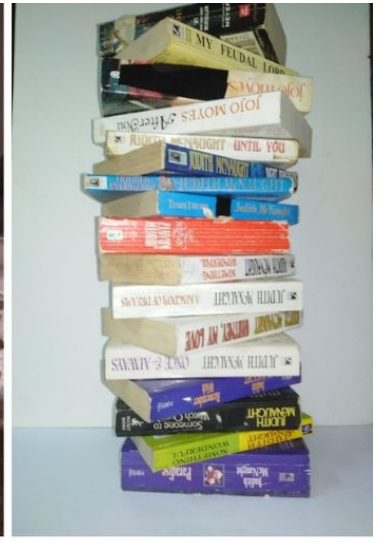
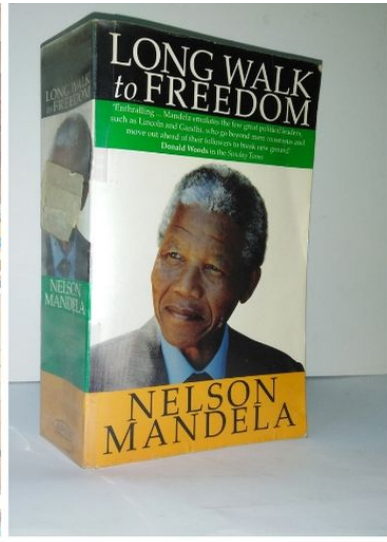
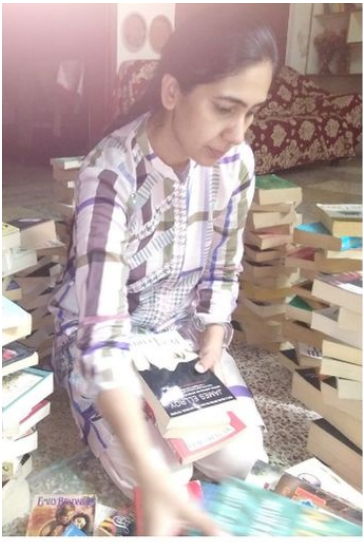


MEMOIR

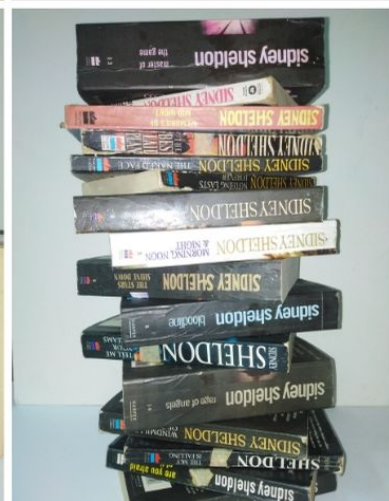
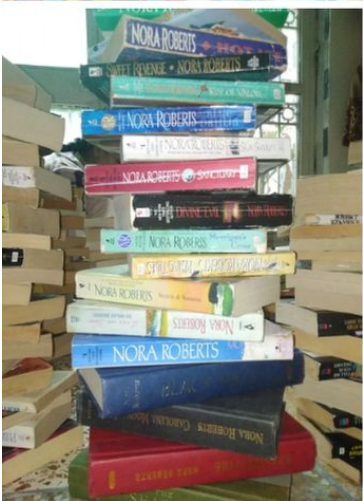
"The limited circle is pure."

