

I killed my only brother on March 18, 1864 during the battle at Zacateca Creek. I stabbed him in the back with an M1860 Cutlass that had the blade broken off just a few inches above the brass handle. I drove it in straight between his shoulder blades. I knew what I was doing. It hurt me deeply to do it, but as I stopped myself, he placed his hand over mine and finished the job. It wasn't until we felt it hitting his breastbone from the inside that his grip loosened. I stopped and embraced him. I could feel his warm blood running down my hands as we both dropped to our knees. He didn't try to speak; neither did I. He died in my arms as he whispered his final words to me, "La misma sangre; el mismo corazon." His eyes dilating past the darkness, the emptiness, and the hurt he experienced throughout his life was the last thing I wanted to see, and now it was the only thing I see when I think of him. It was that moment that he indented my soul. It defined me in a way that still continues to haunt me after all of these years.

It was a long time ago. I wish I could say I was filled with regret or loneliness right after, but at the time, it felt right. To me, he stopped being my brother long before that day. He stopped being my brother when he renounced being a Mexican, but still, I wouldn't have killed him over this, no, the hate I felt stemmed from something much stronger than that – he had grown to be an evil man. He fought on the wrong side of the civil war and lost.

I loved my brother. He was the only other witness to the horrors we faced as children. We were both born in a tiny town in Mexico. In Miguel Aleman, Tamaulipas. Just south of the border from what is now Texas.

Our father fought alongside President General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. The last time anyone saw my father alive was right before what is now known as The Battle of the Alamo. My mother never recovered from losing my father. I didn't know it at the time, but she suffered a severe mental breakdown and talked to our father as if he never left us. She would ask

Commented [CS1]: Oof. What a first line. Definitely gets the attention.

Commented [CS2]: intriguing

Commented [CS3]: this sentence is very cool and has two distinct ideas that get a little bit diluted as a result of being lumped together IMO

Commented [CS4]: probably only need one of these.

Or, if you're cutting words, it could just be "a way that haunts me after all these years"

Commented [CS5]: I would love to be just a tiny bit more grounded here—I personally don't know much about the battle mentioned above, who was on which side of the war or what the MC is saying about how they fit into all this. I don't know that I NEED to know all of it, but I had to google where the battle was to even know which country we were in.

Commented [CS6]: "is now Texas" makes it seem like it wouldn't have been Texas when they were children...and Texas was added to the Union in late 1845...so if they were born even in 1844 they would have had to be at least 20, which is fine if this is an adult book, but I didn't think it was.

Looked back at the submission and it doesn't say, so I'm going to say adult audience.

him about his day at exactly 6pm every night as she laid out his dinner on his favorite chipped plate. She always adjusted the plate of food perfectly, “because papi was picky.” She would then force us to eat in silence as she laughed and swooned over “Papi’s stories”. It wasn’t long before the town found out she was talking to her deceased husband.

Commented [CS7]: Very sweet

She was called “la viuda loca” - the crazy widow. She suffered greatly – my mother. The small town would mock us about her being crazy. A few months after my father passed, she was stoned to death and thrown into the Rio with rocks in her pockets. At first, we thought our mother suffered some type of memory loss and just went missing. We searched for a full week before the vecino got drunk and told us how he lured her out by claiming that our father was at a bar waiting for her. That’s when we found out what he had done. We went into the rio and brought her home for the last time. Her face wasn’t hers anymore, it had been bitten off by fish, her flesh was patchy, and most of her right leg was missing. She still had a few rocks in her pockets and her skin was leathery, blue. She had on the dress my father loved and we buried her in it. We placed a mound of rocks on top of her and placed her necklace and my father’s favorite sombrero as a headstone.

Commented [CS8]: This is a very dispassionate way to describe your mother going missing—I’m not feeling that strong voice from the opening paragraph through all this explanation.

Commented [CS9]: How did they find her?

Also, “stoned to death” sounds like group action to me for some reason. If it’s just one person, isn’t it just murder?

Commented [CS10]: sad

When we returned from burying her, the vecino was waiting for us. I’m sure he wanted to hurt us, too. I could feel it. We knew too much. He was drunk and the look on his face was wicked. I didn’t know what else to do so we packed what we could into our tiny packs and left that day. I didn’t know anyone who could help us. I missed my Mami and Papi, and I was only a kid at the time. I don’t know why, but I needed to go to the place my father was last seen alive. Maybe he wasn’t dead. Maybe we could find him.

