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FORD ECONOLINE

MEL SPOTTED THE STORY IN THE *OTTAWA CITIZEN* and brought it over the same night. We'd both moved back home after graduate school, so she waited until my stepfather Raymond had gone off to bed before handing me the paper. At first, I didn't understand why she was showing it to me. A murder-suicide in a campsite just outside of Cornwall. A single father laid off for six months. A pre-teen son with muscular dystrophy and a hopeless diagnosis.

"Look at the picture," she said.

Then I understood. The photograph showed a Ford Econoline camper van parked amongst a forest of pines, a picnic table with a firepit sitting just off to the side. The scene would've looked tranquil if not for the accompanying news story. Maybe that was the point. Some editor's idea of impactful juxtaposition, it kind of pissed me off.

Nonetheless, I noticed what Mel wanted me to notice. The side doors of the camper van sat open, and the wheelchair lift was lowered. This was the same vehicle Raymond and I had sold two years earlier.

Raymond originally found the used vehicle in the handicap accessible listings near the back of *Auto Trader*. The owner's address was a good hour west of Ottawa, and my mother didn't feel up to the drive. Unlike most fourteen-year-olds, I still liked spending time with my parents, but it was getting harder to do so. The camper van provided an easy reason to pass a whole afternoon together, so I happily went along when he invited me on the trip.

Pulling into the gravel driveway, we saw the vehicle before we saw its owner, and Raymond remarked that it looked in good shape. The roof had been raised with a fibreglass extension for standing, and the paint was a clean beige. Parallel brown and orange stripes running down its side, it looked like the outmoded 1983 model it was, but the owner had cared for it well. He appeared as we parked our car, rolling himself around the side

of the van and nodding at us in greeting. He sat sunken in the wheelchair, his shoulders and arms angled up awkwardly. I knew enough to know I shouldn't feel uncomfortable by his hunched appearance, but I did. Raymond talked easily with almost everyone, however, and it turned out the fellow worked as a commercial electrician—a coincidence that delighted them both.

"Oh, yeah?" Raymond said. "Me too. Residential."

We walked behind the fellow as he circled the camper van in his chair and listed off its selling points.

"Five years old. Ninety thousand kilometres. Double propane tanks for the stove top and hot water. You've got separate hook-ups for the pipes and the tank toilet. Plenty of cupboard space. With a bottom double bunk and a single top, three can sleep comfortably, but the kitchen nook folds up too, so four in a pinch. Do you have any other kids?"

"No, it's just Martin, his mom, and me."

I smiled to be polite but stayed quiet.

"Plenty of room for three," the fellow added. "Good for a small family."

When Raymond asked why he was selling, the fellow explained that he had upgraded to an RV. "I'm heading west for a two-year job near Prince Albert. I'll be living by the worksite, so I needed something bigger."

Raymond nodded. "Have to go where the work is."

"I can unhook the hand controls for you."

"That'd be good."

We circled the perimeter of the camper van twice before stopping at the side doors. The chairlift worked through a lockbox mounted low above the tire well, but the fellow paused before inserting his key. Unprompted, he explained his spinal injury. At the time, he'd been employed outside of North Bay on a construction project, and at the end of the shift most everyone on the crew went out drinking. Sometimes he drank on the job too, but such behaviour was commonplace. No one thought to object or worry about it—that's just how things were then. Not that he was making excuses, he said. Just giving some context. Anyway, almost everyone drove under the influence, and almost everyone got back to their rooming house or motel safe and sound, but one night he didn't. He and his Dodge Charger wound up upside down off an embankment where they sat until the following morning. Much about those hours remained a blur, but in the end he lost his licence for six months and never walked again. He patted his legs to conclude the story.

"My hands and my head still work just fine, mind you. For that, I'm grateful."

Raymond nodded as if he appreciated hearing the fellow's story. "And that's when you got the van?"

"Yep, once I recovered. Appliances all came installed, but I wired the chairlift myself."

He flipped open the lockbox and pushed a button to start the lift. From inside the camper van, the whirr of the motor came on—a muffled factory hum that increased in volume once the side doors pushed open. It looked to me like a previous generation's idea of industrial technology. An automaton with two mechanical arms sticking out. The winch held about 300 pounds, the fellow said in a raised voice, but drained the battery like anything. For loading and unloading more than once, it was best to start up the engine and let it run.

