

*fourteen*

He reached inside and shut off the motor, and they climbed onto the hay in the back of the pickup. I want to know everything about you, my love. The baled hay jiggled when he pulled her close, but they managed to stay put.

I never had a father . None at all. If Fritz knew who he was she never told Gram. I've cried a lot of tears over being illegitimate.

Brand kissed her soft brown hair. Baby, why should you be so upset? You didn't do it.

Teddy snuggled close and continued talking as though she had not stopped. Fritz wanted an abortion in the worst way, but they weren't legal yet, and Gram hated the idea. So she had me, but when I was one day old, she ran away from the hospital, cleared out her and Gram's \$3,000 checking account, stole Gram's almost-new car, and that's it. We never saw her again. I should say Gram didn't. Fritz never saw me, even before she left. She refused. Teddy gulped. And she didn't even remember whether I was a boy or girl. Or how old I was.

Brand rained kisses over her face. How old was she when you were born, Teddy Bear?

Seventeen.

Brand nodded. Pretty young. That isn't any excuse for what she did, though, to either you or Gram. Let's see, she's about thirty-eight now, then. I can't believe it She looks fifty-eight.

Teddy nodded, holding Brand tightly. Then her head flipped around. Let's get out of here. Casanova's coming.

They jumped off the hay and started feeding the llamas. Casanova remained calm.

After they finished feeding, Teddy asked Brand if they could talk about him for a little while. They settled onto the tail gate of the pickup. Okay, he said. Am I in trouble?

No. But I've wondered about Celia. What really happened between you two. I thought I saw sparks.

He laughed. Soil worked! We thought it a dismal failure. Well, I met her on the riding trail as I said. But that's about where the story should have stopped. She's married and her husband was out of town. She asked me to take her to church so I told her about you and how I couldn't get to first base. So... we hatched up our little scheme to make you jealous. He held up his hand. And don't get jealous now. The only thing we ever did was laugh and talk to each other when we knew you were watching. Otherwise, we're just friends.

Teddy heaved a sigh of relief. Now she could relax. For a fraction of a second the other problem the one about the bank robbery in Eugene tickled her mind, but she thrust it aside. She knew for sure that story did not have any more substance than the Brand and Celia one. She hurried in to breakfast with Brand, feeling clean and free. How's the sore knee this morning? she asked Fritz.

Well! I thought no one even heard that I had one. It's sore. It's always sore. I can walk but not much.

Brand wiped the last bite of his pancake in syrup and forked it into his mouth. Gram, I hope you never forget how to make these fantastic pancakes, he said, then turned back to Fritz. I'm taking you to a doctor this morning.

No, you aren't! I've been to plenty of doctors and they can't find the problem.

He nodded pleasantly. We'll try one more. So, a little later, Brand took off toward Bend with Fritz sitting unhappily beside him.

What are we going to do with her, Gram? Teddy asked after the car drove out of sight.

The old woman shook her head and Teddy thought she looked tired. I don't know, kitten. We'd be within our rights to pitch her clothes out and lock the door, but I couldn't do that to anyone.

What do you feel for her, Gram? Or would you rather not talk about it?

Gram's eyes shot across the room to where Teddy sat. How do I feel about my long lost daughter? I'm not sure. I may not feel anything. Then again, I may hate her a little for what she did to you and me. And maybe, behind all these feelings, I still love her. I really don't know. Sometimes emotions are like that, you know. It takes a while to figure them out. Let's wait and see what the doctor says.

Brand and Fritz came home an hour later with no news. I paid the doctor and made Fritz agree to ask him to talk to me, Brand said. The X-rays showed nothing, there is no swelling or discoloration, but the doctor said there could be tenderness. He said knee problems are impossible to verify or disprove.

Fritz looked triumphant. So, old woman, are you going to throw me out?

Gram looked grim. Are you able to pull your own weight around here?

If I were, I wouldn't be here.

Gram looked at Teddy. What do you say, Teddy?

I can't imagine turning out my own mother, Teddy said, smiling ruefully. But then again, I can't imagine this person being my mother. It's up to you, Gram, she's a complete stranger to me.

May I interrupt this family discussion? Brand asked. Why don't you not make any decision at all, but just take it one day at a time?

See here, you conceited jerk, you keep your big mouth out of family discussions. Fritzi reached in her pocket for a cigarette, then pulled it back empty.

