From the corner of my eye while sitting at Burger King, I figured out life

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I watched as the white station wagon pulled into the Burger King parking lot and eased into the handicapped parking space. It was 1:04 p.m. and twenty-five seconds when the young man sitting shotgun opened the door. The woman driver was dressed in retro winter clothes, an old long blue coat, knitted blue hat and cheap denims and sneakers. She carefully removed a small metal walker from the trunk."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss2/4
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I took the long way back to school after eating Burger King that day. I wasn’t in any hurry.