

We shall wait and see

by Ann Bogle

Donald Trump has stated that to have invaded Iraq had been incorrect, that is to say wrong, and that given that Someone did, then the United States ought to have taken the oil, the spoils of war as he called it. Today, so far ago, there are Russian female forms floating about often in pairs, perhaps shopping, typically in telephone contact with each other. Coincidentally, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that love is related to law in marriage, and the position begins in a statement attributed to first signer Ruth Bader Ginsburg and cosigned promptly by Sonia Sotomayor that entails that the first man loved a woman after the first woman won a judgment in the 1970s against her husband for rape. Who felt it? And how long does one feel like protesting, as a matter of opinion, the Court's historic estimate of love between one man and one woman? The judgment seems more related to universal love or song, and if that is marriage, then how many people are included in one marriage as a connection entitling one to land and any proceeds of union? The spoils of my unmarried love for Tony who in the novel is the man who would marry have been seized within my apartment, and because I am novel-prone, there are characters. The main character is Ethelbert, and she is from the South, and even she asks where in the South and cannot say for certain, and there are many other characters, including Walter Cronkite. The main narrator was Ann and for security's sake she has become Ann Cronkite. There is a guy who knows whose name is James. And there is a guy who scrunches up his face in sadness when it is suggested that Ethelbert is required to be a deadline lesbian and that same guy scrunches up his face in remembering the driving arrest of Mel Gibson who famously asked if the arresting officer was Jewish. That fellow becomes in the novel the Guy Who Might Be Jewish. His name is Louis. He is the most deep and sorrowfully scrutinizing one. Ann Cronkite is the base narrator. She is asking could she be a Jewish Writer though she cannot be pronounced Jewish? Ann herself is the

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small, right story solo worder in the corkish game tribute, a garden variety real girl of subsequent and palpably startling figural stature. Then there is Ethelbert's husband whom Ethelbert hasn't met yet, and who has literally weighed in, as if fed up and tired of waiting for a long, in full length, needless, wake up story. That is when Ethelbert asks, "Amy who?" related to a different group consequence, as if time and its long-lastingness is all she needs until they meet, though she still intends marriage for those concerned and herself as well. She has tried all her life alone and she is not African. The mad woman in the attic in Charlotte Brontë's novel *Jane Eyre* is Bertha. And Bertha is the substance of Jean Rhys's novel *Wide Sargasso Sea*. The substance of *Hootenanny* a novel by Ann Bogle may well be the character Myrtle in F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel *The Great Gatsby*. We shall see.

