Robert B. Parker we’ll miss you.

by Larry Strattner

Summer nights in Boston little ripply pools of light dot the sidewalk, formed by dim , old cast iron streetlights as they shine through maple leaves just barely moving in the breeze.

The guy was probably coming from the little pub down the block and around the corner. He was walking with his head down and bumped right into me.

“Yow. Sorry.” He jumped back and to the side.

“No problem.”

“Best to keep your head up walking in the dark.” I said.

“I was thinking while I walked," he said. "You're right. Bad things happen to those who don't pay attention.”

“They do. But I've got insurance.”

“Insurance?”

My large, dark colored, German Shorthair stepped from behind me. “Smells and sees everything.”

“Whoa!”

“He's a midrange policy. Eats a large bag of dog food a week. Occasionally I think I should have less coverage. A Jack Russell maybe. You live around here?”

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“No. Just taking a shortcut.”

“Be careful. Residents here are a little skittish with strangers.”

“You inviting me out of the neighborhood?”

“No. just a caution. I just left my associate, Hawk, on the last corner. He gets morally offended by intoxicated strangers. If I were you I'd make extra sure not to bump into him.”

“Uh. OK. Thanks. You live here?”

“Not anymore.”