We set off for Texas. We would go to San Antonio and search for my father. He wouldn’t be there, but it wouldn’t stop us from beginning a new journey in life...

Passing through the Rio Grande was a lot harder than I thought. The water wasn't too cold, but right away it came up to my chest. The water was deep. The current was strong enough to sway us as we trudged through it helplessly. We caught a current, and Cezar's tiny hand slipped out of mine. I couldn't think about him drowning like Mami did. I dropped all of our belongings, our food, our money, everything, even the navaja my Papi left me when I turned 10. None of that mattered in that moment. All I could think of was Cezar's face getting eaten by the fish like Mami's. I knew I had to save him. I wasn't a strong swimmer and I went under too many times to count. I swallowed dirty water and I hit my head against a big rock as I struggled to stay afloat. I couldn't give up though. Cezar's head was bobbing under the water longer and longer and he had drifted a good way away. Then, like a miracle, he was clinging to a man who suddenly appeared out of nowhere. There he was, another big, strong, Mexican man like Papi. He grabbed Cezar and picked him up over his head. He tossed Cezar gently toward the edge and kept on walking down stream with the current. By the time I got to Cezar, he was coughing up all the water he drank. I hugged my little brother as hard as I could, and then like a reaction, I slapped him across the head like Mami would. "Don't you ever do that to me again, pendenjo!" I clutched him and cried. He was the only thing I had left to remember my parents. I was stuck thinking about how he was moments away from leaving me the same way Mami did. We laid there for a bit, drying under the warmth of the sun. I drifted off to sleep thinking about Mami's smile. Even when she was upset, she was smiling. It came naturally to her. It's what I remember the most about her.

I made a promise to Mami that I would always take care of Cezar if something happened to her. I was only 14 years old when I found her at the bottom of the Rio just outside of town. I had to see it all. I had to do it so that I could protect Cezar from seeing Mami like that. Her skin

Commented [CS11]: This is probably just me, but this is a lot of telling for the beginning of a story.

I can see why a narrator might give such a dispassionate account of such a terrible period in his life, but it does feel a little...dispassionate. Told. There's room for that, of course, might just be my own personal taste.

Commented [CS12]: Oh how sad—but love the dedication to Cezar.

Commented [CS13]: Sad (I like the hearkening back to detail)

Commented [CS14]: So he's...42 at the battle?

was blue-like and slimy like the fish that fed on pieces of her flesh. Her eyes were gone. Her nose was gone. Her mouth was there but her lips were not. Everything about Mami was gone. She was just a bloated corpse and sometimes I see her like that when I think of her. I remember Mami used to laugh and it would make us laugh. Now I see her laughing without lips and eyes.

“Jose, I’m so hungry!”

Cezar’s slight nudge woke me in a sudden fear.

I had for a simple moment forgotten that we were without food, water, money, or our parents, alone somewhere near the Mexican border. The frontera was a dangerous place even for grown men. The sun was starting to set, and we would need to find shelter and food quickly. I shielded my eyes with my hand and looked as far North as I could. There was nothing.

Only the faint whistle of the wind and the flow of the river was with us in that moment. The sun beat down on us hard, and I couldn’t hear or see anything or anyone that could help us. For a single moment, I was angry that Papi had taught us nothing about surviving. We were surrounded by sand, dry cactus, and crunchy shrubs, none of which could tell us where we were. Cezar was whining about the heat, and I didn’t want him to worry. I told him we were almost there, and I started walking confidently as if I knew the way from memory. I didn’t know anything. I had never been out of Miguel Aleman before. I didn’t even know how far we had drifted east at the Rio Grande.

The sun was beginning to set, and Cezar was tired of walking. I was too, but I didn’t want him to worry.

“Just a little further, Cezar.” I tried to sound both confident and annoyed by his lack of endurance, but in a matter of minutes, the sun disappeared into the night and it was dark. I couldn’t do it anymore – pretend that everything was fine. Cezar clutched my hand tighter, and I

Commented [CS15]: This is restating details already given. Also, it kind of counters what the MC said about always remembering her smile.

In the story before it said “we” got her body etc. etc. so it’s going against what was said before, even.

