Dear Edward

Ann Napolitano

1.

"Since death is certain but the time of death is uncertain, what is the most important thing?"

—Pema Chödrön

June 12, 2013

7:45 a.m.

Newark Airport is shiny from a recent renovation. There are potted plants at each joint of the security line, to keep passengers from realizing how long they'll have to wait. People prop themselves against walls or sit on suitcases. They all woke up before dawn; they exhale loudly, sputtering with exhaustion.

When the Adler family reaches the front of the line, they load their computers and shoes into trays. Bruce Adler removes his belt, rolls it up, and slots it neatly beside his brown loafers in a gray plastic bin. His sons are messier, throwing sneakers on top of laptops and wallets. Laces hang over the side of their shared tray, and Bruce can't stop himself from tucking the loose strands inside.

The large rectangular sign beside them reads: *All wallets, keys, phones, jewelry, electronic devices, computers, tablets, metal objects, shoes, belts, and food must go into the security bins. All drink and contraband must be thrown away.*

Bruce and Jane Adler flank their twelve-year-old son, Eddie, as they approach the screening machine. Their fifteen-year-old son, Jordan, hangs back until his family has gone through.

Jordan says to the officer manning the machine: "I want to opt out."

The officer gives him a look. "What'd you say?"

The boy shoves his hands in his pockets and says, "I want to opt out of going through the machine."

The officer yells, apparently to the room at large: "We've got a male O-P-T!"

"Jordan," his father says, from the far side of the tunnel. "What are you doing?"

The boy shrugs. "This is a full-body backscatter, Dad. It's the most dangerous and least effective screening machine on the market. I've read about it and I'm not going through it."

Bruce, who is ten yards away and knows he won't be allowed to go back through the scanner to join his son, shuts his mouth. He doesn't want Jordan to say another word.

"Step to the side, kid," the officer says. "You're holding up traffic."

After the boy has complied, the officer says, "Let me tell you, it's a whole lot easier and more pleasant to go through this machine than to have that guy over there pat you down. Those pat-downs are *thorough*, if you know what I mean."

The boy pushes hair off his forehead. He's grown six inches in the last year and is whippet thin. Like his mother and brother, he has curly hair that grows so quickly he can't keep it in check. His father's hair is short and white. The white arrived when Bruce was twenty-seven, the same year Jordan was born. Bruce likes to point at his head and say to his son, *Look what you did to me*. The boy is aware that his father is staring intently at him now, as if trying to deliver good sense through the air.

Jordan says, “There are four reasons I’m not going through this machine. Would you like to hear them?”

The security officer looks amused. He’s not the only one paying attention to the boy now; the passengers around him are all listening.

“Oh God,” Bruce says, under his breath.

Eddie Adler slips his hand into his mother’s, for the first time in at least a year. Watching his parents pack for this move from New York to Los Angeles—*the Grand Upheaval,* his father called it—gave him an upset stomach. He feels his insides grumble now and wonders if there’s a bathroom nearby. He says, “We should have stayed with him.”

“He’ll be okay,” Jane says, as much to herself as to her son. Her husband’s gaze is fixed on Jordan, but she can’t bear to look. Instead, she focuses on the tactile pleasure of her child’s hand in hers. She has missed this. *So much could be solved,* she thinks, *if we simply held hands with each other more often*.

The officer puffs out his chest. “Hit me, kid.”

Jordan raises his fingers, ready to count. “One, I prefer to limit my exposure to radiation. Two, I don’t believe this technology prevents terrorism. Three, I’m grossed out that the government wants to take pictures of my balls. And four”—he takes a breath—“I think the pose the person is forced to take inside the machine—hands up, like they’re being mugged—is designed to make them feel powerless and degraded.”

The TSA agent is no longer smiling. He glances around. He’s not sure if this boy is making a fool of him.

Crispin Cox is in a wheelchair parked nearby, waiting for security to swab his chair for explosives. The old man has been stewing about this. Swab his wheelchair for explosives! If he had any spare breath in his lungs at all, he would refuse. Who do these idiots think they are? Who do they think he is? Isn’t it bad enough

that he has to sit in this chair and travel with a nurse? He growls, “Give the boy his goddamn pat-down.”

