

I look down and continue the passage. I try to read between the lines. But there is so much I don't know. About halfway down is that distinctive J with the long sweeping lines. But it contains nothing of interest. I reach the end and file it away. I know this name. A classic case of blind injustice. What does this journey mean? Perhaps it is nothing. Yet the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. There was a tailor there too, if you prefer cheerier stories. I stop and reflect for a moment. A man pulls on his gloves. I turn away.

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