper introduction to Tim.

Uncle Mo shambles in, leaning on his walker. "Last we saw him he was heading out for a walk on the beach."

"By himself? In the dark?"

"Why not by himself?" I ask.

"He could be abducted!" Patty shouts, glaring at me in a way that makes it clear it would be my fault if he was.

"Don't be ridiculous," I say. "Nobody wants Chucky."

She glowers at me with the hatred that only a sibling can muster on such short notice. But she doesn't say a word. Just goes off to find him. So now we get to sit down to dinner without either one of them.

I believe that's what you call a twofer.

Amazingly, my parents are perfectly happy to start without them. My mom asks once if we should wait, is unanimously voted down, and puts up no fight.

"Grant, you should have turned off the game. It's too loud. Here, Tressa, pass

these yams around.”

“I did turn off the game.”

“Well, I still hear it.”

“We were watching in the den,” I say.

My father looks up, half amused, half disbelieving. “You? Football?”

“I like a good football game,” Tim says.

It’s true. He does. He learned to enjoy it because it was one of the few things he felt welcome to do with his father.

Patty comes huffing in. Alone. “You started without us?”

“Your father was hungry,” my mother says.

“So you don’t much care that my only son is missing. That’s great. That’s very nice. I’m calling the police.”

“Before you do,” my mother says, “would you go in the den and turn off that TV? It’s bothering us.”

Patty’s hands go to her hips. Her jaw sets. “Sure, that’s what’s really important. Not so much finding Chucky. More that nothing disturbs your meal.”

“How long could it take? Besides, you’ll hear your phone call better.”

For a moment Patty just hangs there. Frozen. She’s either going to explode, taking the house and all its inhabitants up with her, or she’s going to deflate and do what she’s been asked. I see the shift as she gives up inside.

She stomps down the hall toward the den.

Tim and I exchange a look.

“So, Tim,” my mother says. “How do your parents feel about Thanksgiving



without you?"

A pause, during which I think he might duck the question.

"They're in Austria," he says.

"They live there?"

"No. Just for the holidays."

"Brothers and sisters? Don't they want to get together?"

"I don't have any."

He always says it like it's a bad thing. It always sounds like heaven to me.

I feel a tap on my shoulder from the sister I'm unfortunate enough to have.

"Did you lock Chucky in the entertainment center?"

"He was locked in? How was he locked in?"

"Well, he wasn't, but—"

"Then how could I have locked him in? If he...wasn't?"

"He says you did."

"He says I did something that was clearly not done. That's kind of weird, Sis."

"Why would he lie about a thing like that?"

I look to Chucky, who's sitting down at the table, looking like a cat who's had a bucket of water thrown on him. I think, Who's afraid of Uncle Faggot now?

"Wow. Chucky," I say. "It must be fun to live at your house. Wish my credibility bar was set that low."

My sister goes ballistic. "How dare you? How dare you, Brian? I've had just about all I can take of you! You've always been this way! I hate getting together on the holidays, because you just thrive on disrespecting me! And nobody stands up for

me! What is wrong with this family?"

I don't engage her. Just wince slightly and let her rip. It's how she's happiest anyway. No one else offers any answers to her question.

So she keeps going. "It's one thing when you take it out on me, but—"

Suddenly Uncle Mo is on his feet. "Enough!" he bellows. Silence. "That is enough! Now listen up. Here's what I want. I want no bickering. I want you all to get along. If you can't get along, act like you can. You have to give me what I want because you know damn well it's my last Thanksgiving, so this is my last wish. I want harmony. Is that so much to ask? Harmony!"

More silence. Aunt Tressa tears up. Wipes her eyes carefully with her napkin.

Mo reseats himself.

My sister sits next to Chucky, looking similarly doused.

We eat in silence for several minutes. Then several more minutes.

Finally I say, "We're quiet when we're getting along."

My mom accepts the torch, and carries it. "Chucky. How's school?"

Chucky has his left elbow planted on the table, his left temple firmly planted on his palm. He's stabbing a slice of dry turkey repeatedly with his fork. "I hate school," he says.

More silence.

Aunt Tressa takes the hand-off. "Brian? I'll bet you didn't know that when Mo was younger, he was an artist, too. Did you know that?"

I look up, blinking too much. "I did not know that," I say.

"He painted. Beautiful paintings! Landscapes and mountains and the ocean.

In acrylic. They took people's breath away."

"Stop it, Tressa," Mo says. It doesn't sound like false modesty. It sounds like he wants her to stop.

"It's true. People were so drawn to them. I have some in the attic, I should—"

Mo slams his palm on the table. Hard. "I said stop!"

Of course, she does. Who wouldn't?

The rest of the meal passes in deafening silence. Turns out, when we're not bickering, we have nothing to say to each other. Not one thing.

As my mother's gathering up the dishes, she says, "You're a fine one to talk, Mo. You say we should all get along, but you're not speaking to half of us. And you're the one who said it's our last Thanksgiving with you."

"Okay, you're right," he says. "I forgive you all. Blanket pardon. After all, you know I was never one to hold a grudge."

My parents and I burst into merry laughter. We laugh for quite a time. Until we gather in the look on Mo and Tressa's faces. Then we stop laughing.

"Oh," my father says. "Sorry. I guess that wasn't a joke."

I swear I wasn't being callous. I swear I thought it was a joke, too.

Just for a minute it hits me. I'll probably be here next Thanksgiving. And Mo probably won't. I've never felt terribly close to him. And he's not the easiest guy in the world to like. But I feel the loss. I feel the hole it will leave in the fabric of my known world. I want to say something, but I have no idea where to begin.

Maybe I'll have to break down and...I don't know. Give him a call or

something. Maybe even stop by.

Even though I never did before.

"Please don't break up with me," I say.

We're backing out of the driveway, Tim at the wheel.

"I'm not going to break up with you."

"I'm relieved, but also concerned that it's a bad sign about your mental state."

We drive in silence for a few blocks.

Then he says, "Know what I like about your family?"

"I can't imagine."

"They're there. I like that they're there."

"You have no idea how much I wish they were in Austria."

"Careful what you wish for."

We drive toward home in silence for a few minutes more. He pulls onto the expressway, and in time the motion makes me feel sleepy. That and the turkey. And the release of all that stress.

"I don't think your Uncle Mo is mad at you for being gay," he says. "I think he's mad at you for being an artist. I think it bothers him to watch you pursuing your art. When he didn't pursue his."

I chew that over for a moment.

"I'm not doing that great a job pursuing it."

"But...does he know that?"

"Oh. Let me think. I don't know. Maybe not. Probably the last he heard about

it was that big gallery showing.”

“The night his gastroenteritis flared up so bad he had to go in to the doctor’s.”

“Could be a coincidence.”

“Could be a clue.”

“Well, anyway,” I say. “He’s not gone yet. I might be able to get him to talk.”

After a moment of silence, Tim says, “I’ve been dreading asking this. But...are you pursuing your art?”

“Yes,” I say. “I am.”

“Good. I thought you’d just stalled and given up.”

“I thought that, too. But, as it turns out, I’m pursuing it.”

“Changed your mind recently, did you?”

“Pretty recently,” I say. “But the main thing is, I changed my mind.” I mull that over for half a mile and then say, “Sounds crazy, but I’m sitting here being grateful that we live in an apartment. Because if we lived in a house, my art would be in the attic. I mean, until tonight, that is.”

“Yeah. Never die with your art in the attic.”

My new motto.

Then I fall asleep, and I don’t wake up until Tim shakes me gently and tells me we’re home.