

‘Look, I...I know things are bad. And maybe it could get worse. But...if we’re going to get through this, I guess, we have to learn how to be strong, right?’ I looked between them, and they both nodded, though BK was still sniffing. ‘Right, well, I think...I think that being strong is kind of like being calm. So, if we lie back down a while, and close our eyes and let the sun soak us up, well, we might feel a little stronger.’

‘Like Superman?’

‘Superman?’

‘The sun makes him strong,’ said BK.

Despite it all, a smile worked its way onto my face. I felt it pulling at my cheekbones, and tugging at the pain in my chest, making it release just enough to breathe easier.

‘Yeah,’ I said, flopping back down into the grass. ‘Like Superman.’