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The Game

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He told me that my eyes resembled Bambi, one hand across my shoulder, one hand on my thigh, moving toward heaven in a heated rush. "Deer get shot," I said, cutting off his springtime musk scent, invading my white rose. He seemed to grunt and buck, ready for the grand attack, hand slipping across the bud of my breast, pinching me in vise grips, he smiles a devilish smile. "What do you hope for?" I ask. Home run!, he said over my head. I turn and glance at the television behind me and wonder, where are the guys that make roses out of paper napkins?

--Heather Ruffalo