Wait a minute, Gram said. Brand is very much apart of this family. Much more so than you, so don't expect him to be barred from anything that goes on around here.

How does he get the privilege of calling himself a family member? What great thing did he do?

I'm marrying Teddy, Brand informed her. And Gram, too, for that matter.

Fritzi pointed at Brand. He's marrying her for the million, she yelled at Gram. He couldn't want her. She's nothing but a kid. Don't you people have a brain in your head?

Ignoring Fritzi's rude comments, Gram scrambled to her feet and stood over her. Brand had a great idea. You can stay for now, but only if you get that rotten tongue under control. You gave up your place in our home and hearts many long years ago. If you stay now, you're nothing but a charity case, so sweeten up, or take off. Which will it be?

I have no choice. But neither do you. I'll stay and take whatever you barbarians dish out. I don't even have a dog to be on my side.

Don't you ever mention that dog again! Brand shouted. You'll answer to me if you do!

Fritzi got up and rushed to her room, closing the door with a crash.

Let's hope she stays there, Gram said, smiling wryly.

Brand got to his feet. I have work to do, but may I come over tonight?

Of course, Gram answered. Plan to eat with us.

After Brand left, Teddy and Gram went outside and did their necessary work. When they stopped for lunch they did not see Fritzi. Let's just keep real quiet, Gram whispered as they ate.

She appeared while Gram and Teddy cooked supper that night; she did not offer to help. Brand arrived for supper, and the meal was relatively pleasant Fritzi kept quiet.

Brand helped do the dishes then took Gram aside. 'Teddy and I'd like to go into Bend for a movie, he said quietly, but we're wondering if you'll be all right alone with Fritzi.

Sure. She won't bother me. You two go on and have a nice evening.

After the movie, Brand took Teddy to Pioneer Park, beside the Deschutes River. They walked hand in hand to the sparkling water, bubbling enthusiastically against the stone wall. The half moon dropped its silver beams on the quiet park, turning the lush, green grass to silver and the trees into large, dark shadows, moving gently in the small breeze. They sat at a picnic table beside the water and watched the moon playing hide and seek with fluffy white clouds.

Are you warm enough? Brand asked.

Yes, but the nights are really getting cold. Pretty soon it will be freezing every night, Teddy said.

I guess we'd better bring quilts next time we come. Well, my little Teddy Bear, have you thought any more about getting married? I'm not in favor of long engagements especially ours.

She leaned her head on his shoulder. I did for a while, but Fritzi sort of blew everything else from my mind. Oh, Brand, what will we do with Fritzi when we get married?

Brand turned Teddy in his arms. You look like an angel with the moonlight bathing your face, he murmured. His lips dipped to hers and her arms found their way around his neck. She felt his hair and dug her fingers through it, as his lips fluttered against hers. He gave her one more quick hug and pulled away from her. She isn't going to live in the same house with us, that's for sure.

Who isn't going to do what? Teddy asked, plummeting back to earth.

Fritzi isn't going to live with us.

What about Gram?

She's going to live with us.

What if Gram has to take care of Fritzi?

No way, love. Fritzi isn't an invalid. She's going to have to figure something out. Something besides Gram's charity. Gram's quite a woman, but a little too old to start caring for a miscreant.

When Teddy walked into the old ranch house, Gram was busily sewing pink butterfly quilt pieces together and Fritzi was nowhere to be seen.

Gram motioned toward the bedrooms. Watched a couple of programs and took off. Didn't say a word all night Gram's eyes twinkled merrily. She was a lot better company than I expected.

The next morning, as the three women ate breakfast, strange screeching noises brought them to the front porch. Brand had brought a small load of lumber on his pickup and, with a crowbar, he stood busily ripping the porch off the house.

I do believe Superman has come to the rescue, Fritzi said.

Brand looked up and smiled, then got to his feet and kissed Teddy. Good morning, Teddy Bear. I decided to repair my damage.

We didn't fix your leg; you don't have to fix our house, Gram said.

Oh, but I do. I'll probably be the guy who falls through the hole. This is your water day, Teddy, so I know you and Gram don't have time to help, but Fritzi, you're going to help me.

The frowzy woman looked down at her old polyester dress. And what would I look like after I handled that mess?

We have a shower for that purpose, Gram answered.

