

~~fatigues complete - end
let eyes of horses stunned by
the ~~car~~ headlights
horses darting now~~

~~an acceptable announcement
to a charming touch, ^{emblem of the old station wagon,} an
inspiration to himself, and to
other writers, an invitation to talk
~~the~~ about their common endeavor,
Surely other writers who read Poetry
Writers would understand, and
~~the~~ others who didn't might take
the tag to mean exactly what ~~hit~~
said.~~

~~Plyed~~ Plyed minutiae.

~~This poor eyes
crossed before the
shell could crack in
the shell~~

~~Account
A. 11~~

~~Veranda never will have...
she can't have children...
she ~~isn't~~ it's like she
just takes in everybody
afflicted or lovely.~~

~~not sun - hoe handle
probe~~

A couple months into his new job, ~~teaching~~ Randolph had ~~just~~ volunteered to read at a student open mic ^{spell} from a piece written especially to impress his fellow faculty. Who ~~might~~ ^{likely} ~~wouldn't~~ ^{wouldn't} show up. But his students would; he saw to that by offering extra ^{grade} points for those who attended - the pale miserable distracted kids who smelled of smoke when they did grace his classes with their presence.

In a slow deliberate voice Randolph had read ~~this tedious~~ ^{detailed} ~~piece~~ essay about watching a ~~single~~ chick hatch from an egg. Four typed, double spaced pages dedicated to a single egg & chick.

Verandah in boots & jeans had been the only adult there that evening, a still luminous ^{and} body ~~was~~ rising from the throng of fidgeting students.

"Well, it thought that went well," he said on the drive home.

"Yes. Well." she'd said Verandah had ~~smiled~~ ~~stared~~ ~~right~~ ~~at~~ ~~him~~ ^{only} smiled while he waited for more.

The fact truth is, we have to drink
to put up with you.

"So now I'm responsible now for
that... that woman back there hugging that
bottle."

"No. Not entirely. We should have
said something before. Veranda's ~~and~~
push over for the spiteful."

That stung. That stung Randy so
much he couldn't even answer.
Pitiful? He'd always feared being
pitiful. The end.

could end here

part
hence
"Well, man, you could
get on any body's nerves
with those stories." ~~For~~
He sl Anthony slapped ~~the~~
forehead. "I'm sorry. ~~It's~~
But looks like you vary the
wording a bit."

"The wording!" Randy says
lets go of ^{the} steering wheel. "You!
You and your used too. My family
used to own..." he added in a
shrill, mocking tone ^{that made his eyes cringe} ~~so shrill it hurt his~~
own ears. Anthony almost whispered.

"Okay," ^{he} ~~let~~ calm down. We're
adults here. The fact is, we simply
don't click."

"No, you can see that." For the
the sake of his dignity, who he tried to
be, Randy articulated each word. But he
didn't mean it & couldn't help adding "I
simply cannot abide your drushness. You're
The two of you."

"I hate to put it like this, man. But
→

Metro
244-3998
mud good editor for whole mag.
"legends" health & fitness
start with him as little boy

\$250.00
Billy Langdale

2. legends
3. milestones
4. health & fitness
5. ~~the~~ ~~tribune~~ ~~in~~ ~~Don~~ ~~Rames~~
Harley & the Beavers
Southland

\$150.00
545-0404
Sue's family
The Langdale Women
Snake Sales
Okefenokee
Margaret Lee
Lynn Eileen

Langdale
in
computer
files

note to my Jim
about getting a novel

Metro
Billy Langdale
Langdale
The Okefenokee
Sue's family
Langdale
Women
Snake Sales
Okefenokee
read 2 pages

like their miniature charge
purpose of assignment
their charge
read only 2 pages

ask Margaret
can about
convert
amerone

"Nuisances is what they are."

"You love them, you know you do," said Vernanda, laughing.

"Might as well," he said. Then to Randy, "Vernanda here can't resist anything but cast."

"And you, you, can't resist anything free."

~~"It just feel that"~~

Consider professor
story changed
to "Braces",
"Little Horses"

Little Gals for showing
victims of pop culture &
advertising - beach trips -
stopping to ride ponies

here ^{entirely serious} He looked like a blowup doll with its plug pulled. (18)
At home, in his small ~~and~~ mildew-reeking
bath room, he stands staring at his face in
the mirror, ~~over~~ ^{while} ~~the~~ ^{she} leans on the sink.

