

Another Time

by Jerry Ratch

Papa was fucking the artist's wife, Lillian, and the artist knew it but was afraid to say anything and she had broad, muscular brown arms and loved the sun on the sea and also she was just as athletic as the great writer and caught the big fish right along with him, and the artist was weaker but savvy and wore a gold watch chain from his pants pocket. But who wears a white shirt on a fishing expedition? A wide grin on Papa's face, and on hers, as they both hold the huge fish. The artist isn't grinning though, and Papa would probably go on to use her voice.

