

“Bad night?” Aunt Cheryl asked when I stepped into the office.

“The anniversary still messes with me,” I said. “I feel like it’s just about to happen – it’s like I was just there.”

“Do you want a run to take your mind off of it?” Cheryl asked. “We’ve got a dozer heading to Tucson.”

I didn’t even have to think before I nodded quickly.

“I thought that might help. She’ll be glad to see you again so soon,” Cheryl smiled. “Ken wants to say hello before you take off.”

“Love you Aunt Cheryl,” I said as I turned for the shop.

“Love you too, kid,” she called behind me. “Drive safe.”

“How’re things, Jordan?” Ken asked from under the hood of a dark green company truck.

“Sure,” I said. “I’ve just been wading through some memories.”

“Listen kid. You’re more like your Dad than you give yourself credit for. This shit tore him apart, and one day he lost focus and it killed him and your Mom. It’s tough, but we both know it’s true. There’s nothing wrong with remembering, but I need you to turn your head back to tomorrow once you hook onto that trailer, okay?”

I nodded. “I gotcha.”

Ken looked hesitant when he changed the subject. “How much school does she have left?”

“Too much,” I said as I turned for the door. “Thanks for the run.”

I knew he was right, so I did what Ken said and kept my eye on the ball for the rest of the day. I was lying down to sleep again before I knew it.