During a lull in conversation, August wandered away from his parents and found a seat in the front row of folding chairs. Leonia sat next to him. He seemed to be staring at nothing, but as she followed his gaze she realized his eyes were fixed on her casket.

Leonia had thought that seeing her coffin would be a deep, sobering experience, but it was oddly underwhelming. It was just a simple wooden box, nothing more. Perhaps if it were open, and she could look at her own face, the experience would have been something more, but as it was it didn’t feel real. It didn’t feel like that was *her* coffin, with her body in it.

“I wonder if anything would happen if I touched it,” she said aloud, half to herself, half to August. “My body, I mean.”

She looked over at August, wanting to say more, but no words came. August stared blankly forward, eyes dull. No, not dull. The longer Leonia looked, the more pain she saw in his face, hiding in the hint of tears in the corners of his eyes and the dark circles underneath them that had somehow already formed in the few sleepless nights he’d had since Leonia became invisible. He was trying very hard not to hurt, but he was hurting, deeply. Leo felt it, too.

“I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I’m sorry I’m not there for you.”