

– Never write on the walls.

These weren't walls. Someone had scribbled "Roma, mi amore."

*Pronomi: mi, ti, si, ci, vi, si.*

*Devo usare prima il verbo coniugato.*

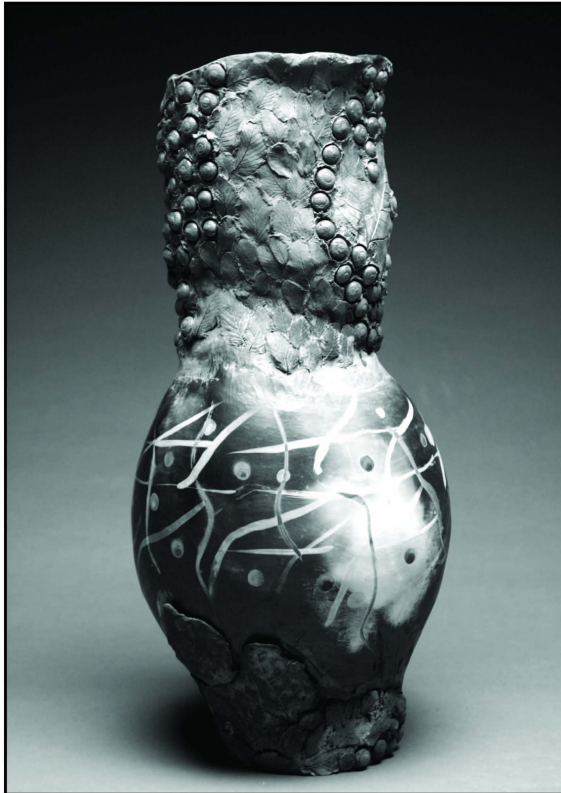
The Italian teacher was nice. Valeria: she had short black hair. Bob had short hair too. But it was gold. The sun was gold too.

The sun had disappeared behind St. Peter's dome. There was an accordion player in the piazza. His music echoed up. It was tinny and hauntingly melancholy, though at the same time oddly confident. Beautiful music! She played the piano. Not very well. But she liked Chopin. Edmund had said:

– CHOP-in.

She wondered if you could play Chopin on the accordion. She dropped to her knees and stared through the columns. They were like hourglasses, and the time in Rome was diminishing like sand. They would be going back home soon. Bob said:

– Real life.



Yesica Moran

*Stamp*

Ceramic