

1979

## Three Weeks...

Nancy Cuminale  
*St. John Fisher College*

### [How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Cuminale, Nancy (1979) "Three Weeks..." *The Angle*: Vol. 1979: Iss. 1, Article 22.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1979/iss1/22>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1979/iss1/22> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjfc.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

## Three Weeks...

### **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: Spring 1979.

"I guess you have a boyfriend."

He began to hum. I was annoyed, and worried that the other passengers might turn around and look at us.

He began to sing. "You ain't nothin' hut a hound dog, cryin' all the time."

"Do you like Elvis?" he asked.

"No," I said.

He stopped singing.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

I told him the name of the city.

"Yeah, but where?" he asked.

"In a house," I said.

"I live on West Hill," he said. "Where's your house?"

I thought quickly.

"By the airport," I said. It was close enough.

"How are you getting home from the bus sta-

tion?"

"I have to call somebody when I get in."

"Well," he replied, "if you don't have anywhere to go, you can come to my house. My mother won't mind. We even have a couch you can sleep on."

"Thanks," I said, "but it's okay."

He looked disappointed.

The bus pulled into the station at ten o'clock.

I hoped that Lester wouldn't follow me as I got off the bus, but he grabbed his sack and got off before me. When I stepped down and looked around, he was gone, finally gone, and suddenly, I missed him. I felt there was something more I could have, should have said to him.

I searched for my suitcase, found it, and headed for the door, warmth, and the nearest phone.

He was gone, and I hadn't even said good-bye.

three weeks

broken down into five-hundred

phone calls

uh. . . well. . . hmmmm. . .

Bye

—Nancy Cuminale