Untitled

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sock and leans back in the chair with a nearly inaudible sigh of relief. He can't be comfortable; these seats are by no means comfortable. He has just loosened his grip on the dossier, and, soaking up the pungent liquid narcotic of his still-rambling busmate, has acquiesced into his own mind.

Then, his thoughts suffer a dramatic change. He starts as though he has been asleep, his lips still absentmindedly concurring with Crackpot under a thin, well-kept moustache. But now he's considering something that requires a little more thought. He forgot to go to CVS. He left the stove on. It's his anniversary, dammit, and he doesn't want to come home without a gift for the third year in a row.

The T lurches to a halt at Charles/MGH. With a brief nod in the degenerate prophet's direction, Red Beret stands with the aid of a filthy metal pole and inspects his khakis for creases. Stepping briskly, he exits the train. He was on his way to see the fireworks. Pulling a tiny American flag out of the dossier, he is on his way.