

Europe

by Jake Barnes

On the way over, on the ship, I met a girl from Cleveland. She got very huffy about the city where she lived. Cleveland was a nice place, she said. She glared at me, daring me to say otherwise.

In London I followed an exotic girl around an outdoor market snapping pictures. She tracked me down and planted herself in front of me, hands on hips. She scowled and wagged her finger. No photographs, she said.

I stood by the tube entrance and read the notes posted by the girls on a bulletin board. Oh, my! My mind worked overtime. Eeny meany I couldn't decide.

In the Louvre I met a girl from Las Vegas. She was in a room all by herself peering at a huge painting by Seurat. The painting was on loan from a gallery in Chicago. We stood there connecting the dots.