Commented [CS16]: So sad/poignant image

Commented [CS17]: I don’t know if this is just me, but at this point, I’m wondering to whom this story is being told. I thought we were flashing back and that it would be short before we got back to the present, but this seems to...be the story? In which case, it’s very inside the MC’s head—told rather than shown. There’s a balance that needs to be observed, some showing is always going to be needed, but if this is the beginning of the narrative, it feels a little...rushed, I guess?

And the pacing of this scene seems very much all over the place—we’re in the river, then in his head about his mother (extended flashback/dream), then back to his brother who almost died—it seems like an odd time for such a huge break in the narration?

Commented [CS18]: Also, how much of a jump forward in time is this? He can’t have forgotten about the food, it just barely happened...right?

Commented [CS19]: Is this how he thinks of it, at fourteen?

felt the chill of death as it brushed against my back. I stopped walking when I realized my eyes couldn't adjust any further. The night was pitch black. The stars seemed to have left us that night, too. I could hear the lobos far away. They got closer and closer until I clung to my little brother as tight as I could. I shut my eyes. I knew what was coming for us. No one would be saving us. There wouldn't be any man to lift us over his head and toss us to safety. We were lost and all alone.

"Come on, Jose!"

I felt Cezar tugging me, pulling my arm heartily. I slowly opened my eyes and saw a light. It beamed bright. Faraway in the distance. Perhaps too far. The lobos sounded like they had us surrounded. I could feel the growl vibrate in the air. I could smell the stench of wet dog. I could feel their warm breath just below my chest. Cezar screamed. I could feel the warm liquid transferring to my own clothes. We both began to scream, and I hugged him and picked him up just like the man had done in the river. I could feel his blood dripping all around me. I screamed out for my Papi while Cezar screamed for Mami as I felt the violent thrashing as the lobo sunk his bite deeper into my flesh. We were done. We shouldn't have survived that night, and somehow, we did.

A loud crack in the distance made the lobos cower and run off. Just as I collapsed to the floor with Cezar in my arms.

I woke up fuzzy. I could hear Cezar crying and screaming. I wanted to help him, but I didn't have the strength. I was too tired. I could only close my eyes and sleep.

Commented [CS20]: Fear, or actual threats/realization of mortality?

Commented [CS21]: A context clue here would have helped me (like...howling?) if you are trying to build tension, really getting into what the character sees, feels, fears, and the language you use would do a lot to build that tension.

Unless this is after the fact narration...it seems to be straddling the line right now?

Commented [CS22]: nice

Commented [CS23]: I am very confused about what is happening

Commented [CS24]: I feel like the details are being given backwards?

The character is reacting to something that I don't understand, and then REALLY reacting to something he hasn't told us yet.

I'm not super clear on where the wolves are until he says the bite is going deeper, so I'm very confused about why he's reacting the way he is, or why the wolves are suddenly there when only two sentences back, the wolves were far away. It's easier to create tension in knowing what could happen very clearly rather than it happening, if that makes sense? Anticipation is half the pain, and it's in the moment of anticipation you have your reader.

Commented [CS25]: Wow! They give up fast! They don't try to drag him off, or anything?

Commented [CS26]: sad

I woke up again. It was dark, the room was quiet. I felt her touching my forehead.

“Mami!”

“Shh” The unfamiliar voice of a woman patted a cold, damp cloth across my face. “No hables!” her soft words asking me not to talk brought me comfort and I dozed off.

I dreamt of Papi. I was my age now, and he was pointing to the Rio that stole Mami from us. I tried to run to him but suddenly I was knee deep in the rio and I could barely move. Now Papi was on dry land in the distance and I was pointing toward him. He was squinting like it was too bright outside, or he was trying to make out who I was, but before I could call out his name, I was dragged under the water. It was a huge fish and it was pulling me further and further down. I felt I was suffocating. I could feel the water in my mouth. It tasted like metal.

Cezar’s voice meshed into my dream and woke me up. “Jose!”

“Cezar! Cezar, where are you?” I had trouble opening my eyes.

Cezar shook my shoulder so hard I thought I would fall off the bed.

“Wake up!” Please, don’t die!”

“I can’t see! Why can’t I see?” I could taste blood in my mouth. Some of it was dry.

The same unfamiliar voice from earlier, “Jose, estas bien. Calma, tenga calma!”

