

The Scholiasts

by John Mark Capps

It was already 3:30 PM. Where had all the time gone? Linda looked up from her computer monitor over at Carlos, who had his face intently pointed at his. "We have to go soon," she said. "We want to avoid rush hour traffic."

"Where did we put the address?" Carlos answered, not looking up. "I mean, I could MapQuest it...."

"Leaves Of Grass," Linda answered impatient with Carlos's poor memory.

"Oh, I hope you didn't write it in my grandfather's 1892 edition!" Carlos said.

"Of course not! That's where we kept email addresses in the late '90s. It's in the Bantam paperback edition, the one we got used six years ago. It's on page 91, across from 'Facing West from California's Shores' as I remember."

Carlos got up and sauntered over to the shelves. "Okay, got it. But shopping? We had a list a mile long."

"Grocery or drugstore?"

"Grocery."

"It's in one of the Malcolm Gladwells over there, I forget which one. Which reminds me...." She grabbed a ball point pen and went to the shelves herself, scanning until the right title came up.

"Tomorrow is that bookstore sale."

"Storewide, or on selected items?" Carlos asked.

"Storewide," replied Linda

"That means Madame Bovary, and not Emma! I have a list for tomorrow on page 155, highlighted in yellow."

"Well, different Emma. And, yes, I have that on my Kindle, too. Where is the list of films we're Netflixing?"

"Middlemarch," Carlos answered decisively. "Where else?"

"Good," said Linda. "I like things neat and orderly."