The old man has been issuing demands for decades and is almost never disobeyed. The tenor of his voice breaks the agent’s indecision like a black belt’s hand through a board. He points Jordan toward another officer, who tells him to spread his legs and stick out his arms. His family watches in dismay as the man moves his hand roughly between the boy’s legs.

“How old are you?” the officer asks, when he pauses to readjust his rubber gloves.

“Fifteen.”

He makes a sour face. “Hardly ever get kids doing this.”

“Who do you get?”

“Hippies, mostly.” He thinks for a moment. “Or people who used to be hippies.”

Jordan has to force his body to be still. The agent is feeling along the waistline of his jeans, and it tickles. “Maybe I’ll be a hippie when I grow up.”

“I’m finished, fifteen,” the man says. “Get out of here.”

Jordan is smiling when he rejoins his family. He takes his sneakers from his brother. “Let’s get going,” Jordan says. “We don’t want to miss our flight.”

“We’ll talk about that later,” Bruce says.

The two boys lead the way down the hall. There are windows in this corridor, and the skyscrapers of New York City are visible in the distance—man-made mountains of steel and glass piercing a blue sky. Jane and Bruce can’t help but locate the spot where the Twin Towers used to be, the same way the tongue finds the hole where a tooth was pulled. Their sons, who were both toddlers when the towers fell, accept the skyline as it is.

“Eddie,” Jordan says, and the two boys exchange a look.

The brothers are able to read each other effortlessly; their parents are often mystified to find that Jordan and Eddie have conducted an entire conversation and come to a decision without words. They've always operated as a unit and done everything together. In the last year, though, Jordan has been pulling away. The way he says his brother's name now means: *I'm still here. I'll always come back.*

Eddie punches his brother in the arm and runs ahead.

Jane walks gingerly. The hand dropped by her younger son tingles at her side.

At the gate, there is more waiting to do. Linda Stollen, a young woman dressed all in white, hurries into a pharmacy. Her palms are sweaty, and her heart thumps like it's hoping to find a way out. Her flight from Chicago arrived at midnight, and she'd spent the intervening hours on a bench, trying to doze upright, her purse cradled to her chest. She'd booked the cheapest flight possible—hence the detour to Newark—and informed her father on the way to the airport that she would never ask him for money again. He had guffawed, even slapped his knee, like she'd just told the funniest joke he'd ever heard. She was serious, though. At this moment, she knows two things: One, she will never return to Indiana, and two, she will never ask her father and his third wife for anything, ever again.

This is Linda's second pharmacy visit in twenty-four hours. She reaches into her purse and touches the wrapper of the pregnancy test she bought in South Bend. This time, she chooses a celebrity magazine, a bag of chocolate candies, and a diet soda and carries them to the cashier.

Crispin Cox snores in his wheelchair, his body a gaunt origami

of skin and bones. Occasionally, his fingers flutter, like small birds struggling to take flight. His nurse, a middle-aged woman with bushy eyebrows, files her fingernails in a seat nearby.

Jane and Bruce sit side by side in blue airport chairs and argue, although no one around them would suspect it. Their faces are unflustered, their voices low. Their sons call this style of parental fight "DEFCON 4," and it doesn't worry them. Their parents are sparring, but it's more about communication than combat. They are reaching out, not striking.

Bruce says, "That was a dangerous situation."

Jane shakes her head slightly. "Jordan is a kid. They wouldn't have done anything to him. He was within his rights."

"You're being naïve. He was mouthing off, and this country doesn't take kindly to that, regardless of what the Constitution claims."

"You taught him to speak up."