Who the hell was this woman who was telling me to calm down; how could I be calm?” I began to thrash around; I felt the weight of two strong forces on either side. I didn’t know it yet, but two men were holding me down. The woman gently began to take the bandages off of my eyes. I could see. I could see red in my left eye. After I locked eyes on to my little brother, I noticed he didn’t have more than a couple of scratches on his arms.

He was upset. “Cezar, what happened?”

“The lobos got you.”

Commented [CS27]: this is nice.

I would really like to feel it in the moment, or at least have it lampshaded that in the moment he feels nothing, kind of like with his brother, and it’s only after when he can process that he feels it? I think that’s what’s going on?

Commented [CS28]: So I really like the idea of these dreams—I feel like the way they are dropped into the narrative feels...not intentional enough? It doesn’t mesh yet with what is happening? Maybe it’s just me, I’ll ask the others.

When I was calm, the men agreed to let go of my arms. I slowly brought my hands up to my face. My entire head was hurting and throbbing. I could feel thick jagged stitches on my left side. My hands trembled severely as I hovered them above my eyes and cheeks. I felt down under my chin – more stitches; my neck also had stitches. It burned to touch my skin.

The woman looked like she had been crying. She was older than what Mami would have been. Her gentle, wrinkly hands brushed the hair from my forehead.

“Dios te guardo!” Her words whistled in the air.

Her words somehow made me feel safer than I had felt for a long time. I looked at Cezar again. He was terrified, but how bad did I have to look for him to be so scared of me?

He was just sitting there with all his fingers in his mouth. He was trying not to cry but with each breath he sucked in, his spit dripped and hung from his lips.

I gestured for him to come close. “Don’t be afraid of me, please, hermanito.” I gently pulled his hand out of his mouth and placed it on my chest. La misma sangre. El mismo Corazon.”

I wanted him to understand that we shared the same blood and the same heart. I would have given either one for him. He understood me because he buried his head in my chest and cried. He was much too young to experience so much. I didn’t know it then, but I had to grow up almost overnight and it did something to me. It changed me. The way I saw the world. It was no longer black and white; it was a whole spectrum of gray in between. Gray I never knew existed before that moment. Before that moment, I never knew that a brother could also be a father, or that a stranger could also serve as a mother. Cezar needed to be protected. I couldn’t die on him. He would always need me.

Commented [CS29]: This is another...I’m so conflicted. This sounds like a tale being told out loud with all the retrospect of telling a story after the fact (like the line above about not knowing at the time that two men were holding him down)...but without the flair of a storyteller—it needs the inflection and drama of someone TELLING it instead of really grounding the reader in the story so they’re there too? I see lots of potential depending on whichever way you choose to go, I just feel like it’s in the middle and leaning into the negative sides of both mediums.

Commented [CS30]: Mami...just barely died, didn’t she?

Commented [CS31]: Nice detail

Commented [CS32]: Also a nice detail. I guess this is what I mean—there are some lovely details sprinkled throughout, but it’s not...consistent? This feels like writing. Some of the stuff above feels like telling.

Commented [CS33]: Nice setting of theme? I mean...if this is where he starts, it’s nice? It depends on what kind of story this is. Is he realizing it right now? Is it something he realizes later that we need to realize with him as part of his character arc? Or is he, in retrospect, saying that’s the day I lost my innocence and had to be the adult?

I fell asleep with the sound of my tummy begging for a morsel and the smell of caldo de pollo at my nostrils.

When I woke up, I heard Cezar giggling. It was a nice sound. It was a sound I had almost forgotten existed. I felt sore as I tried to pick myself up to a sitting position on the bed. I laid back down for a second before trying again. When I finally sat up, Dona Ana came in with two small bowls. I could smell the chicken and it made me think of Mami. She always made us soup when we needed it.

“Tienes hambre, chiquito?”

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. I nodded instead, and she sat beside me and sang to me while she dipped a spoon full of white rice into the soup and brought it up to my lips. I don't remember the words, but I still remember the melody. It sounded sad. She only gave me a few bites before she said that was enough. I wanted more, I was hungry, but she said she was afraid I would throw it up and a little bit of nutrients was better than none. Her sopa was good, but it was much different from Mami's sopa. Mami cut all of her veggies and chicken into small pieces, this soup had huge chunks of carrots and potato. It wasn't bad, it was just -- different. I would start getting used to things being different.

