

11 Core Class
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Being in a camp like this
sure makes me dream of the
past. For instance, yesterday
as I was thumbing through
a magazine, I stopped when
a big bright picture caught
my eye. It was one of those
delicious tantalizing replicas
of a big bottle of Coca-Cola. You
know, the kind that you see
every time, except when you buy one
and wonder, ^{when the rest of it went} ~~that I~~
stopped to criticize the picture
or that I wanted one, but
it is that it reminded
me of Seattle. ^{My} Only thing
wrong with it was that
it reminded me in the
middle of a class. I was
studying history (I thought) [^]
but when the good old
bell rang I knew nothing
about what had happened
in class. All I remember
is that I was in far away
Seattle sipping sodas at the

small grocery beside the alley.
I guess this is what they
call day-dreaming, for I was
behind work the next day
like all dreamers. This is
why I had to write two
stories for one, damn it.