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I AM UNDER WATER. AT THE BOTTOM OF WALDEN POND, buried in muck, weighed down by pockets full of rocks. Can't make my way to the surface, but it's okay because it's quiet here. Peaceful. Maybe I'll stay forever.

Now and then I sense people around me, trying to help me, trying to pull me to the surface. They touch my burning face and poke at my side, the place where Simon's knife sliced through my skin, and I scream, but the pond muffles the sound, keeps everything so quiet. It's okay to give in to the quiet. I am safe. Don't have to think about anything, not now. Don't have to remember. Just rest. The remembering can come later. The facing up to things can wait.

Henry stays with me every minute in my underwater sleep, sits on a white rock with his hair floating in the current, and talks to me. He looks a little older than the last time I saw him in a dream. Last time he was clean-shaven, but now he has long sideburns that connect to a full dark beard. Henry helps me pass the time by quoting passages of *Walden* and tests my own twisted memory by having me quote some back. He tells me things about myself. But only the ones I can handle right now, he says. Just little things, like I was obsessed with Legos when I was a kid and my favorite birthday cake was yellow with chocolate frosting. My best friend's name in kindergarten was Silas. But when I ask him to tell me my name, he won't answer. Give it time, he says, just give it all a little time. So I do.

Now and then, a phrase floats in and out of my thoughts. *Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he*. I think it's a song or a poem or something. And it's important somehow. But why? Like the rest of my memories, its significance is always just out of reach.

Underwater there is no time and yet time passes, until I find myself restless with life under the dead leaves and pondweed and invisible jellyfish of *Walden*. I think *you're ready*, Henry tells me at last, and even though I'm

scared to go back, I agree. The sun breaks through the surface of the water, tries to reach me with healing fingers of light. So I kick my feet and push myself back to the air and sunlight and life. Ready now for whatever is next.



"Well, look who's back."

Thomas sits in a small wooden chair, big arms resting on his knees, watching me. I'm in a blue-painted bedroom with a slanted ceiling, and the sun shines in the window, too bright. I squint against it, but notice the headache is finally gone. I sit up, too fast, see little bursts of light flashing in front of my eyes, then lean back against a pile of pillows somebody has tucked under my head.

"Whoa, easy, Hank. You're still weak," Thomas says.

I'm wearing a white T-shirt I don't recognize and green plaid pajama pants, probably Thomas's. I lift up the edge of the shirt and see a square of gauze taped onto my skin. When I press on it, it's sore, but not on fire like it was.

"You had a nasty cut there. It got infected and you've been in and out of consciousness for about twenty-four hours," he tells me in a slow, calm voice so I can absorb

it all. "I almost gave in and took you to the hospital a couple times, but I figured we'd wait things out if we could. You were really adamant about that. A couple more hours though, and I would've taken you in, no matter what you said."

A woman with short black hair and about six silver earrings in each ear comes into the room and hands a green mug of coffee to Thomas. "Ahh, you're awake," she says with a big smile like she knows me. She's probably thirtyish like Thomas, and pretty in a Goth-lite kind of way. Her hand on my forehead is cool and smells like vanilla. "I figured after the fever broke in the night, you'd be back among the living today."

"Hank, this is Suzanne. She's a friend of mine. And, lucky for both of us, she's also a nurse."

"Hey there, Hank," she says, in this gentle voice exactly like you'd expect from a nurse. "It took a whole lot of antibiotic cream and cold washcloths but we finally got your fever and that nasty infection under control."

Cold washcloths and clothes I don't recognize. My legs twitch. This nurse lady probably saw me naked, and I wasn't conscious enough to remember it. I stare at a tiny diamond stud in the left side of her nose and think about this.

"We considered leeches, but they're hard to come by

this time of year." I can tell Thomas says this to make Suzanne smile and she does, although she rolls her eyes at me like we share a joke.

"So how you feeling, Hank?" she asks. "Kind of like you got hit by a bus?"

I almost say no, it was more like a truck, but all I can do is shrug and nod, like I've forgotten how to speak.

Suzanne pats me on the shoulder like I'm her favorite patient. "You must be starving. Ready to eat something?" I'm aware of the hollow place in my gut, and find my voice. "Yes. Please."

"Great. I'll see what I can whip up for you in Thomas's kitchen."

