

CHAPTER 1

The Will

For the past two weeks, Millie Campbell has not been her perky, upbeat self. Tossing and turning for hours, she hasn't been able to get a decent night's sleep. As a result, during the day, she's been fidgety, even a bit irritable. All of her friends have noticed the difference in her, though only Ethel felt she knew her well enough to say something—out of concern for her health, she explained. “You know, I'm not a buttinsky,” she told Millie. “Us girls in our 80's have got to look out for each other.” Millie assured her that she was feeling all right, confessed that she simply had a lot on her mind, but didn't go into detail—and never would.

So, when Monday, the 17th rolled around, like a thief in the night, Millie left for the bus stop at 7:30 a.m., before any of “the girls” were likely to be awake. And once she boarded the No. 4 for City Center, she breathed a sign of relief. *I can't wait*, she thought. *I can't wait. I never believed this day would come. Today, I finally can give away every single last penny of my millions. I never asked for them, I never needed them, and I never will.* Then, she clapped her hands, sat tight like a proud kindergartner on the first day of school, clutched

her purse with one hand, held the back of the seat in front of her with the other to steady herself, breathed in, and waited until she reached her destination.

When the No. 4 eventually stopped at the corner of Fifth and Pine, Millie was ready to bolt. Mr. Jenkins, the burly driver, pulled up the emergency brake, shut off the engine, slid out of his seat, and, facing the concerned passengers with both hands raised palms forward to reassure them, announced, "It will be just a moment. Don't worry. There's no problem."

Then, walking backwards toward and down the steps to the now-opened door, he reached out his right hand to the short, slightly plump woman who had stood up as soon as the bus stopped and began to waddle her way down the aisle. "Miss Campbell, let . . . *me* . . . help you down," he said, slowing her pace for her own safety, gently guiding her, as though she was hot tea in a china cup, and deftly sliding the blue plastic shopping bag from her right hand into his left. "Hold onto your umbrella. That's it. Watch . . . that . . . last . . . step," he cautioned. "It's . . . the . . . big . . . one. Even I have trouble making it sometimes. There . . . we are. Now, remember to step up at the curb. It's tricky," he added, as he placed the handle of the bag back into her hand. "You take care."

"Thank you for taking such good care of me, young man," Millie replied. "Sorry to be so much trouble. I hope to see you on the way back, though it's easier for me to climb the stairs than go down them."

Squinting in the mid-morning sunlight as she slowly looked up from one street sign to another until she got her bearings, Millie Campbell turned left and walked briskly two blocks to the corner of Third and Pine, thinking how glad she was that she had told the

bus driver ahead of time exactly where she was going so she didn't have to worry about watching for her corner or possibly forgetting to signal him to stop. She wasn't used to getting "out and about," as she would have said—at least not the way she once was, not these days.

For at least the tenth time, she once again looked at the paper on which she had written the address of her destination, repeated it once again in her head, checked it against the number on the side of the building now in front of her, walked up the stairs to the entrance of the 30-story, glass tower, and pushed the revolving door with almost all of her weight—until she spun herself out into the lobby, with a noticeable huff and puff.

Gently accosting the portly guard who was standing in the middle of the lobby and handing him her paper, she asked, "Can you help me, please? Am I in the right place?"

"Right you are, ma'am. 27th Floor," he answered, snickering to himself. The elevators are straight ahead of you. Be sure to take the express. It's much faster—over there, second right. When you get to 27, the office you're looking for will be right in front of you. You can't miss it." Laughing and shaking his head, he watched the diminutive Millie paddle her way through the lobby in her sneakers. *Now, what business has someone lookin' like her got goin' up there?* he thought.

Checking how she looked in the burnished mirrors on the walls of the elevator, Millie straightened her black beret, pulled her thin, blue cardigan sweater evenly over both of her shoulders, and then arranged the collar of her floral print dress over it. *Too late now! Millie Campbell, where are your brains?* she chastised herself. *How could I have forgotten? I should have worn my pearls. Why didn't I*

wear my pearls? They've always been good luck. They always make me feel like a million!