Bruce tightens his lips. He wants to argue, but he can't. He homeschools the boys and has always emphasized critical thinking in their curriculum. He recalls a recent rant about the importance of not taking rules at face value. *Question everything,* he'd said. *Everything*. He'd spent weeks obsessing over the idiocy of the blowhards at Columbia for denying him tenure because he didn't go to their cocktail parties. He'd asked the head of the department: *What the hell does boozy repartee have to do with mathematics?* He wants his sons to question blowhards too, but not yet. He should have amended the declaration to: *Question everything, once you're grown up and in full command of your powers and no longer living at home, so I don't have to watch and worry*.

"Look at that woman over there," Jane says. "There are bells sewn into the hem of her skirt. Can you imagine wearing something that makes a jingly sound every time you move?" She shakes her head with what she expects to be mockery, but turns out to

be admiration. She imagines walking amid the tinkle of tiny bells. Making music, and drawing attention, with each step. The idea makes her blush. She's wearing jeans and what she thinks of as her "writing sweater." She dressed this morning for comfort. What did that woman dress for?

The fear and embarrassment that crackled through Bruce's body next to the screening machine begins to dissipate. He rubs his temples and offers up a Jewish-atheist prayer of gratitude for the fact that he didn't develop one of his headaches that make all twenty-two bones in his skull throb. When his doctor asked if he knew what triggered his migraines, Bruce had snorted. The answer was so clear and obvious: his sons. Fatherhood is, for him, one jolt of terror after another. When the boys were babies, Jane used to say that he carried them like live grenades. As far as he's concerned they were, and still are. The main reason he agreed to move to L.A. is because the movie studio is renting them a house with a yard. Bruce plans to place his grenades within that enclosure, and if they want to go anywhere, they'll need him to drive them. In New York, they could simply get in the elevator and be gone.

He checks on them now. They're reading on the far side of the room, as an act of mild independence. His youngest checks on him at the same time. Eddie is a worrier too. They exchange a glance, two different versions of the same face. Bruce forces a wide smile, to try to elicit the same from his son. He feels a sudden longing to see the boy happy.

The woman with the noisy skirt walks between the father and son, cutting off the connection. Her bells chime with each step. She is tall, Filipino, and solidly built. Tiny beads decorate her dark hair. She's singing to herself. The words are faint, but she drops them around the waiting room like flower petals: *Glory, Grace, Hallelujah, Love*.

A black soldier in uniform is standing by the window, with his back to the room. He's six foot five and as wide as a chest of drawers. Benjamin Stillman takes up space even in a room with plenty to spare. He's listening to the singer; the woman's voice reminds him of his grandmother. He knows that, like the screening machine, his grandmother will see through him the minute she lays eyes on him at LAX. She'll see what happened during the fight with Gavin; she'll see the bullet that punctured his side two weeks later, and the colostomy bag that blocks that hole now. In front of her—even though Benjamin is trained at subterfuge and has spent his entire life hiding truths from everyone, including himself—the game will be up. Right now, though, he finds peace in the fragments of a song.

An airline employee sashays to the mouth of the waiting room with a microphone. She stands with her hips pushed to one side. The uniform looks either baggy or too tight on the other gate agents, but hers fits as if it were custom made. Her hair is smoothed back into a neat bun, and her lipstick is shiny and red.

Mark Lassio, who has been texting instructions to his associate, looks up. He is thirty-two and has had two profiles written on him in *Forbes* magazine during the last three years. He has a hard chin, blue eyes that have mastered the art of the glare, and short gelled hair. His suit is matte gray, a color that looks understated yet expensive. Mark sizes up the woman and feels his brain begin to turn like a paddle wheel, spinning off last night's whiskey sours. He straightens in his chair and gives her his full attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she says, "welcome to Flight 2977 to Los Angeles. We are ready to board."

The plane is an Airbus A321, a white whale with a blue stripe down the side. It seats 187 passengers and is arranged around a

center aisle. In first class, there are two spacious seats on either side of the aisle; in economy, there are three seats per side. Every seat on this flight has been sold.

Passengers file on slowly; small bags filled with items too precious or essential to check with their luggage thump against their knees. The first thing they notice upon entering the plane is the temperature. The space has the chill of a meat locker, and the air-conditioning vents issue a continuous, judgmental *shhhh!* Arms that arrived bare now have goosebumps and are soon covered with sweaters.