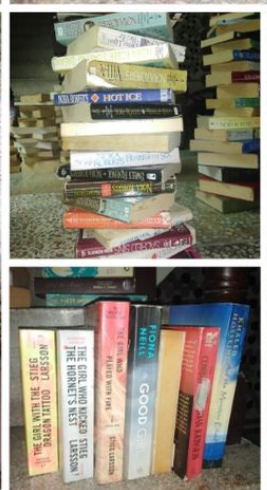
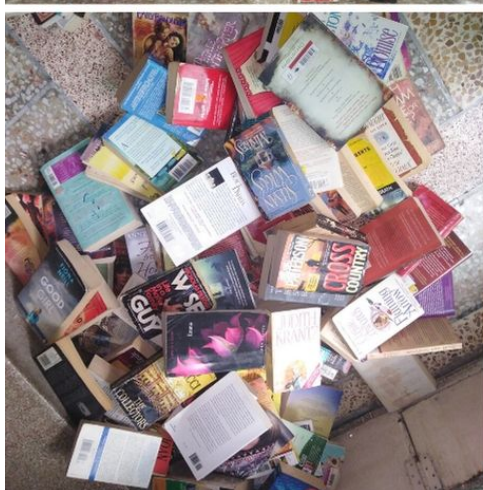
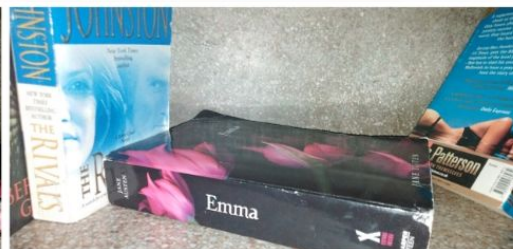
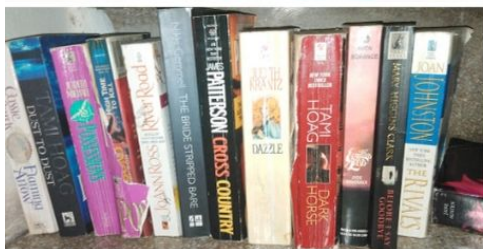
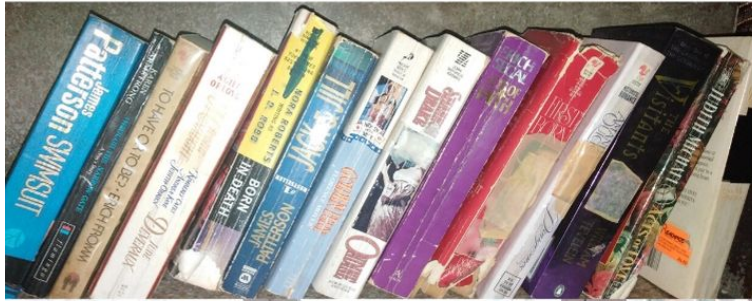
Franz Kafka

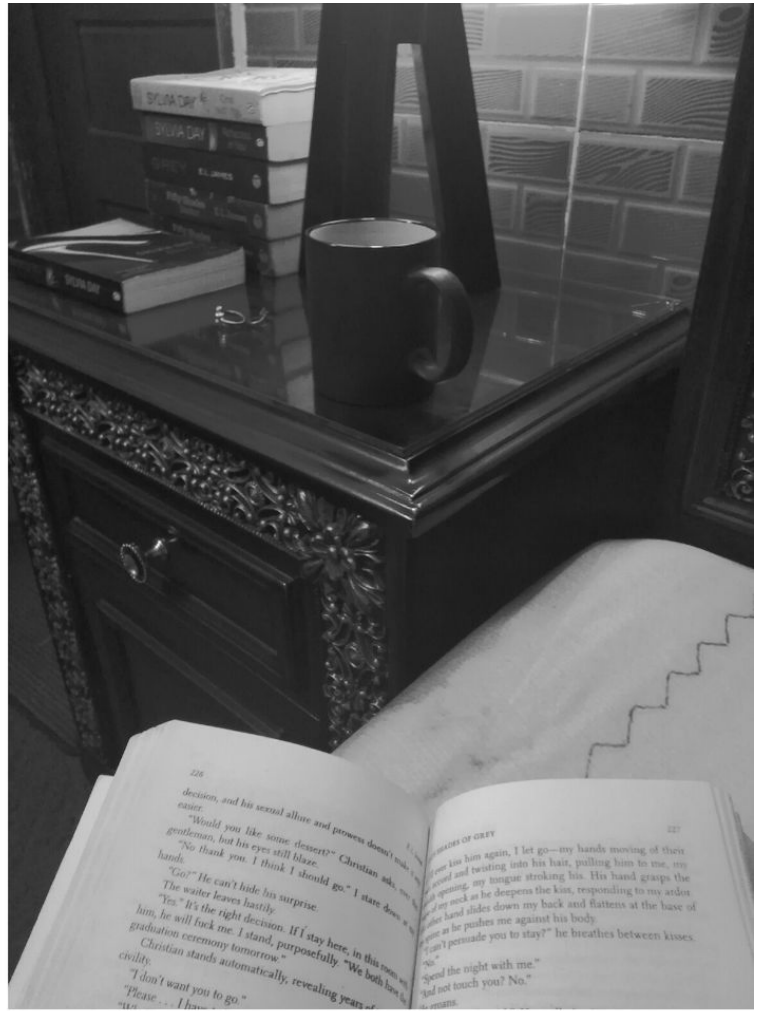
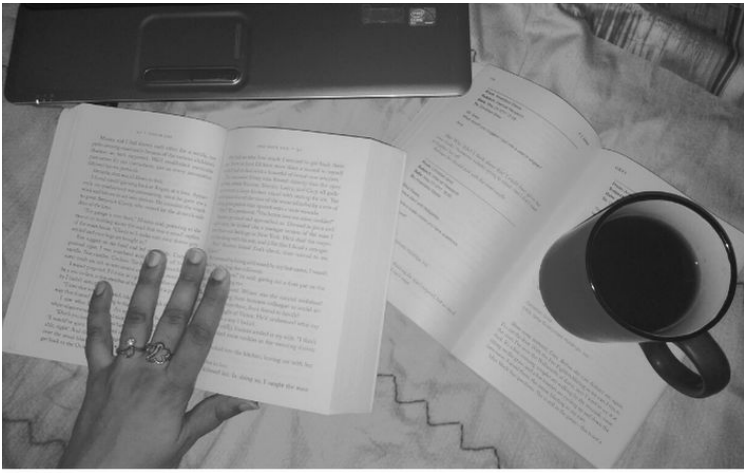
**ASSIGNMENT # 3
COLLECTION
SAMIA SHARIF
SUM19-001**



