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Holy Day
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HOLY DAY

And things were going so well—you winning the drawing, me getting the raise as our team soars to the top, the screaming almost gone. Ok, so I hit the kid again, he deserved it. Pain, tears, ice to the spot, but no bruise anyone could see. He's got to learn. Besides, he's fine now; I'm the one sick with it. Isn't this sadness enough? It could be an echo of the famous trial, wife beaten and murdered with her boyfriend, the killer set free. He's so sorry. We think it helped him to be famous. But the rest of us? The doctor injects the serum, we get tired, immunity breaks down, we're overcome. Cancel my subscription, turn off that popular song.

AvenuMalkenu: for the sin that I have sinned against thee: a day fasting, hope for another year, and better—don't you understand? Luckily, we've stopped expecting that.