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Voodoo Summer Job

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VOODOO SUMMER JOB

Finish carpentry, she told me, was as evil as digging for our lady's face. The medical records clerk searched the basement for snow polaroids. He possessed but a single pair of socks and channeled a veteran. He first heard him singing French songs in the air ducts. Sparks and mist were low to the ground there because no one was more than five years dead. All he had to do was wait it out.