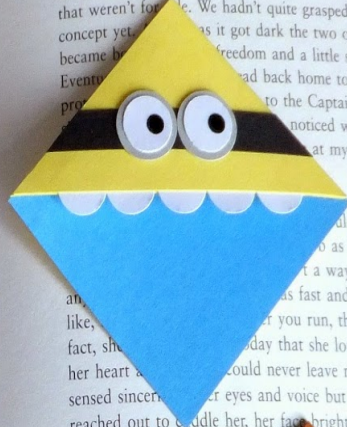




You have an idea?
 Ruby: So you found her?
 Rosie: Oh, your wife is like a breath of fresh
 air. Yes, I am still in love with her.
 Ruby: So you found your daughter, then?
 Rosie: Yes, we have her trained to come running back after
 three whistles and a clap of the hands.
 Ruby: Impressive . . .
 Rosie: I reminded myself that Alex and I ran off together a
 few times when we were young. The first time we ran
 away because Alex's father wanted him to go to
 some theme park for the weekend. I now have a
 different view of the world because, well, the world
 is a cartoon. Anytime I see a car with five or
 six. We passed a sign that said "Five or
 literally six." I was literally six.
 supposed to be six. I was extremely
 extremely young.
 We spent the night. I never
 been to before, I was just thinking if the
 pocket money we had was enough



to buy a house of our own. We even looked at houses
 that weren't for sale. We hadn't quite grasped that
 concept yet. As it got dark the two of us
 became homesick for freedom and a little scared too.
 Eventually we had to head back home to see if our
 parents had noticed we'd been
 at my house and
 on that plane
 I'd like to
 as a mother for
 a way to solve
 as fast and as far as you
 like, the faster you run, there you are. In
 fact, she told me one day that she loved me with all
 her heart and she could never leave me. I thought I
 sensed sincerity in her eyes and voice but as soon as I
 reached out to cuddle her, her face brightened and she
 asked if that meant she didn't have to be grounded any
 more. I'm afraid she's a character like her father.
 Ever run away from home to be a child?
 Ruby: No. But my ex-husband once came with a
 child half his age, if that counts.
 Rosie: Right . . . well, I would love to see it
 with me all the time.
 Ruby: No problem.
 Rosie: So what's the deal with you coming up soon?
 Ruby: I'm going to be a mother.
 Rosie: No! You can't! You're not ready!
 Ruby: Ha! That's my point. I was just
 thinking of new and exciting things for my life.
 Funnily enough, that was the first thing that jumped into
 my head.