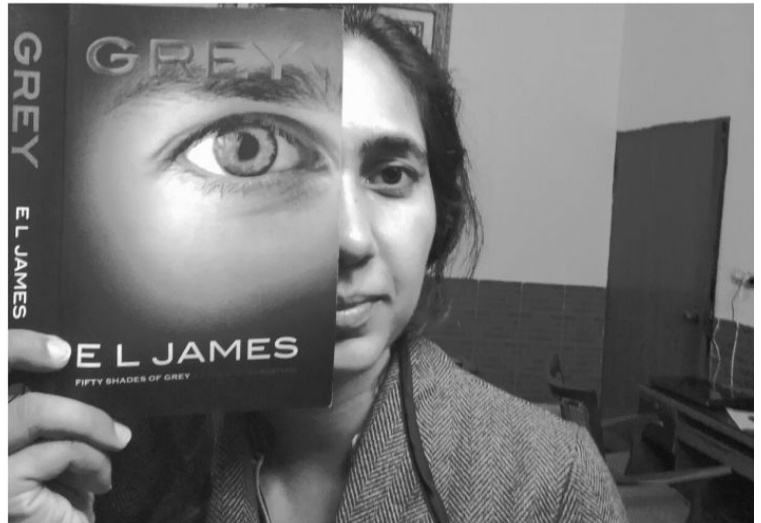
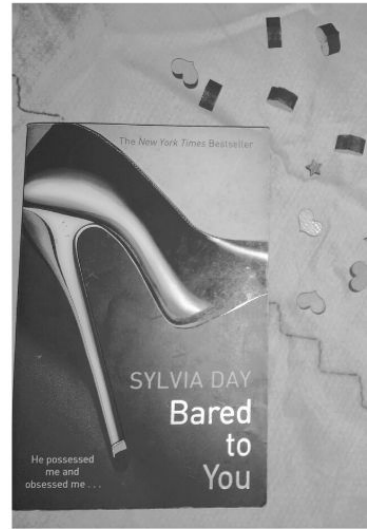
*"To the girl who reads
by flashlight who sees
dragons in the clouds
who feels most alive
in worlds that never
were who knows magic
is real who dreams
This is for you"*

