

The cover features a repeating pattern of stylized blue floral and bird motifs, each with a watercolor-like texture. These are arranged in a grid, with horizontal and vertical lines of black barbed wire intersecting them. The text is placed at the intersections and within the grid cells.

**AMERICAN**

**DIRT**

A NOVEL

*"A Grapes of Wrath  
for our times."*

—DON WINSLOW

**JEANINE CUMMINS**



# AMERICAN

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# DIRT

Jeanine Cummins



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*For Joe*

*Era la sed y el hambre, y tú fuiste la fruta.  
Era el duelo y las ruinas, y tú fuiste el milagro.*

There were thirst and hunger, and you were the fruit.  
There were grief and ruins, and you were the miracle.

—*Pablo Neruda*, “THE SONG OF DESPAIR”





## CHAPTER ONE

One of the very first bullets comes in through the open window above the toilet where Luca is standing. He doesn't immediately understand that it's a bullet at all, and it's only luck that it doesn't strike him between the eyes. Luca hardly registers the mild noise it makes as it flies past and lodges into the tiled wall behind him. But the wash of bullets that follows is loud, booming, and thudding, *clack-clacking* with helicopter speed. There is a raft of screams, too, but that noise is short-lived, soon exterminated by the gunfire. Before Luca can zip his pants, lower the lid, climb up to look out, before he has time to verify the source of that terrible clamor, the bathroom door swings open and Mami is there.

"*Mijo, ven,*" she says, so quietly that Luca doesn't hear her.

Her hands are not gentle; she propels him toward the shower. He trips on the raised tile step and falls forward onto his hands. Mami lands on top of him and his teeth pierce his lip in the tumble. He tastes blood. One dark droplet makes a tiny circle of red against the bright green shower tile. Mami shoves Luca into the corner. There's no door on this shower, no curtain. It's only a corner of his *abuela's* bathroom, with a third tiled wall built to suggest a stall. This wall is around five and a half feet high and three feet long—just large enough, with some luck, to shield Luca and his mother from sight. Luca's back is wedged, his small shoulders touching both walls. His knees are drawn up to his chin, and Mami is clinched around him like a tortoise's shell. The door of the bathroom remains open, which worries Luca, though he can't see it beyond the shield of his mother's body, behind the half barricade of his *abuela's* shower wall. He'd like to wriggle out and tip that door lightly with his finger. He'd like to swing it shut. He doesn't know that his mother left it open on purpose. That a closed door only invites closer scrutiny.

The clatter of gunfire outside continues, joined by an odor of charcoal and burning meat. Papi is grilling *carne asada* out there and Luca's favorite chicken drumsticks. He likes them only a tiny bit blackened, the crispy tang of the skins. His mother pulls her head up long enough to look him in the eye. She puts her hands on both sides of his face and tries to cover his ears. Outside, the gunfire slows. It ceases and then returns in short bursts, mirroring, Luca thinks, the sporadic and wild rhythm of his heart. In between the racket, Luca can still hear the radio, a woman's voice announcing *¡La Mejor 100.1 FM Acapulco!* followed by Banda MS singing about how happy they are to be in love. Someone shoots the radio, and then there's laughter. Men's voices. Two or three, Luca can't tell. Hard bootsteps on *Abuela's* patio.

“Is he here?” One of the voices is just outside the window.

“Here.”

“What about the kid?”

“*Mira*, there’s a boy here. This him?”

Luca’s cousin Adrián. He’s wearing cleats and his Hernández jersey. Adrián can juggle a *balón de fútbol* on his knees forty-seven times without dropping it.

“I don’t know. Looks the right age. Take a picture.”

“Hey, chicken!” another voice says. “Man, this looks good. You want some chicken?”

Luca’s head is beneath his *mami*’s chin, her body knotted tightly around him.

“Forget the chicken, *pendejo*. Check the house.”