I stared at the lift's ungainly arms. Between them, a mesh iron platform sat parallel to the ground, lowered slowly—where the chair would sit—and the volume of the whirring motor changed.

"Make sure your wheelchair brakes are on. And you want to check that the ground underneath is level and clear of rocks."

Hitting the button again, the fellow switched off the chairlift, immediately silencing the hum. The inside looked as clean as the exterior, the furnishings and appliances giving off a mild Lysol and Pledge scent. Raymond said the tidiness was commendable, and the fellow smiled in appreciation.

"Certified?" Raymond asked.

"Last month."

"Any accidents?"

"Not even a scuff. Utterly accident-proof."

"Well, then." Raymond held out his hand to shake. "Looks good to me. I won't haggle with you."

The ownership papers wouldn't change for another week, so we drove home together in the Oldsmobile, chatting some but mostly quiet, which we were comfortable with.

"I hope your mother likes it," he said.

I told him she would.

A family doctor and a neurologist diagnosed my mother with multiple sclerosis when she was in her twenties. This was a few years before my birth,

and until recently her symptoms had remained manageable. Fatigue mostly, and she dismissed it. What parent didn't feel fatigue? Her work as a nurse's aide at the care home tended to be physically draining too, and after a few years with little change in her condition the diagnosis became less and less frightening. She probably never forgot about it, but she mentioned it to me only a few times and mostly in jest, claiming she'd beaten the disease without even hardly trying while waggling her head in an exaggerated imitation of pride. Then one morning she woke up exhausted. The walk from the bedroom to the kitchen tired her so much that she had to sit down while the coffee brewed. That was a year earlier, and since then she'd learned to get around with a cane. So far, she remained in the first phase of her illness—the clinically isolated symptom stage—but that would change. Eventually she'd have to give up her cane for a chair, and the camper van would become a necessity.

In the Oldsmobile on the way back to Ottawa, I didn't want to talk about my mother. Instead, I asked about the fellow's spinal injury story. Its suddenness had startled me, and the disclosure felt unseemly. Probably I was looking for Raymond to verify my opinion.

"Wasn't his blurting it out weird?" I asked.

His corroboration meant a lot to me, but it didn't come. Instead, he explained that the fellow must have been in some sort of alcohol recovery treatment. Recounting the story was probably part of the program and kept him from relapsing.

"Oh."

I felt foolish for mentioning the matter, but Raymond never acknowledged any of my childhood errors. I glanced over and saw that his expression looked as it often did. He grinned in sadness. In a few years, I'd come to think of this look as a kind of bemused defeat. A decade after that, after Mel and I married, I shared the description with her, and she told me in a teasing voice that I had the same look. I'd apparently inherited my stepfather's expression.

Raymond and my mother met at Baycrest, where his own mother had been a resident on my mother's floor. The old woman's mind had deteriorated, and she didn't always recognize him, but my mother said he visited twice a week, and when the weather allowed he wheeled her around the

home's gardens, circling the grounds a dozen times. When there were cracks in the pavement or the sidewalks stones were uneven, he'd lift the chair up slightly so he wouldn't jostle her. Fourteen years older than my mother, Raymond must've looked like the most patient man imaginable, and in my imagination that was the reason she asked him to dinner. Maybe it was even the reason they got married.

I asked her once, and she shook her head. "Aren't you the romantic," she teased. This was around the time I met Mel—first year of undergrad—and my mother teased me a lot then. "The truth is I don't remember why I asked him out." She shrugged in apology. "I do remember when I decided we should marry, though. You would've been seven or eight, which means Raymond and I had been dating three or four years by then. It was after his mother died, I remember, and he showed up at our apartment unannounced one Saturday evening. He'd been to the mall on some errand, and driving home he'd passed by a car on the side of the road with a young mother and an infant. She had the baby in a carrier and was trying to change the tire herself in the dark. Raymond wanted to offer help, but then he worried that maybe the sight of an older man might come across as threatening or menacing. This was two minutes away from our place, so he drove over. He figured a middle-aged man with a woman and a young son would be less threatening."

"I remember this. I was there."

"Yes," my mother grinned. "I was right in the middle of a laundry load, so I told Raymond to take you without me. I figured a middle-aged man with a young boy would work, and you went with him."