Crispin's nurse fusses over him as he moves from the wheelchair into a first-class seat. He's awake now, and his irritation is at full throttle. One of the worst things about being sick is that it gives people—*goddamn strangers*—full clearance to touch him. The nurse reaches out to wrap her hands around his thigh, to adjust his position. *His thigh!* His legs once strode across boardrooms, covered the squash court at the club, and carved down black diamonds at Jackson Hole. Now a woman he considers at best mediocre thinks she can gird them with her palms. He waves her off. "I don't require assistance," he says, "to sit down in a lousy seat."

Benjamin boards the plane with his head down. He flew to New York on a military aircraft, so this is his first commercial flight in over a year. He knows what to expect, though, and is uncomfortable. In 2002, he would have been automatically upgraded from economy to first class, and the entire plane would have applauded at the sight of him. Now one passenger starts to clap, then another joins in, then a few more. The clapping skips like a stone across a lake, touching down here and there, before sinking below the inky surface into quiet. The noise, while it lasts, is skittish, with undertones of embarrassment. "Thank you for your service," a young woman whispers. The soldier lifts his hand in a soft salute and drops into his economy seat.

The Adler family unknots near the door. Jane waves to her sons and husband, who are right in front of her, and then, shoulders bunched, hurries into first class. Bruce looks after his wife for a moment, then directs the gangly limbs of Jordan and Eddie into the back of the plane. He peers at the seat numbers they pass and calculates that they will be twenty-nine rows from Jane, who had previously promised to downgrade her ticket to sit with them. Bruce has come to realize that her promises, when related to work, mean very little. Still, he chooses to believe her every time, and thus chooses to be disappointed.

"Which row, Dad?" Eddie says.

"Thirty-one."

Passengers unpack snacks and books and tuck them into the seat pockets in front of them. The back section of the plane smells of Indian food. The home cooks, including Bruce, sniff the air and think: *cumin*. Jordan and Eddie argue over who gets the window seat—their father claims the aisle for legroom—until the older boy realizes they're keeping other passengers from getting to their seats and abruptly gives in. He regrets this act of maturity the moment he sits down; he now feels trapped between his father and brother. The elation—*the power*—he felt after the pat-down has been squashed. He had, for a few minutes, felt like a fully realized adult. Now he feels like a dumb kid buckled into a high chair. Jordan resolves not to speak to Eddie for at least an hour, to punish him.

"Dad," Eddie says, "will all our stuff be in the new house when we get there?"

Bruce wonders what Eddie is specifically worried about: his beanbag chair, his piano music, the stuffed elephant that he still sleeps with on occasion? His sons have lived in the New York apartment for their entire lives. That apartment has now been rented; if Jane is successful and they decide to stay on the West

Coast, it will be sold. “Our boxes arrive next week,” Bruce says. “The house is furnished, though, so we’ll be fine until then.”

The boy, who looks younger than his twelve years, nods at the oval window beside him. His fingertips press white against the clear plastic.

Linda Stollen shivers in her white jeans and thin shirt. The woman seated to her right seems, impossibly, to already be asleep. She has draped a blue scarf across her face and is leaning against the window. Linda is fishing in the seat-back pocket, hoping to find a complimentary blanket, when the woman with the musical skirt steps into her row. The woman is so large that when she settles into the aisle seat, she spills over the armrest into Linda’s personal space.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” the woman says. “I’m Florida.”

Linda pulls her elbows in close to her sides, to avoid contact. “Like the state?”

“Not like the state. I *am* the state. I’m Florida.”

Oh my God, Linda thinks. *This flight is six hours long. I’m going to have to pretend to be asleep the whole way.*

“What’s your name, darling?”