Luca’s *mami* rocks in her squatting position, pushing Luca even harder into the tiled wall. She squeezes against him, and together they hear the squeak and bang of the back door. Footsteps in the kitchen. The intermittent rattle of bullets in the house. Mami turns her head and notices, vivid against the tile floor, the lone spot of Luca’s blood, illuminated by the slant of light from the window. Luca feels her breath snag in her chest. The house is quiet now. The hallway that ends at the door of this bathroom is carpeted. Mami tugs her shirtsleeve over her hand, and Luca watches in horror as she leans away from him, toward that telltale splatter of blood. She runs her sleeve over it, leaving behind only a faint smear, and then pitches back to him just as the man in the hallway uses the butt of his AK-47 to nudge the door the rest of the way open.

There must be three of them because Luca can still hear two voices in the yard. On the other side of the shower wall, the third man unzips his pants and empties his bladder into Abuela’s toilet. Luca does not breathe. Mami does not breathe. Their eyes are closed, their bodies motionless, even their adrenaline is suspended within the calcified will of their stillness. The man hiccups, flushes, washes his hands. He dries them on Abuela’s good yellow towel, the one she puts out only for parties.

They don’t move after the man leaves. Even after they hear the squeak and bang, once more, of the kitchen door. They stay there, fixed in their tight knot of arms and legs and knees and chins and clenched eyelids and locked fingers, even after they hear the man join his compatriots outside, after they hear him announce that the house is clear and he’s going to eat some chicken now, because there’s no excuse for letting good barbecue go to waste, not when there are children starving in Africa. The man is still close enough outside the window that Luca can hear the moist, rubbery smacking sounds his mouth makes with the chicken. Luca concentrates on breathing, in and out, without sound. He tells himself that this is just a bad dream, a terrible dream, but one he’s had many times before. He always awakens, heart pounding, and finds himself flooded with relief. *It was just a dream*. Because these are the modern bogeymen of urban Mexico. Because even parents who take care not to discuss

the violence in front of them, to change the radio station when there's news of another shooting, to conceal the worst of their own fears, cannot prevent their children from talking to other children. On the swings, at the *fútbol* field, in the boys' bathroom at school, the gruesome stories gather and swell. These kids, rich, poor, middle-class, have all seen bodies in the streets. Casual murder. And they know from talking to one another that there's a hierarchy of danger, that some families are at greater risk than others. So although Luca never saw the least scrap of evidence of that risk from his parents, even though they demonstrated their courage impeccably before their son, he knew—he knew this day would come. But that truth does nothing to soften its arrival. It's a long, long while before Luca's mother removes the clamp of her hand from the back of his neck, before she leans back far enough for him to notice that the angle of light falling through the bathroom window has changed.

There's a blessing in the moments after terror and before confirmation. When at last he moves his body, Luca experiences a brief, lurching exhilaration at the very fact of his being alive. For a moment he enjoys the ragged passage of breath through his chest. He places his palms flat to feel the cool press of tiles beneath his skin. Mami collapses against the wall across from him and works her jaw in a way that reveals the dimple in her left cheek. It's weird to see her good church shoes in the shower. Luca touches the cut on his lip. The blood has dried there, but he scratches it with his teeth, and it opens again. He understands that, were this a dream, he would not taste blood.

At length, Mami stands. "Stay here," she instructs him in a whisper. "Don't move until I come back for you. Don't make a sound, you understand?"

Luca lunges for her hand. "Mami, don't go."

"*Mijo*, I will be right back, okay? You stay here." Mami pries Luca's fingers from her hand. "Don't move," she says again. "Good boy."

Luca finds it easy to obey his mother's directive, not so much because he's an obedient child, but because he doesn't want to see. His whole family out there, in Abuela's backyard. Today is Saturday, April 7, his cousin Yénifer's *quinceañera*, her fifteenth birthday party. She's wearing a long white dress. Her father and mother are there, Tío Alex and Tía Yemi, and Yénifer's younger brother, Adrián, who, because he already turned nine, likes to say he's a year older than Luca, even though they're really only four months apart.

