

The shopping trip

I reach for my pen and the diary never had. It is important to preserve every detail about this important event.

What I'm shopping for is a brown suit. Something I never liked. My friend Jack is going along. Probably he never liked brown either. Our destination is Amsterdam and Schenectady. Surely, they will have just the right store to get a brown suit. I'll inquire from all I meet if they know of the best store. There is one with a sign saying: "Fine Men's Clothing." Oh no, the door is locked. No, it is secured with long wood screws. I'll just reach for my trusty screwdriver and take out those screws. Well I'm in, but things get somewhat hazy at this point and all I can do is look for another store. There is one off down there by the river. It won't be too hard to clamber down that rock-strewn embankment. Somehow, that store seemed to vanish also.

Now Jack and I are getting really anxious to find the brown suit. We'll ask more people we meet if they know the best place to shop. By now we know success in our venture is waning. That darn brown suit may never come within our reach. Something within me snapped back to reality. Then I remembered that Jack had left this world so many years ago. It would have been only a few days to Jack's birthday as it will be to my 87th. We did have boyhood adventures but not shopping for a brown suit. Dreams are strange things. Why did I have this one? Was it the pollen on the trees and flowers I so enjoyed in Spring? Was it that it was the late evening of the 13th of May? You know I always was a little skittish of 13 anyway. Maybe it was some of each along with my late-night snack.

You know who, Stone Arabia, May 14, 2017