

We Are Not Alone

by Sarah Sassone

The bank bought out the miles of land behind our property. They're building high ranch houses, perfect for both people starting a family as well as grown families. There will be more dogs to bark at our pit bulls, persistent trick-or-treaters who will frown because we won't buy candy, newly-weds with their sophisticated parties. There will be housewives who won't leave us be, who will prod us with spinach and broccoli casseroles, send us invitations to their kids' birthday parties, and probe us with questions about what we do.

