

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY...

was the evil thereof. But there had been no evil that they could see. Only blue sky. Unto. Untoward. The day had yielded, so far in its young existence: one yellow quilt, one audition to be performed on the next day, one neat drawing on a roll of computer paper, one class taught, one lunch almost finished, one long, unending memory, one baby about to be born.

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