Fall 2008

Gone to Carolina in my mind (and body) ...

Anna Dounce
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There is only one place to sit.
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It is a plaid chair. We take turns.
The other seats have been compromised in a tragic dog incident. The place may also be haunted. The TV turns itself off when no one is in the room. To entertain ourselves.

We watch our one and only station all day and learn some Spanish. But things may improve. Soon there will be someone to entertain us. And people seem to want to visit. And maybe we will buy a pot to boil the pasta.