"I remember that," I said again.

I don't remember a time before Raymond. He met my mother when I was four, so it seemed to me like he'd just always been present. Because of his age and his manner, I intuitively understood something had happened to him before he married my mother, but she didn't tell me the full story until I entered middle school. A widower, Raymond married his childhood sweetheart. They'd dated for more than a decade—through high school and most of his electrician apprenticeship—and after that they'd had another decade together as a married couple. But she was not a healthy woman. She died giving birth, and the baby died too.

"All of this was a long time ago," my mother said.

I don't know if the baby was a son or a daughter, but I understood that Raymond's past was part of the reason he was so good to me. I also understood that I shouldn't talk about any of this unless he brought it up, which he never did.

In my memory, Raymond and I spent nearly every weekend at the dining room table when I was in elementary school. We played with wooden tinker toys, erector sets, and a dozen jigsaw puzzles, but Lego was a favourite for both of us, and we passed whole Sunday afternoons quietly fitting together castles, towers, and split-level bungalows of mismatched bricks.

As our collection grew, we sorted and stored our Lego in Tupperware by colour, but when we were in the middle of a project, we let the bricks, plates, and pieces pile up around us on the table. Skyscrapers, schoolhouses, and a water park—our more ambitious projects could stretch over several weekends. I was quiet as a child, but I listened to him as he showed me building details that I might not have noticed otherwise. Three plates stacked up to the height of one full brick. Overlapping two by two and two by three bricks made a wall steadier. Minifigures stood four bricks tall and three point five studs wide. Over time, I talked more and more at the dining room table, and we discussed the importance of scale. Doorways had to be high enough for minifigures to walk through, sidewalks had to be wide enough to walk along, and vehicles had to seat two passengers.

Passing through to the kitchen, my mother popped her head into the dining room, and she must've been pleased to hear us chatting.

"Look at you two," she said in a teasing voice. "You're going to turn Martin into an architect."

After undergrad, Mel and I went away for school, and I did study architecture. I graduated with distinction, and in my final semester I designed a care home for sixty residents. The project required a model that showed the exterior and grounds as well as blueprints that detailed the interior layout. For both, I focused on creating third spaces where residents could mingle or relax individually without social pressure, and I imagined a career specializing in senior residences. I thought such work would be worthwhile, and it would honour both my mother and Raymond.

When Mel and I returned to Ottawa after graduation, however, the job market was limited. For a few years I worked a string of part-time positions and took piecemeal work. Then I took the Ministry of Transport position,

which I've remained in since. From time to time, though, I still think about Raymond counting the number of studs on our building projects. He'd jot down the widths, lengths, and depths, claiming that the measurements would help prevent building complications before they occurred.

My mother's departure from Baycrest corresponded with the end of middle school, and after that Raymond took on extra evening and weekend jobs. Our time together grew more and more limited, which was probably why he invited me along on errands like the camper van. After my awkward question about the fellow's spinal injury, I don't remember what we talked about for the rest of that drive home, but I do remember pulling into the driveway. Raymond shut off the car and said we probably shouldn't mention the fellow's story to my mother. I wouldn't have anyway, but I nodded to reassure him.

Through some sort of unspoken agreement, we decided we'd talk up the camper van once we got inside the house, acting as if the second vehicle would be a luxury.

"We'll keep the Oldsmobile" Raymond said. "Better on gas than the camper van."

"Cheaper to get back and forth to work," I added, nodding as if mileage and the price of fuel were matters I thought about a great deal at fourteen years old.

"Martin will be driving in a couple of years too, so we'll need the second vehicle."

I acted like the prospect of driving terrified me, but then I realized it kind of did.

"And hey, you know, we could use it to camp too." He was improvising, but my mother nodded at the idea, and he ran with it. "Nowhere too far, but we could drive down to Niagara this summer, visit a winery, and do some outlet shopping."

We weren't a family that took vacations, although I don't know why. At one time their salaries would've covered a modest trip or two, but maybe they were saving in anticipation for worse days to come.

"We should camp now while we still can," Raymond said. "Once Martin has his licence, he'll be going out for summer jobs. We've only got a couple of years left to enjoy his company."