Later she bought me more soup and bread. She soaked up the broth with tiny pieces of bread and fed it to me by hand. By the end of the day, I felt good enough to sit up without much trouble. The sun crept in through a small slit in the window and I knew the day was drawing to a close. My face hurt so much that I would have done anything for just a few seconds of distraction. I slowly slid my legs over the side of the bed and tried to stand. My legs had no strength and I fell forward onto my chest. “Cezar,” I called him, gently. “Cezar, come quick.”

Cezar entered the room without concern. His face turned white as soon as he saw me.

Commented [CS34]: I might be revealing my complete lack of knowledge about how to eat caldo de pollo, but she gets a spoonful of rice, then dips it in the soup, then feeds it to him? That's interesting if that's how it's eaten, but confusing if it is not 😊

“I got you.” His tiny body trembled as he tried hard but couldn’t manage to pick up even one of my arms.

“It’s okay, I just wanted to know where you were.” I smiled through my pain in hopes he would calm down enough to actually help.

I got myself up and wobbled a little before I plopped myself back down on the bed. I guess I’m not ready for that.” I scoffed.

“Dona Ana says you need a lot of sleep right now.”

“I think so, too.”

“Is your face always going to look like that now?”

I touched my face gently, “What, is it bad?” I hadn’t thought about it. What my face would look like right now, or after it began to heal. It worried me.

“It’s scary.”

His two tiny words had never impacted me so much. I was at a loss for words. I wanted to be quick witted but hearing him say he was scared wasn’t easy for me. I just looked away and whispered, “Don’t ever be afraid of me!” I wanted to yell at him for saying that, but I knew it would just make things worse. “I’m tired now, Cezar.” I turned to my side and faced the wall away from him. I held in my breath until I heard the door close. I cried until I fell asleep.

I dreamt of Mami, again. This time I didn’t see her face. She was turned around cooking on the stove and she was humming and dancing. I could hear her voice; I could smell her unique scent of fruits and flowers and the smell of chicken boiling; I could see her curly, long black hair as it bounced with her movements. I had almost forgotten how happy she was before Papi ever left for battle. I reached out to grab her shoulder to let her know I was there and when she turned around, she screamed loud enough for me to flinch. When I opened my eyes, she was gone. The

pot of soup was boiling over. I was alone in my dream staring at the soup, and as I stared, I noticed the chicken was rotten. Flies began to swarm, and I could hear the buzzing so vividly.

I woke up and there was a fly buzzing around my face. It was morning and the birds were chirping. I could smell fried eggs and it made my stomach gurgle desperately, but in this moment, my need for my mother was greater than any hunger pain I would ever feel. *Mami*. She would be on my mind for the rest of the day. I missed her so much more than Papi, right now. I was close to Papi, but I wanted my Mami to pat my head with a damp cloth; to bring me soup; to check my wounds and kiss away the pain only in the way that **my** Mami could.

I laid there thinking about her hair. How could I have forgotten her hair so suddenly? My Mami was quickly fading from our lives. I knew that meant I shouldn't get too close to **Dona Ana**. I didn't want to ever forget about Mami. From that moment on, I avoided deep conversations with Dona Ana. I tried to bring up Mami as much as I could. I wanted Cezar to remember her as much as I did.

I sat up in bed and tried to get up slowly. I stood up for a minute before I gently dragged my foot across the cold floor. It hurt to move, but I needed to get up for Cezar. I slowly made my way out of the room and stared at this unfamiliar place unsure of where to go. I walked toward the smell of food and found my nose was unharmed during the attack of the lobos. Dona Ana looked at me completely surprised.

"Chiquito, que estas hacienda aqui?"

[10 page cutoff]

Things we like: Head's up, I marked this as YA, but upon reading I'm fairly certain it's meant for an adult audience. The submission was unmarked, and mostly we get YA, so I assumed that's what it was.

- There are some lovely images, like Cezar sitting with all his fingers in his mouth because he's so frightened, the disturbing images of Mami after he found her dead and had to take care of her burial-- "Mami used to laugh and it would make us laugh. Now I see her

Commented [CS35]: So this is all very interesting, but it's kind of retreading what we already know. I literally have no idea where this story is going to go after this.

