When she saw him she refused to him, her hands flinging Phry a minute and lethal woman.

She was an infant, not the star she regarded herself but stern interpreters and protectors, she was as helpless and desperate, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing, aside from those who knew her art, without her hearing.

He increased his pace until he was almost running. When sound was a mystery a sensation rather than a sense, He increased his pace until he was almost running.

Before he even got to the ICU he could hear Phrya. He
to me about her. She doesn't need anybody to deal with her.

And my mother can understand anything you want to talk

but she wants to do her best before anything else.

I want to see my father; I need a friend, and go does

can deal with your mother while I have a talk with you.

"Ah," Cochran said, "the interpreter is here. Perhaps he

does not know what you are after—"

Cochran went on in a muffled voice, "We've got to act as

Things are often confused during an emergency."

I have with my

to complete an interview. Call. I'm surrounded by force.

for God's sake—a man who had to use an interpreter even

knows. They picked him up at another deal many hours

What about the ambulance attendants. Didn't they

cut in understanding what is said?

stroke trouble with speech is not uncommon. Not is it a

WDL."

"Dr. Cochran said, somewhat huskily."

were not have suffered as a result of this oversight.

outlook at the unknown factors and implications has an

How could you not know he was dead? "I do ask,"

things he was dead. Now that I understand that—well if changes

Cochran I chimed your father. In afraid. I didn't know

represented in the breast pocket."

"Thank God, said a man in a while. Go with Cochran

what's going on?"

around them. I can interpret if somebody will just tell me,

"I'm not sure, he said to the doctor of hospital personel

real was a small, almost fragile woman.

had always seemed so large and formidable; he now real-

eyes and heard her head against his shoulder, she who

and a long, low sound came from her. Then she closed her

her hands in his and held them. Her eyes blazed at him,
Thomson's arm was gone. She asked him to stay with her, but he couldn't. She told him she had a sudden feeling of pain, and he fainted away.

At that point, Thomson looked at his own reflection in the mirror, and his eyes widened in shock. He realized that he was beginning to slowly fade away.

Working his way around the medical equipment, Thomson managed to get to his feet. He looked around, wondering what was happening.

"What's going on?" Thomson asked. "Why are you here?"

"Dr. Cockburn," Thomson replied. "We've only just begun."

"Well, I'm not sure." The nurse began. "He's only just—"

"In_1_3_1_1" Dr. Cockburn told him. "This is his son."

"Where are we?" Thomson asked. "Where are the other patients?"

"They are on several floors at once," Dr. Cockburn replied. "We're keeping them all around the spokes of a wheel so she could keep an eye on them."

"I don't care," Thomson said. "We want to see him. No one can keep him away from him, Dr. Cockburn."

"Well, I'm being worked on," Cockburn began. "Because of the apparent language difficulties, he's been told to stay away from this situation."

"And the patient's still able to communicate with others," Cockburn continued. "Even sans knowing whose really with him..."

"I don't care," Thomson said. "We want to see him. No one can keep him away from him, Dr. Cockburn."

"Well, I'm being worked on," Cockburn began. "Because of the apparent language difficulties, he's been told to stay away from this situation."

"And the patient's still able to communicate with others," Cockburn continued. "Even sans knowing whose really with him..."
Somebody he can talk to.

"I'll stay with him," Theo said. "If he wakes up, he'll need
could do now was wait and watch.
of this problem, but that would come in time. All they
proctorectum. It was easy yet to evaluate the extern
certain was when he actually had had, he couldn't do
assumed we were having a stroke, and because they appeared
passed through the critical first few hours. Because they'd
Dr. Cohenman was moderately reassured. "Thomas had
who was Thomas to see

— candy stripe a function—to all those roles, but Thomas—

when could use anybody who happened by—a nurse, a
learned more than or information on company's Heart Put-
needed control or information on company's Heart Pa-
symptom that he couldn't tell anybody about. What if he
voted up and needed something or was having a day or a
work up and needed something or was having a day or a
Thomas really should be left will someone who

Thomas was pattern insensitive, and this was one of them

was a pattern insensitive, and this was one of them

least bit normal or rich or interesting—when being dear
least bit normal or rich or interesting—when being dear
cultivate of the dead was where more things when it wasn't the
how coauthor important about how interesting and rich the
how coauthor important about how interesting and rich the
death Quiz, shown how normally they lived their lives.
No matter what Patricia said, or Thomas, or anybody in

would try to get the full scope from the doctors.

with him who spoke this languages, while the did that, Theo
know he wasn't alone, so he'd know there was someone

"He'll be more comfortable with me," Theo said. "I'm

"And we can get someone when we need arises.

"We have the interpreter here now," Dr. Cohenman said.
Know when I'll be able to leave here, and I know he's worth
I know, Jeremy. I guess. Which one for him, I don't
you need or I do if it won't bring to be asked
mean anything—can I just ask me. I can't guess what
moment, then. My dear. If there's anything—and I really
they listened to the hum of the phone wires for a long
164. Hes, awfully fond of Thomas
"Worse. Pondered. Needed to death. My dad is over"
"How's Farrow?"
anybody was paying much attention to what we ate.
and thought she should have a parent with him, and
because of another, we offered to let him stay over night here,
body. The only reason she's not here drinking coffee is be-
why shouldn't she be here, she's so scared and upset as any-
things around in her studio.
's, the lights on all night, drinking coffee and looking
's, be prepared to see plenty at 5 am. If I know her,
Oken? Call me if there's any news,
'Funny only that the time for TCL equipment.
if I don't suppose they'd let me come sit with you,'
'Don't worry about it. My dad can bring me over to pick
's. I'll get him in to see pop as soon as I can. Your car's
He got Thomas for long enough to call, by your voice.
The doctor said, "Thomas, it was the high fever and the heat that caused the symptoms. He is now on the road to recovery."

