After the teacher asked if anyone had a sacred place and the students fidgeted and shrunk in their chairs, the most serious of them all said it was his car, being in it alone, his tape deck playing things he'd chosen, and others knew the truth had been spoken and began speaking about their rooms, their hiding places, but the car kept coming up, the car in motion, music filling it, and sometimes one other person who understood the bright altar of the dashboard and how far away a car could take him from the need to speak, or to answer, the key in having a key and putting it in, and going.