We listen to her footsteps descend the wooden stairs.

"Your girlfriend?" I ask Thomas.

He taps a fingernail on the green mug in his big hands, and his face reddens. It's kind of funny—this big, Harley-riding, tattooed guy blushing over a girl. "Maybe. We've kind of bonded over this past day or so. I guess I can thank you for that."

"You're welcome," I say.

Thomas clears his throat, and I know he's holding back, wanting to ask me why I have a knife injury, why I freaked out at the library, why I fell out of the sky and into his life a week ago.

"I just want you to know," he says instead, "that I've been in trouble myself, Hank. When I was younger, I got on the wrong side of the law a couple times and had to learn some lessons the hard way."

He pauses to check my response, but I don't know what to say. I vaguely remember babbling something about jail and begging him not to call the police. But he's going to wonder what kind of trouble I'm in, and I don't know where to start. How can I explain that the trouble that scares me most is the trouble I've forgotten?

"I even did time. A couple years in prison, for breaking and entering." He pauses again. Maybe he's thinking if he opens up to me about his past, I'll do the same. "I'm not proud of it. I was an angry, rebellious kid. I'm still a rebel in my way, but I know how to channel that energy."

Breaking and entering is not as bad as Simon in the alley, assault and battery. Sure, it was self-defense, but would the police see it that way? And there are the crimes I might have committed before I woke up in Penn Station. And there's that other thing. *Maybe you killed somebody*. Did somebody hurt my sister? Did I kill the guy? Is that what I'm blocking out?

"Anyway, I guess I'm just trying to say I understand. And if I can, I'd like to help."

A guitar case is leaning against the wall in a corner of

the room, and I focus on that instead of Thomas. I could use someone to trust. And I could sure use some help. But I'm not ready to ask for it.

"You play guitar?" I ask.

Thomas follows my gaze. He gets the guitar case, brushes away some dust, and lays it at the foot of the bed. He snaps it open, and inside is an old Telecaster with a butterscotch finish, gorgeous and in excellent condition.

"Wow," I say. "Nice ax."

Thomas picks it up, slips the strap over his shoulder, and plays a few licks. It's not plugged into an amp, so the sound is soft and tinny. "Haven't played for a while," he says, twisting the pegs to get it in tune. "But I was in a punk rock group in the nineties. One of the best times in my life." He strokes the body of the guitar like it's a woman and he's madly in love with her. "This guitar helped get me through some really bad stuff, believe me."

"What kind of stuff?" I'd rather talk about music and Thomas than answer any questions about myself.

Thomas runs his fingers up the neck of the guitar, miming chords. "Foster care from the age of eight," he says absently. "Bounced around to four different homes by the time I was eighteen." He clears his throat, then pulls the strap off his shoulder and lovingly puts the

guitar back in its red felt-lined case. "Feeling like nobody wants you and you don't belong anywhere can make a person a little crazy," he says.

Uh, yeah.

Just then, Suzanne comes in with a tray, and sets it down on the bed next to me.

"It's just a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and some milk, but Thomas doesn't have much in the way of groceries around here," she says to me. "Not that I'm a gourmet cook or anything, but that's just pathetic."

"I'm a bachelor. I don't need a lot," Thomas says with an easy shrug. "Peanut butter. Jelly. Beer. What else is there?" He latches the guitar case shut and sets it back in the corner.

I'm hungry, so the sandwich tastes incredibly good. And the jelly is grape, which I've decided is my favorite. I'll never be able to eat the stuff again without thinking of that Ephraim Bull guy, father of the Concord grape.

Suzanne goes back downstairs and Thomas and I sit in silence for a couple of minutes, not looking at each other while I eat my sandwich. He jiggles his leg and peers out the window, chewing on a fingernail. Trying to look patient and failing.

"So how did all of that change?" I ask him, licking peanut butter off my thumb.

Thomas stops jiggling his leg and turns toward me. "Excuse me?"

"How did you go from angry to—" I wipe my mouth with a napkin and struggle for the right word. "Not?"

