

scrim of modern life (and that also happens to be the name of the cheap carnival where Eisengrim acquires his skill) no longer held my interest with the same intensity. Embarked on what can only be considered middle age, and having acquired a major career change and the usual bumps of adult life, I was drawn instead to the way, as Davies points out, each of his main characters shapes his own narrative. "We have all reinvented ourselves," Ramsay says at one point to the others, and you realize that all of us do the same thing. Meaning lies less in the events themselves than in how we string them together, and the well-lived life is one in which we examine our narratives, and accept them.

In what is perhaps my favorite passage, Ramsay again speaks:

In the study of hagiography we have legends and all those splendid pictures of saints who killed dragons, and it doesn't take much penetration to know that the dragons represent not simply evil in the world, but their own personal evil as well.

Of course, being saints, they are said to have killed their dragons, but we know that dragons are not killed; at best they are tamed and kept on the chain. In the pictures we see St. George, and my special favourite, St. Catherine, triumphing over the horrid beast, who lies with his tongue out, looking as if he thoroughly regretted his mistaken course in life. But I am strongly of the opinion that St. George and St. Catherine did not kill those dragons, for then they would have been wholly good and inhuman, and useless, and probably great sources of mischief, as one-sided people always are. No, they kept the dragons as pets.

It's a remarkable book, I think, that can speak with such power to the same person at two very different stages in her life. And I suspect that Davies' abilities extend even further. At one point in the first book, Ramsay meets up with a now elderly, but still wickedly intelligent Jesuit who, feeling somewhat alienated from the Jesus who died at age thirty-three, confesses to be searching "for a God who can teach me how to be old." Which means, I imagine, that I'll be picking up *The Deptford Trilogy* again. ~

## Open Late Hours

Zachary Watterson

One Sunday morning in 2009, I waited for an ex-con named Frank outside the International House of Pancakes. Twenty minutes late, Frank came walking around the corner in his faded red windbreaker pants, collared shirt, light jacket, sturdy boots, and a baseball hat over his silvery hair. The IHOP had been open all night. It was nearly empty when we stepped inside, out of the drizzle.

"Last night I had cinnamon rolls and pea soup."

"Nothing this morning?" Though I asked him the question, I nodded at a waitress coming around to the front from the kitchen.

"Nothing. But I've got enough only for coffee."

"I'll get your breakfast."

"You don't have to."

"Just don't worry about it."

Our waitress seated us at a corner booth and brought coffee. We ordered hash brown potatoes, scrambled eggs, and toast, all of which Frank could eat—soft foods. Frank had some of his lower teeth. His upper teeth were all gone. He was in his mid-fifties and looked ten years older. Creases like thumbprints marked pockets under his eyes. Crows-feet branched toward his temples.

When my mother was pregnant with me, as part of her writing about the Pennsylvania state prison system, she brought me inside prisons and jails. One guy who was sort of a friend of my mother's had been convicted of murdering his wife and business partner. Frank was sort of a friend of mine. I'd met him when he was a prisoner at the county jail and I was his teacher. In addition to being a born-again Christian, Frank was also someone who knew about scrap metals: where to find them, how to sell them, and what the going rate was for various types.

"I used to have a lucrative scrap metal business."

"You had a shop?"

"Had a car and a truck. Went to this dumpster one time. The Lord directed me to go to this dumpster."

"How do you mean *directed* you?"

"This was in eighty-three." He poured sugar in his coffee and took a cautious sip. "Had just got done doing jail time for theft of stainless steel. I drove by rubbish piles, asphalt, dirt. They *did* have a no-trespass sign, but no one was there. I went every Saturday for seven Saturdays, took what I needed. During the week was working at a waterbed warehouse—minimum wage, and minimum wage wasn't paying the bills."

"I hear that," I said, "I've been working as an editor." That is, I was working as a managing editor for a scientific journal based at the university where I went to grad school, and I took a second job as staff at a halfway house for schizophrenics and other chemically imbalanced souls.

"Hard looking after money," Frank said. "I used to come home and give my wife most of it, let her pay the bills, ones we could afford."

"And she balanced the books, wrote the checks?"

"Nah. Cash only. I never trusted the banks."

"What were you saying about God directing you to that dumpster?"

