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At The Grave

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AT THE GRAVE

A widow often visits her husband's grave. She takes flowers and leaves them on the gravestone. On the twentieth anniversary of his death she plans to visit, but the flowers in her yard, his favorites, aren't in bloom. A few days later the flowers bloom and she cuts them and takes them along. As she nears the grave a voice says "You're late." The woman says "I didn't think you'd notice." He says "You think just because I'm dead I can't count?" The wife hesitates. He says "And another thing, why isn't our son here?" The wife apologizes. The husband says "Well, he should be here, and furthermore you know I hate those geraniums, I'm allergic to them." The wife says "See here these aren't geraniums, they're lilies, you never could tell one flower from another." Silence. "Don't go away" she pleads, but silence surrounds her as completely as the voice had before.