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The Failure Of Forewarning

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THE FAILURE OF FOREWARNING

A man and a woman are walking down the street, although it might be better for the story if the man and woman were walking into a bar.

Obligingly, they walk into a bar, and on closer inspection we see that the woman is the wife of Lot, appearing mussed and disheveled in old clothing. We understand the reason for this as she has had to leave home on a moment’s notice, having had just enough time to throw her husband’s scratchy wool overcoat over her shoulders and slip into the oversized galoshes of her son.

All afternoon since leaving the house a trio of red deer have been following them through the town and laboring to lick at her chin, which has become a source of escalating concern. Also the way at breakfast the spatulas and kitchen knives began instantly to rust and corrode in her hand. She is thinking of this as they sit down facing themselves in the smoked glass. The barroom is dark and smells of mold. Lot orders a rye and says nothing. When she speaks to him he finds himself looking over her head and through the diamond shaped window in the front door of the bar,
watching the clouds as they change
into a rope of red and violet light.
Already we see she is beginning to flake,
unaware of the perfect white crumbs
that Lot is brushing quietly to the floor.
Already she is developing a craving for peanuts,
turning her back to the evening news, nostalgically
opening and shutting the toy parasol.