Linda hesitates. This is an unanticipated opportunity to kick-start her new self. She plans to introduce herself to strangers in California as *Belinda*. It’s part of her fresh beginning: an improved version of herself, with an improved name. Belinda, she has decided, is an alluring woman who radiates confidence. Linda is an insecure housewife with fat ankles. Linda curls her tongue inside her mouth in preparation. *Be-lin-da*. But her mouth won’t utter the syllables. She coughs and hears herself say, “I’m getting married. I’m going to California so my boyfriend can propose. He’s going to propose.”

"Well," Florida says, in a mild tone, "isn't that something."

"Yes," Linda says. "Yes. I suppose it is." This is when she realizes how tired she is and how little she slept last night. The word *suppose* sounds ridiculous coming out of her mouth. She wonders if this is the first time she's ever used it in a sentence.

Florida bends down to rearrange items in her gargantuan canvas bag. "I've been married a handful of times myself," she says. "Maybe more than a handful."

Linda's father has been married three times, her mother twice. Handfuls of marriages make sense to her, though she intends to marry only once. She intends to be different from everyone else in the Stollen line. To be better.

"If you get hungry, darling, I have plenty of snacks. I refuse to touch that foul airplane food. If you can even call it food."

Linda's stomach grumbles. When did she last eat a proper meal? Yesterday? She stares at her bag of chocolate candies, peeking forlornly out of the seat-back pocket. With an urgency that surprises her, she grabs the bag, rips it open, and tips it into her mouth.

"You didn't tell me your name," Florida says.

She pauses between chews. "Linda."

The flight attendant—the same woman who welcomed them at the gate—saunters down the center aisle, checking overhead compartments and seatbelts. She seems to move to an internal soundtrack; she slows down, smiles, then changes tempo. Both men and women watch her; the swishy walk is magnetic. The flight attendant is clearly accustomed to the attention. She sticks her tongue out at a baby seated on her mother's lap, and the infant gurgles. She pauses by Benjamin Stillman's aisle seat, crouches down, and whispers in his ear: "I've been alerted to your medical issue, because I'm the chief attendant on this flight. If you need any assistance at any point, please don't hesitate to ask."

The soldier is startled; he'd been staring out the window at the mix of grays on the horizon. Planes, runways, the distant jagged city, a highway, whizzing cars. He meets her eyes—realizing, as he does so, that he has avoided all eye contact for days, maybe even weeks. Her eyes are honey-colored; they go deep, and are nice to look into. Benjamin nods, shaken, and forces himself to turn away. "Thank you."

In first class, Mark Lassio has arranged his seat area with precision. His laptop, a mystery novel, and a bottle of water are in the seat-back pocket. His phone is in his hand; his shoes are off and tucked beneath the seat. His briefcase, laid flat in the overhead compartment, contains office paperwork, his three best pens, caffeine pills, and a bag of almonds. He's on his way to California to close a major deal, one he's been working on for months. He glances over his shoulder, trying to appear casual. He's never been good at casual, though. He's a man who looks best in a three-thousand-dollar suit. He peers at the curtain that separates first class and economy with the same intensity he brings to his workouts, his romantic dinners, and his business presentations. His nickname at the office is the Hammer.

The flight attendant draws his attention for obvious reasons, but there's more to it than sheer beauty. She's that magic, shimmery age—he guesses twenty-seven—when a woman has one foot in youth and one in adulthood. She is somehow both a smooth-skinned sixteen-year-old girl and a knowing forty-year-old woman in the same infinite, blooming moment. And this particular woman is alive like a house on fire. Mark hasn't seen anyone this packed with cells and genes and *biology* in a long time, perhaps ever. She's full of the same stuff as the rest of them, but she's turned everything *on*.

When the flight attendant finally steps into first class, Mark has the urge to unbuckle his seatbelt, grab her left hand with his

right, wrap his other arm around her waist, and start to salsa. He doesn't know how to salsa, but he's pretty sure that physical contact with her would resolve the issue. She is a Broadway musical made flesh, whereas he, he realizes suddenly, is running on nothing but alcohol fumes and pretzels. He looks down at his hands, abruptly deflated. The idea of clasping her waist and starting to dance is not impossible to him. He's done that kind of thing before; his therapist calls them "flare-ups." He hasn't had a flare-up in months, though. He's sworn them off.

