

"I used to have this miniature Polar Bear, and when he was a puppy he'd fit right on my hand"

She put her palm up by way of illustration.

"And he'd kind of circle around me, he had this long kind of stride, kind of like my Uncle Ned. You know how my Uncle Ned walks"

She demonstrated. Her Uncle Ned hunched along loose-gaited, lumbering. Then she got the giggles.

"Too bad they don't miniaturize men," said her ungiggling pal, "then they'd be cute too"

The first girl stopped, giggled, put her palm up and stared at it.

Analyst

Santa Monica Oceanside Park.

He was sitting wrapped in an overcoat with an old time fedora on his head and a muffler around his throat.

It was four PM, the fog was coming in.

"Mysterious, that's what a lot of people are saying about his whole administration. He can't see governors but he can see football coaches, he couldn't campaign but he can go fishing ... sure, mysterious, but it's more than that, he's zany, unpredictable, self-indulgent, light-hearted ... it's all the characteristics of a man on vacation, not responsible for anything ... it's that what he's on ... A VACATION, THE CORPORATION'S TAKEN OVER"

"Which corporation's that?" I asked.

"The big white phantom Spider on tall, white legs, stalking, stalking, stalking, waiting to strike"

He looked expectantly out oceanward at the thick fog moving in around us, stopped talking, seemed to be listening.

All I could hear was cars on the highway that ran along the ocean in front of us, down at the bottom of the sand bluffs on which we were sitting.