in response to Jerry Ratch's "twitter quitter"

by Chris Galvin

They're breaking down the doors to get in. It becomes a writers' hangout. A literary salon. Coffee is served and quaffed in great quantities. Croissant crumbs float gently down onto manuscripts.

In one corner, a pianist plays a Bach partita, a shaft of mote-filled sunlight illuminating her dancing left hand.

Words are written. Hashtags exchanged. But membership is limited to 140 characters.

Available online at «*http://fictionaut.com/stories/chris-galvin/in-response-to-jerry-ratchs-twitter-quitter*»
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