Dutch Stake

by Ann Bogle

The publishers said go to Germany again, cut my hair again. Schicken, to send, to Frankfurt. Berlin has the bookstore. The Trust Fund editors said they are leaving Germany. They have been there all along while I have stayed home to tend American refugees. « Free American Dating Girl » — all go Dutch or stake the date. Excepting one light summer, I could. The courtier spent too much rather than ask his father for money. The LifeStyle requirement I dropped for him. His vasectomy, spurred by autism, had not expired, car-wise. Happy endings are due.

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