"Okay, okay," he says out loud & pushes
with draw his face from the mirror.

He has never felt so humiliated in
his life, but at the same time he feels
loose in his skin, relaxed. His shoulders
~~fall~~ drop, feel freed of some kind of braces.

He had realized how much strain
he'd been under ~~trying to~~ ^{to} squaring the
circle around, hyping up their ~~friendship~~ ^{devotion} to
him & her to them.

He lies on his bed, not sleepy, with a
book open & propped on his mountainous
belly. Not reading, not even knowing whether
the book is a Clancy or a Rushmore or
maybe even one of his college texts. Let's
call it the same. (One & the same)

[much more at atmosphere]

Titles -

Little Horses - novelty - for show -
Braces - using people to brace you
up at a party - whatever

Write as is, then switch names & facts around --
(don't hold this copy)

start with scene, then fill in with how relationship formed & why

working title -- Used Little Houses - Braces (1)

Husband & wife they looked like blood related; to Randy, almost perfect as ^{arm-kinky} dolls on a wedding cake. Except when they were drunk.

That is how Randy saw them that evening when he stopped in the ~~doorway~~ entrance to the foyer of the Uni president's house. His ^{mouth} ~~eyes~~ ^{was} greasy with lip gloss, his eyes bugged, and he was standing with both arms straight down by his ^{crossed} sides. Shocked with seeing them and himself too, an unlikely three some that never should have happened. But he'd known that for a while. Not was the why. continue that struck him with such ~~spasms~~ ^{spasms} of futility, sadness, & the fool's knowledge that he is being used.

(stay with that night) (visiting playwright)

Anthony is realizing the visiting playwrite's to some tale of his ~~tragic~~ life ~~now~~ ^{old family} S.

So a plantation, which as best Randy has been able to figure is about half true, used-up, Kaput. The red-faced middle-aged ~~stout~~ ^{stout} playwrite wears a glazed look; any man less pretty -- small, dark, & handsome -- she would have minutes ago dismissed. She looks tired.

Randy feels tired.

Dolich Veranda is standing next to Anthony with two wine glasses in one ^{slumped} hand. One of the glasses is empty, the other on its way. ^{she has long dark crinkled hair with gray hairs on front} (very) now ^{she} butts in on what Anthony is telling, with jeering what she knows from family here say. They are about worn this plantation out.

stepped

on its way

telling

They are

The crowd who had come to hear playwright read ~~Pearl~~ ^{Nelson-Nigae} 2

The couple totally ignore Randy tell the ~~playwright~~ ^{Mrs. Nelson-Nigae} stands, stifling a yawn. Then they move nearer ^{Verandah's} gold out feet but not flashy to Randy, just standing there. He is as large & they are small, as imperfect as they are perfect.

"Let me get another drink & we'll go," Anthony says.

Verandah slyly, slow drains her glass & follow him thru the front room where the Uni. students are cleaning up.

As in his way, generally, Randy starts for the playwright to thank her for coming. To tell her how ~~it~~ much she has inspired his students -- all freshmen '01. Nothing ^{could} inspire them except maybe a live ~~appearance~~ ^{from} MTV, so he decides not to lie. Decides, or rather not-decides, just to stand & wait for the friends he has brought to show everybody in the Eng dept that he does have friends, old-money, beautiful friends at that?

When Randy fails to approach the playwright, she picks up to a sheaf of papers from the small Victorian table & vanishes into the banquet room.

^{dark slight} ^{with meat} ^{frank} He can hear Anthony & Verandah talking to the bar tender in the sun room who is trying to close up & go home. He's "cute as pie" - Verandah's words -- a small ^{slender} Italian in a yellow ^{cashmere} sweater & dark bow tie. On glasser clink. Anthony says, "I never knew ~~university~~ had to have a licensed bartender to serve ~~at~~ for such occasions."

Randy cannot make out the barkeep's answer.