And, while you're at it, please wash your hair. I have a hard time eating with that mess sitting at the table. Come on, Teddy. They walked a few feet, then Gram turned back to Brand. How long's that job going to take, son?

Most of the day, I think. he answered. Then he grinned. Not quite so long with Fritzi helping.

The gravelly voice answered immediately. She'll help. Lunch will be served at noon... to everyone who spends the morning working. And supper at six o'clock likewise.

Teddy and Gram took off and spent the morning handling the irrigation. At noon they found the old steps gone and the new ones coming along. Fritzi had disappeared.

Brand shook his head when Gram asked if she had been helping. Fritzi did not put in an appearance at the lunch table. How are we going to keep her out of the food while we're working? Teddy asked.

Easy. We're going to lock her out, Gram said.

Teddy gasped. You wouldn't dare!

Oh yes she would. And I'll be the bouncer, Brand said, laughing out loud.

Gram knocked on Fritzi's door. Come out of there and help Brand finish the steps.

No response.

Go get her, Brand. I don't feel like begging.

I'm coming in, he called, then opened the door, walked in, lifted Fritzi off the bed, and carried her to the front porch, kicking and screaming.

Gram locked the door and handed the key to Brand. You may need to go in.

Later, when Gram and Teddy came, tired and dusty, to prepare supper, Brand was sitting on the top step. He stood and touched Teddy's lips with his, then he made a sweeping motion over the steps as his eyes met Gram's. What do you think?

Better than when they were new, the grating old voice answered. I especially like that rough stuff you put over the top. A person would have to work at slipping on them now.

Teddy looked around for Fritzi. Where's your helper?

Brand shook his head. I haven't had a helper. As for that woman, I have no idea where she went.

Fritzi did not appear for supper but came in later, left her shoes at the door, and went to her room.

Shampoo your hair and shower, Gram said as she passed by. But they did not hear the water run.

Teddy read her new llama magazine while Gram worked on her quilt. Brand had gone home to shower. Hey, Gram, here's something that sounds interesting. An exotic animal sale, including llamas, in Macon, Missouri.

Too far away.

I know, I was just telling you about it.

How much are the llamas?

It's an auction, Gram.

Brand walked in, removed his boots, washed his hands, and settled down beside Teddy. After kissing her hello, he removed one of her hands from the magazine and held it.

What's this about an auction?

Oh, I just saw it in this magazine. An exotic animal auction in Missouri. They're going to sell llamas.

He came to life in a hurry. Hey, that would be fun. Do you want to buy more llamas?

No, Grain said. We have our full herd.

I wasn't thinking about buying, Teddy said. I was wondering how much one of ours would bring at a national auction. We have some fantastic animals.

No one said anything, and Teddy started searching her mind for her best llama. One that had been born on the place. Her prettiest young female popped into her mind. Cocoa. She sat a moment, then ran to the bathroom and dropped to a sitting position on the edge of the bathtub. Putting her head in her hands, she let the tears run. After a while, she got herself under control and washed her face in cold water.

Gram walked through the open door while Teddy dried her swollen face. It's Cocoa, isn't it? she whispered.

Teddy nodded, keeping her face covered with the towel.

She's the first one that came to my mind, too, but we have lots of beautiful llamas.

Yeah, Brand added, from the bathroom doorway, we can find plenty of good animals, and I'll go along and help you.

Wait a minute, Gram said, as they walked back to the kitchen. Who said we're taking anything to that auction?

Brand shrugged. Sorry. It sounded to me as though you were.

Teddy felt sorry she had ever mentioned the silly sale. Of course we can't, but I was thinking of taking only one. We might lose our shirts at a place like that.

Brand turned on the TV and captured Teddy's hand. Gram worked on her quilt and Teddy half-watched the program, leaning on Brand's shoulder, while she read her magazine.

If the sale were only a few hours' drive away, it would be different, Gram muttered, forty-five minutes later.

Teddy looked up and smiled. I know, Gram. It's way too far.

After a while, Brand flipped off the TV. I don't mean to be a trouble maker, Gram, he said, but Fritzi hasn't eaten since breakfast. Do you still feel that she should do some work around here?

I sure do.

Well, I think you fell on the only way to make her work, But how can we keep her out of the kitchen while you sleep?

