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by stanley lieber

Who could say why she wanted to go. Each time they returned home she promised herself, never again. Then, when the next opportunity presented itself, she would change her mind. Even with her brother tagging along, she found she could never resist. Her parents, if they were ever to become aware of her innermost thoughts, would probably find this funny.

The next trip would continue through April. That was a long time to be alone with him. This time, she'd have to take charge of his schedule. She thought she could handle it.

She couldn't handle it. His drama ate up all of her free time. She told herself, never again. Even as she made the promise she knew it was a lie. America was where she went.

In Seattle they had searched for the book he wanted. An import chain that stocked books from home. The volumes were sold out, except in America. The logistics were annoying to think about, but, Andrew insisted. He could run you into the ground.

For herself she would collect local histories, typically self-published, and perhaps only available at the offices of municipal governments. Andrew hated visiting the courthouses and small country libraries. Unless he happened upon a venue in which to gamble away his allowance.

Cameron would amass a substantial collection of the local histories, sufficiently unwieldy to transport that she'd have to ship them back to Japan in a separate compartment. Most of them would survive the journey. When one didn't, Andrew would grudgingly agree to help her track it down.

He was not entirely useless.