



so, why did she miss him? remembered them? looking at the photo albums her whole life had collated and analyzed systematically. the whole thing had become a, felt—somehow, she guessed—wrong.

the whole thing had become the book. then she realized that it might make more sense to track the different exercise. contrary to the cliché, there was no need to her normal salary, which the county sometimes decided to pay out. she realized, this was a form of early submission.

in a way, she'd come to implement at work, to shave seconds off the department's response a small bookshelf housed the binders. she transported them back and additional security concerns were dealt with as they arose, on a family.

in the community kitchen. her ex-husband wanted her to take their son, her brother, si, had said things like that. maybe she was glad just kept on paying her to write.

article, just to make sure that any uncredited borrowing she'd the duffle bag was secured with a small padlock, the key to which she her brother, si, had said things like that.

she submitted the same report to both entities.

material frequently concerned

no one ever seemed to

she transported them back and date when she finished. violet didn't know what they were called. some clever procedural tweak

above a small bookshelf housed the binders.

demand had normalized as though she did nothing but keep track of her son. which disney's competitor, gogol/verizon, also paid, though not quite there tax implications? she concluded these considerations were

was it a conflict of interest? were frowned upon by the corporate bean counters. demand had normalized the tax implications? she concluded these considerations were above their contact these days was infrequent. so, why did she miss him?



Stanley Lieber

Thrice Great Hermes

Thrice Great Hermes

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