Gram's eyes flashed around the roomy old kitchen. I doubt we could lock the refrigerator. And if we could, there's food in a lot of cabinets. I don't know. Her eyes turned to Teddy. I'm a little too tired to take turns watching. What do you think, kitten?

Teddy looked around. The only hope would be to lock Fritzi out of the house, which they could not do at night. Or could they lock the kitchen? She looked at the doorway into the living room. It was not very wide. Maybe they could block it Then her eyes fell on the old door pushed against the wall. She had looked at it all her life until she did not even see it anymore. She jumped up, moved the chair away from the door, and closed it. Voila! she cried triumphantly.

Hey! Gram said. I'd forgotten all about that door. But how could we lock it?

Brand examined the door and how it fit against the frame. As he looked it over, his eyes danced. I'll bet I could rig up a lock on there.

In a little while he had it locked from the kitchen side. But how are we going to get through? Teddy asked.

I'll lock it and go out the back door for tonight, Brand said. In the morning you'll have to go out the front way and in the back door. Be sure not to lock the key in the kitchen. Tomorrow I'll get a hasp and padlock.

### *fifteen*

When Teddy returned from her morning chores, she found Gram busy in the kitchen and Fritzi sitting on the front porch. She's plenty mad, Gram said, stirring the oatmeal.

I notice she isn't in here helping you, though.

Nope. She hasn't come to that yet. Are we really going to let her wait to eat until she works?

I don't know, Gram. You have to be the judge. Do you know if she tried to get into the kitchen last night?

She sure did. Cussed me out royal for locking it

That wasn't very nice. What could she do today that wouldn't be too strenuous? Teddy laughed.

Gram thought a moment. How about the laundry? Surely loading three loads of clothes into the washer and dryer wouldn't be too much.

Right. And let her fold the stuff, too.

Gram snapped her fingers. Rats. If we let her into the utility room, she won't do the laundry, she'll get into the food.

Teddy shook her head. You can stay inside and watch her. There isn't much to do outside right now. You can work on your quilt or make some applesauce.

All right. Let's eat, then you can go tell her.

A little later, Teddy sat on the love seat beside Fritz. She gave Fritz a friendly smile. Gram wondered if you'd do the laundry this morning? It's only three loads, plus whatever you have. It was the first time she was alone with Fritz, and she felt a little nervous.

What's with you, kid? Do you have a mind of your own? Or are you some kind of robot of the old woman's?

I think I have a mind of my own. Why do you doubt that?

I never heard of anyone starving their own mother to death.

You aren't a mother to me, Fritz, Gram's my mother. A fantastic one, too. She's been everything to me. Mother, father, grandmother. I couldn't have asked for more. But that's beside the point, isn't it? No one's trying to starve you. But don't you know, even the Bible says if you don't work you don't eat? We aren't asking you to work like Gram or me. Just a little to show some family spirit. She reached for Fritz's hand, but the older woman jerked it away. Teddy stood up and smiled again. Come on, what do you say, are you ready to join the family?

What can I say? I suppose I'll have to try, even if it puts me in the hospital.

Great. And I promise we won't ask you to do too much. I'll see you at lunchtime.

As Teddy moved the llamas from the north pasture to the south that morning, she looked them over carefully. Which would she take if she did happen to go to that sale? She had a lot of fine animals, and it really would be exciting to see how they compared to other herds. When Teddy came in for lunch she found Fritz lying on the couch in the kitchen, worn out, but the laundry had been done and put away.

Gram announced lunch and Fritz staggered to her feet. Where's lover boy? she asked in a petulant voice. Doesn't he eat all his meals here?

Not yet, Gram grated, but soon.

Fritzi barely waited for Gram's Amen to snatch a sandwich, which she stuffed into her mouth before she tasted her soup. Yeah, when is this big wedding coming off? She drank her milk in one long gulp, then broke a handful of crackers into her soup.

We haven't set a date, Teddy said.

You messed up their plans, Gram added.

Everyone ate quietly for a few minutes, until Fritzi dropped her soup spoon onto the table with a clatter. I'm ready for dessert, old woman, she announced.

Is that right? Well, just get yourself an apple from the refrigerator, Gram said.

Forget the apple, Fritzi snarled, walking out of the room.

Gram looked at Teddy, the corners of her mouth jerking up and down. I'm not sure she has the family spirit down pat yet.

Teddy laughed, walked around the table, and hugged Gram. I hope you aren't letting her get to you. Just remember, you're the best.

