

A supplementary story

The Kim's residence – Day time:

Away from the polluted city and in a nice house isolated in the suburbs, dead leaves lying in the garden marked the return of Autumn.

The king-size bed never felt so cozy. Liliana dropped her tired body on the sheets, exposing her bare back to Namjoon who was laying exactly next to her, admiring her soothing beauty. While she entered in deep slumber, he took his time examining her fading scars and regretfully caressed the marks on her skin: it all started with a touch.

15 years ago

Reception – Day time:

The head nurse was going through the monthly files when a new case arrived that morning. Nurse Abby was known in the asylum as the iron lady, for being a cold-hearted woman in her forties despite the many heartbreaking cases that get admitted every now and then. Examining the patient who difficultly leaned on her mother to stand up, she sighed in despair and grabbed a new form to fill.

“Nurse Abby, is there anything I can help you with?” a young doctor entered the reception.

“You're in luck!” she rejoiced, “You're about to receive your very first patient.”

“It's about time, I was starting to forget everything I've learned!” he joked. “Where is my lucky first charm?”

“You're looking at her,” she pointed with the tip of her finger at the newly arrived case.

Waiting for Nurse Abby to end the joke, he soon turned upset once he saw that his patient was merely a teen, “But she's just a child.”

She patted on his shoulder as she handed him the case file, “And she's all yours. Good luck.”

Doctor Kim's office – Night time:

Since his college days, Namjoon picked up the habit of staying overtime to finish the endless paperwork that was part of his clinical duty. Now, it's been a month since he received his first case, and to his disappointment, no progress was to be seen.

Suddenly, a gentle knock could be heard on the door. “Who is it?”

A frail body dressed in a large robe pushed the semi-opened door, "Dr. Kim, may I?"

"Y-yes, come on in," he ushered the young girl as he cleared a chair for her. "What can I do for you?"

"I need help," she initiated the conversation.

"Of course, that's why you're here with us. We'll make sure to make you feel better," he assured her.

"No, not that-" she cut him short, "I don't want to feel better, I want to be better."

Her sudden clearance caught him by surprise. He usually made the first step towards his patients but this time, his patient actually reached out to him.

"Alright then," he requested, "How about you start by telling me a little bit about yourself."

His reaction eased her wary head, "First of all, I'm not a child. I'm a teenager soon to be a young adult."

"Now, now," he jokingly teased her, "I myself just became a young adult, I think you still have a couple of years ahead to catch up to me."

"I have severe panic attacks. I don't even recall how it started, but I suddenly found myself trapped in-between." she continued, "I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't live. I was admitted because I was becoming a danger to myself."

"We're going to fix it all, baby steps. You can do it, you're not alone. You're never alone." Noticing her overwhelmed state as she was telling her story, he patted her shoulder, "What's your name?"

His support calmed her down, "I am having an identity crisis right now, so just call me Lucy, Lucy Jones."

"Lucy, that's quite the name," he complimented her.

Trying to keep her cool, she replied, "Every name comes with a story, Dr. Kim."

14 years ago

With the very first sunlight, Lucy left her bed. She didn't necessarily sleep through the night, but she couldn't stand staying in bed after sunrise.

The days were all similar inside the asylum. The first medication call was set after breakfast, but she never had a stable appetite. The pills were as poisonous as her entourage: trapped in a waiting room alongside the many illnesses harboring her unfortunate ward mates. Most of them were wrapped in

straitjackets because of the continuously inflicted self-harm, and others weren't harmless per se, but they weren't exactly the definition of good company either. Between the weeping, the screaming, and the occasional seizing, Lucy felt what's left of her sanity kissing her goodbye. When the atmosphere oppressed her, she often lost consciousness throughout the day, only to wake up in her bed at night.

Nurse Abby stopped by her room before curfew, "How are you doing, child?"

"I am not a child," Lucy left her bed and headed towards the only small window in her room.

"Perhaps," the nurse projected, "But you're definitely stubborn, even when you're unconscious."

Her remark caught the little girl by surprise "What happened?"

"You fainted, and as the male nurses approached you, you started seizing and kicking them away," she unveiled.

Flabbergasted by her own behavior, Lucy inquired, "I hope nobody got hurt."

The head nurse giggled, "The boys are fine. I wish I could say the same thing about Dr. Kim though."