"When I took that stuff from the dumpster, I said, 'Lord, if there's something wrong with me taking this stuff, let me know.' Well, I got a knock on my door, a Kent City cop."

"You got what you prayed for."

"I guess that's right. So I says to the cop, 'You wouldn't happen to be here about some scrap metal, would you?'" Frank sipped his coffee, and some kids, two teenagers with dyed neon hair, sat in a booth across the aisle. "The cop says yeah, that's what he's come for, and he's going to have to take me with him, and so we go for a drive." Frank frowned into his coffee, and I suspected he might have forgotten what he was saying, as sometimes happened, and say something about God's role in his scrapes with the law, but he surprised me and stayed with his story. "I told the judge I didn't mean to steal. I saw the no trespassing sign," Frank said, his voice rising. "But that stuff didn't belong to anybody—just dirt and rock."

"What did the judge say?"

"He was sympathetic. I told him I needed the money for my wife, the rent. When I got out of jail, I had half a tank of gas and no money. There was no food on the table, so I got down on my knees and prayed. I heard this voice: *Look in the dumpster across the street.* I was transported out of my body and was looking at the dumpster and I could see inside it where there was a lot of aluminum—at the time, aluminum was going for about twenty-two cents a pound—and there was some fiberglass and rods that had the EP Ski logo. I came back to my body, and got in my truck and drove over there."

"The aluminum was there?"

"It was enough to pay the rent, the light bill."

"Divine intervention," I said, probably sounding as dubious as I was.

"When I pray," Frank said, and pulled on his chin, "I see my spirit lifting up, and it's blue." He glanced out the window. "When I got saved it was like a ray gun out of Star Trek."

Here again was our waitress. She set our plates down, the eggs and hash brown potatoes steaming. I shook pepper on my eggs. Frank did the same, and added salt and ketchup. We ate, and through the rain-streaked windows to one side of our corner booth, I saw trucks swoosh by on

Madison. We ate without speaking, and there was the clatter of dishes from the kitchen and a low-pitched murmur of the voices of the other customers. The teenager with the nose ring bent over his plate, shoveling strips of syrupy pancakes into his mouth. Frank washed down his breakfast with more coffee. I settled the check, Frank added a dollar to the tip, and we pushed open the doors and walked out into the rain.

We walked east, then north. The rain fell from formidable clouds over the modest brick building, the First African Methodist Episcopal Church. Human forms—a man, whose angular face was the only part of him visible, and what looked like a woman from the shape of her blankets—lay on strips of cardboard, mostly sheltered from the rain, at the top of a short flight of stairs. The man sleeping there opened his eyes and I bid him good morning, and he gave me a nod, and having seen me, got somber again and closed his eyes. The sign on the church made clear my error: there was only one service on Sundays and we'd missed it. The church had the wrong information on its website. We agreed to meet the following Sunday, at the right time, for a service. Frank boarded a bus headed west for downtown. From there he caught a bus to West Seattle, where he stayed in an unheated room.

Next Sunday, the smell of rising dough wafted from the warm confines of a nearby bakery. The late summer air felt good on my neck. Churchgoers in fine clothes arrived in twos and threes. From a block away, I saw Frank in a shirt and trousers spotted with oil.

"I been working on tires," he said, "knocking out the rims." He had been stockpiling them to sell to a shop on Rainier Avenue.

We stepped inside First A.M.E. and followed a man in a blue suit up red-carpeted stairs. We took church bulletins—Xeroxed sheets—and entered the sanctuary. Not sure where to sit, I followed Frank. We took seats, on Frank's cue, seven rows from the pastors. We were the only whites in the pews. There were attractive black women in their twenties and thirties, elderly folks, and a handful of young women with their small children. I looked around at the small sea of faces. Some smiled, others cast suspicious glances, and still others appeared indifferent. Frank grabbed a Bible from a sleeve on the back of the pew.

Four pastors were seated in chairs that looked like thrones covered in what appeared to be satin. The chief pastor, a man of stentorian voice, delivered a sermon based on readings from the Gospel of John and the Acts of the Apostles; he spoke of "different tongues" and "eighteen languages." He held a red microphone, which matched the red décor of the church, near his lips. The church band began to play and the choir sang, clapped, and swayed. After the song, the pastor spoke.

"Any guests should please stand now and be acknowledged."