Before Luca had to pee, he and Adrián had been kicking the *balón* around with their other *primos*. The mothers had been sitting around the table at the patio, their iced *palomas* sweating on their napkins. The last time they were all together at Abuela's house, Yénifer had accidentally walked in on Luca in the bathroom, and Luca was so mortified that today he made Mami come with him and stand guard outside the door. Abuela didn't like it; she told Mami she was coddling him, that a boy his age should be able to go to the bathroom by himself, but Luca is an only child, so he gets away with things other kids don't.

In any case, Luca is alone in the bathroom now, and he tries not to think it, but the thought swarms up unbidden: those irritable words Mami and Abuela exchanged were perhaps the very last ones between them, ever. Luca had approached the table wriggling, whispered into Mami's ear, and Abuela, seeing this, had shaken her head, wagged an admonishing finger at them both, passed her remarks. She had a way of smiling when she criticized. But Mami was always on Luca's side. She rolled her eyes and pushed her chair back from the table anyway, ignoring her mother's disapproval. When was that—ten minutes ago? Two hours? Luca feels unmoored from the boundaries of time that have always existed.

Outside the window he hears Mami's tentative footsteps, the soft scuff of her shoe through the remnants of something broken. A solitary gasp, too windy to be called a sob. Then a quickening of sound as she crosses the patio with purpose, depresses the keys on her phone. When she speaks, her voice has a stretched quality that Luca has never heard before, high and tight in the back of her throat.

“Send help.”



## CHAPTER TWO

By the time Mami returns to pull Luca from the shower, he's curled into a tight ball and rocking himself. She tells him to stand, but he shakes his head and rolls himself up even tighter, his body flapping with panicked reluctance. As long as he stays here in this shower with his face lowered into the dark angles of his elbows, as long as he doesn't look Mami in the face, he can put off knowing what he already knows. He can prolong the moment of irrational hope that maybe some sliver of yesterday's world is still intact.

It might be better for him to go and look, to see the brilliant splatters of color on Yénifer's white dress, to see Adrián's eyes, open to the sky, to see Abuela's gray hair, matted with stuff that should never exist outside the neat encasement of a skull. It might be good, actually, for Luca to see the warm wreckage of his recent father, the spatula bent crooked beneath his fallen weight, his blood still leaching across the concrete patio. Because none of it, however horrific, is worse than the images Luca will conjure instead with the radiance of his own imagination.

When at last she gets him to stand, Mami takes Luca out the front door, which may or may not be the best idea. If *los sicarios* were to return, what would be worse—to be on the street in plain sight, or to be hidden inside where no one might witness their arrival? An impossible question. Nothing is better or worse than anything else now. They walk across Abuela's tidy courtyard and Mami opens the gate. Together they sit on the yellow-painted curb with their feet on the street. The far side is in shade, but it's bright here, and the sun is hot against Luca's forehead. After some brief swell of minutes, they hear sirens approaching. Mami, whose name is Lydia, becomes aware that her teeth are chattering. She's not cold. Her armpits are damp, and she has goose bumps across the flesh of her arms. Luca leans forward and retches once. He brings up a glob of potato salad, stained pink with fruit punch. It splats onto the asphalt between his feet, but he and his mother don't move away from it. They don't even seem to notice. Nor do they note the furtive rearrangement of curtains and blinds in nearby windows as the neighbors prepare their credible deniability.

What Luca does notice is the walls that line his *abuela's* street. He's seen them countless times before, but today he perceives a difference: each house here is fronted by a small courtyard like Abuela's, hidden from the street by a wall like Abuela's, topped with razor wire or chicken wire or spiked fence posts like Abuela's, and accessible only through a locked gate like Abuela's. Acapulco is a dangerous city. The people take precautions here, even in nice neighborhoods like this one, especially in nice neighborhoods like this one. But

what good are those protections when the men come? Luca leans his head against his mother's shoulder, and she puts an arm around him. She doesn't ask if he's okay, because from now on that question will carry a weight of painful absurdity. Lydia tries her best not to consider the many words that will never come out of her mouth now, the sudden monster void of words she will never get to say.

