When I got to our house, I rushed into the yard and called out to her, but no answer came. I then walked into the house. At first, I didn’t hear anything. Then I heard sounds coming from the direction of my parents’ room. My mother must be in there, I thought. When I got to the door, I could see that my mother and father were lying in their bed. It didn’t interest me what they were doing—only that my mother’s hand was on the small of my father’s back and that it was making a circular motion. But her hand! It was white and bony, as if it had long been dead and had been left out in the elements. It seemed not to be her hand, and yet it could only be her hand, so well did I know it. It went around and around in the same circular motion, and I looked at it as if I would never see anything else in my life again. If I were to forget everything else in the world, I could not forget her hand as it looked then.