When the elevator doors opened, there, right before her eyes, just like the guard said, emblazoned in gold letters on two massive mahogany doors were the names she was looking for: Himmelfarb, Rosen, Brinkley, & Smith, P.A., Attorneys-at-Law. She turned the large, brass knob, pushed against the door, and walked cautiously up to the receptionist's enclosure, standing on tiptoes so that she could see and be seen better next to an inhospitably placed philodendron. But, with her head down so she didn't notice Millie, a twenty-something blonde mechanically went about her business—answering the phone, melding “HimmelfarbRosenBrinkleyandSmithonemomentplease” into one official-sounding slur, before peremptorily putting everyone immediately on hold, without giving them a chance to say a word.

“Excuse me,” Millie finally drew up the courage to say to the young woman, who had not bothered to look up. “Yes . . . may . . . I . . . help . . . you?” she answered slowly and unapologetically, barely making eye-contact and putting down her nail file. *Now, what cat dragged her in?* she thought, almost scowling, neck arched, eyes squinting, as she stared at Millie, giving herself enough time to adjust to the puzzling combination of the older woman's childlike smile, tiny, China-blue eyes, furrowed face, and black beret, already askew since being straightened in the elevator and beneath which hung curly wisps of uncoiffed gray hair.

“I have an eleven o'clock appointment with Mr. David Rice,” Millie says smiling.

“Do you now?” the receptionist replies, unmoved. “Your name?” *Where did Rice find this one?*

“Mildred Campbell, Miss Mildred C-a-m-p-b-e-l-l,” she repeats. “Some people leave out the p.”

“Well, yes. Just . . . a . . . moment. Oh, yes, here, I see it on his schedule,” she says as she calls Rice’s secretary. “Anita, there’s a Miss Camp . . . bell here to see Mr. Rice,” she tells the voice on the other end, using the pause between the syllables and a stress on “see” as a tip off that there’s something at least a trifle out-of-the-ordinary confronting her in the lobby. “Oh, really?” she answers her colleague. “Miss Campbell, please have a seat. Mr. Rice will be with you shortly,” she says dismissively.

“Thank you,” Millie replies, as she withdraws, hoists herself up onto the posh leather couch, and promptly sinks into the middle of its three oversized cushions. *At last, I’m here. I’m here. I’m here*, she repeats to herself, then draws in a deep breath, claps her hands in self-congratulation—at which the receptionist scowls as she watches out of the corner of her eye—and surveys the outer office like a nervous periscope.

I remember a lawyer’s office that looked just like this in a movie. Yes, exactly like this. But it was years ago. Now, let me see. Who was the leading lady? I can’t for the life of me remember names these days, but I can see her clear as day. Greer Garson or Helen Hayes? No, it couldn’t have been one of them. What were you thinking of, Millie Campbell? I don’t know what I’m gonna do with you. But someone like them was in this fancy lawyer’s office in New York or Philadelphia. I can’t remember which. Her father had died and left her all of his money. She marries one of the young lawyers in the firm, but it doesn’t work out, and she goes to Europe and meets Rossano Brazzi or someone like him. Who was it? I can’t remember how the story ends, but I think he was married. From the way the furniture and the wallpaper and the carpet and the

art match, they must have used a decorator. “I wonder how much all of this cost,” she mumbles to herself.

Millie fidgets and moves her legs, which don't touch the floor, back and forth as though she was on a swing. The dark green carpet is so plush that her sneakers seemed almost to disappear into it when she first sat on the couch. Now, she pushes herself to the edge of the cushion, slides her legs to the floor, makes two footprints in the pile which still shows traces of where she stepped before, picks up her feet, waits for a few seconds, and, to her visible delight—and the continued disbelief of the receptionist—succeeds in putting her feet back exactly where they had been before.

Her eyes gravitate to an oil painting of a fox hunt on the wall directly across from her and to another of an old British courtroom scene to the left of it, in which two energetic, scowling, peruked barristers are pointing fingers at each other in front of a bewigged judge, who looks down on them disapprovingly. *Now, those have got to be real! I don't care what anybody says,* as though their authenticity confirms the wisdom of her having chosen this firm.

“Miss Campbell,” a voice says matter-of-factly, breaking into Millie's reverie. Millie jumps up as though she's been spooked from behind. “I'm sorry to have startled you, Miss Campbell,” the young woman begins. “Good morning. I'm Anita, Mr. Rice's assistant. Mr. Rice will see you now. Please come this way.”