Gram's eyes misted. Thanks, kitten. I needed that. Now, what are we going to find for our fine guest to do this afternoon?

More? Today?

Of course, more. Are you quitting for the day? Am I?

No, but

Do you trust her to iron your clothes?

Sure. I don't have anything that great.

But when Teddy came in after the evening feeding, she found Gram alone in the kitchen. Her royal highness refused to work, she told Teddy. I'm predicting she won't work unless she's on the brink of starvation.

Teddy and Gram ate alone before Brand called to say he would be over, but it would be late.

Teddy hauled out her knitting and turned on the television, disappointed that Brand was not with her. She could not believe how much she missed him.

Fritzi joined them in the kitchen and watched the programs, too. Is TV the most exciting thing you ever do around here? she asked Teddy.

We do lots of exciting things, Teddy said. Remember the day you came? Brand had just brought a tandem bike over and we all learned to ride it.

Yahoo, Fritzi said in a monotone. I hope I never have to do anything that exciting. It might cause a heart attack.

Well, it was fun to us, Teddy insisted.

A light tap on the front door interrupted the conversation. Sighing, Teddy went to the door. She had recognized the tap and threw open the door, less than eager to face Lynden. He stood on the porch, all smiles, looking even thinner and paler than she remembered.

She forced a smile to her lips. Well, Lynden, what a nice surprise. I'm glad to see you've forgiven us for whatever we did. She opened the door and he stepped in, dropped his shoes, and made for the bathroom to wash his hands. When he returned, she led him into the kitchen.

Fritzi, she said, hesitantly, I'd like for you to meet our good friend, Lynden Greeley. She held her hand toward Fritzi. Lynden, Fritzi.

Lynden greeted Gram and sat down beside Teddy on the couch.

Who is she? he quietly asked Teddy.

Oh, didn't we tell you? Fritzi gushed. I'm Teddy's mother. Yes, she's my little girl.

Lynden sat still a moment, attempting to watch television, then turned to Fritzi. Her mother? I didn't know she had a mother. Where have you been all these years?

Fritzi bowed her head sadly. We've been separated. She raised her head and smiled victoriously. But we found each other again several days ago, and we're all so happy we just don't know what to do.

Wow, a reunion! I know what to do. I'm going to write a story about it for the paper! He rose off the couch in his excitement.

You aren't writing anything, Gram snapped.

He settled back down like a balloon going flat. Come on, Nelle, don't say that. This sounds like my big chance.

It may sound like it, but believe me, it isn't. Forget it. Gram's coarse voice sounded as though she meant business.

If Gram had slapped his face, he would not have looked more injured. Fritzi moved from the rocker to the couch and hooked an arm through his. Come out to the porch and I'll tell you all about it, Lynny. The old woman's just too shy, but she really wants you to know.

She tugged on his arm and he stood up, looking considerably happier. They started out the kitchen door in to the living room.

Freeze!

They both stopped in their tracks. Lynden, Gram said, I know you're upset with Teddy, but I also think you care for her and wouldn't hurt her. Well, take my word for it, if you put one word about this in the paper you'll hurt her so badly she'll never recover.

Lynden's gray eyes searched out Teddy's. Is that right? Teddy nodded. It has no place in the paper. I don't know what Fritzi would tell you, but it's a sad, rotten story. Please don't

He hesitated. Maybe I'll just listen to it.

Let her tell it in here then, Gram said.

Lynden nodded and settled onto the couch beside Teddy. Great with me.

Fritzi did not return, but headed for the hall. Let them tell you then, turkey, she spat at Lynden before she disappeared.

Lynden turned expectantly to Teddy. Okay, I'm all ears.

Gram sighed and leaned back in her chair. I'll tell him. It's an ugly story, Lynden, and you agree this is off the record, right? It's also a short story. Fritzi ran off right after Teddy was born and we didn't see or hear from her again until she appeared on the place a few days ago.

Lynden's face turned a shade whiter. He sat quietly a few moments, thinking about what he had heard. Then he turned to Teddy. How awful! Somehow I supposed your mother was dead. What about your father?

Teddy shook her head.

Oh. I'm sorry, Teddy. I really am sorry, and I wouldn't think of printing that. He reached for her hand and brought it into his lap. A moment later, he lifted it into his view. What do I feel on He stopped when he saw the dainty ring with the large diamond reflecting the kitchen lights. When did all this happen?

