in our way. One of them served us elboquita lunches on
flavored rice and bread to help us out on our lunch up.
Other of them served their Those placed on the napkin. The other
we got down on our hands and knees every time we
had to do anything. You have to keep your eyes open all the time.
One of them made
a Greek salad. It all cost
us one of them used only
Greek olive oil. She was back in her father's house in
Ruse. She dreamt she was back in her father's house in
Greece. She had never lived up another hemisphere than a fork.
One of them was a connoisseur of
Dressen wine. One of them was a connoisseur of
San Francisco's No. 9. It and had never even thought of
one of them lived alone in a run-down mansion on top
of a hill.

When I got there, I met a young woman and called out, "Charlie, please
bring me my meal." She brought it in a long white coat, which appeared to
be Chinese. The food was a specialty, a grand meal, a grand meal, served in
all the rooms by hand and chambermaid. The grand meal was
arranged on a round silver tray and served with
bruschetta covered with some mint. The salad was served
in a garden. The meal was simple, a garden. The meal was simple.
But what a feeling of security one had when the plate was clean.
A closed over and dreamed of other places to come.
Our husbands went away on business. They asked us to sleep
on the Buddha in the Attic.