Thomas kicks his feet out in front of him, leans back in his chair, and laces his fingers behind his head. "Well, let's see. After I got out of jail, I drifted around for a while, and finally found a job as a custodian at a library. To stay out of trouble, I spent every free moment there reading everything I could get my hands on. The head librarian was this woman who was impressed that a loser ex-con like me was such a big reader." He frowns and looks out the window, but I notice that Thomas's eyes have grown soft. "She became like a mother to me, made me feel like I belonged somewhere, you know? Long story short, I went to college for American History, got a master's in Library Science, and here I am."

Before I can bombard him with questions to keep him talking, Thomas clears his throat as if placing a period at the end of his story and leans forward in his chair, eyes penetrating mine. "Anyway," he says. "Enough about me."

I stare down at the quilt on the bed until all the colors blend together in a jumbled multicolor blur. "So, I guess it's my turn now," I say. And I realize I really do want to tell him. "First, my name isn't really Hank."

Lying back against the pillows, I tell Thomas everything I know, from the moment I woke up at the train station with *Walden* at my side, not knowing my name or where I came from, to the freak-out scene at the library. I tell him about Simon's knife and the crime I committed in the alley. I tell him about Jack and Nessa and using Simon's money to get a train ticket. Tell him the whole thing in a detached way, like it's somebody else's story, somebody else's life.

Then I tell him about the few memories I can access. Like what I know about my father and mother. My sister. Big eyes, blond hair, blood. That's when it stops feeling like somebody else's story, and it becomes completely and painfully mine.

I have to get out of this bed.

"Hank, take it easy." Thomas is standing by the side of the bed, hand pressing down on my shoulder. "When you're stronger, I'll help you find answers, I promise. I'm a research librarian. Finding answers is what I do, remember?"

I settle back against the feather pillows, letting them engulf me until the dizziness passes. Gazing up at Thomas's strong presence makes a flicker of hope ignite in the center of my chest. But just as quickly, fear snuffs it out.

"Do you think I'll go to jail, Thomas?" Staring up at the ceiling, at water stains and fault-line cracks in the plaster, I feel like a little boy asking if the boogeyman is hiding under my bed. Except that it's way scarier than that. Depending on what I did, somebody like Judge Hoar could send me to jail for the rest of my life.

"I don't know, Hank." Thomas sits down, scratches his shaggy black hair thoughtfully with both hands until it sticks up in spikes. "Your circumstances are unique, so it's hard to say. But look, what you need right now is a safe place to stay for a few days, and you've got that. We'll figure out the rest later."

We. The ceiling cracks and stains blur into amoeba shapes before my watering eyes. "Why would you do this for me?" I whisper.

"Like I told you. When I was younger, some good people helped me out, and that made all the difference," he says. "This is my chance to pay that back. Maybe you'll do the same someday for somebody else."

"Thank you, Thomas." I swallow hard, brush tears from my eyes before they can drip down my stupid face. "So what do we do first?"

"First, get out of this bed and take a shower, dude." Thomas punches me in the arm. "You reek."



After my shower, I find Thomas out in his driveway, changing the oil in his Harley. I sit on the back steps, watching Thomas work. Do I know about engines? Have I ever worked on cars or bikes? Nothing comes, but it doesn't matter. It just feels good to be outside, warm sun on my face, my arms. It's a relief to have let somebody in at last, somebody who might be able to help me.

"You know, I've got it figured out," Thomas says after a while, sliding a metal pan under the oil tank. He rests on his haunches and looks at me. "I know who you are."

Startled, I turn to stare at him. "You do?"

He stands up and grabs a wrench from a neatly organized tool chest on the driveway. "Yep. I suspected it from the first moment I saw you at the cabin site, looking like you were transported there from some other time or place. Remember?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"And then when you were unconscious, you started talking."

"Really? What did I say?"

"You were quoting entire phrases of Walden, verbatim."

"Which means that—" I have a photographic memory.

"That you're Henry Thoreau reincarnated." Thomas interrupts, pointing his wrench at me triumphantly.

I stare at him, my mouth hanging open.

"I mean, just look at you," he continues. "Dark hair, gray eyes, just like Henry. And you know his writing by heart. I think it's a reasonable explanation, don't you?"

"Reincarnated? Thomas, I don't think—"

Thomas starts to chuckle, and I realize he's just yanking my chain. But then he stops laughing and jabs a finger at me. "*If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost—*"

"*That is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them,*" I say without thinking.