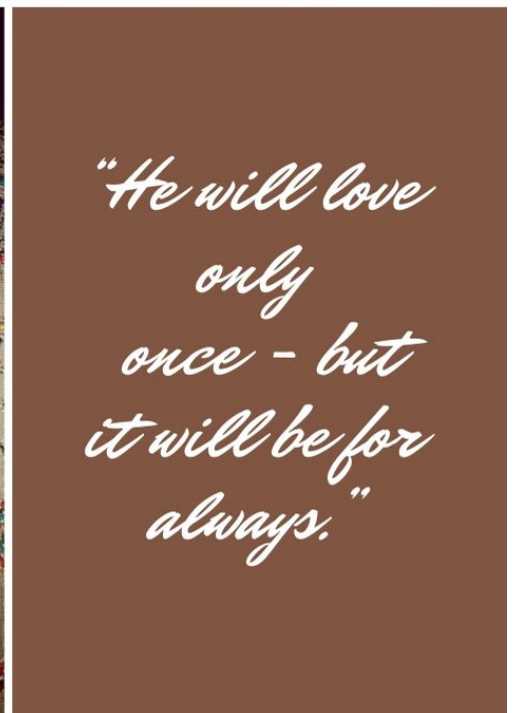
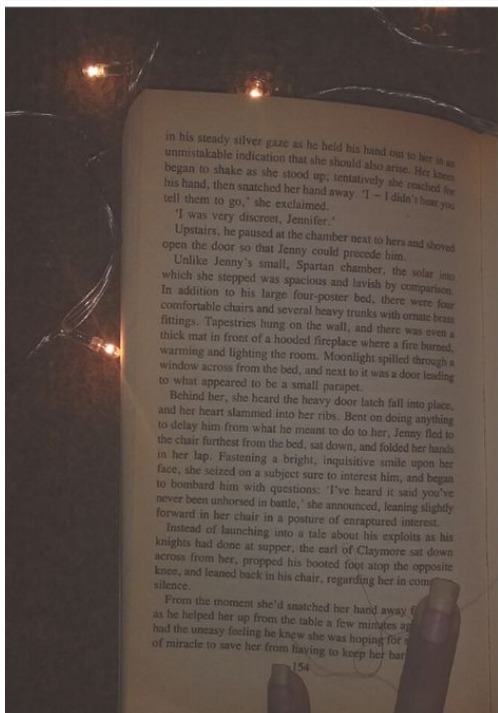
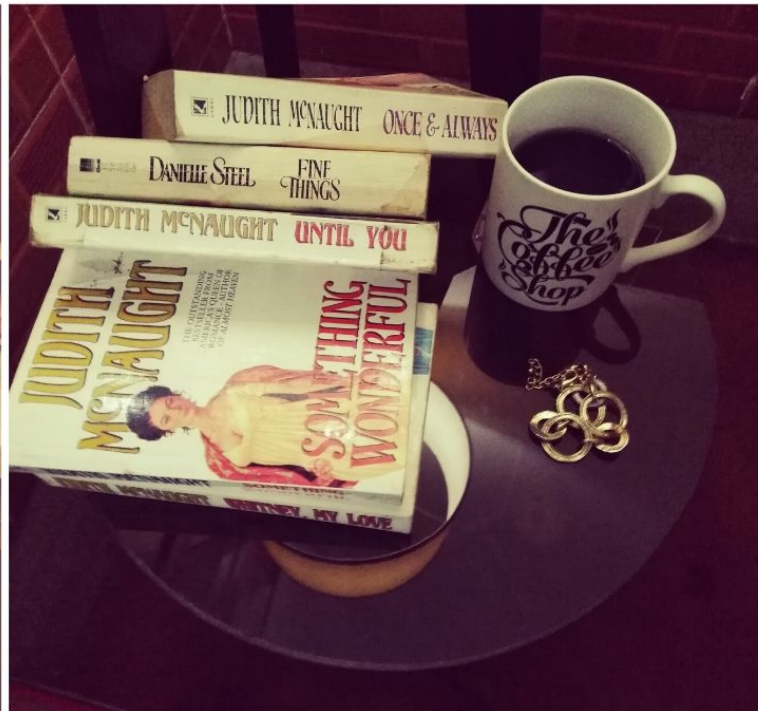
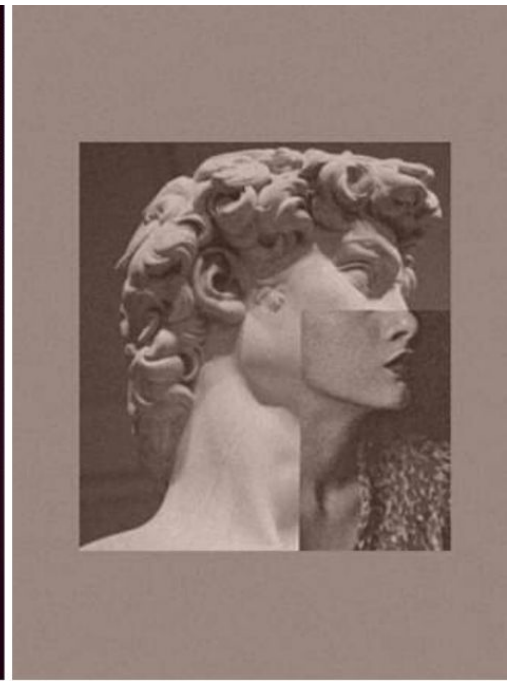
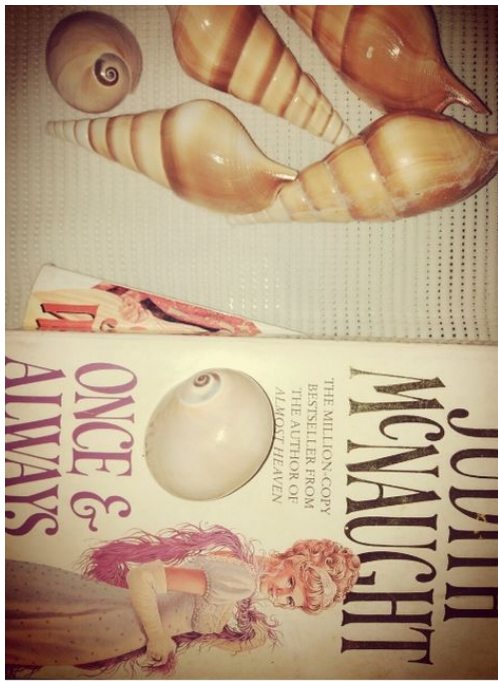