Although he'd named Niagara more or less at random, the destination

stuck, and a few months later we were driving the camper van down Highway 427 toward the Escarpment Riverside Park. The CAA had recommended the campsite and provided Raymond with a customized TripTicket—a booklet of connected maps that detailed a door-to-door driving route as well as tourist information. My mother and I took turns playing navigator, and once in Niagara we laughed our way through a week and a half of unlikely day trips, including the Maid of the Mist, Whirlpool Aero Cars, and the Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not Museum, which wasn't a museum at all. A wine tour was out of the question because of my age, but we did spend a day walking through trinket shops and restaurants in Niagara-on-the Lake.

My strongest trip memories come from the campsite itself. We slept inside the camper van and used the gas stovetop for a few meals, but just as often we prepared breakfasts and dinners on the firepit outside. Hashbrowns, eggs, and salami were scrambled together in a skillet. Two cans of maple brown beans were placed right in the embers to heat up. We played cribbage on a picnic table by the light of a Coleman lamp, and when it rained we squeezed into the camper van's kitchen nook table.

My mother had trouble pulling herself up to the van's passenger door, so we wound up using the chairlift years before she needed a wheelchair. Raymond stood by in case she lost her balance, while I flipped the switch that operated the winch. As advised, we kept the engine running to charge the battery, and we made sure the ground was flat under the iron grate platform. One evening, though, we weren't as careful as we should have been, and Raymond missed a stone lying amongst the pine needles. Without thinking, he went to kick it aside just as the lift was making contact, and his sandal caught the grating of the platform. The weight of the thing came down on his foot, and we had to wait nearly four hours in the emergency room. My mother took his injured foot in her lap while we waited, and her guess was that it was a sprain and not a break—an assessment later confirmed by x-rays—but she worried about his recovery.

"A sprain can be worse," she said. "A complete fracture sometimes heals cleaner."

The emergency room doctor agreed, and I could see that meant a lot to my mother. Though I hadn't thought about it too much, I understood that she missed work and that she probably lost something of herself when she lost her job. After another hour or so more, we left the hospital, Raymond balancing precariously on a new pair of crutches.

"Aren't we a pair?" my mother said. "We can hobble around together."

"I should've left those hand controls on the van hooked up," Raymond said with a chuckle.

Summer camping became something of a tradition, and after Niagara we went farther and farther afield every year. A campsite outside of Quebec City, one in Halifax. Our farthest drive took us out west to Jasper. After his mishap in Niagara, Raymond paid closer attention to the chairlift, but he somehow managed to injure himself each year, which became something of a family joke. He chopped off the tip of his left index finger while prepping ribs for a barbeque on the camper van cutting board. He accidentally slammed the leg of the kitchen nook table on his big toe while he was unfolding it. In the summer after high school, I started sleeping outside the van when we travelled, and that first year he hit his thumb while hammering in the tent pegs, and the nail turned purplish black. Only the Niagara mishap required a trip to the hospital, though, and Raymond managed to laugh them all off. "I don't think the van is exactly accident-proof after all."

As he'd predicted, I started working summers after I turned sixteen, but each year I set aside two weeks in August. I knew many teens would've scoffed at spending so much time with their parents, but within the closed loop of Mom, Raymond, and me, I never felt awkward about our trips.

I also learned to drive the summer I turned sixteen. My mother had signed me up for the driver's education course offered at my high school, but the weekly in-class and in-car lessons didn't start until September. Raymond encouraged me to write the test for my permit the week after my birthday, and he offered to take me out whenever we could find time. Not in the Oldsmobile, though. Raymond insisted that I should learn in the camper van, which presented more of a parking challenge and came with all sorts of blind spots. If I could change lanes and parallel park in it, then driving a sedan would come easily.

"If you're worried," he said, "we can start in an empty parking lot," which is exactly what we did. We mostly went to the Centrepointe Plaza on Sunday mornings, but we also went to the community centre parking lot after closing time to practise night driving. I soon grew accustomed to accelerating and braking smoothly, and I could reverse in a straight line. On our next trip out, Raymond unbuckled himself and trotted two empty lanes over. His limp had become less pronounced by then, but he still looked un-

steady at times. I could see a certain instability in his gait, and he had it for the rest of his life.

"Pull up here," he yelled and pointed to a narrow parking spot.

