

Cato

by Daniel Harris

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She was the clerk in the photography shop.

She sold me my first SLR.

Prior to the purchase I used a 4x5 camera to make zone system pictures, *a la* Ansel Adams.

"You can shoot a lot of frames with this camera," she explained.

I asked her to come to an *avant-garde* theater piece I was playing.

She accepted.

After the show we went to my crib and smoked a spliff, drank wine and had glorious sex.

She stayed at my crib all weekend. We had every kind of sex there was.

She left Sunday night after even more sex.

That week I had a full calendar.

I went to the photography shop on Friday.

She wasn't there.

I asked Galen, the owner, "Where is Cato?"

"She joined the Moonies."

"Cato won't be back?" I asked.

"Never," he replied.

