

“Then how are we ever going to pack the dishes and blankets and sheets they’ve told us to bring with us?” Keiko worried.

“I don’t really know,” Mama said, and she simply began packing those big impossible things into an enormous duffel bag—along with umbrellas, boots, a kettle, hot plate, and flashlight.

“Who’s going to carry that huge sack?” I asked.

But Mama didn’t worry about things like that. “Someone will help us,” she said. “Don’t worry.” So I didn’t.

Laurie wanted me to open her package and put on the bracelet before she left. It was a thin gold chain with a heart dangling on it. She helped me put it on, and I told her I’d never take it off, ever.

“Well, goodbye then,” Laurie said awkwardly. “Come home soon.”