

pent something
Name of Vacation B&B
on 1-15-98
pent first
2 stories
back to
story of
some other
take them

STORY

Lois Rosenthal
Editor

January 6

Dear Janice,

Sorry to have kept this batch of stories for so long, but I've read and reread them. Some, I have read before; others were new surprises. I hate myself for saying this - I still like "Peddling But" best. "Name of Love" - the one NPR bought has wonderful sensitivity in the portrayal of the sister's love for Harold. Is it too sweet?

Unlike Verantok, I don't mind a murder of two.

If you can wangle the story from the New Yorker - if they don't take it - the one about the white man working for the black man - I'd like to see it again. Meanwhile

I appreciate your everlasting
kindness and remain your fan.
(It's too late for "Whistle" for
STORY - publication too close).

My best always for the
new year. Jois

— Something Safe
Send Vacation Bible
School (to sister to)
(tell about like a
— Tell about Vacation
Sudden Money

Dear Janice,

Here it is. I enclosed my attempt at a one page synopsis. FYI.

I think it's important for Larry to get this by next week, due to the recent media flare-up regarding nuclear weapons.

We're leaving Thursday morning for D.C. The girls are excited (all three of them). I think I can gracefully combine BOOKKEEPER research and reconnaissance with a family vacation. I'll make sure Laura doesn't accidentally stray into the Oval Office and get molested.

Hope we see y'all soon.

Love,

Bill

technician, after all. Crime is not his true nature. Finally he just sort of looked away and mumbled something unintelligible. It sounded like *night fever.*"

Act to Southern Review - James 10

Sudden Money

Send out

~~Fire Dept (Murray)~~
Southern Exposure

The Southern Review
James 43 Allen Fall
Olney 25 U

Baton Rouge, LA
708 83-5005

NOTES

18

(could end with child on porch)

or could go on with K Bra
dying - - -

possible title { My War with K Braugh
Love War (war of a different kind)
War is War

writing in her good red gown, the one with a frouce
around the tail. It's sorry but she doesn't look as good as she

(p. 17. notes) This woman whom I ^{hept to look.} she looks tired & waiting

history I knew better than my. As if
I hadn't been around long enough, or
mattered enough, or loved enough, to have
a history. (Brief history)

notes: p. 17 - - love like I feel for ^{best} the tall boy ~~with~~
who rode my horse (describe) but I had to admit I
didn't love him as much as my cat

my own daddy is only a red-faced man
in a picture and I am sitting on a long table
with my 1st birthday cake before me. He
~~was~~ pretending to blow out the candle; later,
he became somebody my mother loved like she
before Ken. Braugh. Somebody who cried when we
left & then went looking for us, gave up, got married
again & we slipped his mind.

mother
is older
than
my
mother

Work for which was to be said Viet Nam
WWII - War is War.

another man all mixed up from
the war

for him like a girl going on a date.

When I heard her going in the bathroom I start running the water in the old blue tub, I knew I was right and he could walk in the door the next minute & she would smile and act like nothing had even happened just to keep him. Which made about as much sense as her hugging the cats.

I must have held my breath waiting for him to come in till I got so sleepy my body took over & breathed anyway. All was quiet except for the tree frog peeping outside and my mama blowing her nose.

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