

disrupted and both sides awake in fury. The Holyoaks over the lost years their children could have had on The Island. And Chuck, because The Island was his.

“Anything going on with The Island?” asks Dr. Bloodcastle, getting comfortable in his chair.

“Well, kind of,” I say, and then I go into the story, which most recently has to do with a terrible winter in which the snow got to the point where it brought some of the trees down, which did damage to the garage and to the fence that keeps the horses in. As a result, all the horses got out and ended up swimming to the next island over. Anyway, I hope to get further into this story if I can find some time, but I did tell the doctor the whole thing and at the end, he was very satisfied with it and felt it was one of the best.

“Things just get better and better over on that island,” he said. “I love to hear about. I think it’s one of my favorite things I’ve ever heard.”

“Yes,” I said. “It’s very interesting.”

“But you’ve never been out there?” he said. “I just can’t believe it.”

“Never have.” I crossed my legs. I was still sitting on the dental chair. The giant magnifying lens was above me. “It’s not really my side of the family.”

“You said it’s your grandfather,” he said. “It’s just as much yours.” He rocked back and forth in his chair pleasantly. “I’m starting to think you’ve made all this up,” he said. “I hope you didn’t, but I just can’t help it. I can’t shake the feeling.”

“I guess I don’t have any proof,” I said, even though it immediately occurred to me that I could log in to my e-mail from his computer and show him years and years of messages. But it still seemed wrong. What if there was some detail in there that would throw him off? I needed to try to stay in control of this. Who knows, maybe he didn’t need me to curate the story for him. Maybe it would be better if he read it all himself. Wasn’t it true that I well enjoyed my access to the full history?

“I think you like the story more than I do,” I said. “Like I’ve never wanted to go out

Detective

My ideal detective is named Winston Swanless.

He is 5’9” and he wears Crocs all the time, even in the snow.