Like a storm trooper, indifferent to whether Millie is keeping up, Anita takes off, never looks back, and proceeds down a long, straight corridor past one office, then another, and still another, and another. Millie follows like a puppy, noticeably huffing and puffing, thinking *all of these people must be so important.* At last, she is escorted into a large, corner office, where David Rice is

poised to greet her, standing stiffly at attention beside his desk, his blue blazer buttoned in the middle, yellow and gold rep tie in a full Windsor. *I've got myself a very important lawyer, I have,* Millie thinks to herself. *What an enormous office. He must be a very important lawyer.*

“Miss Campbell,” Rice stiffly greets her, taking her in from head to toe and smiling to keep from laughing at the combination of Millie’s black beret and sneakers. “Please have a seat,” he says, pointing to one of two burgundy leather chairs directly in front of his desk. “You may lean your bag and umbrella against the chair, if you’d like. Please make yourself comfortable. I hope I didn’t keep you waiting long.”

“Oh no, not at all,” Millie says, nervously straightening the left side of her sweater and making sure the collar of her blouse rests evenly on top of it.

How can anyone in her right mind go out of the house looking like that? Rice thinks, at the same time so fascinated by Millie’s total indifference to fashion—or what anyone might think—that he darts quick glances at the motley of her dress and accessories, piece by piece, while reading the file in front of him.

“Well, Miss Campbell, I see from the notes my assistant made when you called our offices that you want to draw up your will. Is that correct?”

“Yes, yes, that’s absolutely right,” she says clapping her hands like a hummingbird’s wings. “I’ve been up nights. I haven’t been able to sleep. I need to get my will. It’s high time for me to do that. That’s why I came here. By the way, young man, Why did the turkey cross the road?”

“I beg your pardon,” a startled Rice asks.

"Why did the turkey cross the road? Go on, go on. Answer if you can."

"I really don't know," Rice begs off, stiffly smiling but knitting his brows out of obvious concern.

"To prove that he wasn't a chicken," Millie answers, exploding in rollicking laughter that literally sends her rocking backwards in her seat. "I gotcha!"

"I guess you did," Rice responds, mildly in shock. *I could kill Anita for letting this loon in here*, he thinks. *How am I gonna get rid of this bird?* "I hope you don't mind, but I have to ask you a few questions. I hope you won't mind if I take notes."

"Of course, not. I'm here to make out my will."

"Your full name?"

"Mildred Higgins Campbell. That's c-a-m-p-b-e-l-l. Remember the p. Some people forget and leave it out."

"Is it Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss"

"Have you ever been married?"

"No"

"I hope you don't mind, Miss Campbell. But I have to ask you your date of birth."

"That's perfectly okay. June 7, 1925. I'm here to make out my will."

"Your place of birth?"

"Northport, Connecticut"

"Your current address?" When Millie doesn't immediately answer, Rice rephrases the question. "Where do you now live, Miss Campbell?"

"49 Haven Street, Northport"

“Northport, Miss Campbell?” Rice asks again, mildly troubled.

“Oh, goodness! Did I say Northport?” Millie repeats, embarrassed. “How could I have said Northport? Why, that’s where I grew up. My address is 14 Mockingbird Lane—in Bellevue, of course. The Paradise Trailer Park. I’ve lived there for years now.”

“Miss Campbell, have you ever made out a will before?”

“No, never. I once talked with an attorney, Mr. Bedule, at the suggestion of my friend Shirley Trent, but then he went out of town, I took sick, and, well, one thing led to another, or didn’t lead to another, I should probably say. I mean, I kinda forgot, I never went back, and he never called. So, no, I never made out my will before. Is that okay?” Millie asks, somewhat embarrassed.

“Why yes, of course it’s all right. But before we get to the details, to save you what might be unnecessary expense, I want to be sure that you understand just who needs a will and who doesn’t. Sometimes people can accomplish what they need to without . . .”

“No, no, no,” Millie interrupts excitedly. “I want to be absolutely sure that my relatives get my money, all of my money—especially now, now more than ever. I must have a will, young man. I absolutely must have a will. Millie Campbell must have her will, now more than ever.”

“I see. So you have heirs?” Rice asks, then rephrasing his question, not sure at first that she understood him. “You know, people to whom you want to leave your estate, your possessions?”

