Then the boy looked at the books on his shelf thinking about how he knew the books and how wonderful it would be if he didn't know the books. And then he thought about his friends and how he knew his friends. Were books better known or not known? How much did he know about them? He knew how to write books. He knew how to make friends. But what about his mother or this father or his grandmother and grandfather? He could write about them but he couldn't make them. They were already there. There were things that were already known, that were already here, that could not be made up and everywhere he looked there were things that he had nothing to do with. When he looked at a book he knew the story of the book. But he did not know the story of every car from Detroit. While he wrote books, Detroit made cars. A sad endless string of cars like mothers all in a heap on the ship's deck. The first line of his next book was, "The giraffe nudged the sleeping cars overboard." And then he wrote, "The cars did not have mothers and so it was only fitting that they would land in a unique..." but no, there is something wrong with the word land here, he thought and he went over to talk to his linguist friend, George Lakoff, about the sense of finality evoked by the word land when what he was really looking for was more like some forward moving limbo. George, however, counseled him against zombie-like, trance-like conditions. If land ended the matter, then move out of the house. The boy looked at George, "You're thinking in metaphors and I thought you took them apart." George told him that he was human just like everybody else.
Police quietly dealt with an empty box.