(B)

He feels suddenly embarrassed, a sweep of heat that starts in his face & flows down. He ~~wonders about all~~ wonders what Anthony Verandah have said about him to the rest of the faculty over the course of the past 2 hours. Not that there is anything to hide on his part -- nothing private. ~~but~~ He only simply wonders if ~~his~~ those dummies have revealed that they care no more for Randy than anybody else in the Eng dept ~~does~~ for that matter in the whole world. It makes Randy miss his recently deceased mother, who did care. He feels like crying, (black sweater Anthony (jean & boots) (taking barkeep home) (reception) (laughing with bar tender) (what's going on throughout house))

When Verandah emerges from the lit sun room to the dimly lit front room where the ready took place, Randy is shocked to see her carrying a bottle of red wine in ~~one~~ ~~of~~ the neck. Has she stolen it? Did the bartender give it to her to get rid of her & Anthony, now close on the heels of her brown Gucci shoes? Randy does know that the wine is property of the uni that pays his salary & his being untenured, can withdraw it at anytime.

He is sweaty now, though it is cold out. Anthony pushes around him to get the Verandah's coat from the closet to the left of the front door.

The shine of the house, previously lit & gleaming, is gone as surely as the shine of his old friends, who he had found so brilliant when he first met them a year or so ago. He feels dull, dumb as a tick. As usual only full. His day's & nights are spent in

try to get comfortable his bulk of flesh. Not to feel good, but just comfortable. His overeating is not his mother's fault, in spite of what the experts say.

Like a faithful dog he follows the couple out the door, across the groomed lawn to his rattly old station wagon with wood trim. The car now seems an embarrassment,

~~blonde~~ in cold. Keep overeating - ~~eat fast~~ pretension where before it had seemed to him ~~literary~~ & understated. (a glasser taken too)

Usually when Randy drives the couple to university events, either Anthony or Veranda sets up front with him. ~~Somehow~~ ~~Veranda~~ ~~went~~ ~~alone~~ ~~when~~ ~~Randy~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~back~~, but sharing the wine. Nobody talks. For the sake of

of his mother, her teaching him good manner, Randy decides to try. Besides, he is much too uncomfortable not talking, not trying. His mind & body are over whelmed by the ~~fact~~ ~~of~~ his seeing thru them & fessing up as he used to say in college. He'll get rid of them soon & never somehow that he can't figure how never chum with them again.

atmosphere - drunk

"Well" he begins in his ~~most public~~ ~~teaching~~ voice, "I thought that went off really well." Two "wells"; delete one.

He thought he heard Pam in the back seat snigger. But the rattling ping of whine & rattle of the old station wagon

confused sounds.

"All right, enough," Anthony sits high & Randy can see his ^{side} face ⁱⁿ the rear view mirror, purpled in the street lights.

Verandah clears her throat & sits high also, then slips over to the far side of the seat, as far as possible.

(smell of wine - Verandah drinking)
(later reveal - they are as tired as Roy as he is of them) (make them black African American to show Randy's later and but don't make this about racism - woman or who wants to be millionaire)

Randy is glad for this familiar scene separation in the back seat: Anthony ^{stands up} ^{with} Verandah when she keeps on drinking which leads to mocking which leads to a ~~trivial~~ petty white-trash brawl.

Randy sighs. (where are they - atmosphere)
To keep things looking normal, Randy peers left & right with perfect timing, casually, at the dark woods. Verandah is sullen, drunk, straight from the bottle, 2 glasses clinking on the floor. Drives Randy crazy. He starts to ask them to pick up the glass but changes his mind. What is broken glass to clean up? He can imagine tomorrow, Saturday, cleaning up the glass, ~~after~~ and that calm feeling of being done with Verandah & Anthony. ~~Butters~~ ~~around~~ his book-laden little house, sitting comfortable with his news paper. If the glass aren't broken, come Monday he might muster the courage to return them to Uni catering. He can see his insinuating look, but

Even looking at the bright side, ~~the~~ he (7)
missed his mother, he felt hollow, the ^{light of the} look some
place house made him want to get back in
his car & drive away. ~~Even~~ The stacks of
books in the backseat didn't make him feel
less alone & poor & desperate. Usually they
did, despite the fact that they were mostly
~~popular~~ formula fiction. The ~~cloth binder, after~~
he'd stripped off the cheap ^{ment} dust covers, made
them look more important. Of course, his
~~college texts~~ You could, tell them from
his college texts unless you peeped inside.
Well, he had to learn narrative -- that was
his claim -- and if he should become another
Grisham or Clancey, he could always claim
to people who mattered that being a lowly teacher
he had to make enough money before he could
write the real stuff. For all anybody could know
he might become another Kafka, though as
far as he could tell, Kafka's stories were
pretty dull. (draw thru senses)

All day Saturday, in the late August
heat, he unloaded the books from the car
old station wagon, at first arranging them in
alphabetical order on his old bookshelves in
the living room. Then after about the third trip
he quit climbing the rickety board doorsteps &
began making small stacks on the edge of the
porch. Swords flashed in the ^{low} sunlight slanted across
the dusty floor.

