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The Invitation

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THE INVITATION

"Casual" brings me here, my face a digital clock blinking from the power outage that left the Christmas turkey cold. The wind snaps limbs, fells a tree or two—no great downpour, just a drizzle, not worth the energy of wipers on passing cars. Interesting, that swirl of leaves, dead but refusing to be still. To bury a loved one one needs a good shovel, strong arms, and a good heart. A shame about that shih tzu being torn from its owner beside the money machine. Usually it's children, but I guess dogs make better gifts—easier to care for. This soiree, this festive affair, may place my life in order. The invitation was waiting for me, just for me, in that shopping cart. And I aim to please, once I find the house on this endless road.