When they arrive, the police pull yellow *escena del crimen* tape across both ends of the block to discourage traffic and make room for the macabre motorcade of emergency vehicles. There are a lot of officers, a whole army of them, who move around and past Luca and Lydia with choreographed reverence. When the senior detective approaches and begins asking questions, Lydia hesitates for a moment, considering where to send Luca. He's too young to hear everything she needs to say. She should dispatch him to someone else for a few minutes, so she can give forthright answers to these dreadful questions. She should send him to his father. Her mother. Her sister, Yemi. But they are all dead in the backyard, their bodies as close as toppled dominoes. It's all meaningless anyway. The police aren't here to help. Lydia begins to sob. Luca stands and places the cold curve of his hand across the back of his mother's neck.

"Give her a minute," he says, like a grown man.

When the detective returns, there's a woman with him, the medical examiner, who addresses Luca directly. She puts a hand on his shoulder and asks if he'd like to sit in her truck. It says SEMEFO on the side, and the back doors are standing open. Mami nods at him, so Luca goes with the woman and sits inside, dangling his feet over the back bumper. She offers him a sweating can, a cold *refresco*.

Lydia's brain, which had been temporarily suspended by shock, begins working again, but it creeps like sludge. She's still sitting on the curb, and the detective stands between her and her son.

"Did you see the shooter?" he asks.

"Shooters, plural. I think there were three of them." She wishes the detective would step aside so she can keep Luca in her line of sight. He's only a dozen steps away.

"You saw them?"

"No, we heard them. We were hiding in the shower. One came in and took a piss while we were in there. Maybe you can get fingerprints from the faucet. He washed his hands. Can you believe that?" Lydia claps her hands loudly, as if to scare off the memory. "There were at least two more voices outside."

"Did they say or do anything that might help identify them?"

She shakes her head. "One ate the chicken."

The detective writes *pollo* in his notebook.

"One asked if *he* was here."

“A specific target? Did they say who *he* was? A name?”

“They didn’t have to. It was my husband.”

The detective stops writing and looks at her expectantly. “Your husband is?”

“Sebastián Pérez Delgado.”

“The reporter?”

Lydia nods, and the detective whistles through his teeth.

“He’s here?”

She nods again. “On the patio. With the spatula. With the sign.”

“I’m sorry, señora. Your husband received many threats, yes?”

“Yes, but not recently.”

“And what exactly was the nature of those threats?”

“They told him to stop writing about the cartels.”

“Or?”

“Or they would kill his whole family.” Her voice is flat.

The detective takes a deep breath and looks at Lydia with what might be interpreted as sympathy. “When was the last time he was threatened?”

Lydia shakes her head. “I don’t know. A long time ago. This wasn’t supposed to happen. It wasn’t supposed to happen.”

The detective folds his lips into a thin line and remains silent.

“They’re going to kill me, too,” she says, understanding only as these words emerge that they might be true.

The detective does not move to contradict her. Unlike many of his colleagues—he’s not sure which ones, but it doesn’t matter—he happens not to be on the cartel payroll. He trusts no one. In fact, of the more than two dozen law enforcement and medical personnel moving around Abuela’s home and patio this very moment, marking the locations of shell casings, examining footprints, analyzing blood splatter, taking pictures, checking for pulses, making the sign of the cross over the corpses of Lydia’s family, seven receive regular money from the local cartel. The illicit payment is three times more than what they earn from the government. In fact, one has already texted *el jefe* to report Lydia’s and Luca’s survival. The others do nothing, because that’s precisely what the cartel pays them to do, to populate uniforms and perform the appearance of governance. Some of the personnel feel morally conflicted about this; others do not. None of them have a choice anyway, so their feelings are largely immaterial. The unsolved-crime rate in Mexico is well north of 90 percent. The costumed existence of *la policía* provides the necessary counterillusion to the fact of the cartel’s actual impunity. Lydia knows this. Everyone knows this. She decides presently that she must get out of here. She stands up from her position on the curb and is surprised by the strength of her legs beneath her. The detective steps back to give her space.

“When he realizes I’ve survived they will return.” And then the memory comes back to her like a throb: one of the voices in the yard asking, *What about*



*the kid?* Lydia's joints feel like water. "He's going to murder my son."