"Dr. Kim?" Lucy's eyes widened, "What happened to him?"

"He meddled to pin you down, but your hand was quicker." she referred, "You got some sharp nails, missy."

Although she was an introvert, Dr. Kim was the only person that fully understood Lucy and gave her the space she needed, thus allowing her to open up more to him. The thought of hurting him burdened her and made her guilt over her condition further, which has become more and more uncontrollable with time.

Sensing her self-blame, Nurse Abby reassured her, "Don't beat yourself up over it, he's a tough guy. Now, head back to your bed and try to get some sleep. Dr. Kim is expecting you in his office first thing in the morning tomorrow. Sweet dreams, child."

Dr. Kim's office – Day time:

After going through the usual paperwork, Dr. Kim brought his patient's file and read through the progress. Unlike his expectations, many symptoms started resurfacing, making the case more delicate than it already was. While he was buried in his thoughts, his appointment knocked on the door.

“Yes, come in!” he called from his seat.

Timidly turning the knob, Lucy entered the office while trying her best to avoid eye contact.

Her behavior did not go unnoticed by the doctor, “Is everything alright, Lucy?”

“I-I’m sorry ...” was all she could mutter.

“Sorry?” He wondered as he walked towards her, “What for?”

“For this,” she aimed to point at it, but as the distance between them narrowed, she ended up touching his face. A neat but small cut could be seen on his right cheek.

They both stood in the middle of the room feeling awkward. She didn’t mean to lay her finger on him, and he did not calculate the space between the two of them.

She retrieved her hand as soon as she snapped out of the moment, “S-Sorry, I didn’t mean to.”

“Don’t worry about it, it’s just a scratch. Also, you should stop apologizing for everything,” he smiled, “Shall we start our session?”

The chat lasted an hour or so. As he listened to her talk, all he could think of was how such a young girl turned out to be this broken. She wasn’t mentally unstable as much as she was emotionally wounded. As she spoke, she wondered how pathetic and ruined she must have sounded to her young doctor, who probably had more important cases to tend to rather than hearing her constant nagging.

As the session came to an end, Dr. Kim opened his main drawer and took out a notebook, “Here, you should have this.”

“What’s this for?” Lucy asked as she held the notepad in her hands.

“You don’t need to be cured, you need closure.” he confided, “This will help you get through it all. It may take you some time to get used to it, but try to believe in yourself rather than shun it. I trust that you can fix yourself, the question is: will you?”

12 years ago

As a special request, Lucy was often allowed to visit the institute’s garden accompanied by Nurse Abby. She’d sit in her usual bench and jot down her deepest thoughts in the journal her doctor offered her. She has been maintaining this routine for about two years, and while she gave it up at

times of frustration, she always went back to it upon remembering Dr. Kim's words: it was all up to her.

Dr. Kim's office – Day time:

Today's session was a pretty decisive one. All of Lucy's progress throughout the years was going to decide her fate in the upcoming hours. After her hands hurt from the repetitive knocking, she decided to just enter the office and wait for her doctor inside.

The desk was peculiarly tidy. The only exception was a couple of drafts that were put in a chaotic way on top of that desk. Unable to fight her curiosity, Lucy grabbed a paper and started examining it. In that moment, the door knob turned.

"Oh Lucy, I wasn't expecting you to be here this early ..." Dr. Kim exclaimed before seeing the draft in her hands "What do we have here?"

"I-I'm sorry, my curiosity got the best of me," she anxiously replied.

As she was going to put the sheet back, Dr. Kim held her wrist to stop her, "It's a small project I'm working on, and I would love to hear your opinion about it."

"M-me? But I'm merely a patient," she tried to evade the subject.

"For now," he nodded. "But you can be so much more if you choose to."

Complying with his request, Lucy claimed his seat on the desk and started reading through the notes. She noticed inconsistency in some points and asked Dr. Kim's permission to adjust them.

"All set!" she shouted. "Now, all we have to do is put it to the test."

He picked up a pen and handed it to her, "Be my guest."

While observing the paper, Lucy noticed that she has been doing more writing than the actual routine procedure, and for some reason it worked a thousand times better than any conventional treatment. Trying to channel her hectic thoughts, she closed her eyes, mumbled a few words and started writing.

PLEDGE FORM

Hello, my name is Lucy and I have acute depression. However, today I stand here before you with a promise to help cure my illness and free myself in the process.

