

ONE

I

"life?

Listen" the feline she with radishred legs said (crossing them slowly) "I'm asleep. Yep. Youse is asleep kid and everybody is." And i hazarded "god" (blushing slightly)—"O damn ginks like dis Gawd" opening slowly slowly them—then carefully the rolypoly voice squatting on a mountain of gum did something like a whisper, "even her." "The Madam?" I emitted; vaguely watching that mountainous worthy in the fragile act of doing her eyebrows.—Marj's laughter smacked me: pummeling the curtains, drooped to a purr . . .

i left her permanently smiling