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# This One, at Last, If Bone of my Bone and Flesh of my Flesh

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*this one, at last, if bone of my bone  
and flesh of my flesh*

Please answer the following security questions:

In what year were you born?

In what city were you born?

What is your mother's first name?

What is the middle name of your oldest sibling?

How old were you when you realized you were different?

What one strategy was the most effective means of hiding the difference?

What is the name of your spouse?

What is the name of the street your family was living on when your spouse died?

In what year did your oldest child die?

In what year did your youngest child die?

What is the name of the city you moved to after the last of your children had died?

How many years did you live there?

What was the local term for the disease that wiped out most of that city?

What is the scientific name of the bacteria that causes the disease?

How many of your close friends died of the disease?

What is the generic historical term for the long-distance expedition on which you embarked the following year, a journey that traversed a well-worn path called El Camino and took you to the city of Jerusalem?

For how many decades after this did you live as a hermit in the desert?

In what year did you return to England?

In what year did you sail to the colonies in America?

What was the name of the vessel on which you sailed?

In which of the thirteen colonies did you originally settle?

What was the name of the town in which you settled?

What is the name of your spouse, whom you fell in love with despite a previous firm vow to never again lose your heart to another, nor subject another living being to the confusion and hurt of living and dying with an anomaly like you, not to mention the pain of knowing that you would once again watch the one you love suffer sicknesses and injuries, the increasing infirmity of old age, and eventual death?

What was the name of the Algonquin elder who led you across the wilderness to the far western coast, to which you fled when your spouse and all your neighbors accused you of being a witch and attempted to drown you and hang you alternately, each to no avail?

What was the name of the rugged frontier town that eventually sprung up around the area you settled?

What was the name of the saloon and general store you ran for forty years in that town, which is how long it took before people finally started wondering about you?

After you sold the store and spent several decades farming in the valley, not to mention your brief but lucrative stint in the Yukon territory, what was your net worth?

What is the name of the Silicon Valley high-tech company you founded and ran for the past thirty years and at which no one ever noticed anything odd about you, because the people here are much more transient than you ever had to be, changing jobs every two to three years, always looking for the next big thing, networking like crazy, certainly, but not actually paying attention to anyone but themselves, and what's more they engage in skin care regimens and surgical interventions that cause them to look like they're not only of indeterminate age, but even aging backwards, so why would they look askance at you?

What is the first name of the first person in the last two hundred years to really look at you, and not only that, but to look into your eyes and see what is there—the knowledge and wisdom of centuries, the weariness of a soul that is as far beyond jaded as the stars are from the earth, the loneliness that has left you hollow and full of empty echoes—and whose eyes made you gasp when you saw reflected in them the same depth, the same agony, the same longing which in that instant turned to hope?

What did you say as you realized all this, when you realized that even though your wanderings would continue as they always had, you were no longer alone in the universe?