The old, blue-eyed woman in the bed is calling down snow. Her heart is failing, and her eyes are two birds in a pale sky. Through the window she can see a tree twinkling with lights on the banking beyond the parking lot. Lawns are still green from unseasonable weather. Snow will put things right; and, sure enough, by four darkness carries in the first flakes. Chatter, hall lights, and the rattle of walkers spill through her doorway as she lies there—ten miles (half a world) of ocean between her and her home island. She looks out from a bed the size of a dinghy. Beyond the lit tree, beyond town, open water accepts snow silently and, farther out, the woods behind her house receive the snow with a faint ticking of flakes striking needles and dry leaves—a sound you would not believe unless you’ve held your breath and heard it.