

Greetings from 17-E

by Fred Osuna

By the time you read this, I will have come and gone, but I thought you ought to know where I had been. The carpets in the lobby here have been replaced with runners of tan and blue. They really set off the white oak floors, but I missed seeing the fiery red and gold plush that led off in all directions from the concierge's desk. Those carpets massaged our bare feet then. You and I walked it all that weekend, back and forth to the cabana. This trip, I wore sandals.

Remember the glass changing room just off the pool terrace? It's been replaced by a juice bar. Seems fitting, really. All that glass. Dangerous.

Our room was one floor below the honeymoon suite. Felt as if I was eavesdropping on my own history, but the couple upstairs was quiet. Never heard them, either night. Remember our voices echoing in that bedroom? The suite must not have been occupied, is my guess.

I've never believed myself to be a lucky man, so I'm still not sure if I'm dreaming. If I am, I hope to never wake up. I'm taking half these winnings and putting them in a bank account under your name. Should be enough to cover your essential bills for at least three years. Robin and I are going out of state. Please don't try to find me.

I'll be leaving a box of Jordan almonds in your fridge, with the banking information attached.

Thanks for understanding.