The camper van's turning radius meant I often drove over the painted lines, sideswiping an imaginary parked car. Each time Raymond laughed and called out, "Oh no!" His jokey tone helped, and I was soon able to pull the camper van into the narrowest of parking spaces. Backing out presented a bigger challenge, and his solution was to run behind the van and talk me through the movements.

"Just move the wheel and coast toward my voice."

I couldn't always see him in the side mirrors, and his strategy seemed unwise to me, but I hid my worries and only revealed them to my mother afterwards. She'd been in a wheelchair full-time for a year or so by that point, and she'd lost her hearing for the second time. Such changes were to be expected in the relapsing-remitting stage of her disease, and fortunately she discovered that she could read lips. The effort was exhausting, though, and when her spirits fell she didn't even try to follow conversations. I thus seized upon any topic that interested her and always brought back details from my driving lessons with Raymond.

"I'm not sure about his teaching methods," I said in half-jest. "I'm afraid I'll run him over."

"Don't worry," she said. "He knows you love him too much to hurt him."

In the end, I became a cautious but deliberate driver, which was probably what Raymond had in mind all along, and after I got my licence he and I took turns piloting the camper van to our August camping destinations. The responsibility seemed to increase my confidence each year, and I worried less each time we went farther and farther through Quebec, New Brunswick, and then Manitoba. We never rushed during trips, but we did trade off napping and driving, which cut down on travel time.

After my first year of undergrad and our trip to Jasper, our camping vacations became abruptly shorter. That year my mother's relapsing-remitting stage moved into the secondary progressive stage. When she lost her hearing, it did not return. Still, she insisted on a week outside of Sudbury at a campsite not four hours away from home. Mel and I were dating then, and she was invited along. I didn't put it together right away, but my mother

wanted to get to know my girlfriend better and saw the trip as a way to make that happen. The strategy worked. In previous years, my parents and I would spend days at nearby attractions, but that year we stuck close to the campsite. Not that there's much to see in Sudbury anyway.

One afternoon my mother announced that we should treat ourselves to an elaborate dinner on the campfire, including roasted corn on the cob, loaded baked potatoes, and marinated skewers with beef, onion, peppers, tomatoes, zucchini, and eggplant. "Why not go overboard?" she asked. Then, as if in afterthought, she suggested that she and Mel prepare the meal without Raymond and me, and her none-too-subtle plan to get to know my girlfriend worked. After the dinner, we played cribbage in teams of two—girls against boys—and shared stories over marshmallows. By the time we drove back from Sudbury, everyone felt at ease, and we tossed around possible destinations for the following year's trip.

That trip didn't happen because my mother lost her sight in the spring. Deaf and blind, she needed tactile sign language to communicate, at which Raymond and I became adept. Mel learned finger spelling and dozens of words too, but the process was pretty slow. There wouldn't be cribbage or marshmallows, and we let August pass without talking about our missed trip. My mother's personality had shifted over the past year too. She grew anxious if Raymond and I strayed from her side for too long, but she also grew impatient if she felt like we were smothering her. No one blamed her for these mood changes, of course.

The camper van sat more or less untouched in the driveway. Every month or so either Raymond or I started the engine and let it run for a few minutes, or we drove it around the block a few times, but he drove to work in the used Jetta, which had replaced the Oldsmobile, and I commuted to campus by bus. I suggested pausing university for a while after graduation, but my mother wouldn't hear of it. She got Raymond to find a nurse's aide to sit with her during the week, and I moved to Toronto and the school of architecture with Mel.

Decades later, when our daughter turned sixteen, Mel and I decided to follow my parents' lead and encouraged Emily to get her learner's permit and practise with me over the summer. Remembering Raymond's teaching strategy, I drove us to the transit parking lot near our suburb. The lot was empty on Sunday mornings, so I exited the car, stood three lanes away, and

waved her towards me, watching for her response. She looked as incredulous as I had with Raymond, but she wasn't one to hide her emotions. She flipped her hands over the top of the steering wheel and muttered something I couldn't hear. Then she grinned sadly and looked as if she needed to sigh. I'd seen the expression on her face before, and it got me every time. Bemused defeat.

My daughter's childhood was blessedly uneventful, and she still hasn't known illness and death firsthand, but standing in the parking lot I thought maybe I'd somehow passed the look on to her. Despite my best intentions and Mel's good influence, I worried our daughter might've inherited the look from me, just as I'd inherited it from Raymond.