Thomas nods to himself. After another moment, he turns to me again. "*I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself—*" he says and waits.

"*Than be crowded on a velvet cushion.*"

He stares into my face, eyes intense. "*A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature,*" he says.

"*It is earth's eye,*" I respond. "*Looking into which the beholder...uh...wait, I'll get it.*" I rack my brain, and nothing comes to me. Could be from one of the pages

Frankie ate. Or maybe my memory isn't as great as I thought. "Nope. No idea what's next."

"That proves nothing. Not even Henry could recite every single word he wrote," Thomas says and shrugs. "I still say you could be him reincarnated. Why not? There are far weirder things in this world, Hank."

I shake my head. "You have a lot of strange ideas, Thomas."

"I know. I get that a lot," he says cheerfully. Gotta admire a guy who's clearly comfortable with his own quirks. "But if anything comes to you about Henry's love life—or lack thereof—let me know. There are a lot of Thoreau scholars who have questions we'd like to get cleared up on the subject."

"Promise."

Thomas smiles at me and winks. Then he turns back to his Harley and loosens the bolt on the oil tank with his wrench, giving the job his full attention like he's already forgotten all about me and his bizarre theory.

Thoreau reincarnated? Ha. If that's true, then I'm totally screwing up Henry's second chance at life. Just one more reason to feel like a loser.

Sitting there on the steps in the sun, watching Thomas change the oil in his motorcycle, my mind wanders to that beautiful butterscotch Tele that Thomas has in the

guest room. If I'm really careful, I wonder if he'll let me play it.

And then I'm struck by a scrap of thought. An old memory? No, a new one. There's that thing I forgot to remember. Something I was supposed to do before I got sick. Damn, what was that? Then I remember. Hailey. I never called Hailey.

The last time we spoke, when I said I'd call her, was days ago. She's going to think I blew her off.

"Thomas, can I borrow your phone?"



Hailey answers her phone on the first ring, and at first I have no idea what to say.

"Uh, Hailey? It's Hank."

No answer.

"Hailey?"

"Yeah, I'm here."

"I'm so sorry I didn't call. I was sick. I mean, seriously, there was this infection, and I was really out of it for a while."

"What do you want, Hank?"

Damn.

"Well, I thought we might get together. You know.

Play some music. Like we said."

She makes me sweat it out and doesn't answer for a good ten seconds, though it feels a lot longer. "Sure," she says at last, like she doesn't really care. "Come over to my house tomorrow at four. I should be back from lacrosse practice by then."

She gives me the address and hangs up kind of abruptly, but I don't care, because she's giving me a chance to redeem myself. Standing in Thomas's front hallway, still holding the phone, I feel a goofy smile spread across my face. I'm going to see Hailey. Tomorrow. *Yes.*

10

SUZANNE DROPS ME OFF ON THE WAY TO HER AFTERNOON shift at Emerson (as in Ralph Waldo, of course) Hospital, and I show up on Hailey's doorstep, holding Thomas's guitar in one hand and a small amp in the other.

When Hailey answers the door, I notice she's wearing jeans and this tight purple shirt. She looks amazing. We're shy with each other at first, so we don't say much of anything past hi and come on in. She leads the way through a front hallway and I follow, noticing that she's not wearing shoes and her socks are two different colors, which reminds me of her unmatched earrings the other day. Either she has a habit of losing socks and earrings or she's making some kind of quirky fashion statement.

Her house is one of the smaller ones in her neighborhood, which basically means it's a normal size. The other houses look way too big for one family, like mansions. Even though it's smaller than the neighbors, it's decorated really nice, with fancy furniture and paintings and Oriental carpets. She leads me into a room that's all white. No kidding. White rug, white sofas, white walls, even a white grand piano. I'm afraid to have a dirty thought in this room. Which is difficult, considering the way I'm starting to feel about Hailey.

"Wow, you could hide a polar bear in this room if you wanted to," I say. Lane, but a smile twitches at the corners of Hailey's mouth, which is good enough for me.

"My mother likes to do dramatic decorating stuff. It's just annoying."

She shows me where I can plug in the amp, then I sit on one of those white sofas and tune up the guitar. Sensing that Hailey is not in the mood for small talk, I let my fingers launch into a random tune, just to warm up and get used to the guitar. It plays real nice. Smooth.