All eyes were on the two of us. Frank and I stood, the pastor said something, and though his words were garbled for me by the minor spec-

tacle we had become and the ringing in my ears at having unexpectedly become the center of attention, the pastor's tone—warm and robust and welcoming—was clear to me and put me at ease. Once the pastor had thanked us and told us to be seated, the collection baskets were passed around and the choir sang again. One page of the program I was given at the door advertised the church's marriage ministry. Another page showcased a Pilates class promising "Fab Abs!" *Are You Ready to Melt the Muffin Top Before Thanksgiving? If you are, Fab Abs is here!!!*

On the program's last page was a word-find game.

The last time I saw a word-find game was when I was in the county jail, tutoring Frank. Prisoners who don't play these games can use them as currency in the jail's barter economy; I knew an inmate who traded another prisoner four word-find games for a cup of coffee from commissary.

We attended the fellowship hour in the church's basement. We ate cake, drank fruit punch, and Frank said something to the bass player from the church band.

"You play real well."

The man was big in the chest, a few inches taller than Frank. "Thanks."

"You ever heard of Robert Johnson?" Frank smiled at the man when he asked the question.

"Don't think so."

"He was a bluesman," I offered.

"That's right." Frank turned his attention to me. "I'm surprised you know that."

"You know what, Frank, you don't know much about me at all."

He waved his hand in the air between us. "Never mind."

"You don't ask questions."

"All right, kid. Never mind I said anything."

"Why were you surprised?"

"I was just surprised, that's all."

"Whatever." I laughed, and Frank laughed, and the bass player, who had been watching our little quarrel with amusement, joined in.

We chatted a little more with the bass player, ate cake, said so long, and went to the street. On our way to IHOP again, the wind was light and the sun was warm on our faces. In the light and the air, so welcome after a stretch in the clean, windless confines of the church, it occurred to me that Robert Johnson was the bluesman who sold his soul to the devil.

Less than a month later, Frank was back in jail and I sat waiting for him in a room that smelled like a jar of pennies. Greasy fingerprints, smeared across the partitions between prisoners in red uniforms and the rest of us, resembled viscous leakage discharged by snails. The room had three walls: each wall had five telephones on the visitors' side and five on

the other side of the vitreous partitions; the partitions, naturally, separated non-prisoners from prisoners. On the free side, one woman cradled a phone to her ear; a second woman with dyed blond hair and a husky voice visited a man twice her size.

Frank, his hair grayish white, shorn close to his skull, his beard silvery, raised the phone on his side. "Listen." He cleared his throat. "So I was going to work for this lady, I had an hour and a half to get there."

"What are you telling me?"

"How I got arrested *this* time."

"All right."

"So I'm walking down the street."

"What street?"

"Do you want to know what happened?"

"Yeah."

"I'm walking down the street and I see two people arguing behind a dumpster was spools of copper wire, fourteen gauge, small stuff, strand wire. Wasn't brand new. It had been open up and used . . . they were just scraps. Only had six bucks in my pocket—nearest metal company was six blocks away—noticed a garbage can, took the bag, loaded the spools, maybe forty or fifty pounds worth, started walking away."

"Who saw you?"

"Fire inspectors."

"And you . . ."

"I ran."

"Carrying the garbage bag?"

"I dropped it. *Listen*. They called the police."

"Sure."

"Guy called me a piece of shit."

"One of the fire inspectors said that?"

"Yeah, and I thought about that. I shoulda told him, *I ain't a piece of shit. If I was, I'd be breaking into your house, fella.*"

We didn't say anything for a moment, and I could hear the women on either side of me talking to their men.

"I've been thinking of my brother," Frank said.

"Tommy?"

"Yeah." His brother Tommy died of AIDS in the early eighties. "Had a dream before Tommy died," Frank went on. "I was in an ocean of water. Like in Revelations, chapter thirteen, when the water is troubled and the beast comes out of the sea." Frank stared at the low part of the pellucid partition. "In my dream was a house. My dad had a hammer in his hand. He pulled one nail and the house burst open. Then I was in the water. I swam down and down. Down some more. And grabbed a worm with my mouth from the mud. There was water everywhere. I swam and swam until I was released into the Sound."

"You remember your dreams pretty well, then?"

"Yeah, I remember all that water."

