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Three Weeks...

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Three Weeks...

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"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' but 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 station?"
"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 suitcase 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...hmmmmmm...

Bye

—Nancy Cuminale