

commercials we sang along to, the cultural detritus of our childhoods. We were just finding each other in those days, Will and me, and the touchstones were like a game of get-to-know-you: *Fantasy Island*, *CHiPs*, the McDonald-land characters. There were three whole rooms, and we wandered slowly, open-mouthed, stunned by the almost carnal surprise of so much in one place, in this place that was almost no place.

Earlier on the drive, after we jointly dreamed up a pitch for a screenplay—a horror film about horny toads—Will had talked of a recurring nightmare he had as a kid. The McDonald's Hamburglar would break into his house and murder his parents. Now he saw, among a tray of plastic action figures, a couple of Fry Guys, catching my grin when he held them up. Then he turned to the woman to ask if she had a Hamburglar. I was sure she'd say no. But she reached behind her and from a high shelf pulled a two-foot-tall plush toy that was exactly as we remembered: the stripes, the mask, the black hat. Will held it. I think he was chuckling, we both were. I was giddy. He asked how much, said he wanted it. Then he paused—we paused—and considered it more closely. It wasn't clean. There was a weird stain, pale and brown, across the dingy fabric. I started to blanch, wrinkled my nose, said maybe not. But Will lingered, just finding it too amazing, the moment too perfect.

In the end, he didn't buy it. We walked out of there, me clutching the awkward typewriter while he opened the back, stashing it carefully, the half-broken thing so cheap and precious. I was yet to know what it is to be married—yet to see how the typewriter belonged, already, to both of us. I cooed at it for a moment before we climbed into our seats, but it was the Hamburglar, not the typewriter, whose presence seemed to suffuse the car. Later, we would forget we hadn't bought him and wonder why he wasn't in the trunk.