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To Each His Own

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TO EACH HIS OWN

When Joey returned from the war he worked on his motorcycle in the garage most days. A few of his old buddies were still around—Bobby and Scooter—and once or twice a week they'd go down to the club and have a few beers. But Joey never talked about the war. He had a tattoo on his right hand that said DEVI and he wouldn't even tell what that meant. Months passed and Joey showed no interest in getting a job. His old Indian motorcycle ran like a top, it gleamed, it purred. One night at dinner he shocked us all by saying, "Devi's coming to live with us. It's going to be difficult. She's an elephant."