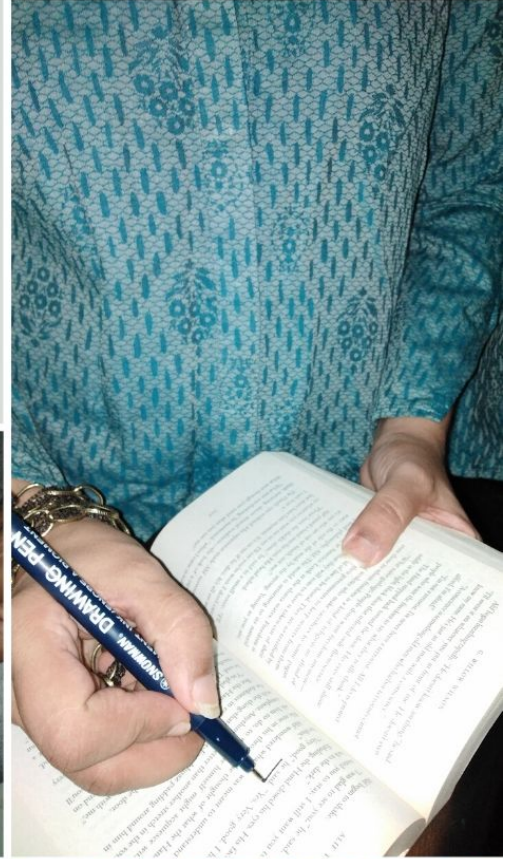
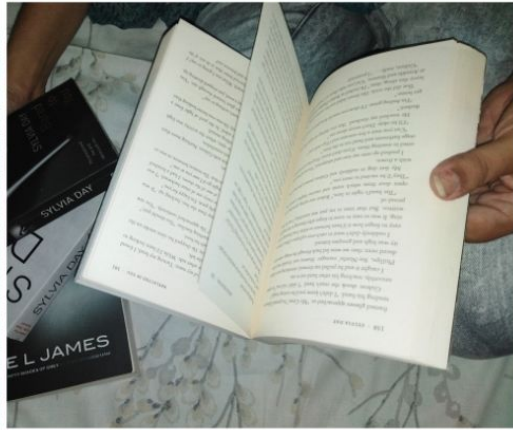
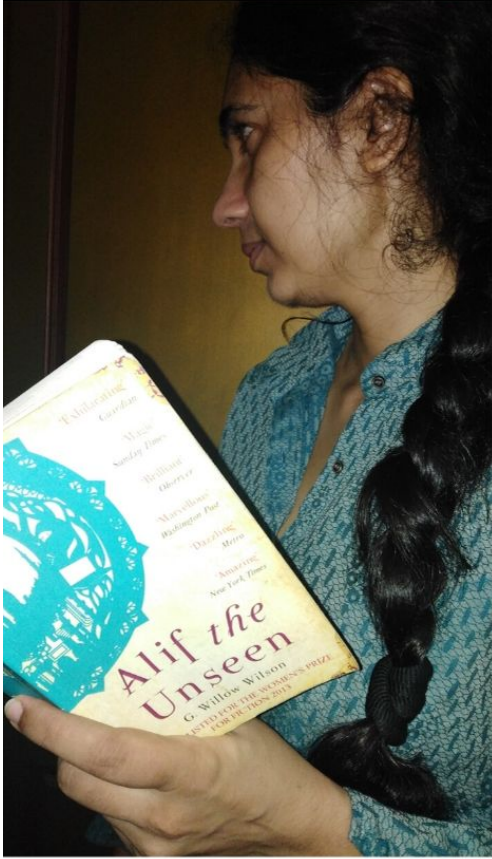
*love her
but leave
her wild*

