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Obit
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OBIT

He prays for another chance, but the ambulance comes anyway, no roses or fanfare. The driver wants to know if the paperwork is right and why he kept saying “somnambulist . . . catastrophe . . .” Probably a decent guy who kept his pencils sharp. And lucky, too: women always coming on to him. A damn shame, says the man who pauses with his dog to watch the flashing light slice the branches on the old oak in front of the neat white house. Next morning over tea he tells his significant other someone died. Or maybe he forgets to.