

## JACK

Jack's here sleeping on the couch beside me. That's what we do in the morning. I sip coffee and wonder things, and Jack sleeps. This morning something outside must've scared him because he started shaking all over. Shaking and panting and drooling. That's what he does when he gets scared. And that's what made me wonder.

What if we did the same thing? What if we shook and panted and drooled whenever we got scared? What if we couldn't hide our fears (even from ourselves)? Everybody in every courtroom, except maybe the judges, would be shaking like mad. Every mom dropping off every child for the first day of kindergarten. Everybody opening credit card statements. Everybody lying awake staring at the ceiling in the middle of the night. And at least half the people at every cocktail party, at least until they got past the second drink.

Sure, we'd get tired of all the shaking and panting and drooling, but maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe it would be a relief not to have to keep all that fear inside all the time. Maybe we'd spend less time at the doctor's office. Maybe we'd be better friends. Maybe we'd let each other in more. Maybe we'd say I'm sorry more. Maybe we should all shake like Jack does.