And the beast? What I wanted to ask him as I sat there holding the telephone to my ear in the jailhouse waiting room was *Do you ever feel like that beast?* That question had been there for me—the fear that others would perceive me as less than human. It may have had something to do with growing up in the eighties in New York City, when people were getting shot to death on my street. In my memory there were more murders in the wintertime, and I remember hearing gunshots at night and in the morning seeing blood in the snow. My father told me stories of our family that made me aware of the monstrous capabilities of human beings: In the 1880s, high in the Carpathian Mountains in the village of Koselova, Hungary, in a house between a synagogue and a river, my great-great grandmother, Esther Itzkowitz, had a brother named Heshel.

In the winter of 1882, Heshel fell in the river. A doctor sawed his frostbitten legs below his knees. In 1900, Esther sailed to America and worked as a cook on Manhattan's Lower East Side. As an émigré, Esther lived another decade after learning Nazis had marched into Koselova and murdered her brother Heshel and the whole of Koselova's Jewish citizenry. Here in the jailhouse in 2009, on my side of the partition, I was beginning to see what I had not seen before: my detachment from Frank and my caretaking of him. I saw that what Frank and I had was not at all a reciprocal friendship. I was very different in temperament and personality from Frank, I thought, and at that moment I realized he was talking to me.

"Losing my wife changed me," Frank went on. He had been talking, saying something I didn't hear, while I was ruminating, and now he was going on with a story the first part of which I'd missed. But he didn't seem to notice my lapse. I listened to what he was saying now: "I didn't know where I was. I got out of jail and told God, *I've been doing it Your way. Now I'm going to party.*"

"How long did the party last?"

"Too long," Frank's eyes were bloodshot, explosive yet weary. "We buried my grandmother. We waked her in her house. Until then, I'd never touched heroin. My aunt Betty was into it. Betty was married to a guy named Mitch who robbed drug stores. Then Mitch got clean and began leading a Narcotics Anonymous meeting in the North End."

"Quite a change."

Frank squinted at the shelf at his elbow. He was a prisoner trying to make sense of his life, and I was on the free side of the walls, trying to understand why I was still free. I wondered what it meant that I had committed crimes—petty theft, drugs, trespassing, vandalism—and had never been caught, while guys like Frank had spent much of their lives in a cage.

"About my wife...."

"What about her?"

"Besides her I had a lot of tough ones."

"Tough relationships?"

"Yeah, a while ago I was hanging on to a drug-related relationship. We bought crack in the jungle. Slept in the green belt. Saw an owl. It had a giant head on him. He was perched there looking down on us. We were caught up in the addiction, me and Susan. Sometimes I still have the urge to splurge."

"On what?"

"Heroin. I've smoked crack. Don't understand how people enjoy it. How can you enjoy seeing spiders and rats? I get the paranoia. I put a towel under the door so the cameras can't snake under it. Then I start thinking the cameras are coming through the keyholes." Frank laughed once, hard. His pale-blue eyes were grayer than I'd seen them. He closed his eyes, pointed his index finger and middle finger, and pressed his fingertips against his eyelids.

"Been getting migraines shooting pains in my head."

"Hmm."

"It's the lights."

"I could see how that could get to you."

"And the stale air."

"Dries out your skin."

"My feet and hands, too."

"Um, you, uh, get enough water?"

"It tastes like swimming pool water, chlorinated."

"Yuck."

"This morning some televangelist was talking about the Book of Daniel. It's right before the Book of Hosea, Old Testament. Well, this guy in the tank says, 'You said it was New Testament.' 'No,' I say, 'I said it was Old.' And I start laughing 'cause the whole thing is kind of comical."

"How was it comical?"

"We were playing pinochle and the guy wanted a fight."

Card games were a welcome distraction for Frank; he played pinochle and spades. Each *tank*—a unit of space that contained inmates—held twenty-four prisoners on cots fixed immovably to the floor, as well as a toilet, a telephone, a television, and a card table.

"And that was funny."

"I'm not a great martial artist," Frank rolled his shoulders, imitating a fighter, and raised the hand not holding the phone. "I got my old techniques, I don't want to hurt nobody anyways. I was having a hard time shuffling the deck. The cards were old. I can't see too well without my glasses. The guy got offended, wanted to make an issue out of nothing. I told him, 'You got to take a look at yourself and take some inventory—now here you're trying to act like Billy Badass in front of everyone in the



tank.' The guy's a clown. Not someone searching for God in an honorable way, searching for what the Lord wants him to do in this life." A guard's voice came over the phone, an announcement that visiting hours had ended, and the line went dead.