"*He?*" the detective says. "You know specifically who did this?"

"Are you kidding me?" she asks. There's only one possible perpetrator for a bloodbath of this magnitude in Acapulco, and everyone knows who that man is. Javier Crespo Fuentes. Her friend. Why should she say his name out loud? The detective's question is either a stage play or a test. He writes more words in his notebook. He writes, *La Lechuza?* He writes, *Los Jardineros?* And then shows the notebook to Lydia. "I can't do this right now." She pushes past him.

"Please, just a few more questions."

"No. No more questions. Zero more questions."

There are sixteen bodies in the backyard, almost everyone Lydia loved in the world, but she still feels on the precipice of this information—she knows it to be factual because she heard them die, she saw their bodies. She touched her mother's still-warm hand and felt the absence of her husband's pulse when she lifted his wrist. But her mind is still trying to rewind it, to undo it. Because it can't really be true. It's too horrific to be actually true. Panic feels imminent, but it doesn't descend.

"Luca, come." She reaches out her hand, and Luca hops down from the medical examiner's truck. He leaves the still-full *refresco* on the back bumper.

Lydia grabs him, and together they walk down the street to where Sebastián parked their car, near the end of the block. The detective follows, still trying to speak to her. He doesn't accept that she has quit the conversation. Was she not clear enough? She stops walking so abruptly he almost stumbles into her back. He draws up on his tiptoes to avoid a collision. She spins on her foot.

"I need his keys," she says.

"Keys?"

"My husband's car keys."

The detective continues speaking as Lydia pushes past him again, pulling Luca along behind her. She goes back through the gate into Abuela's courtyard and tells Luca to wait. Then she thinks better of it and brings him into the house. She sits him on Abuela's gold velveteen couch with instructions not to move.

"Can you stay with him, please?"

The detective nods.

Lydia pauses momentarily at the back door, and then squares her shoulders before pushing it open and stepping out. In the shade of the backyard, there's the sweet odor of lime and sticky charred sauce, and Lydia knows she will never eat barbecue again. Some of her family members are covered now, and there are little bright yellow placards set up around the yard with black letters and numbers on them. The placards mark the locations of evidence that will never be used to seek a conviction. The placards make everything worse. Their presence means it's real. Lydia is aware of her lungs inside her body—they feel

raw and raggedy, a sensation she's never experienced before. She steps toward Sebastián, who hasn't moved, his left arm still bent awkwardly beneath him, the spatula jutting out from beneath his hip. The way he's splayed there reminds Lydia of the shapes his body makes when he's at his most vividly animated, when he wrestles with Luca in the living room after dinner. They squeal. They roar. They bang into the furniture. Lydia runs soapy water into the kitchen sink and rolls her eyes at them. But all that heat is gone now. There's a ticking stillness beneath Sebastián's skin. She wants to talk to him before all his color is gone. She wants to tell him what happened, hurriedly, desperately. Some manic part of her believes that if she tells the story well enough, she can convince him not to be dead. She can convince him of her need for him, of the greatness of their son's need for him. There's a kind of paralyzed insanity in her throat.

Someone has removed the cardboard sign the gunmen left weighted to his chest with a simple rock. The sign in green marker said: TODA MI FAMILIA ESTÁ MUERTA POR MI CULPA (*My whole family is dead because of me*).

Lydia crouches at her husband's feet, but she doesn't want to feel the cooling of his pallid skin. Proof. She grabs the toe of one shoe, and closes her eyes. He's still mostly intact, and she feels grateful for that. She knows the cardboard sign could have been affixed to his heart with the blade of a machete. She knows that the relative neatness of his death is a sort of deformed kindness. She's seen other crime scenes, nightmarish scenes—bodies that are no longer bodies but only parts of bodies, *mutilados*. When the cartel murders, it does so to set an example, for exaggerated, grotesque illustration. One morning at work, as she opened her shop for the day, Lydia saw a boy she knew down the street kneeling to unlock the grate of his father's shoe store with a key dangling by a shoelace around his neck. He was sixteen years old. When the car pulled up, the kid couldn't run because the key snagged in the lock; it caught him by the neck. So *los sicarios* lifted the grate and hung the kid by the shoelace, by the neck, and then pummeled him until all he could do was twitch. Lydia had rushed inside and locked the door behind her, so she didn't see when they pulled down his pants and added the decoration, but she heard about it later. They all did. And every shop owner in the neighborhood knew that that kid's father had refused to pay the cartel's *mordidas*.