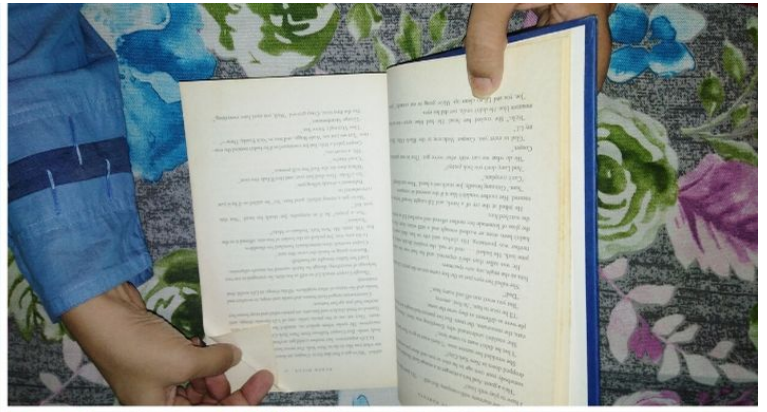




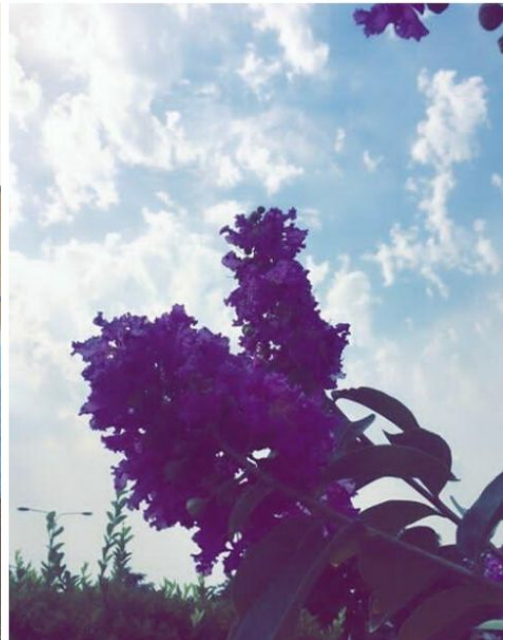


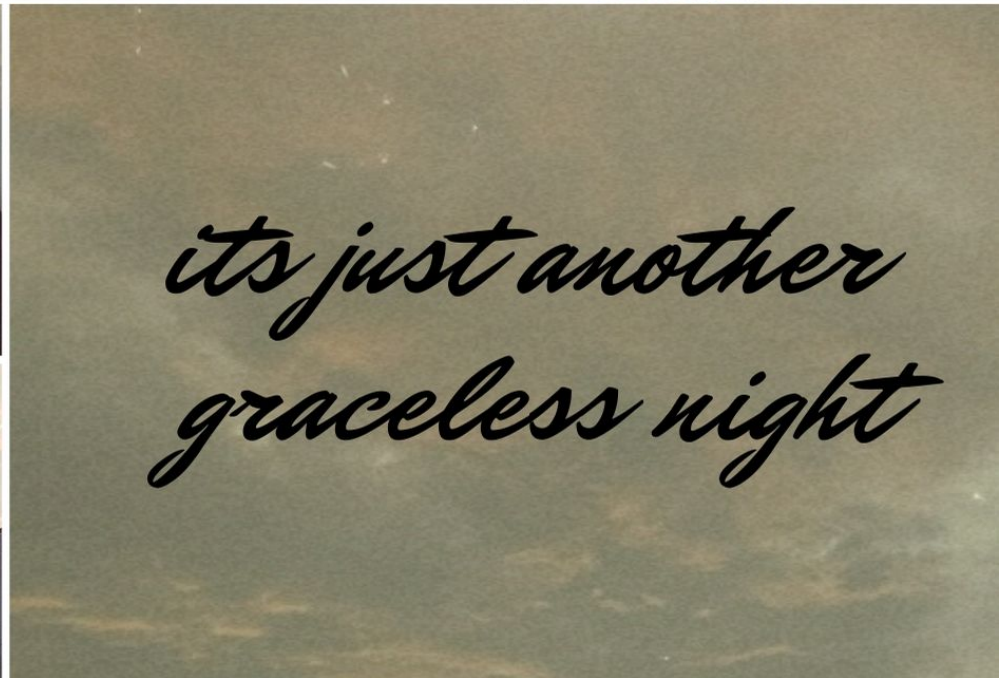
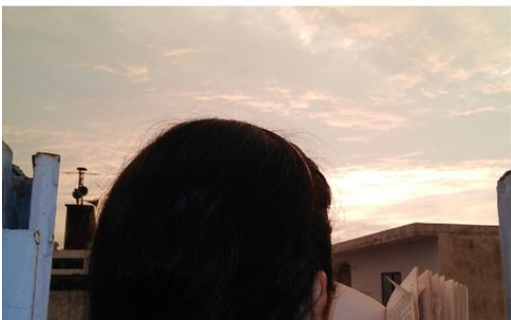
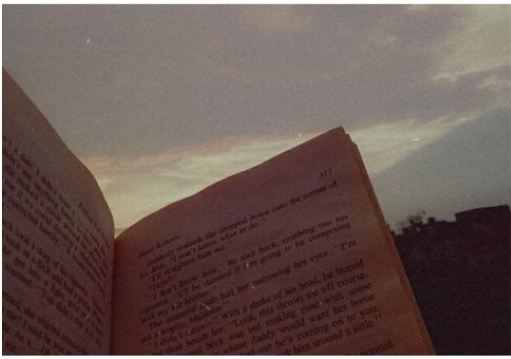
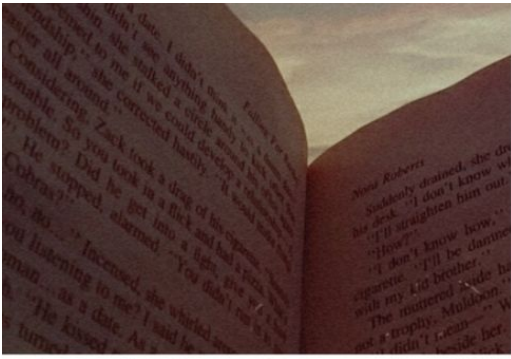
*Et tu es
mon livre
sanctifié.
mon
poème.*

