

there to the island at all. But you've said you would--"

"Oh, I would," he said. "Right now, sitting here, I want to go. Like I want to go now."

I laughed hard at that, and shook my head in disbelief. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, see that's perfect," I said. "See, but I worry too much that I'd get out there and it'd be something else. Like what if he was really disgusting like Aunt Sara says. Like if he was up to things out there, you know?"

"Like what? Like up to stuff--"

"Oh, you know," I said. "Like up to things like up to bestiality or something."

"Oh, sure, sure," he said. "Yeah if he was up to bestiality that'd be pretty bad. Especially if you found out like if you accidentally walked in or something."

"See," I said, pointing. "Yes, that's exactly what I worry about is that I'd have to confront the reality of it. So that, if I found out he was up to some bestiality, I mean that's bad enough, but then what do I do? Do I call the cops? Do I just blow it off, like, 'Oh, no, no, go right ahead, I get it, I totally get it.' What do you do?"

"Calling the cops seems fine," he said.