When Frank got out of jail, I didn't hear from him. Months later, when I next found him, Frank was on the seventh floor. The seventh floor of the King County Jail was where the "ding biscuits," jail vernacular for the "mentally ill," were housed. He had shrunk. The jail-issue uniform hung off his skeletal arms, and we spoke over phones mounted in the wall between us. He squatted, hopped to a half-stand, rubbed a hand over his unkempt beard, looked away. He couldn't seem to focus. Had a lack of heroin and an abundance of stale air enervated him? Whatever the reason, he was jittery.

"They said my heart rate was too low," he said. "Said I might die. They had the hospital come over to pick me up." His face was wan. His skin had an anemic, sickly pallor. "One of the problems," he said, "is going to sleep on the bus. I go past where I'm headed. The woman I was staying with in West Seattle does a good job of sounding so sweet but she's very manipulative. It's like I'm in that movie with James Caan. *Misery*."

"Hmm."

"I'm walking on thin ice around here."

"Sorry to hear that."

"I'm scared. It's a touchy situation, my mind is mixed up."

"Like how?"

"It's like somebody is trying to manipulate my life."

"I see." His paranoia didn't surprise me, since I had seen flashes of his craziness before. But now it somehow struck me with greater force that, against my own wishes, I was becoming increasingly leery of him.

"How are your headaches?"

"Don't get 'em now."

"That's a good thing."

"I been on the methadone. I'm tired. My eyes are burned out. Was working in the kitchen on the fourth floor."

"You been eating?"

"Not much. The devil is having a time of messing up my life."

"Ah."

"See this," he said, lifted one leg, raised his pants, and revealed the rib of a thick scab on his ankle where the skin was recently torn.

"Oww. How did that happen?"

"The GPS thing I had to wear around my ankle—it cut into my leg, got infected. They put me on an antibiotic."

"I hope—" I said, but the line had gone dead.

No "so long," no "see you some other time." Outside the jail, I walked past sculptures at the front of the building, and was reminded of chil-

dren's toys: blocks, triangles, chairs, glitter; purple and green tiles lined the plaza, ribbons of aqua and violet. It was after ten at night, dark, a cold wind rising off the Sound. The jail's windows were not really windows, I noticed, but horizontal breaks, darkened mesh-covered wire, inconspicuous fenestration. I turned the corner east on James Street and the clamor of Interstate 5 thundered above. South on Sixth Avenue, a camera—mounted over a vast sliding gate that opened for police cruisers, vans and vehicles—swiveled. The gate admitted a cruiser, then closed, and on Jefferson I walked west down the hill toward the water.

It was fall, nearly winter, when I next took a seat in the west visiting room. Frank came in and sat across from me. He looked better—less anxious, heavier.

"They gave me fifty days, there's time served, so I get out next Tuesday."

"Nice."

"Yeah, I want to start my business over again. But I worked two full days and my boss didn't pay. Not the full amount."

"What will you do when you get out?"

"I want to get my driver's license." Frank fiddled with a Band-Aid covering a weal the size of a quarter on his forearm, maybe a burn. "I'm going to need a receipt book for what I buy and one for what I sell. I'm thinking of having a business that's open when banks aren't. It's going to be mostly cash. Open late hours." He quit worrying his burn with the hand not holding the phone. "I'd have early morning hours, then a long break before evening hours. I'll do business from a warehouse where I can bring the vehicles I buy at the auction on Aurora. I'll get into motor homes and start building trailer homes. Then I'll buy some land—a corner lot. It's got to be big enough. The cash flow is going to be one of those tough issues. Before, when I had my business, I had customers I could count on. When I was at the end of my marriage I had two guys working for me. Then, after things fell apart, I started making real money. If it wasn't for my wife, I could've been a millionaire by now." He must have seen my smirk, since he added, "I'm serious."

"A millionaire?" I hadn't meant to smirk, but then it was hard to imagine Frank as a millionaire. For instance, where would he keep the money? He was suspicious of banks. Would he store it under the bed? But who was I to laugh? I wore a sweater-vest knitted for me by my wife and the Johnston & Murphy shoes I wore on the day we were married. Straighten up, I told myself, think about what it might be like to walk a mile in Frank's boots.