As I'm playing, Hailey finally smiles at me, then shakes her head and bursts out laughing. She has a great laugh.

"Cute," she says.

I stop playing, fingers suspended above the strings. "What?"

"That song you're playing."

I stare at her and blink like a total idiot. "I'm sorry?"

"Come on, Hank. You're kidding me, right? You're playing 'White Room,' by Cream. My mom is a big Eric Clapton fan too."

Clapton. Of course. In my real life, I must be a big-time classic rock geek, and this crazy room triggered my muscle memory. I smile at her like, yeah, "White Room." I meant to do that.

Now that I've got Hailey in a good mood, I start in on the song we played in the band room, "Blackbird." The Beatles. She lets me play the first verse all the way through before she starts singing. Her voice is quiet at first, almost a whisper, but then she clears her throat and allows her voice to rise. Again, that gorgeous, silky alto voice. Funny how just a voice can drive me crazy. I finish the song and we just stare at each other like we're holding our breath waiting for what comes next.

"Hailey," I say. "Your voice just blows me away."

She looks down at her fingernails, picks at some red polish on her thumb, and I figure she's just being shy. But when she looks back up at me, her eyes have gotten all shimmery.

"Thanks, but it doesn't do me any good if I'm too scared to get up and sing."

I stare at her, my eyebrows crunching together in disbelief. "Why would somebody like you ever be scared to sing?"

"Something bad happened. Last year, at the Battle of the Bands."

"What, like stage fright? Hey, that happens to a lot of people."

"No. I wish that's all it was." Hailey clears her throat, avoids my eyes. "Remember the day we met, when Danielle was bugging me about looking kind of sick?"

"Yeah, I do." I'd thought of asking her about that, but figured it might still be a sore subject.

"Well, it's like this. I'm diabetic. My blood sugar was starting to crash after lacrosse practice, so I got a little dizzy. After you left, I had to drink some juice to jolt it back up."

Diabetic. My damaged memory banks seem to recall what that is. Something about the pancreas and insulin. "Is that what happened at the Battle of the Bands too?"

"Yeah, but it was much, much worse. I was nervous, so I didn't eat much that day. Didn't even think about it. By the time I was up on stage, I went into this full-out insulin reaction. I mean, I passed out and started having this seizure, in front of everybody. They had to call an ambulance and everything. It was humiliating."

Tears stand in her eyes, ready to roll down her cheeks. I wish I could magically say the right thing to make it better. "You couldn't help that. I'm sure everybody understood."

"The problem is, almost nobody knew about the diabetes. I've had it since I was about nine, but I don't like to talk about it. Just don't want to be *different*, you know? So everybody kind of freaked out, and some people still seem scared to be around me, in case it happens again."

She wipes at her eyes and tries to smile at me. "Needless to say, I haven't sung in public since then."

I shake my head. "That's so wrong, Hailey. You should do the show this year. Seriously. You have to."

"I don't know, Hank. Maybe—"

The doorbell rings.

"Hang on, I gotta get that," she says. "My parents are still at work."

She leaves the white room and heads to the front door, so I play around some more with the guitar. It feels so natural, fingers on my left hand flying across the frets, fingers on my right strumming and picking. Like I was born to do this. Like when I'm with Hailey and making music, nothing else matters. The ultimate escape, the best drug ever.

I stop playing when I hear voices arguing.

"I don't want to, Cam. Can't you get somebody else?"

I pause with my fingers hovering over the strings and listen. It's Cameron.

"You said you'd do it, Hailey. What else am I supposed to do? Plus, not to be mean or anything, but you owe me."

"God, Cam. How long am I going to owe you?"

I set the guitar down, lean it against the sofa.

"C'mon, Hailey, you know the deal."

I walk to the front door and stand behind Hailey like a bodyguard, arms crossed over my chest, hoping it will make my biceps look more substantial than they actually are. "You okay, Hailey?"

He looks surprised, then pissed to see me there with Hailey, at her house. And in spite of my macho stance, I'm praying this isn't the time he chooses to pick a fight, when I'm still really weak.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Hailey says over her shoulder.

Cameron looks like he wants to take me down, and I'm glad he doesn't know he could knock me over with one finger if he really tried. But then he starts looking me over from head to toe, shrewd eyes sweeping.