Past life and reason of admittance:

If I had any regret in life, it would be my inability to pinpoint where it all went wrong. I was bright, full of life, and carefree. But one day, gloominess started creeping into my life, and unaware of it, I let it in.

What used to be my joy in life, became my mortal pain. What used to give me strength, weakened me inside. What used to make me happy, wrapped my heart in agony.

I tried to overcome it, but I failed miserably.

The time I spent here amongst you made me realize that we are the only people responsible for what we feel and fear. I hereby vow to not defy my illness, but rather accept it and slowly build myself around it: better, stronger, healthier until I bid it farewell.

I promise to be on my best behavior. Thank you for your constant love and support.

SIGNATURE: ____ L.E ____

Upon finishing her assignment, she handed him the note. Dr. Kim was amazed by her ability to describe her worries transparently, and hoped that she wasn't just putting on an act to claim freedom.

As he reached the end of the form, he noticed that her signature bore a different name, "L.E? Is it a new identity?"

"Not at all," she smiled. "That's my alpha identity. My name is Liliana, Liliana Evans."

"Liliana," he contemplated. "I like it better than Lucy. You should keep it."

"I promise to keep it as long as you promise that you will take care of yourself," she challenged.

"Me? Since when is the doctor receiving orders from the patient?" he teased.

"Since he will discharge her and they will no longer have a doctor/patient relationship," she sassily replied.

Her response caught him off guard, "How did you know about your release?"

Liliana smiled at his perplexity, “The paper obviously says “Pledge form”, you only take a pledge if you’re going to walk a certain path on your own.”

“Smart,” he commented. “I am still hesitating about letting you go, but you’ve been showing an impressive improvement for a while now, and there is no reason for me to keep you hostage anymore.”

“Don’t worry Dr. Kim,” she smiled as she left the office, “I will eventually come back.”

6 years ago

The main garden – Day time:

One of the institute’s biggest features was that it remained unchanged with time. The staff was too comfortable around each other to seek other job opportunities, and the patients came and went but the cases were all too similar. It was just another typical day at the asylum.

Last month knew a craze of cases with similar profiles being admitted. The once rookie doctor has become one of the institute’s finest psychiatrists; but even the best healer out there could encounter a downfall; and these cases were his.

Tired from the morning routine that became pointless at some point, Namjoon went for a walk in the institute’s main garden and contemplated the yellowish lawn. He wondered if a makeover was deemed necessary to improve the patients’ situations.

Soon after, a pair of black stilettos stood next to him. He was expecting to see a family member coming to visit a patient, or another medical representative forcing their newest medication on their local pharmacy; instead, he was surprised to see a familiar yet matured face.

“I thought you promised you’d take care of yourself,” a soft voice whispered.

“L-Liliana ? Is that you?” he mumbled in confusion.

“I’m back as promised, Dr. Kim,” she chuckled. “Is my dorm room still available?”

Her sudden request left him dumbfounded, “Is everything alright? Did you relapse?”

“What?” she gave him a silly look. “Of course not, I’m your new psychologist. I haven’t had the time to find rent yet, so I was wondering if I could crash in my old room. I hope that’s not a weird thing to ask.”

“Child, you’re back!” Nurse Abby shouted from the distance as she rushed to hug Liliana.

"I am, thanks to you!" she greeted the nurse with a warmer hug, while she shook Dr. Kim stood between them in stupor.

"What's wrong, boy? You look as if you've seen a ghost," the head nurse teased him while he was contemplating Liliana.

"You stayed in touch after all these years?" he finally spoke. "How come I never knew about it?"

"Must I report everything back to you?" the iron lady gave him attitude, "Besides, I took her in as a daughter. I can't just forget about her easily."

Dr. Kim was about to fire back with another cold-blooded offense, but Liliana intervened, "On the day I was going to be discharged, Nurse Abby asked me what I wanted to do with my life next. I told her that I wanted to help others; and after a long talk, I realized that throughout my worst days inside the asylum, I still wanted to save the patients around me more than I wanted to save myself. That's when I decided to pursue psychology, and I promised her to come back as long as she kept it a secret from you."

"From me? Why keep such vital information from your supervising doctor?" he exclaimed.

"Would you have checked me out had I shared my true intentions?" she asked him.