He had grown so used to the sound of crickets & kat locusts they became part of the heat, part of his solitude. Even the ^{crisp} spongy on-again crunching sound from behind his house he sensed as a continuous rhythm.

From the passenger side of the car he took out his old plain lined thermos full of sweet tea that he'd ^{had} filled at the diner where he'd eaten lunch in Apalachicola that ~~noon~~ noon. No matter what he filled it with it still stank of stale breath. He should throw it away & get a new thermos at Wal-mart which would cost about a third of the 25.00 he'd paid when he started college. But the thermos had become part of the image: ^{detached project} a lover of old things, at only 42 he felt old himself. -- all that weight -- and could smell the same stench on himself as in the thermos.

~~He set the thermos~~ Thru drinking cooler by comparison, he set the thermos on the hood of the car & went back to hauling books. Gathering a stack from the back floor where they had skittered when he'd slammed on brakes to avoid a semi on I-10.

(9)

He had to come up for air & to relieve the pressure in his head, rising like the locust, when he saw a midget horse, white with a brown saddle, lipping at the thermos it toppled to the ground & Randy heard the glass lining shatter.

He waved his arm at the tiny white horses, it leaped away & galloped a few feet, then ~~ran~~ galloped at Randy. Actually ~~ran~~ galloped. "Go on now," he said.

The horse ~~was~~ pretended to gaze at a peep of grass then crept back to the car. Randy figured he belonged to the folks about a mile up the road -- he'd seen these small horses behind ~~stoppers~~ ^{stoppers down more} that ~~would~~ barely reached their knees. Even Roughness better than to expect horses to stay behind fences like that, while he carried the last load of books to the porch edge the little horse seemed to be making a game of spinning the ^{book} thermos with its flared lips, but really it was trying for a taste of the sugary tea or etc ^{long pointed} tongue.

After all those years of Randy's sauntered mother clean & refilling the thermos & never breaking it all those years it had spent on the ^{right} corner of his desk without getting upset the horse had broken it. Running at a walk Randy began clapping his neat fat hands & chasing after the horse, who only dozed &

feels feigned as if making fun of him.

Randy had no choice but to get in his car and go to the house up the curvy gravel road to tell the owners that their house was out. He might even make them pay for the tires, though he couldn't determine a value for it.

He expects trash, red-necks. They invite him to dinner, wine on the porch -- they make him feel like really like the person he wants everybody to see, the eccentric happy fat professor, with more on his mind than dieting & marriage.

Southern gentleman

He would like to have been born rich, but ~~since~~ not so much for the material benefits as for the esteem & money lends; but the ~~best~~ best thing is having been born into old money. Even if it isn't true

On the mirror sliding down, to show the split vinyl dash, he can see his spuffy face. He is sweating like a man about to have ~~in~~ the throes of a heart attack and there's a ^{smudge} dirt smudge on his clean shaven left cheek. Not at all the image of Southern gentlemen.

Well, three people in the rustic all shaped house behind ~~the~~ ^{luscious} moss laden oaks he is driving into world hardly he the type who matters. He expects ~~of a~~ rednecks. ~~straight out of~~ ^{straight out of} the ~~curvy~~ ^{curvy} gravel road of a novel. ~~Curvy~~ ^{the couple is also playing his} ~~earned~~ ^{having been born into} ~~wealth~~ ^{wealth} The ~~rustic~~ ^{rustic} all shaped house is almost ~~hidden~~ ^{obscured by} by overgrown shrubs, and there is a curvy dirt path leading up to the entrance on his left. The ~~bird~~ ^{bird} that announces that

(11)

these people, or person, have ~~only a few~~ ^{stop} visitors. He doesn't even see the front door till he reaches the s.e. corner of the house and it ~~looks~~ is brown & moldy, and if he's any judge, it is rotting.

