

HE LET himself out through a side door and walked down the snowy street, kicking a pebble before him. The pebble snowballed until it was twice William's size and with all his strength he could only budge it inch by inch. Like that guy in that myth, you know the one. That's when he saw Lamont. She had just been thrown out of a book-store for asking why the area marked LITERATURE was not instead marked MEN'S STUDIES. The tattooed bouncers had flung her in the snow where she now sat, reading a stolen *The Wall Street Journal*. "They really butchered my article . . ." she muttered. William gave her a funny look and went over to sit in the snow with her. "Look," he said, "I have feelings for you which in the English language can't be given but only sold. So I'm suggesting we write a language together which is relevant to us." "Yeah, okay," she replied absently, skimming the editorials. William sighed with relief. Lamont looked up. "Wait, what do you mean?"