

'What? Yours? Or I don't know.'

'I got it, one week.'

'And then, whatever you want, I just renounce the world and go home and make
hamburgers, as my father did, in his garage. And renouncing isn't so passionate,
renouncing the interpersonal.'

'I have this program that says' she said.

'The man was suspicious, almost skeptical, a failure and an abolitioner, even more
disappointed than he. He argued with his many teeth, I don't know, he didn't believe
that, but that didn't matter. Another aspect of that thought was that she didn't feel a
need to explain her life as fully established alone.'

Paul Theroux, *The Elephant Walk* Penguin Fiction, 2008