“Oh, yes. I want my two nieces—well, my niece and her daughter, my grandniece—and my nephew, each to get \$5 million, that takes care of the \$15 million, and the rest I want to divide among three charities that have been so kind to me, so very kind to

me. I know what I want in my will. You see, I wrote it all out here,” Millie says, as she carefully takes a precisely folded sheet of lined, yellow paper from an envelope in her plastic purse, opens it, and hands it to Rice. “You see, young man, I’ve given all this a lot of thought. It’s all spelled out right here.”

“Did you say . . . each . . . \$5 million?” Rice asks, gulping, then suddenly sitting up squarely in his chair, leaning forward, and smiling broadly for the first time, like a spider eyeing an unsuspecting fly.

“That’s right. I would like to leave my nieces—Alice and her daughter Jennifer—and my nephew, Carl, \$5 million each, just like I told you. It will come as such a surprise to them, I tell you,” she says, smiling broadly and clapping her hands in almost childlike delight. Not one of them knows they’re going to be rich. I haven’t told a soul, and I won’t. And you’re not to tell them either, young man. It’s got to be a big surprise, the biggest surprise they’ve ever had. I just love surprises. All the rest of my money goes to Meals-on-Wheels, The First Methodist Church, and The Northport Public Library. I’ve written it all down right there. See?”

“Well, Miss Campbell, you certainly seem to know exactly what you want to do,” Rice continues, as he moves for the first time from behind his desk and into the seat next to Millie. “Rest assured. We can prepare your will and do anything else you would like,” he adds, rubbing his hands together like a witch who’s mixing a brew. He then puts her right hand gently between both of his, looks her warmly in the eyes, and continues to smile. “You know that we are here to help you and to be part of your extended family. We like our clients to feel very close to

us. Is there anything you would like to drink? Ice tea? Pepsi? Coffee? Anything?"

Millie declines Rice's offer, but is almost giddy from the attention he's suddenly paying her. "Just the will," she answers. "Remember, young man, no one, absolutely no one is to know what's in it. It's just got to be a total surprise. I just love surprises."

"Of course. We are sworn to secrecy."

"Can I have it today?"

"Today?" Rice asks, gulping and not wanting to upset her. "Well, usually, it takes a week." But seeing that Millie suddenly has become rather agitated over the prospect of any delay, he assures her that they would expedite the process and she can leave with her will. So, for the next thirty minutes, he goes through a long checklist of questions about her estate and explanations about the details of her will, to all of which Millie just smiles, nods her head, and claps.

"There is one final matter that needs to be taken care of," Rice continues somewhat cautiously, disconcerted that Millie seems to be staring straight ahead oblivious of what he has been saying. "Miss Campbell," he says, trying to bring her back from wherever she is.

"Yes," she answers with a start.

"Every estate needs to have a personal representative, someone you can trust to see to it that your wishes are carried out after, well, your . . . passing. Do you have anyone in mind?"

"No," Millie answers, knitting her brow. "Does this mean I can't get my will?"

"Of course, not," Rice reassures her. "You will absolutely, positively get your will. May I suggest that you designate our firm

to look after the best interests of you and your heirs? That may simplify things for you. Is that all right?"

"Oh, yes, yes, that will be just fine," Millie sighs, visibly relieved.

"Please relax here for a few minutes, and I'll ask my secretary to draw up your preliminary papers."

Hands folded prayerfully, her short legs crossed and swinging a couple of inches above the carpet, Millie visually rummages through David Rice's office like a kid exploring a toy store. *Why do lawyers put so many things on walls? I wonder if they teach them that in school.* Squinting, Millie tries to read Rice's diplomas, but can't make sense out of about half the words. She gives up on the Latin words altogether, but even the English words confuse her, especially where there are *hereins* and *wherefores*. She leans forward to look at pictures she assumes would be of his family, but that turn out to be snapshots of two German shepherds, at the sight of which she shudders. Having been brutally attacked by a stray dog when she was three, Millie gets scared at even the mention of animals.

"Miss Campbell, I'd like you to meet Gary Himmelfarb, the principal in our firm," Rice says as he walks back into his office, sweeping his left hand in an arc in front of him like a circus ringmaster announcing the entrance of the next act.

"How *do you do*, Miss Campbell? David has been telling me all about you, so I thought I would stop by to say a personal hello." Towering over the seated Millie, the stately 6'3", bald-headed Himmelfarb twirls the right side of his moustache with the index finger and thumb of his right hand, then engulfs both of Millie's petite hands in his palms—and keeps them there, as though weighing them, until she wiggles out of his clutches.