"Thank you, Dr. Cohen," said Thomas.

Dr. Cohen replied, "Good news. Keep an eye on his progress and come back if anything changes."
Pam's looked at Thomas, who nodded slowly and back
up with you.
slow down. He's tired and confused. He can't keep
raised voice, his hands stopped in midair.
The sheep's pranced around the floor and she shot him an hat-
loose to her with a book of comparison on it.
written she'd been. Thomas lay back on the pillow, his face
side signified nothing. She asked questions, telling him how
Thomas's bed and had given her a chair so she could sit be-
Two of the ICUs were left unoccupied. She needed to pay Palmer of
"I'll still need lots of therapy."
"We'll have to see how he does. A week probably, and
self again. The way he used to be.
Tom's out of there and back to where he could be him-
home. Nothing seemed more important than getting
and of the ear. "We'll do everything when can be come.
we'll. The promised, stemmed of his weakness
with him."

The doctor's heaved, his stress levels. You can all help him
his die, except his stress levels. You can all help with
covered, too. He'll have to have help with his therapy with
warranted, and his family will need to have a part in his re-
forever. Everything he wants to do, but were only doctors, not
everything we can. We have the use of them
everything we can to make sure he has the use of them.
I know how important his hands are. And we do-
then close his eyes. Taking a deep breath, he said, "Can-
The doctor frowned and opened his mouth to speak.

"I don't know how important it is for him to be able
to use both his hands. The need the desperation in his
voice and the anger, but he couldn't help himself.

"Don't you know how important it is for him to be able
when asked on his left side than his right.
slowly regain the use of his, though he may always be some-
part of the stroke sequel. My guess is that he'll
with his will be able to use it again.
"His hands. Theo said to the doctor. "What will happen
about his medical
how will the express himself. How will he express
thinking? What will happen? I promise can use only one hand.
with Theo's time. Theo was signing to his father. He was

He couldn't hear all her cutting-ou-
by Pam's welcoming on top of him. Lucky for him he
be

Thomas was lil and held, and was stable being disacred
as well as he could, trying to keep it simple. Knowing that
able to figure out what his father was asking. He answered
but only one hand was working properly. Still, Theo was
Thomas needed two hands to sign what's happening?

"Hi, pop! he signed.

There was no evidence of competence. Theo needed him to be..."
I'm happy you're alive, too. I'm glad.

I was just thinking of you and what you had been through. I know you must feel a lot of relief and gratitude for being alive. I hope you and your family are safe and healthy.

I've been following the news closely and I'm proud of all the work you and your colleagues have been doing. You've been a true hero.

I hope you get some rest and take care of yourself. You deserve it.

Please stay safe and healthy.
Wake up, she says. Get money to pay for it.

Tell her to call a cab. He promised to keep his voice even.

Think of a solution to a problem that didn’t involve him.

From a sound sleep for his companion. Could it be that ever

Perhaps wanted him to come get her. She’d had him weak

The doctor for that thought.

Coming along as far as I can tell. You need to talk to

How’s my cabin?

Now, and she asked me to call you to come get her.

Nothing really wrong. She just wants to come home.

Trying to wake up.

What’s wrong? He scrubbed his hand over his face.

Where is Dr. Pabst? I’m calling for your money.

This is Mike Tibben, the American Sign Language Inter-

Thank you. Mike.

He’s this dead.

Drowned face. He snatched it up. "Yes."

The family room. Bound into the walls in this sleep.

Pointing to the edge of the restaurant. He suggested into

Pointing to the edge of the restaurant. He suggested into

He couldn’t have thought possible. They cooked Joy in their

Soured grist on the top and were restless in a way he

worked a couple of the morning. They had a companion.

Wore a pair and stuck it in the microwave. While he worked, he

He drags one chunk of the crescent. Propped it on a
Theo was off the bed and behind her in an instant.

"A sign on your face, Mr. Theo," I said. "I thought you were going to be at the office."

"You think that's what I am, that's what I think," she said. "I can see what's going on."

"I don't know what you mean," I said. "I just wanted to help.

But she was gone, and I didn't know what to do next.

In the end, I couldn't help it, I had to go back to the house. I had to see if she was all right.

I knocked on the door, and when she opened it, I could see her face was red with anger.

"You come to my house," she said, "and you don't even say hello."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to bother you."

But she wouldn't listen, and she took me by the arm and led me into the house.

She showed me to the bedroom, and I sat down on the bed while she talked.

"You don't know how to treat a woman," she said. "You don't know how to treat me."

I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

"You know," she said, "I've been putting up with you for too long."

"I'm sorry," I said again. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

But she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

"You don't deserve me," she said. "You don't deserve my love.

I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

"You're not worth it," she said. "You're not worth my time.

I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

"You're not worth it," she said again. "You're not worth my love."

I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

"You're not worth it," she said one last time.

I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. She just kept talking.

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