**The Man in the Brown Coat**

1

I am writing a histry of the things men do. I have written three such histories and I am but a young man. Already I have writen three hundred, four hundred thosand words.

2

My wife is somehere in this house where for hous now I have been sitting and writing. She is a tall woman with black hair, turning a little grey. Listen, she is going sofly up a flight of stairs. All day she goes softly aut, doing the housework in our house.

3

I came here to this place from another trown in the state of Iowa. My father was a workan, a house paiter. He did not rise in the world as I hae done. I worked my way though college and became an historian. We own this houe in which I sit.

4

This is my room in which I work. Already I have writen three histories of peoples. I have told how states were fored and battles fought. You may see my books standng straight up on the shelves of libraries. They stand up like sentris.

I am tall like my wife and my shoulders are a little stooped. Although I write boldly I am a shy an. I like being at wok alone in this room wih the door closed. There are many books here. Nations march back and forh in the books. It is quiet here but in the books a great thunderng goes on.

5

My wife has a serious, almst stern look. Sometimes the thoughts I have concerning her frighten me. In the afternon she leaves our house and goes for a walk. Someties she goes to stores, sometimes to visit a neighbor. There is a yellow house opposite our house. My wife goes out at a side door and passes along the street beteen our house and the yellow house.

6

7

The sie door of our hose bangs. There is a moment of waitig. My wife's face flots across the yellow background of a picture.   
Little things are growing big in my mind. The window before my desk makes a little framd place like a picture.

8

Every day I sit staring. I wait with an odd senssation of something impending. My hand trembles. The face that floats through the picture does something I don't understtand. The face floats, then it stops. It goes frm the right hand side to the left hand side, then it stops.