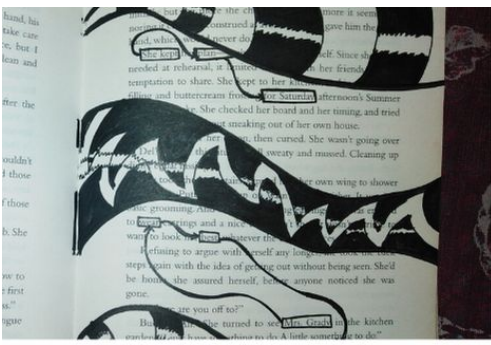




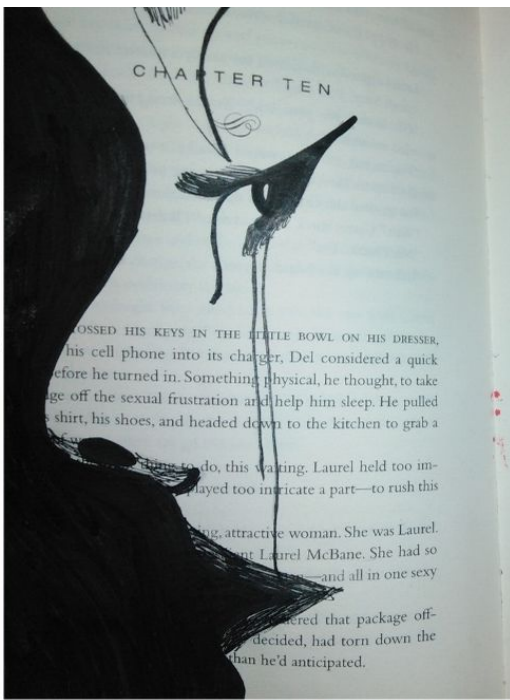
*I am nothing
in my soul if
not obsessive*







...rubbed at the cherry mark on his leg. It was some-
to do while his brain sat inert in his skull, offering
nothing that would make this explicable.
...e's fighting the...
...arvaiz, fighting? God, no! He's with their media
...eir. The black and white flag, the British-accented
who stood before it and the men's heads off
shoulders. And the media unit, filming it all.
...e stood up, walked to the edge of the rooftop, far
her as it was possible to go. In his life he'd never
wn anything like this feeling - rage? fear? Wh...
? Make it stop. He kicked out, knocked over the
quat tree. Shoved with his hands, toppled the cactus
t. The kumquat fell straight down, shattering
hit the ground; for an instant the root tangled



CHAPTER TEN
...CROSSED HIS KEYS IN THE LITTLE BOWL ON HIS DRESSER,
his cell phone into its charger, Del considered a quick
before he turned in. Something physical, he thought, to take
ge off the sexual frustration and help him sleep. He pulled
shirt, his shoes, and headed down to the kitchen to grab a
...to do, this waiting. Laurel held too im-
played too intricate a part—to rush this
...ing, attractive woman. She was Laurel.
...at Laurel McBane. She had so
...and all in one sexy
...erred that package off-
decided, had torn down the
...than he'd anticipated.

It added... Impulse was great; he was...
when it came to someone who mattered as much as...
so many complicated levels. Slow and sensible, he reminded himself.
It was working, wasn't it? In a short amount of time they'd learned
things about each other neither of them had explored in all the
years they'd known each other.
They'd spent the holidays together, as they'd spent countless
others—but in a whole new light, with an entirely different ap-
proach. That was the sort of thing they needed to do more of be-
cause they were too good for each other.
He was fine with it; he was good with it.
He wondered if the month would ever end.
He ordered himself an instant before the banging on his
front door, the insistent buzzing of his bell, had him rushing back
through the house.
Sharp claws of panic ripped viciously through his gut at his first
glimpse of Laurel, winded, wide-eyed, and flushed.
"Was there an accident? Parker?" He grabbed her, checking for
injuries even as his mind jumped forward. Last time—once, one, and
I'll go—
"No. No accident. It's fine. Everyone's fine." She waved her
back, sucking in a breath. "Here's what's wrong. You can't count today
and it's actually tomorrow, so you can't count that. Of the first day
because it's the first."
"What? Are you okay? Where's everyone? What happened?"
"Nothing happened; I came back." She held up one hand as
to calm him and shoved the other through her hair. "It's just
about the math, really, and today being tomorrow because it's a
midnight. So there's that. Plus you don't count weekends. We
count weekends? Nobody does. Five business days, that's w
they all say."

