

*Night of Terrible Ending*

We brought up marine quotas, fell into that void of complaints being returned to the sender, rearranging and dodging the open facts. There was howling and clawing and balls and sticks. My thinking cap almost got knocked off. And then there was the silent god, his hand, dripping . . .

I told the old couple we had to go immediately. The old woman looked at me knowingly. I gave her a lemon. She gave him a kiss. As we drove off I looked back at the house made of tinder.