When he looks back up, the flight attendant is at the front of the plane, poised to announce the safety instructions. Just to keep her in their eyeline, many passengers lean into the aisle, surprised to find themselves paying attention for the first time in years.

"Ladies and gentlemen," her voice curves through the air, "my name is Veronica, and I am the chief flight attendant. You can find me in first class, and my colleagues Ellen and Luis"—she gestures at a dimmer version of herself (lighter-brown hair, paler skin) and a bald, short man—"will be in economy. On behalf of the captain and the entire crew, welcome aboard. At this time, I ask that you please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Also, as of this moment, any electronic equipment must be turned off. We *appreciate* your cooperation."

Mark obediently powers off his phone. Usually he just tucks it in his pocket. He feels the sonorous welling in his chest that accompanies doing something for someone else.

Jane Adler, sitting beside him, watches the enraptured passengers with amusement. She was, she figures, actively cute for a few years in her twenties, which was when she met Bruce, but she's never come close to wielding Veronica's brand of sex appeal. The flight attendant is now showing the passengers how to buckle a

seatbelt, and the Wall Street guy is acting like he's never heard of a seatbelt before, much less how to operate one.

"There are several emergency exits on this aircraft," Veronica tells them. "Please take a few moments now to locate the one nearest to you. If we need to evacuate the aircraft, floor-level lighting will illuminate and guide you toward the exits. Doors can be opened by moving the handle in the direction of the arrow. Each door is equipped with an inflatable slide, which may also be detached and used as a life raft."

Jane knows that her husband, somewhere behind her, has already mapped out the exits and chosen which one to push the boys toward in case of an emergency. She can also sense his dismissive eye roll during the comment about inflatable slides. Bruce processes the world—and decides what's true—based on numbers, and statistically no one has ever survived a plane crash by using an inflatable slide. They are simply a fairy tale intended to give passengers a false sense of control. Bruce has no use for fairy tales, but most people seem to like them.

Crispin wonders why he never married a woman with a body like this flight attendant's. None of his wives had an ass to speak of. *Maybe skinny girls are a young man's game,* he thinks, *and it takes years to appreciate the value of a cushion in your bed*. He's not attracted to this woman; she's the age of a couple of his grandchildren, and he has no more fire in his loins. The very idea of two people writhing around in a bed seems like a distasteful joke. It's a joke he spent a lot of time cracking himself, of course, when he was a younger man. He realizes—gripping the arms of his chair as hot pain blinks on and off in his midsection—that all the major chapters in his personal life started and ended on wrinkled bedsheets. All the wives, the would-be wives, the ex-wives, negotiated their terms in the bedroom.

I get the kids.

We'll be married in June at the country club.

I'll keep the summer house.

Pay my bills, or I'll tell your wife.

He peers at Veronica, who is now explaining how a life vest can be inflated by blowing through a straw. *Maybe if the women I chose had a little more heft,* he thinks, *they would have stuck around longer*.

"We remind you," the flight attendant says, with a slow smile, "that this is a nonsmoking flight. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to ask one of our crew members. On behalf of Trinity Airlines, *I*"—she lingers on the word, sending it out like a soap bubble into the air—"wish you an enjoyable flight."

Veronica steps out of view then, and, without a focal point, the passengers pick up books or magazines. Some close their eyes. The vents hiss louder. Partly because the sound comes from above, and partly because it is combined with blasts of icy air, the hiss makes people uncomfortable.

Jane Adler pulls her sweater tighter to fight off the cold and nestles into her guilt for not finishing the script before this flight. She hates to fly, and now she has to fly apart from her family. *It's punishment,* she thinks. *For my laziness, for my avoidance, for my taking on this crazy assignment in the first place*. She had written for a television series in New York for so long, partly because it involved no travel. But here she is, taking another chance, another job, and another plane ride.