About a week ago, Teddy said. She could not keep the happy smile away from her face.

I told you not to do this, Lynden said. You know the guy's nothing but trouble waiting to happen, don't you?

She found out he's not the man, Gram volunteered. She had her quilt piece in her lap again, sewing the butterfly to the bright background.

What did she do, ask him? he asked sarcastically.

Don't worry how she did it, Gram advised, quietly. Just be thankful she's not marrying trouble.

Teddy, Lynden cried, you've been misinformed. I know he's the man. Positively. More news has come into the office and it all points to Brandon Sinclair. It leaves no doubt in my mind that he's the bank robber. None at all. He'll have a nice long prison sentence to face when he's caught. And I'm going to make sure he's caught. He got up and marched straight to the front door, stiff as an overstarched shirt.

Teddy heaved a sigh, but followed him. Why do I feel like I'm living through a rerun, Lynden?

He pulled on his second shoe and turned the doorknob. I'd like to wish you happiness, Teddy, but wishes don't come true when you purposely go against what you know to be right. He shut the door and Teddy threw the dead bolt.

Gram, isn't it time we had a little tranquility in our lives? she asked, picking up her knitting.

Gram put her work down and got up. I was just thinking that. Want some coffee?

The front door nearly crumbled beneath the next attack and Teddy jumped to her feet. Make some for Brand too, Gram. I'm ashamed to say I forgot all about him for a few minutes.

Gram waved Teddy toward the front door. Go get him. I want to talk to you both.

Sorry to be so late, he said, kissing her. Then he clasped her to him. Just hold me a minute, love.

Teddy looked at his ashen face. What's happened, Brand?

Is it that visible? Well, I don't want you to get upset, and it really isn't all that terrible. I'm just not very tough. We just lost a calf. The mother's going to be fine with a few days' good care, and the calf wasn't worth a whole lot of money. I just feel bad about the loss of life. He shook his head. It tried so hard to live. He gave Teddy another squeeze and she felt him swallow hard. And we tried really hard to help it live. The vet said it just wasn't meant to be.

Sit down and have a cup of coffee, Gram said. I want to talk to you two. Maybe it'll help for you to think about something else.

Brand and Teddy settled onto the couch, she in the circle of his arm. You don't know how good you feel, Teddy Bear, he said, kissing her cheek.

Gram set the coffees on the low table and put a plate of oatmeal cookies between them. How would you two like to take a couple of llamas to the sale in Missouri? she asked.

I'd love it! Brand said without hesitation. Teddy, get your magazine.

Just a minute, Gram held up a hand and Teddy settled back down beside Brand. Then Gram spoke to Brand as though Teddy were not there. You've seen what came home to roost, haven't you, son?

He nodded.

Well, you understand that things like that could make an old woman a little crazy, but I have to say this, crazy or no. I'll be happy for you two to make the trip, but only after you promise me that my girl will come home as innocent as she leaves. I love her far more than my own life and I couldn't bear for anything to hurt her.

I love her more than my own life too, he said. I'd never hurt her, Gram, even her reputation, so why don't we all go? Let Fritzi take care of the place. He stood and kissed the wrinkled cheek. Let's make it a vacation. I'll bet it's been a while since you've had one.

Teddy laughed, pulled Brand to the couch, and handed him his coffee. I agree with Brand, Gram. Please won't you go with us? You'd get so excited at the auction I'd have to hold you down.

Gram shook her head. Somebody has to mind the store, you know.

I'll send Rolf over, Brand said. Our work is slowing down a lot, now.

What about Fritzi? Gram asked.

Let her take care of herself, Brand said. We know for sure she's able to do that much.

Gram's eyes beamed with joy. Well, I'll think about it, I'm just not sure we can both leave. But you can't believe how happy I am that you asked. Now, I'm going to bed and leave you two alone.

Brand pulled a hasp and padlock from his pocket. No need, Gram, we aren't going to sit and spoon. I'm going to fix this door.

She went to bed anyway and Brand had the lock all screwed on in ten minutes. Let's go sit on the porch and see if we can see the moon, Brand suggested.

They settled onto the love seat. I don't see the moon, Teddy said, but I see a fantastic trip in our near future. I'm already getting excited. I wonder, what llamas I should take?