

SEIZE

by Eric Boyd

"You're right by the mall, the cultural district, and just a few minutes from downtown," the realtor smiled.

"And it's on a bus line?" the wife asked.

"Yes it is!"

"Good for winter if you get nervous about driving," the husband pointed out.

"You know, for this area, you're not going to find a more affordable home," the realtor continued.

The wife said, "I like the tile in the kitchen."

"We actually added that ourselves," the realtor said. "The kitchen, if you can believe it, was carpeted. Have you ever heard of such a thing?"

"Speaking of that," the husband said, "would it be possible to get new carpet in the kid's bedroom?"

"We've already discussed that back at the office, but I don't it would be possible without raising the current price, no. You could just put a throw rug down!"

"I don't know..." the husband rubbed his chin.

"It's not so bad," the wife countered. "We could put the crib over that."

"Yeah, maybe."

"It's a fine home," the realtor beamed.

"Yes it is— but, you know... You're sure the previous owner won't be snooping around?"

"No, no," the realtor said hurriedly. "Our company wasn't given any further information after we purchased the property, but I believe he got life; we really just go by what the papers say."

"Yes," the wife said, "that's right— we'd have to get our subscription moved to here."

