



Fugue In A Minor

The next time I saw Laura was a few days later. She just showed up at the kitchen door from school.

She was loose, relaxed in loose baggy clothes. Work clothes, blue jeans, work shirt. Austin Slacker type. Tall, fresh faced youth; red hair loose, a teenager.

“Hey, I got an A on my mythology paper!” she said.

She seemed quit overjoyed.

“All right! Congratulations.”

I was pleased for her. “Well, we must celebrate!”

There we were, a man and a young woman walking down Baylor St. to the Whole Foods on Lamar, just a couple of blocks away. The big store had just opened. Whole Foods was an Austin hippie favorite, they used to have a store in a Victorian on Rio Grande, when it was called Saferway. It was the place to go for delicious organic goodies. I bought a bottle of Shiner Bock for myself and just an ice cream for Laura.

I teased her a bit: “It wouldn’t do to contribute to underage drinking in public by a minor.”

She took the teasing in good grace, demurely contorting her face into a mock look of disappointment. The girl began working some of her powerful magic back at me. I could see where it would be hard for one to withstand the full force of her slightly shocked, slightly sad gaze when Laura inveighs upon you with it.

I was hoping she would come back to the flat. I had been thinking about her a lot, wondering, hoping that there was some possibility for us getting together. I had spruced up the pad, wanting to make the environment pleasant, to support seduction.