

Ada was by the mailbox. Her nightgown, backlit by the streetlight, billowed around her darkened frail form. She turned when he called out but made no effort to meet him halfway.

Henry uncinched his coat and when he reached her and breathlessly wrapped it around her, rubbing warmth back into her arms. The wind—or maybe it was the look she gave him—raised his skin, like gooseflesh.

*It's you.*