“Thank you,” Millie replies, not knowing how to respond to the sudden onslaught of attention. “I’m here to get my will.”

“Yes, and so . . . I’ve . . . heard. And get it you will. That is always a wise thing to do,” he says, wagging the index finger of his left hand like a Sunday-school teacher. “We all have to protect our assets, particularly for our next of kin. Over the years, I have seen so many people, people who you would think would have known better, neglect something as simple as drawing up their will, and their heirs have really suffered the consequences. You’ve come to the right place—and the right man. David Rice, I’m proud to say, is just the man for you. I have every confidence in him. I hired him fresh out of law school and he’s a rising star in this firm.”

“Is my will ready?” Millie asks.

“Almost,” David rushes to reassure her, winking at Himmelfarb. “Miss Campbell is a bit anxious about getting her will—today.”

“Well, Rice, we certainly want her to get what she wants,” he says, blinking his left eyelid back at Rice. “Now, Miss Campbell, I hope you won’t mind my asking, but do you have other attorneys and accountants to handle your business and personal matters?”

“Other attorneys? Why, no,” she answers, alarmed. “Do I need other attorneys? I thought you were my attorneys. Where else do I have to go?”

Smiling widely, so both of his incisors draw attention away from the space between his two front teeth, Himmelfarb says, “Yes, of course, *we* are your attorneys, and *we* can, and promise, to do *everything* for you. You won’t ever need anyone else. So don’t you worry for a second”—resisting the impulse to pat her on the head. “It is just that sometimes people, people of wealth I should say, have more than one firm representing their diverse interests.

In my experience it is totally unnecessary or advisable, of course, but sometimes it is a matter of personal preference. But again I emphasize it is definitely not the thing to do. I think you've made the wisest and smartest choice to have just one law firm representing you—us. You absolutely, positively don't need anyone else—ever.”

“As long as you are my lawyers, I couldn't be happier,” Millie says, smiling and clapping her hands.

“And *we* couldn't be happier, too! Don't you worry about anything, ever,” Rice says emphatically. “*All* we want to do is make you happy.”

“By the way, do you think the market is due for a correction, Miss Campbell? Or do you think it will hold steady?” Himmelfarb asks.

“The market?” Millie asks, a bit bewildered.

“Yes, the market. Do you think that we are going to see the kind of fall in prices that so many experts have been predicting, or do you think that most sectors will hold and we're even due for an upswing?”

“I don't know about what you see in the market, Mr. Himmel, but . . .

“Himmelfarb,” he corrects her, frustrated that she doesn't remember his name.

“Mr. Himmel . . . farb, but what I see in the market is that nothing ever goes down,” Millie answers with a deep belly laugh and staccato clapping of her hands. “It's just up and up and up, year after year. I can't remember the last time I saw things go down.”

“Well, obviously spoken by someone with the Midas touch,” Himmelfarb says, looking up and rolling his eyes at Rice. “You long haulers may have the right strategy after all. I wish I could

say the same for mine. Is there any market advice you can give us?"

"You bet I can! *Always* buy in season. *Always* buy in season. Young man, *always* buy in season," Millie says, pointing her right index finger directly at Himmelfarb, squinting both eyes, and staring at him eyeball to eyeball. "Remember what Millie Campbell told you. *Always* buy in season, and you'll *never ever* go wrong."

"I will. I will. Scout's honor," he replies, laughing and giving her the three-finger pledge. "Promise. Cross my heart and hope to die."

"Excuse me, Mr. Rice. I have the documents you requested," Rice's secretary says as she hands him a folder.

"My will?" Millie asks hopefully, clapping.

"Looks like it," Rice responds, as he begins to rifle through the pages. "Please, just give me a moment to check everything over."

"I'll say goodbye now, Miss Campbell," Himmelfarb says, as he engulfs her hands in his. It's been an honor and a pleasure to meet you and to welcome you into our family." Then, in a final flourish, just as he is about to walk through the door, he turns to her and laughing says, "Don't worry, Miss Campbell. From now on, I'll buy in season."

"Hee, hee, you better, young fella, if you know what's good for you. It means money in your pocket."