"Of course not!" he yelled, "That would've been very reckless of me considering that you were still—"

"Vulnerable, I know," she interrupted him. "But even when you knew that I was vulnerable, you still fought against yourself and set me free. I owed it to you to prove that you weren't mistaken about your decision. I may remain vulnerable, but Mama raised no quitter."

"Just like the old days," Nurse Abby commented. "A decent small chat soon to be followed by a stubbornness contest. Let's go inside, we must introduce Dr. Evans to the staff."

3 Months later

Although he was unnecessarily worried, Dr. Kim forbid Dr. Evans from receiving overwhelming cases, and entitled her to the easy routines. While it got boring with time, Liliana was still grateful for being able to help patients with mild mental illnesses and saving them from going deeper into the madness.

Upon her arrival, she noticed that the asylum's board was working on a new refined project, but she was always denied access, because the subject was deemed "sensitive". Still, that didn't stop her from eavesdropping whenever she could, despite being caught by Nurse Abby almost every time.

Doctors' lounge – Day time :

Liliana was taking her usual break when a maddened Dr. Kim entered the lounge. Without saying a word, he grabbed her from the wrist and pulled her to his office. Startled, Liliana kept trying to loosen his grip and understand what went wrong.

After he closed the door behind them, he released her arm and started screaming, "Are you out of your mind? How long is this little espionage of yours going to last?"

His harsh words revealed that he was onto her prying game, "Nurse Abby sold me out?"

"She didn't have to-" he defended her, "The whole institute is wired."

In that moment, Liliana felt like a fool. All she wanted to do was to be part of something bigger than just her usual routines. "I wouldn't have done it had you not kept me isolated."

"Don't use it as an excuse, Dr. Evans!" he glared at her. He waited for a response but she stood mute in front of him. He knew that she wouldn't rest until she's seen it with her own eyes, "But since you're being this way, how about I just grant your wish and show you a glimpse of what we're dealing with."

The healing room – Day time:

"Where are we going?" Liliana inquired, not recognizing this area of the institute.

Without looking her way, Dr. Kim replied, "This is the experimental area that we've been building for a while now. It is meant to serve as a base to the project I'm working on right now."

The slip of new information caught her attention, "What project?"

"You'll see." he opened the door to what looked like an observation room and ushered her in.

Across the one-way mirror glass, was a vast bright room occupied by six dim patients. Each patient chose a spot in the room and just sat there in silence. The point of this space was to create a link between the patients by focusing on something they have in common. While they were all united by different aspects of art, none of them was willing to take part in the actual healing process. They just sat there, giving their backs to each other, and unwilling to make progress.

The scene before Liliana overwhelmed her so much that she lost her grip and started crying like an abandoned toddler. She mostly cried because she saw a bit of herself in each and every one of them, and she was afraid she wasn't powerful enough to overcome this.

As she stood in tears, a calming hand patted her shoulder, "This is why I didn't want you to witness this. You're not ready, and I don't want you to relapse."

"Thank you for being thoughtful Dr. Kim, but you don't get to choose for me," she manifested. "I want in on this. I want to help with the project."

"I won't stand in your way anymore, but I am going to ask you one favor," he requested.

Intrigued, she obliged, "Sure, what is it?"

"We'll be working together on this for a long time, so let's just drop the honorifics," he suggested, "You can call me Namjoon."

4 years ago

Built from scratch, the project soon started taking shape. After endless negotiations with the institute board, Liliana and Namjoon finally received full ownership of the project.

Many sleepless nights and stressful days contributed to the birth of the said project. The partners would either take turns at times, or work on few details together. While Liliana was the planner, Namjoon was the executioner; and their collective work was soon to bear fruit.

"Okay, so let's recap this." Namjoon stated, "We have six candidates with full parental consent. They are not violent for the moment, and they all have an element in common."

Liliana revised the chart before her, "That sounds about right. What's next?"

"Well," he resumed, "The protocol contains two sessions : one active, and one passive. The passive session will take place in the leisure room, and will allow them to discover each other. The active session will be held in the healing room and, hopefully it will help them reach out to one another."

"That's all good, but I think we're missing something," she suggested.

"I'm all ears," he opened the discussion.

"Well, the two sessions are divergent. They may drive them apart more than bring them together." she explained, "I mean, think about it : we want them to connect, but it doesn't necessarily mean that they would obey. They have no desire to be saved, we should install it in them."

