We number our fights and say the numbers instead of saying the words. “Two,” she says. “Fourteen, fourteen, fourteen.” “I don’t see how that’s relevant,” she says. “Irrelevant statements—isn’t that twenty?” She stares a short while out the window, maybe because I’m winning. You can only see the rain by looking at what is already water on the ground. Other than this, the day looks clear. She’s thinking of a number. I have one, too, a number and a packed bag and the children to think of.