So yes, Lydia is grateful that sixteen of her loved ones were killed by the quick, clinical dispatch of bullets. The officers in the yard avert their eyes from her, and she feels grateful for that, too. The crime scene photographer sets his camera down on the table beside the drink that still bears a smudge of Lydia's truffle-colored lipstick on its rim. The ice cubes have melted inside, and there's a small puddle of condensation on the napkin around her glass. It's still wet, and that feels impossible to Lydia, that her life could be shattered so completely in less time than it takes for a ring of condensation to evaporate into the

atmosphere. She's aware that a deferential hush has fallen over the patio. She moves to Sebastián's side without standing. She crawls on hands and knees, and then hesitates, staring at his one outstretched hand, the ridges and lines of his knuckles, the perfect half-moons of his nail beds. The fingers do not move. The wedding band is inert. His eyes are closed, and Lydia wonders, absurdly, if he closed them on purpose, for her, a final act of tenderness, so that when she found him, she wouldn't have to observe the vacancy there. She claps a hand over her mouth because she has a feeling the essential part of herself might fall out. She shoves the feeling down, tucks her fingers into the fold of that unresponsive hand, and allows herself to lean gently across his chest. He is cold already. He is cold. Sebastián is gone, and what's left is only the beloved, familiar shape of him, empty of breath.

She places her hand on his jaw, his chin. She closes her mouth very tightly and places her palm against the coolness of his forehead. The first time she ever saw him, he was slouched over a spiral notebook in a library in Mexico City, pen in hand. The tilt of his shoulders, the fullness of his mouth. He was wearing a purple T-shirt, some band she didn't know. She understands now that it wasn't the body but the way he animated it that had thrilled her. The flagstones press into her knees while she covers him with prayers. Her tears are spasmodic. The bent spatula sits in a puddle of congealed blood, and the flat part still bears a smudge of uncooked meat. Lydia fights a roll of nausea, slips her hand into her husband's pocket, and retrieves his keys. How many times during their life together has she slipped her hand into his pocket? *Don't think it, don't think it, don't think.* It's difficult to remove his wedding ring. The loose skin of his knuckle scrunches up beneath the band so she has to twist it, she has to use one hand to straighten his finger and the other to twist the ring, and in this way, at last, she has his wedding band, the one she placed on his finger at the Catedral de Nuestra Señora de la Soledad more than ten years ago. She slips it onto her thumb, places both hands on the crate of his chest, and pushes herself to her feet. She lurches away, waiting for someone to challenge her for the items she took. She almost wants someone to say she can't have them, that she can't tamper with evidence or some horseshit like that. How satisfying it might be, momentarily, to have a direct receptacle for some lashing belt of her rage. No one dares.

Lydia stands with her shoulders loose to the earth. Her mother. She moves toward Abuela, whose body is one of those now loosely covered with black plastic. An officer steps to intercept her.

"Señora, please," he says simply.

Lydia looks at him wildly. "I need a last moment with my mother."

He shakes his head once, the slightest movement. His voice is soft. "I assure you," he says, "that is not your mother."

Lydia blinks, unmoving, her husband's car keys gripped in the vise of her hand. He's right. She could spend more time in this landscape of carnage, but why? They are all gone. This is not what she wants to remember of them. She turns away from the sixteen horizontal shapes in the yard and, with a squeak and a bang, passes through the doorway into the kitchen. Outside, the officials resume their activities.

