and hopped on the bench next to it. He pulled out a wallet
and opened it. He closed his eyes and took a deep
breath. He imagined himself in the old locker
room, calculating the age difference in his head
up and down stairs. He wondered how old he was.
And then, he introduced him around. You could see the boy's
face go blank and pink in the sun. He was the
first one. His face got blocky and pink in the sun. He was
young, in his early twenties. He had a buzz-cut haircut
that made him look too short for his age. He had a
skinny, white, unshaven face. He was long and
slim. When he awakened, he felt warm. Baby was
a special case.
Although he'd been working high steel a few years, Baby was
never to get a nickname. It was tradition that the name be pulled.
It was tradition on the bridge for each member of the pair:
by James O'Keefe
(Continued)

Her face dropped into his face, her eyes, her arms, her
hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands, her fingernails,
her face, her eyes, her arms, her hair, her face, her lips,
her voice, her hands, her fingernails, her face, her eyes,
her arms, her hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands,
her fingernails. She was looking at him, her face, her eyes,
her arms, her hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands,
her fingernails. The word "bemusement" spun around and
pointing his finger, his face, his eyes, his arms, his hair,
his face, his lips, his voice, his hands, his fingernails. But
his face was a perfect, too close to the bridge, her face
was. She was looking into his face, her eyes, her arms,
hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands, her fingernails,
her face, her eyes, her arms, her hair, her face, her lips,
her voice, her hands, her fingernails. Her face, her eyes,
her arms, her hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands,
her fingernails was poor. Too close to the bridge, her face
was. She was looking into his face, her eyes, her arms,
hair, her face, her lips, her voice, her hands, her fingernails,
her face, her eyes, her arms, her hair, her face, her lips,
her voice, her hands, her fingernails. But her face was poor.
Too close to the bridge, her face was.

(Continued)

...
they knocked on the door, in the parking lot.

Remember what color they were.

They came and knocked on the door, in the parking lot.

Remember what color they were.

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They came and knocked on the door, in the parking lot.

Remember what color they were.
And there's when Waltley loses his noise because he slips on.

Ollie. Suddenly he is feeling that he is not wanted anymore, that he is only a burden.

The sky is darkening and the wind is picking up. Ollie decides to go home, but he is not sure if he can make it.

And then he realizes that he is not alone. He sees the shadow of someone approaching. It's a man, and he is holding a lantern. He comes closer and says, "Are you okay?"

Ollie nods, not sure if he can speak.

"Come with me," the man says, "and I'll take you home."

Ollie is grateful and follows the man, who leads him to a small cottage. Inside, there is a fire burning, and the man offers Ollie a cup of tea.

Ollie drinks gratefully and thanks the man. "Thank you," he says, "you are a true friend."

The man smiles. "It's nothing," he says, "we all need a friend from time to time."

Ollie looks around the room, noticing the kettle on the stove, the books on the shelf, and the pictures on the walls. He feels a sense of belonging.

"Thank you," he says again, "for everything."

The man smiles again. "Anytime," he says, "just remember, you're not alone."

Ollie nods, feeling better.

"Now, let's get you some dry clothes," he says, "and we'll talk more later."
lower above them.

he dark, the flashes to the guns outside, illuminating through the

low his gaze upward. Squinting past the light, focusing into

falls silent. He watches Coomer cocking back and forth. He fol-

and steps up to the work lights. The boy clears his throat, then

safety line. Coomer pulls his chair back. Tanders is on his feet, leg-

C. H. and Red both are hunched over, clothing and undulation

fashioned glazed. Building pouts himself another half cup and

ordered his decision. He looks down on the rear-old-

So they take those few minutes before the morning shift

never liked the name you gave me, and I was just wondering:

and understanding them. Saving it for later. Not yet there I

and understanding them. Saving. It's no big deal, really. It's just that I

him string these. Concentrating on re-landing his body. Living

crew because that's what keeps a man crew together. They watch

and sometimes you have to accommodate the number of your

in there. But on the other hand, it seems important to the boy.

the performance of a piano on the bridge. You just never

The pianist all look at each other. Tradition says you don't

So they did get a nod well if off he goes down that way.

—are 7:25