Everything past this point is going to matter, but less terribly than it did before.

The same adventurers will suffer, but fewer among their family will learn the sad truth,

and those that do will be told more gently, with a solid squeezing of the shoulder

or a lingering stare into the eye, which by itself can seem scary and inappropriate, but when matched

with a sincere tone occludes all sorts of hideous nonsense. It’s the blinking that has got us down.

That, and the fables about the bear and the children, the way they keep taunting him and taunting him

and never get eaten.