"Everything looks fine to me, Miss Campbell," Rice says matter-of-factly, as he hands the file to Millie. "Please take all the time you need to read everything over before you sign. And remember to initial every page at the top right. Don't rush. I'll be back shortly."

Millie picks up the sheaves of her will as though they were breakable and holy. She opens her purse, takes out her reading glasses, puts them on carefully, and sits up straight, squinting as she devours the words one at a time. At first, she is so ecstatic she can hardly focus on the pages, let alone make out their complete sense. *The papers are so long, she thinks to herself. I've never seen anything like them. The margin is so much bigger on the left side than on the right. The type is different from anything I've ever seen. Some words are all capitals. There are so many whereases and hereins, just like in the diplomas on the wall.* But Millie perseveres word by word, page after page, until she's read *The Last Will and Testament of Mildred Higgins Campbell* in its entirety. *I don't understand it all, but I know it's right,* she thinks to herself as she signs it. As pleased with herself as if she'd just climbed Mount Everest, she sits back in the chair and waits for David Rice to return.

"Finished?" Rice asks patronizingly, as he stands at attention behind his desk. "Do you have any questions?"

"No," Millie says, smiling and clapping her hands. "Now, I have my will."

"If everything is written as you wish and you have no further changes, Miss Campbell," Rice adds, moving from behind the desk to shake Millie's hand, "you now have your will. But I want to bring you a second copy on Friday."

"But I thought you said that *this* was my will," Millie says, as she turns to him visibly upset.

"This is your *preliminary* will. You've signed it, and it has already been notarized. You have absolutely nothing to worry about. It will hold up in court. But I will bring you the final final copy of your will Friday, without fail. I swear."

“Well, if you say so. Thank you, thank you. You cannot imagine what this means to me,” Millie says, breathing a long sigh of relief and carefully putting the document into her purse before standing up. “I guess it’s time for me to go.”

“Well, Miss Campbell. I just want to tell you what a great pleasure it has been for us—and I really mean all of us—to meet you,” Rice effuses. “Do let me show you to the lobby.”

The receptionist in the outer office looks on in amazement at the royal treatment Millie is getting. Himmelfarb had already told her to put all calls from Millie through to him if she couldn’t find Rice. “Track us down immediately,” he had stressed. Millie says goodbye to Rice for the last time, as he turns the big, brass knob on the large, mahogany door and points towards the elevators with his left hand.

Without looking back, she moves briskly, stopping only to press the down button. Wearing a broad grin when she arrives in the lobby, Millie bolts past the guard, who tips his hat to her, makes her way down the stairs and across the street, and walks two blocks to the bus stop. When the No. 4 bus arrives, she mounts the steps, pays her fare, and plops into a seat far forward by the window. There, clutching her purse, for the first time all day, she breathes a true sigh of relief. *Mission accomplished*, she thinks. *I’ve got my will. Whoever would’ve believed it? Millie Campbell has finally got her will.*

Back at Himmelfarb, Rosen, Brinkley, & Smith, Rice and Himmelfarb were in the middle of doing a post-mortem (in their office slang) on Millie’s visit. “Congratulations, my boy,” Himmelfarb says, slapping Rice on the back. “Looks like you’ve really landed a big one, even if she’s about as strange as they come. She may be your ticket to full partnership. But she’s pretty cagey,

I'd say, when it comes to the market—not about to show her whole hand.”

“You just never know who’s *really* got the money, do you?” Rice asks whimsically. “It’s as though she’s doing everything to make you think she’s got nothing. You’d never know she’s rolling in it by looking at her. She doesn’t even want it. And to think she practically walked in here off the street.”

“You never know,” confirmed Himmelfarb. “We had a client just like her about fifteen years ago. He looked like a homeless guy. When he walked into the office, we thought he was begging and were ready to call security on him. It turned out he was worth millions. We made a bundle in fees. So, just you remember lesson number one in life: You never know who’s got the dough. But listen, I’ll talk more with you later. There’s something I’ve got to do.”

Back in his office, seated at his desk, Himmelfarb wastes no time calling his stockbroker. “Al, how’s the market doing today? Good? Oh, not so good? . . . Uh, huh. Well, listen, Al, have you ever come across anything called the ‘seasonal’ market strategy or ‘buying in season’? You haven’t? Well, I just got a tip. There may be something big in it, something really big. Could you look into it and get back to me asap. I may want to move some real dough if I can buy in season. Thanks.”