Namjoon stood there, trying not to miss a single detail. "So, what do you suggest?"

Liliana smiled deviously, "Divide and conquer."

"I'm sorry, what?" he scratched the back of his head.

"We'll go back to the basic follow-up with a minor twist." she explained, "Whether you like it or not, patients despise us more than they do their own illnesses. Therefore, we have to disappear from the equation. I suggest we start using a mild hypnosis method during the individual assessments, and leave it to them to be the judge. I'm sure that since they will be stuck together for a long time, one of them is bound to break the silence and ask for clarifications."

"Divide to unite!" he commented, to which she responded with a *voilà*. "But, what makes you so sure they will act upon this? I don't think they're as educated as you are in this field."

Slowly approaching her partner, she flicked his forehead, "I was in their shoes once, and I read their profiles. They are not crazy, they're just lost."

Triggered by the bruising hit, he walked towards her until her rear slammed against the desk. "This is why I fell for you, you're impulsive but bright."

Placing her arms around his neck, she brushed her lips against his. "This is why I came back, you're obnoxious but kind."

8 months later

The moment the whole institute was waiting for has finally arrived. A few hours before noon, the now-named "H project" has been officially registered under the Kim-Evans partnership. All the pair needed to authenticate their work was for a single patient to take the first step towards his peers; Park Jimin was that day's savior.

After the staff meeting and the celebratory buffet, Namjoon asked Liliana to meet him on the bench in the main garden. She waited for about half an hour; and as she was getting ready to head back inside, she saw a sturdy figure running breathlessly towards her.

"I thought you forgot about me," she lamented.

"I'm sorry-" he barely caught his breath, "I was looking for an umbrella. It might take us a while here, and the forecast said that it was going to rain."

"It's summertime, Namjoon," she corrected him. "No way it's going to rain."

"Do you want to bet on it?" he playfully suggested, to which she instantly agreed, "Bring it on, boy."

“Walk with me,” he asked her as the first rain drops marked the floor. Trying her best not to show her embarrassment about losing the bet in a split second, she held on to his arm and leaned her head on his shoulder as they wandered around the garden. By the time they reached the back area of the institute, he abruptly stopped and faced her. He prepared a lot for this moment, but he didn’t know if she will listen until the end or interrupt him like she usually did.

“Liliana ...” he initiated.

Gazing lovingly at her partner, she replied, “Hmm ?”

“There is something I’ve been meaning to ask you, but I never seemed to find the right moment ...” he continued, “But I guess today is the best pick to finally do it ...”

As expected, his speech was cut short, but this time, the pouring rain was at fault. Combined with the wind, they could barely stay put under the umbrella, which made Liliana hold on to him with all her might, while burying her face in his chest. The weather worsened by the second, but for some reason, Namjoon did not want to put an end to this moment. As her hands turned cold, Liliana hurriedly placed them inside his back pockets, and in doing that she ended up stumbling upon a suspicious box. The pair stood there in awkward but cute silence. In that moment, Namjoon simply dropped the umbrella to the floor, and held Liliana’s face between his hands. She knew all too well what he was going to say, and he knew exactly what her answer would be.

Brushing her lips with his thumb, he lifted her chin and gently pressed his tongue against hers, ultimately getting wet under the unfavorable weather. After the kiss broke, he simply looked into her eyes as he held both of her hands. “Do you?”

Upon hearing his question, she put her hand in the back pocket again and picked up what seemed to be a jewelry box. “Always.”

2 years ago

The pharmacy – Night time :

“Nurse Abby!” Liliana called as she pushed the main hall’s doors open “I came here as soon as I got your message. Is everything okay?”

“I’m afraid not, child.” the nurse kept her eyes on the medication in order to avoid eye contact, “It has happened again.”

Liliana dreaded this moment, but she knew it was only a matter of time before she'd witness it again.

"Where is he?"

"Sedated in his office, it was the only way the staff could hold him down," Nurse Abby replied. "The boy has got anger issues, Liliana."

"He's been giving his all to this project, I'm sure he will be better once we make progress with the boys' treatment," Liliana defended her husband.

The head nurse rarely worried, but this issue has been eating her up lately. "For all of our sakes, and for yours specifically, I hope he will."