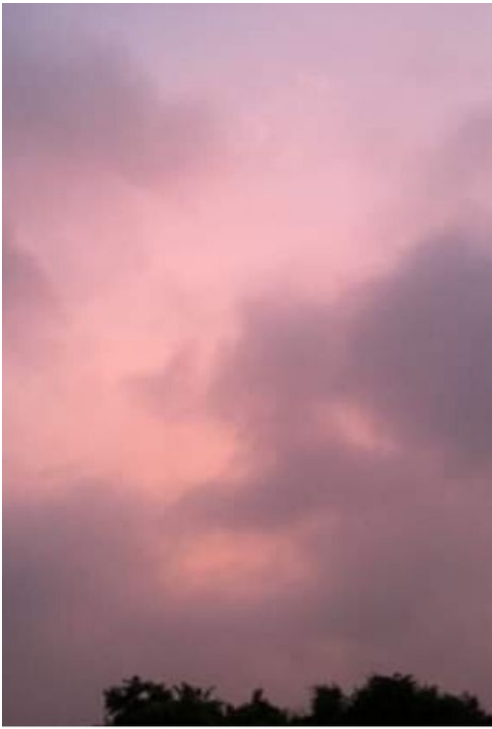


...arms...
sumptuous kiss.
She pulled...
...her...
doubleheader.
She spared Mal the lightest smile, flicked a cool glance at Del,
then stepped over to her...
"What was that?"...
"What the hell was that?"
"What? Oh, just trying to...
Wasn't that the...
"For God's sake...
"He's a friend...
"And it was so nice of you to arrange one for me, without even
ing if I'd like you to." She jabbed him with her finger...
She took care of herself, made her own way, and God, nothing
was more important to her than that.
But it stung, she couldn't help it, to remember that she'd always
be, in some sense, on the wrong side of that glass wall.
"It doesn't matter." She replaced the lip gloss, took a breath. "It
just doesn't matter."
Confidence, she reminded herself, was like lip gloss—all you
had to do was put it on.
She stepped out of the rest room, turned toward the dining
room, and started toward the table.
Okay, she mused, it helped considerably to see the way Del's
eyes warmed when he spotted her. He rose, held out a hand for
hers as Deborah shifted and glanced up.
Laurel saw the momentary struggle to place the face with a
name. She and Deborah didn't run in the same circles, after all.

...se out, and whisking yet again, added them one at a time
cream.
"All right. I'll just consider Malcolm a playmate for the other
boys, and let it go."
"Wise." At last, Laurel put down her whisk and rubbed her
arm. "I like him, Mal. I just don't know him all that well, but I
like him."
"He seems likeable enough."
"Excuse me...
"Excuse me...
"I am, and really there's someone else, but one must notice
sexy men. And if you tell me you haven't...
"He's not my type. And what are you grinning about?"
"Del said the same thing."
Challenge of irritation ran over Parker's face. "Oh, really?"
"Just the way Del does—because really, nobody's his sister's type
in Del's over-the-top...
...which is...
...should go...
"I have what you could call an outline. What would...
of an outline."
"You're so like Parker. Maybe that's part of it...
gay, or we were both gay, we'd be married. Which would mean I'd
never have to date again. My annoyance thereof the key cause for
the sexual moratorium. And very likely this conversation."
"Do you...
"Yes, but...
"We give...
"Give...
"The ad...
...in, have conversations, socialize, engage in recreational activities. We
date, like people do when they're casing into a different dynamic.
I given the tribal connection, and given what I assume is a ritual
desire to limit potential damage to our current connection—"
...Sevi...
...ally, we continue the sexual moratorium."

...Sevi...
...ally, we continue the sexual moratorium."

...me now, but it's not... "God, it was lowering, she realized, even
among her closest friends. "It's hard loving someone more than
they love you, and it's something I have to deal with. My feelings
my responsibility."
"I understand that." Mac reached over, squeezed Laurel's hand.
"I let Carter feel that way. I didn't want to be in love...
want to take that dive, that jump, so I kept holding back. I know it
hurt him."
"I'm not hurting. Or maybe a little, but that could just be pride.
I'm happy where we're... I know I may not be happy later, but this
is more than I expected to have."
"I'm forced...
commented. "You've always aimed high."
"When it's something I can work for or compete at. But you



raison d'être (n.)
A Reason for
existing