Commented [CS36]: ? Who?

laughing without lips and eyes.”. When he’s too tired to wake despite his brother crying. Agreed. The detached tone, the horror, the short sentences here are excellent: “Her eyes were gone. Her nose was gone. Her mouth was there but her lips were not. Everything about Mami was gone. She was just a bloated corpse and sometimes I see her like that when I think of her. I remember Mami used to laugh and it would make us laugh. Now I see her laughing without lips and eyes.” The sentence structure really lends itself to how compelling the opening images are, and the variation in sentence structure and length as well. The blunt descriptions, the distance of emotion from the narrator was very striking.

- I love the connection between needing to take care of Cezar (the little brother) and not having been able to do it for his mother.
- Love him realizing how happy his mother was before and how she changed after.
- I love the tension of knowing that Jose is dedicated to protecting Cezar but the first image we get of them is Jose killing his brother. There’s an interesting promise being made. It’s a great juxtaposition that sets up the expectation and the journey of needing to protect Cezar and care for him immediately after that the reader wonders what happened and how it happened.
- The callbacks to the first death scene and with their dedication to one another-- misma sangre, mismo corazon-- I love this and seeing it repeated really sets up the brother relationship as the most important one in the story.

Things that might need a second look:

- I’d love some feedback from the group on this: I really struggled with the point of view. The main character, Jose, is telling his story after the fact, and it almost sounds as if it is supposed to be out loud. As a result, quite a bit of the first chapter is telling. There are some really horrific, poignant, sweet, sad, and scary moments, but I had a really difficult time connecting with the voice because it seems so dispassionate. There are moments where it isn’t dispassionate at all and I found myself going down the rabbithole of “maybe it’s dispassionate in the moment (describing finding his mother in the river with her face eaten off and stones in her pockets to weigh her down!!) because it’s traumatic, then he feels more of it later...or maybe he’s glossing over those difficult moments BECAUSE it’s a story being told after the fact.” BUT at the same time there are moments where it feels as if the story is supposed to be right in the moment with us experiencing feelings along with the MC...but it was never all the way one or the other style. So I ended up a little frustrated with the more tell-y parts, and then surprised by the parts where things were actively taking place. I am not great at some kinds of POV, I’ll be the first to admit it, so the rest of you, please weigh in!! Tbh, this felt like a short story almost in terms of pacing. We’re racing through events--it made me wonder how long the book is going to be because we spend so little time in each scene and spend so much time reflecting. You can absolutely do reflective writing like this (I think Bless Me, Ultima and maybe Caramelo do this), but generally it needs more time to breathe in each scene.
- I agree. The pacing felt scattered, I think the distant, emotionally dispassionate approach works for the introduction, where Jose kills Cezar, but once we’re in real time it still feels after the fact with the dreams and reflections. I would like to sit in some of the heavier moments more, or keep the reflections on the mother earlier and stay in the present with Jose while he’s recovering with Cezar.

- The dreams were really interesting. I liked them, but they felt very...unintentional, if that makes sense? I wasn't sure what they were trying to say, especially when they interrupt moments of action in the book, which was a little jarring/ungrounding. I guess we could be going to magical realism where a character is only able to endure great trauma by dissociating from reality and creating a place where they have control over things...it doesn't feel like that exactly though. I mean, in the first chapter in a book we don't have the word count to know where it is going, but at this point it doesn't feel like there's a point. I really WANTED the dreams to expand my understanding of the main character, but mostly they just retold things we kind of already knew.
- At the moment where the lobo attack I felt like the details were given backwards--the wolves were far away and frightening, then suddenly he was on the ground and screaming and I didn't realize he was being bitten by a wolf until a line in the text that said the lobo dug in its teeth (or something similar). I feel like, in general, if you want to create tension, it's the reader knowing what could happen, and that thing slowly coming closer and closer that creates fear, and then when the thing DOES happen, it's actually less scary, so if you cut out all the wind up and go straight to the blood, it doesn't affect me much as a reader. On the flip side, if the narrative is trying to say something about the character and the situation, who he is and what he wants, or his flaws, or the things he loves and it's not meant to be tense so much as a teaching moment...I'm not sure what I was being taught :)
- The lobo attack felt distant where I think the reader would benefit from a more in-present action -- we see the anticipation, the fear, and then we're plunged into the aftermath.
Also