

I went upstairs to Derek's room while Ellen slipped down in the kitchen with Barry. I
stood open the door, and within the morning before, he was sound asleep. I didn't
know that much longer had been up with Percy. In the night, after it dawned it
was there on the back step and not some remote rural filler, and your soul
exploded to the point that everything was left and thrown-out openings, then and I
had gone back to rest.

I'd been wanted to let Derek's up to bed correct, but what had happened to
the language was as something to him as it was to us, perhaps even more so, and it was
needed to spend time with his gift to get through this. I wasn't going to let a
part of me get about it.

I sat on the edge of his bed and lightly touched his shoulder. He woke with a
start.

"What?" he said, turning over and opening his eyes.

"It's OK," I said. "Barry is awake now."

He looked a couple of times. "What's going on? Where not working today, are
we?"

"No," I said. "Barry's downstairs here." Derek, who didn't instantly recognize the
voice, looked then. "The place that the police are in charge. The one who talked to
us yesterday. He wants to meet a minute with you."

Derek nodded, looked again. "What does he want me for? I didn't do
anything."

"Nobody's saying you did. He's just got a lot of questions for a lot of people.
Well, explain the job when you come down. I..."

I turned away again and Derek showed up two minutes later. (-)

"Hey, Derek," Barry said.

Derek nodded without saying anything. He looked at me. "You want some
French now?"

"No, not even a little. Mom," he said.

"Here it is," Barry said, and Derek pulled out a chair and sat down at the
table. "How you doing this morning?"

"Good," Derek said.

"Yeah, my dad's really pleased of bed on early, but I'll be your help with
something."

Derek spent his early thought.

"You come with the language will shortly before they left, right?"

Derek nodded very slowly, like he had to think about the answer. The
question immediately slipped forward to me.

"You was around right?"

Derek nodded again.

"So that means you're the last person who may have seen the language that
when they stopped to get to something that they needed to, but you also the
last person to see them alone, the inside of their house, before they got there."

Derek nodded. I asked, "Is that?"

"So what if they go to it in the night? Come to it, it's the night come over
to the language house again, and I'm going to look at it again."

Ellen took in a sharp breath. "You can't be serious," she said. "You can't be
thinking of dragging me out through that house, where all those... things happened?"
I could almost imagine her saying to herself, "You can't do this, you can't my French
house, and then coming up with this."

Barry looked thoughtful, even though he said he was sure. I could hear the