"So, Hank, where did you get that shirt?" he demands.

I look down. Long-sleeved black T-shirt, white words. From the high school lost and found. "I dunno," I say.

"Why are you so fascinated by my wardrobe, Cam?"

"Because my dad got me a shirt just like it from the Nashville Music Hall of Fame. That's what it says on the front. I lost that shirt about a week ago. The same time you just happened to appear out of nowhere. Not a shirt you see every day in Concord, Massachusetts, don't you think?"

Uh-oh.

Hailey rolls her eyes. "So what are you saying, Cam? That Hank stole your shirt?"

"I'm just saying it's a really weird coincidence."

"The world is full of really weird coincidences," I say.

"Look, Cam, I think you should go," Hailey says. "We'll talk about that other thing later."

Cameron glares at both of us, and I almost laugh out loud. He's trying to look all tough and badass with his scuffed-up black boots and sideways cap. I fight the urge to smack the hat right off his head.

"Yeah, we'll talk about a lot of things later," he says. He jabs a finger in the air as he turns and heads back down the front brick steps. "And I want my shirt back, douchebag," he says.

Hailey closes the door and leans back against it, biting her lip. "Sorry about that," she says. "Things with Cam and me. They're kinda complicated."

"Yeah, I get that."

She looks like she wants to tell me more, but she shakes her head, pastes on a smile for me. "Forget Cam. Let's make music, Hank."

The magic words. And so we do. We play "Blackbird," and then I mess around with a few more songs my fingers seem to know by heart, and she joins in where she knows the words. Music creates a bond between us, an intimacy. Like touching her with music instead of fingers.

Her red hair and that purple shirt against the white sofa are like a painting or a photograph, like the white room was created just so she could stand out in contrast, in beautiful, amazing color. We finish another song. Taking a break from the music is like coming out of a trance and we can't seem to break free from the way our eyes are locked together.

If ever there was a time for kissing a girl, this is it. But I hesitate. I have no right to kiss Hailey, to get close to her or let her get close to me. My life is just one huge question mark and it wouldn't be fair.

I tear my eyes away from her. Time to change the subject, catch my breath, diffuse the moment. "So, Hailey. What's with the socks and earrings? You have something against things that match?"

Hailey sticks out her feet and wiggles her toes. "They match," she insists.

"They do not. Look, one sock has black cats, the other one has blue...what are those?" I lean in for a closer look. "Elephants?"

"Hippos. Both socks have animals; therefore, they match."

I raise an eyebrow. "It's about a theme, then?" I ask, like we're having a super-serious discussion.

"Yeah, like I might wear a green striped sock with a pink striped one. Both stripes. Or a star earring in one ear, a moon in the other. Got it?"

"Hmm. So, it's not just that you're too lazy to find the ones that go together?"

"Well, okay, it started like that," she admits, finally cracking a smile. "But, of course, I told everybody I did it on purpose, and it sort of got to be my trademark. It's not easy to get away with being a nonconformist in Concord, so I do what I can."

We smile into each other's eyes, and there's that thing again, and I'm not even sure what to call it. Magnetism, maybe. Chemistry. Magic.

"I like it," I say, meaning it. "Symmetry is overrated anyway."

I want to kiss her, so bad. But I don't make a move. I can't. So finally, Hailey does.

Kneeling in front of me without a word, she removes the guitar from my hands and leans it against the couch, and I let her do it. Then she puts her hands on both sides of my face. Her lips are soft and sweet, like cherry candy. I get lost completely in that kiss, the same way I got lost in our music.

"So we're doing this thing, right?" Her breath is warm in my ear and makes me shiver. With where my mind is heading, I'm taken totally off guard by the question.

"Uh. Doing what?"

"The Battle of the Bands. After we sang together in the band room that day, I actually started thinking I might be able to do it if you'll help me. Will you, Hank?"

So. Hang on a second. Only a few days ago I realized I can play guitar, and I'm already going to perform in public? Am I crazy out of my mind?

Well. Yeah, I am. For Hailey, I am.

I nod, and she makes this happy squealy sound. Then she kisses me again.

No matter what I've done or who I am, it's clear that this funny, talented, pretty girl really likes me. So-maybe, just maybe, when it comes right down to it, I'm not such a bad person after all.