She follows her thoughts down a familiar path; when she's anxious, she replays moments from her life, perhaps to convince herself that she has a history. She has created memories, which means she will create more. She and her sister run on a flat Canadian beach; she silently, amicably, splits the newspaper with her father at the kitchen table; she pees in a public park after drinking

too much champagne at a college formal; she watches Bruce, his face wrinkled in thought on a street corner in the West Village; she gives birth to her youngest son without drugs, in a hot tub, amazed at the bovine noises rising from her lungs. There's the stack of her seven favorite novels that she's been curating since childhood, and her best friend, Tilly, and the dress she wears to all important meetings because it makes her feel both pulled together and thin. The way her grandmother puckered her lips, and blew air kisses, and sang greetings: *Hello, hello!*

Jane tills through the inane and the meaningful, trying to distract herself from both where she is and where she's going. Her fingers automatically find the spot below her collarbone where her comet-shaped birthmark lives, and she presses down. This has been a habit since childhood. She presses as if to make a connection with her real, true self. She presses until it hurts.

Crispin Cox looks out the window. The doctors in New York—the best doctors in New York, and doesn't that mean the world?—assured him that it was worth undergoing treatment at a specialized hospital in L.A. *They know this cancer inside out,* the New York doctors told him. *We'll get you on the drug trial.* There was a light in the doctors' eyes that Crispin recognized. They didn't want him to die, to be beaten, because that would mean that they, one day, would be beaten too. *When you're great, you fight. You don't go down. You burn like a motherfucking fire.* Crispin had nodded, because of course he was going to beat this ridiculous disease. Of course this wasn't going to take him down. But a month ago, he'd caught a virus that both sapped his energy and soaked him with worry. A new voice entered his head, one that forecast doom and made him question his prior confidence. The virus passed, but the anxiety didn't. He'd barely left his apartment since then. When his doctor called to make a final preflight appointment to do more blood work, Crispin said he was too busy.

The truth was that he was scared the blood work would reflect the way he now felt. His only concession to this new, unwelcome unease was hiring a nurse for the flight. He didn't like the idea of being alone in the sky.

Bruce Adler looks at his boys; their faces are unreadable. He has the familiar thought that he is too old and out of touch to decipher them. A few days earlier, while waiting for a table at their favorite Chinese restaurant, Bruce watched Jordan notice a girl his age walk in with her family. The two teens regarded each other for a moment, heads tipped to the side, and then Jordan's face opened—it might as well have split in half—with a grin. He offered this stranger what looked like everything: his joy, his love, his brain, his complete attention. He gave that girl a face that Bruce, who has studied his son every single day of his life, had never seen. Never even knew existed.

Benjamin shifts in his cramped seat. He wishes he were in the cockpit, behind the sealed door. Pilots speak like military men, in a scripted code, with brisk precision. A few minutes of listening to them prepare for takeoff would allow his chest to unclench. He doesn't like the combination of chitchat and snores going on around him. There's a messiness to how civilians behave that bothers him. The white lady next to him smells of eggs, and she's asked him twice whether he was in Iraq or "that other place."

Linda finds herself engaged in a strange and exhausting abdominal exercise as she tries to steer away from the wide mass of Florida without touching the sleeping passenger on her other side. She feels like the leaning tower of Pisa. She wishes—her obliques engaged—that she had bought more chocolate. She thinks, *In California, with Gary, I will eat more,* and she's cheered by the thought. She's dieted since the age of twelve; she never considered lifting that yoke until this moment. Thinness has al

ways seemed essential to her, but what if it's not? She tries to imagine herself as voluptuous, sexy.

Florida is singing again but from so deep within her chest, and at such a low volume, that the noise comes out like a hum. Around her, as if cued by the sound, the plane's engine thrums to life. The entry door is vacuum-sealed shut. The aircraft shudders and lurches, while Florida murmurs. She is a fountain of melodies, dousing everyone in her vicinity. Linda grips her hands in her lap. Jordan and Eddie, despite their silent feud, touch shoulders for comfort as the plane builds speed. The passengers holding books or magazines aren't actually reading anymore. Those with their eyes closed aren't sleeping. Everyone is conscious, as the plane lifts off the ground.