After holding on to her temples for the longest time, Liliana requested, "Let's start by cutting down the amount of work he goes through weekly. Please send any upcoming cases directly to me."

"But child, you know that he would be furious if he ever found out about this. I know you love him, but you can't jeopardize your health either," the nurse helplessly beseeched her.

"That's why you're not going to tell him," Liliana requested before leaving the room to check on her husband. "He saved me once, I owe him that much."

18 months ago

General Hospital – Day time:

He was well aware that he shouldn't be speeding while it rained. He knew well that she would scold him had she known, but this was the least of his worries at the moment.

He stormed into the emergency room in a daze. The sight of blood and injuries filled the place, and he had no idea where his wife would be. Suddenly, a familiar figure standing at the furthest coffee machine caught his sight.

"Nurse Abby!" he screamed at the top of his lungs, despite the rest of the medical staff shushing him "Where is she?!!!"

Upon hearing his voice, a tear escaped the once iron lady's eye. She knew that ignoring him will only worsen his state, but she had no idea how to break the news to him. "Boy, let's sit down. Do you want some coffee?"

Walking away from her, he looked around him in a haste trying to find his beloved, "I don't want to sit down, I want to see her."

The look on his face was enough for Nurse Abby to know that it was pointless to stop him. "She's in room 613."

Without wasting a second, Namjoon rushed to the appointed room. He spent too much time worrying about her mental health that her physical health passed him by.

As he entered the room, a sleepless Liliana was eyeing the wall on her left while giving her back to the entrance. She could feel his presence, but she prayed that he would take more time to reach her, just enough for her to get up the courage to confront him.

Hearing her heavy breathing escalate, Namjoon sat at the end of her bed. "Liliana, are you sleeping?"

"N-No ... but I wish I was, indefinitely," she replied while holding her blanket tight.

"Babe, what happened? Nurse Abby wouldn't tell me," he asked for clarifications.

Trying her best to control herself, she repositioned herself on the bed while still under the sheets. "Promise me you won't get mad."

"I'm listening," was all he spared as he moved away from the bed.

"Earlier this morning, I woke up with a heavy back pain. I assumed it was just due to the crazy work load we've been dealing with lately, so I just took a pain killer. Later on during the day, something wasn't right ..." Liliana took a deep breath before continuing, "I was bleeding red blood. That's when I called Nurse Abby for help and she instantly brought me to the hospital."

"How do you feel now?" Namjoon avoided hearing the rest of the story.

"I'm doing better," she reassured him, "But I'm feeling like crap. Namjoon, the twins ..."

"Please, don't say it," he begged his wife as his eyes watered.

With a heavy heart, she enunciated, "Namjoon Jr. and Chaelin are no longer with us ..."

He suspected something has happened to the twins the moment Nurse Abby failed to fill him in on the news, but he still had an inch of hope that it would turn out differently once he checked after his wife.

Unable to look her husband in the eye, she apologized, "I-I'm sorry, I know I messed up."

A fist thrown in the wall scared her to the core. Namjoon tried his best to hide his hurt feelings, but it was beyond him. After one loud squeal that alerted the nearby staff, he fell on the floor and cried his heart out.

Seeing her husband in this state made Liliana feel even worse about her miscarriage. Barely able to move properly, she quietly left her bed and moved in his direction.

Slowly, she kneeled on the floor, and gently started kissing his face and neck in an attempt to calm him down. "I love them ... I never meant to hurt them ... I'm sorry ... I didn't mean to ..."

Present day

The trip down memory lane exhausted Namjoon. A rollercoaster of emotions flooded him between the good, the bad, and the misfortune in between. Chasing away what was now the past, he lovingly gazed at his wife's resting silhouette and planted tender kisses across her back until he reached her earlobe. That spot was specifically Liliana's weakness and one kiss would instantly wake her up.

"Rise and shine, love." he gently whispered in her ear, "Come on sleepy head, it's past noon."

Last night was a wild one, and it must have exhausted her to oversleep like this; or so he thought. In an effort to wake her from her slumber, Namjoon noticed that Liliana's breathing was no more. Feeling her cold limbs and her absent pulse, he covered his wife's corpse with the silky sheets.

"Take care of the twins for me, I'll see you guys when the time is right." Namjoon placed one last kiss on Liliana's forehead, "You have lived well."