I kept waving at her across the parking lot anyway, and she eventually eased forward. The car coasted toward me on its own accord for a few feet, and then she thumped down on the brakes and jerked it to a stop. We repeated this for a while, and our first lesson was slow-going. After an hour she did better, and afterwards we went to the café with the scones she likes. They come served with clotted cream plus jam, so we split one, and this became our routine every Sunday morning that summer: an hour in the car, an hour in the café, one scone, and lots of conversation.

In late August, with school in sight, I understood our Sunday routine would soon end. I asked her when she wanted to go for the road test and assured her that she was ready, but she just shrugged and suggested maybe the spring.

"Did your mother teach you to drive?" she asked. "Or Raymond?"

Like many children, Emily found her mother's and father's lives before her birth something of an improbable mystery. She never got to meet either of my parents, which might've made her more curious, but I didn't mind talking about them, so I told her about my weekends in empty parking lots with Raymond. I did omit parts, though. The camper van isn't something I've told her about, and I try not to think about details like the spinal injury fellow, the loud chairlift, and August camping. I told her about Raymond's patience instead.

The stages of multiple sclerosis can blend into one another. No one can quite say if they're right at the very end of one stage or the very beginning of the next—not the disease's victims, their doctors, or family members. By the time I was heading toward graduation in Ottawa, however, my mother was

probably moving from the secondary progressive stage to the first, as she was deaf, blind, and in a wheelchair with little to no chance of her symptoms improving.

I thought I should take a year or two off, and Raymond thought I should do what I thought was best, but my mother overruled both of us. In September Mel would begin a master's in social work in Toronto, which had a good architecture program, so that's where my mother said I would be. She waited until the following February before she took her life, and the timing was deliberate. I'd already finished a full semester's worth of courses and was well into my second semester, so it would have been harder to drop out, and I didn't. She used pills, which made sense, as there were a lot of them in the house by then. She locked herself in her ensuite bathroom and wedged her chair against the door for good measure, waiting until Raymond was out of the house and the nurse's aide wasn't paying close attention.

She explained her reasoning and her planning in a note to me, and for a few years I resented her foresight. My anger faded, though. She'd waited as long as she could, and once I became a parent myself, I realized she'd perhaps waited because of me, because she couldn't do it while I was home. At the end of the note, she told me to marry Mel. I would have done so without the instruction, but I'm glad my mother wrote it.

One thing about the note I should mention is that it was written in Raymond's handwriting. On top of her blindness, my mother's hands tremored at that point, so dictating the note to Raymond was the only option. He complied with my mother's wishes for most of their marriage, and she probably made a convincing argument for suicide, so there was no reason to be angry. I couldn't have been upset at him anyway. The task must've been hard, and sometimes I imagine him with pen in hand as she chose her words. Probably she dictated, got him to sign it back to her, and then made edits, and I can't imagine how he kept his composure through that. He probably didn't, and it's hard not to feel sad for him.

Despite my mother's careful plan, I did take that spring semester off and return to Ottawa. The school had compassionate leave and forwarded my tuition to the following fall, and I stayed close to Raymond. We mostly watched television together and kept an eye out for each other, reminding one another to eat, shower, and dress. By summer we could both pass as functioning people again, and we took walks in the evening. The camper van still sat in the driveway, and having to pass by it felt cruel. The thing had

become a sore spot for me, and it must've been one for him too because he agreed right away when I suggested listing it.

Mel and I took the camper van to a car wash and gave the interior a quick wipe down. We didn't want Raymond to have to think about these tasks, but as it turned out the preparation was unnecessary. Although the mileage was high, Raymond had kept the engine in good running condition. We listed it for next to nothing, and in the end I sold it to the first buyer who showed up.

I scheduled the meeting for an evening Raymond was out of the house, and when the fellow came I walked him around the van and ran the chairlift for him. A hunched, middle-aged man in a windbreaker, the fellow didn't speak much, but he said he liked the price.

"Has it been in any accidents?" he asked.

It was still accident-proof, but I didn't say that. I just shook my head silently, and he repeated that he liked the price. He couldn't afford anything new but needed the chairlift for his son, who'd been born with muscular dystrophy. I thought to tell him that the camper van was good for a small family, but I nodded instead. He told me he wanted to buy, and we shook hands. There was no need to make unnecessary conversation.