Almost to the side door, he can hear inside a television on high volume -- some kind of game show, laughing clapping hooley. Suckely he looks down & in the springy shrubs taking over the path, a brown pud moccasin is lying fat & sullen, ready to strike.

"Snake," he yells, stepping back. The be is totally undone by the snake.

Footsteps thunder through the house toward the door and a ^{with} petite brunette stands holding ^{in jeans & a thin white shirt} a pistol. ^{(boots) cowboy expensiveness}

Jayden
Randy

"Where?" she asks.

"Right here."

The snake is still but has its head raised ready to strike, not 3 feet from where Randy is standing afraid to move.

"Watch yourself," the woman says, creepy from along the path with both hands gripping the pistol. Suddenly she ^{her} small dark eyes pealed for the snake. She stops, ~~she~~ aims at the snake & fires. The shot vibration ^{the shot cause the pistol barrel to} drop down, dangling from the handle. But the snake is coiling, ^{with} his head is dangling like the pistol barrel.

~~She is standing~~ ^{with} an old but expensive cowboy western boot, she kicks the snake away into the shrubbery.

then turns her attention to Randy.

"I'm Veranda," she says smiling & stepping nearer with a small rused hand extended. The body pistol is down by her side.

smells her charcoal burning

Randy manages a chuckle as he shakes with her, his fat hand clammy & trembling. "I'm the new night down the road -- Randy --"

"Okay, Okay." She laughs & shakes her long crinkly hair out of her face. "We've been wondering who bought the old Fry place. Sorry about the greeting."

She points with the pistol to the spot where the snake had been. "These guys are better than water."

"Seldom a day we don't kill at least one." Randy is broken by having come up with something clever to say. He stops shaking, but his heart is still beating way too fast.

Anthony out back was doing what she called a "mixed grill" -- pork tenderloin, ~~stuck~~ quail, steaks & ~~large~~ shrimp. They insisted that he stay and while they waited for the meat to be done, Randy & Veranda sat in plastic ~~around~~ adirondock chairs on the ~~back~~ patio watching fally & watching Randy with an imported beer tend the grill. Randy & Veranda were having ~~some~~ Merlot. The rundown place was looking better the more Randy drank & heard about the thousands of acres they'd inherited -- used to be a 4-thousand acre plantation. (breeze thru oak)

No mention of the miniature horses till yet. Though the horses were everywhere. Pets. ~~was~~ a breeze. The TV had been silenced and there ~~was~~ a heavy ~~was~~ breeze. The grilled food smelled heavenly. Caroused his face.

note - important that Randy think Verondah & Anthony
are using him but never considers that they feel the same
remember Alice Munroe's story in New Yorker (14)

note round out all characters - make real, not stereotypes
can disguise later - they Anthony really is
of wealth & old family - they are honest about
having to work now - - -

*** either make this a woman - - - or better yet
a skinny man I know (Eden library wife like
"dapper in tweed coat")

in car goes at home - Verondah asleep, hugging bottle - atmosphere -
Anthony ~~looks~~ speaks soberly but his eyes tend to stray in
their sockets) - - Randolph learns that they feel used
by him which has never before occurred to him) atmosphere)

^{and}
August ~~Anthony~~ The down-tilted dim beams of the headlights scan the
gravel. Frankly Suckily the station wagon wheels
straddle a dead possum - ball of gray fur - -
a possum, as it turns out. Randy's overloaded
brain makes the identify ~~the~~ it after he has passed
his own house, headed up the highway to take
Verondah & Anthony home.

He feels completely used up by the awkward silence
of the car. The couple are either ^{dead} asleep, drunk,
or not speaking angrily denying him their ^{conversation,} company,
the pleasure of their company. Like he cares.

No other traffic on the narrow curvy
highway, but Randy ~~turns~~ ^{switches} on his blinker anyway
to signal to all that he is about to turn left,
to signal to the couple that they are ~~about~~ home
& about to be dumped & good riddance.

"Yeah."

Does ~~Randy~~ only imagine that Anthony's voice has risen?"

"Yeah, used. ~~You~~ You invite us to your university ~~or~~ services only to make yourself look good."

