

"Cary" Me Home

by Thomas Pluck

"Would you mind if she took your empty seat?" The stewardess said.

"She has a phobia."

"Oh." Archie's dimpled chin fell, then a smile broke above it. "Not at all."

The little thing curled up beside him, clutching a slender case.

"Oh my. You're--"

"Yes, I am. And you are, miss?"

"Maria Zetowsky. With the Philharmonic. On loan to London."

"That's your flute? Funny word, isn't it? Flute."

"I guess so."

He held her hand. "Relax, and soon we'll have *flew to* England."

Sometimes Archie wished Cary Grant could hold *his* hand on long flights.