Frank went on about how he could've been a millionaire.

"Once I've got my land," he said, "I can have my employees living on it."

"All right."

"But about my wife, she wouldn't let me do what I wanted."

Frank talked as if he was glad to be rid of his ex-wife, but the truth lurking behind the façade was clear: he was a prisoner, the winter was wet and cold, the thin jail uniform would not keep him warm. He would have limited coffee and food and fresh air. His time was running out.

But Frank *needed*, for the solace of the illusion, to convince himself that his future would be paved with gold. "I've been wanting to work on magnetic propulsion," he said, and pounded the shelf on his side of the partition with his fist. "I've got a motor that works on magnets. Money is an issue."

"Always is."

"Time is another issue."

"Yeah, well—"

"I'm looking at the money and time involved, and it's clear I need to build a generator. All I have to do is get an alternator and the belt of a ten-speed bicycle. Then I need a serpentine belt and I'd hook it up to the alternator. I'd drill magnets into the wheel. The two north polarities would push against each other and the south polarities would push against each other. Then I'd need some brake calipers, and I'd drill magnets into the brake itself. That's a million-dollar invention. It could be a multi-million-dollar invention."

As I walked away from the jail and through the rain, Frank's hyperbole sank into my imagination until I could picture him living in a palace on a hill, surrounded by mermaids and towers and spires. In this phantasmagoria of Frank's kingly paradise, he sold his invention to a major American auto-manufacturer, who in turn sold him a pickup truck. Frank drove his truck to scrap yards, loaded aluminum and copper and iron, and with these metals and alloys he fashioned a kingdom on the foundation of the world. (Written in the Book of Matthew, Frank once told me, were these words: *Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*) In Frank's empire, all outlaws and madmen and thieves shared the food and drink of their king, future generations sang of Frank's canny and courage in the face of poverty and powerlessness, and songs and odes and threnodies were written to praise and mourn and celebrate the magnanimity and nerve of the outlaw-king who salvaged scrap from dumpsters and coaxed into form a kingdom by the sea. At an intersection, I stood and watched traffic zip past me and disappear in a winding tunnel that connected to I-5. The crossing signal told me I could walk, so I took a step, began walking toward the far curb, and though I did not—and do not—believe in God, I said a prayer for Frank. Did Frank say a prayer for me? I didn't think so. I walked away from the jail that evening, wanting not to see him again. I thought how wrong Rousseau was. Humans are not inherently good. We are capable of some good and some evil and many shades and hues that are neither good nor evil but something else entirely. ~

## Big Ray, or Some Things Concerning My Childhood, with an Emphasis on My Father

Michael Kimball

**M**y parents didn't have very much money the first few years after they moved back to Michigan. I was too young to remember that time, of course, but apparently we lived in a series of rental houses that were identified by their particular infestations. We lived in the mice house, the spider house, the raccoon house, and the cockroach house. My father remembers turning the lights on before entering any room. My mother remembers leaning over my crib and wiping bugs off my forehead.

Once, my parents couldn't get me to stop crying. They couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. My mother says my father talked her into ignoring me. He said I would stop crying if they stopped picking me up and trying to comfort me.

After a few days, my mother took me to the doctor, who thought I might have an ear infection. I didn't, but I did have a spider living inside my right ear.

There's a photograph of my father and me lying in my parents' bed. I'm about two years old and I'm lying where my mother usually was in their bed. The sheet is pulled up over our stomachs and our hands are on top of it. My father and I are turned toward each other and smiling at each other. I'm trying to remember what that must have felt like.

Not long after that photograph was taken, my sister was born. My father didn't make it to the hospital for her birth, either. He was deer hunting with his younger brother somewhere in the woods of Northern Michigan. The same day my father brought home the carcass of a six-point buck, my mother brought home my week-old sister.

I don't know who took care of me during that time when I was two years old and neither one of my parents were at home. I don't think I was left at home on my own.

Not long after that, there's a photograph of my father sitting on the couch. He's holding my sister in his arms and has his face turned down toward hers. I'm sitting at the other end of the couch in nearly the same posture—my arms folded across my chest, my face turned away, looking