The Future

Max Winter

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A needle points aslant the wuthering heights behind the bookcase, west of the auburn door: lookit. The snow is twittering. It lights most of Rankin and some of Westminster. Anything more and all the schools would close, account of an act of God the blind can’t address directly. They eat lunch in the Varsity Diner (with some of the local fire squad): an old Nicoise salad, Mrs. Inez’s Blancmange, and coffee. They talk quite loudly. You wouldn’t guess they’d have seconds, but they do, and they keep tracing figures on the tablecloth, as if to question an hypotenuse. Heloise loses her position. Heloise weeps. No steam table. No yahtzee. No silence for the deaf. No one seems capable of finding the sheriff.