"Look good!" Randy shouts. It is neck is breaking wrong on its stem, feels broken.

~~That~~ Anthony lowers his voice. "Sorry, old buddy, I hate to put it like that. But ~~in~~ in this case, honesty tact ~~is~~ will only make things worse (delay postpone the hurt)."

(use space to round out character)

~~his~~ Randy is reduced to looking at him and the rear view mirror which also ~~make~~ provokes a glint of himself his own face -- pale shocked, stunned, put down. (seeing the truth word)

"Verandah -- you know Verandah -- couldn't bring herself to hurt you." Anthony places her feet outside the door (a cat with hair as black as the couple's). He pets the cat.

"I didn't know Randy ^{stammer.} ~~stammer.~~ "I thought."
 "I know you did, Buddy." Anthony reaches
 over the seat & pats Randy on the shoulder,
 leaning his hand there, squeezing. "Maybe
 later..."

"No." Randy shakes his head, gazing down
 at his hands on the steering wheel. "Let's just...
 leave it like it is." He couldn't shake
 such disappointment, ^{such dead feeling,} in spite of his earlier
~~thoughts to the opposite.~~

Anthony swings his left hand around & gently
 lifted the bottle from Verandah's arms. "Wake
 up, Verandah. We're home."

~~She came to,~~ ^(the cat) smiling, shaking her long squelchy
 curls out, wiping both hands across her face.
 She laughed. "What did I do, drink the place dry?"
 "Almost." Anthony laughed low & held the
 half empty bottle up for her to see. "Come on,
 Randy here's about ready to get home. We're
 worn out our welcome in the backseat of his car."

Randy waits till they are safe under the light
 of the car port (go back to first & mention carport)
 then backs slowly, watching them cross toward the
 back side door & vanish inside. ~~(too much)~~

From his younger years }
tried to conceal his concave chest
he had developed a permanent
stoop which made him look more
sixty than forty. The waist of his
broad gladshe pants he wore reared
up with a belt to ~~rest just below~~
~~himself~~ above his stomach. He
had no waistline, no hips. He was
looked like a stockman drawn ~~up~~
child up a job.
Up close in mustache

Nov. 21, 1880
Bismarck, N.D.

1880 & 1880 & 81
Empire Salt Pond!!

notes -
specimens
literature - ~~camp~~

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~~though he never pretended to have money, only that his family used to. He was a lovely stockbroker man~~

~~Veranda, a miniature beauty Queen-type, with hair blonde & curly like her husband's, was standing next to him, purchasing her story between sips of red wine. Dressed ^{a metallic gold} in that gold sweater, she twinkled all the way down to her Gucci the gold buckle of her Gucci shoes.~~

~~Scaled-down man, scaled down people~~

~~Randy had had it with their unpretentious pretensions~~

~~make appointment with
Nebunia for
this next
after reunion
new car~~

~~Da Comms~~
Don't know
do Dick Wachs

she treated him like a
dog underfoot.

d-mail --

leave on
Sat about
early - come
back next noon
Sun.

Roy Pace
Jeff Putnam

Pear Aramba
L VWC

email -
Angela 31601
@earthlink.com

order
book

4 cases
Cme

pedestal Queen Ann ~~table~~ ^{desk}

a giant oya-woman, who
dwarfed the table and Andrew-to.

She was easy to amaze
and seemed enamored of him; --
though his careful speech & influence,
that is -- though he often
felt embarrassed by ~~the~~
~~contrast~~ her ~~with his~~ ^{intelligence} ~~with his~~ ^{intelligence} ~~with his~~ ^{intelligence}
~~lack~~ ~~of~~ ~~dullness~~ ~~against~~ ~~his~~ ^{intelligence} ~~with his~~ ^{intelligence} ~~with his~~ ^{intelligence}
~~two~~ ~~words~~

commoner of present
queen bee & drone
moon beam & rock

She would stare right at him while he
talked. Those clear blue ^{intelligent} eyes.
~~After~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~ ~~in~~ ~~Dallas~~.

He tried to pump up his stories about
boy's camp pranks -- putting frogs in
his campmate's beds, the usual.
Usually, she wore boots & jeans &
old ~~button down~~ shirts. She never talked
about herself. If she talked at all it
was about Anthony -- his job, his family.
It was as if she were born when she
met her husband.