

somewhat surprised that a fuss hasn't been made about *Frances Johnson* at all. You never hear anyone talking about. Sure I've mentioned it a few times so far, because it was in my suitcase, but that's not quite enough, I'd say, because it's probably the greatest book to come out of this century so far. People will not agree with that, of course, because *Frances* doesn't tackle any big issues that we like to think about. But there are a lot of adults acting like children in Stacey Levine books. Maybe we'll look back and see that adults acting like children was a major issue that we were dealing with at the turn of the century. Maybe over-seriousness is a really big issue we're dealing with. Come to think of it, I don't know what we're dealing with actually, especially since everyone is dealing with such different things than what I'm dealing with. For instance, many people struggle with acceptance, feeling like they aren't accepted by other people. But what I deal with is primarily hatred of entrepreneurs. But it's something that I'm always working on and I've gotten much better.

I woke up from under the door and went back out to take a stroll through the woods. I lived here now and felt it was time to find my place. I started by heading down to the blackberry bushes to gas up. I felt I would never tire of them, in fact, I like to eat blackberries because one time I was at Red Apple Market and they had a giant blackboard out front with the top ten best fruits that you can eat and the first one was blackberries. I guess they're the best. I ate a few more and, again, spotted the Frenchmen through that space in the branches, all gathered around their hole. Holy cow, I had forgotten about them already!

I ran out, but wanted to come up on them quietly, so I padded softly, but determinedly, up the hill until I stood by them.

"So what's this old hole about?" I said with my arms crossed.

They looked up at me in surprise, holding their hands up. Again I saw the one with the ripped sleeve, holding his metal tube, cowering next to the hole. He gave me a perturbed look. They shook their heads when they saw that it was me and turned back to the hole. One of the men was flipping up