Lydia opens the closet in her mother's bedroom and withdraws Abuela's solitary piece of luggage: a small red overnight bag. Lydia unzips it and finds that it's full of smaller purses. It's a bag of bags. She dumps them on the bed, opens her mother's nightstand, pulls a rosary and a small prayer book from the drawer, and puts them in the overnight bag along with Sebastián's keys. Then she stoops down and sticks her arm beneath her mother's mattress. She sweeps it back and forth until her fingertips brush a fold of paper. Lydia pulls the wad out: almost 15,000 pesos. She puts them in the bag. She throws the pile of small purses back in her mother's closet, takes the bag to the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet, and grabs what she can—a hairbrush, a toothbrush, toothpaste, moisturizer, a tube of lip balm, a pair of tweezers. They all go into the bag. She does all this without thinking, without really considering which items might be helpful or useless. She does it because she can't think of what else to do. Lydia and her mother are the same shoe size, a small blessing. Lydia takes the only pair of comfortable shoes from her mother's closet—quilted gold lamé sneakers with a zipper on one side that Abuela wore for gardening. In the kitchen, the raid continues: a sleeve of cookies, a tin of peanuts, two bags of chips, all surreptitiously stuffed into the bag. Her mother's purse hangs on a hook behind the kitchen door, alongside two other hooks that hold Abuela's apron and her favorite teal sweater. Lydia takes the purse down and looks inside. It feels like opening her mother's mouth. It's too personal in there. Lydia takes the whole thing, folds the softened brown leather into the end pocket of the overnight bag, and zips it in.

The detective is sitting beside Luca on the couch when Lydia returns, but he's not asking questions. His pad and pencil are resigned on the coffee table.

"We have to go," she says.

Luca stands without waiting to be told.

The detective stands, too. "I must caution you against returning home right now, señora," he says. "It may not be safe. If you wait here, perhaps one of my men can drive you. We might find a secure location for you and your son?"

Lydia smiles, and there's a brief astonishment that her face can still make those shapes. A small puff of laughter. "I like our chances better without your assistance."

The detective frowns at her but nods. "You have somewhere safe to go?"

"Please don't concern yourself with our well-being," she says. "Serve justice. Worry about that." She's aware that the words are leaving her mouth

like tiny, unpoisoned darts, as futile as they are angry. She makes no effort to censor herself.

The detective stands with his hands in his pockets and frowns toward the floor. "I'm so sorry for your loss. Truly. I know how it must look, every murder going unsolved, but there are people who still care, who are horrified by this violence. Please know I will try." He, too, understands the uselessness of his words, but he feels compelled to tender them nonetheless. He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a card with his name and phone number on it. "We will need an official statement when you're feeling up to it. Take a few days if you need."

He proffers the card, but Lydia makes no move to take it, so Luca reaches up and grabs it. He's maneuvered himself in close beside his mother, laced one arm behind her through the strap of the red overnight bag.

This time, the detective doesn't follow them. Their shadows move as one lumpy beast along the sidewalk. Beneath the windshield wiper of their car, an instantly recognizable orange 1974 Volkswagen Beetle, there is a tiny slip of paper, so small that it doesn't even flit in the hot breeze that gusts up the street.

"*Carajo*," Lydia curses, automatically pushing Luca behind her.

"What, Mami?"

"Stay here. No, go stand over there." She points back in the direction from which they came, and for once, Luca doesn't argue. He scuttles up the street, a dozen paces or more. Lydia drops the overnight bag at her feet on the sidewalk, takes a step back from the car, looks up and down the street. Her heart doesn't race; it feels leaden within her.

Her husband's parking permit is glued to the windshield, and there's a smattering of rust across the back bumper. She steps into the street, leans over to see if she can read the paper without lifting it. A news van is parked just beyond the yellow crime scene tape at the far end of the block, but its reporter and cameraman are busy with preparations and haven't noticed them. She turns her back and tugs the slip of paper free from the wiper. One word in green marker: BOO! Her quick intake of breath feels like a slice through the core of her body. She looks back at Luca, crumbles the paper in her fist, and jams it into her pocket.

They have to disappear. They have to get away from Acapulco, so far away that Javier Crespo Fuentes will never be able to find them. They cannot drive the car.

