

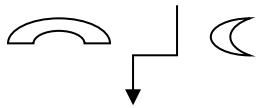
“Sunset.” Bill nodded. “Good symbolism, sun falls below the horizon with the radiance of color above. How about this, when you add this arrow—“moon comes out after sunset.”

“So the arrow means comes out?”

“Well, arrows are for shooting. They come out of a bow. Sunset shoots the moon?”

“No.” Boone didn’t want the symbols to be violent.

“Okay. Look at the way the arrow is positioned. What if we move it, like so? Does this make a difference?”



“Yes!” Boone erased the bad arrow and drew the right one.



“Okay.” Bill stared until his eyebrow went up. “Around. Or under. As in shooting an arrow to go around a target. Under. Sunset goes under the moon.”

Boone closed his eyes. “Boone goes under ground. Into the underworld.” He saw himself swim and when he looked up, he saw whites attack his father’s village. Somewhere in the background he heard a scream. Boone didn’t realize he’d said all that to himself until he saw that Bill had no reaction.

“And you’re the sunset that struggles to come out from behind the moon again. Maybe the moon is symbol for your mother?”

Boone almost said no, but instead he shrugged. “Maybe.”