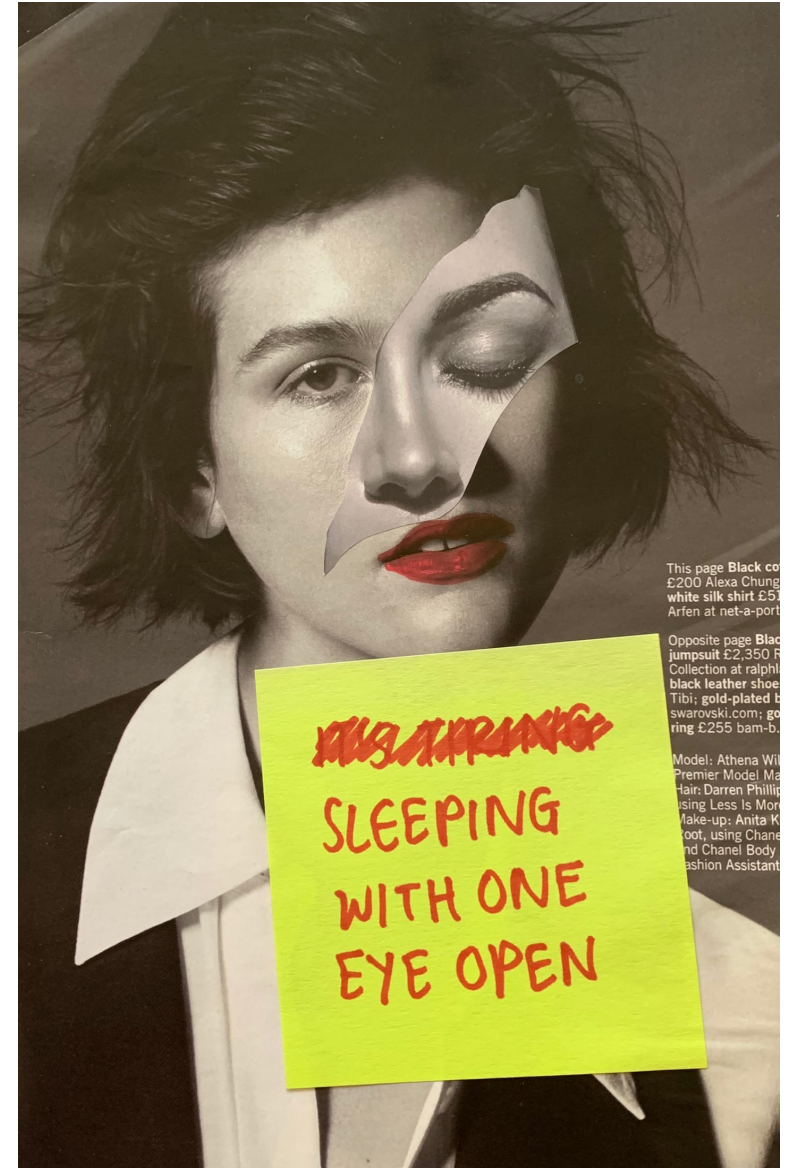


GULLU KANDROU

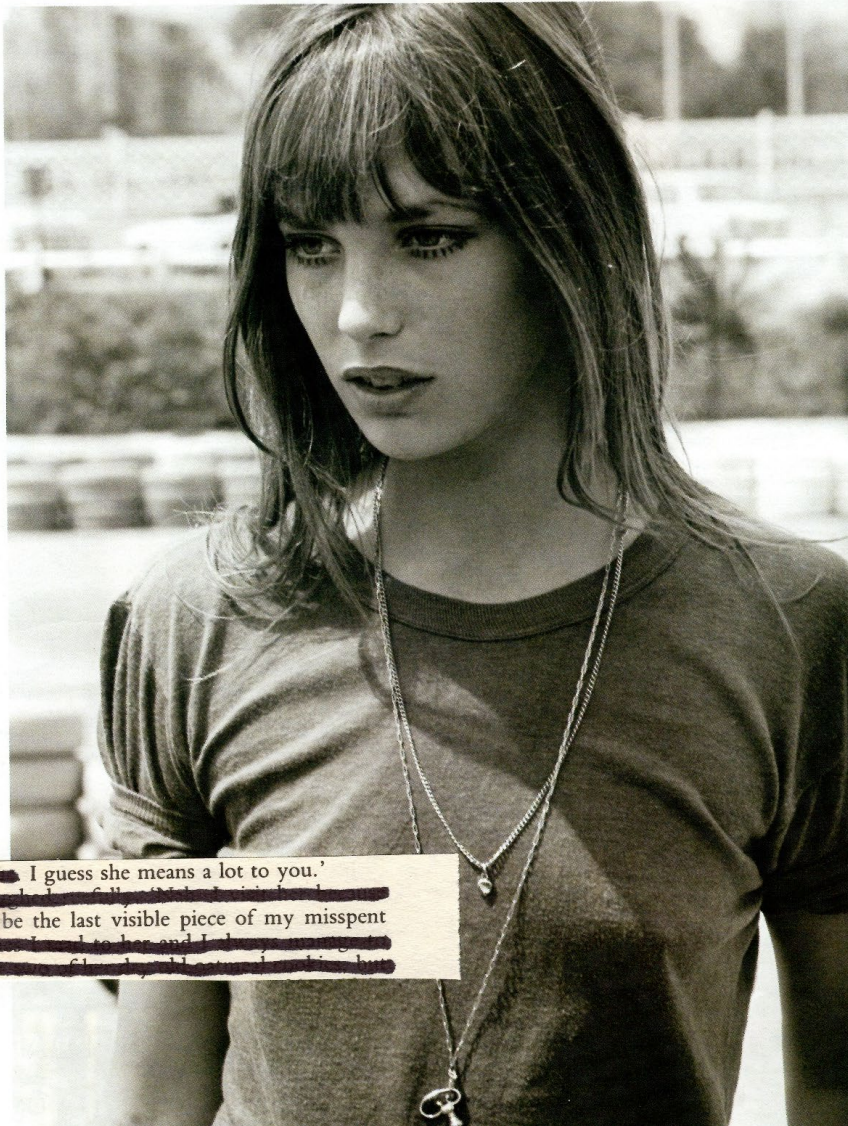
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· gullukandrou@gmail.com · Instagram: [@gullukandrouart](https://www.instagram.com/gullukandrouart) ·
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Timeless Icons



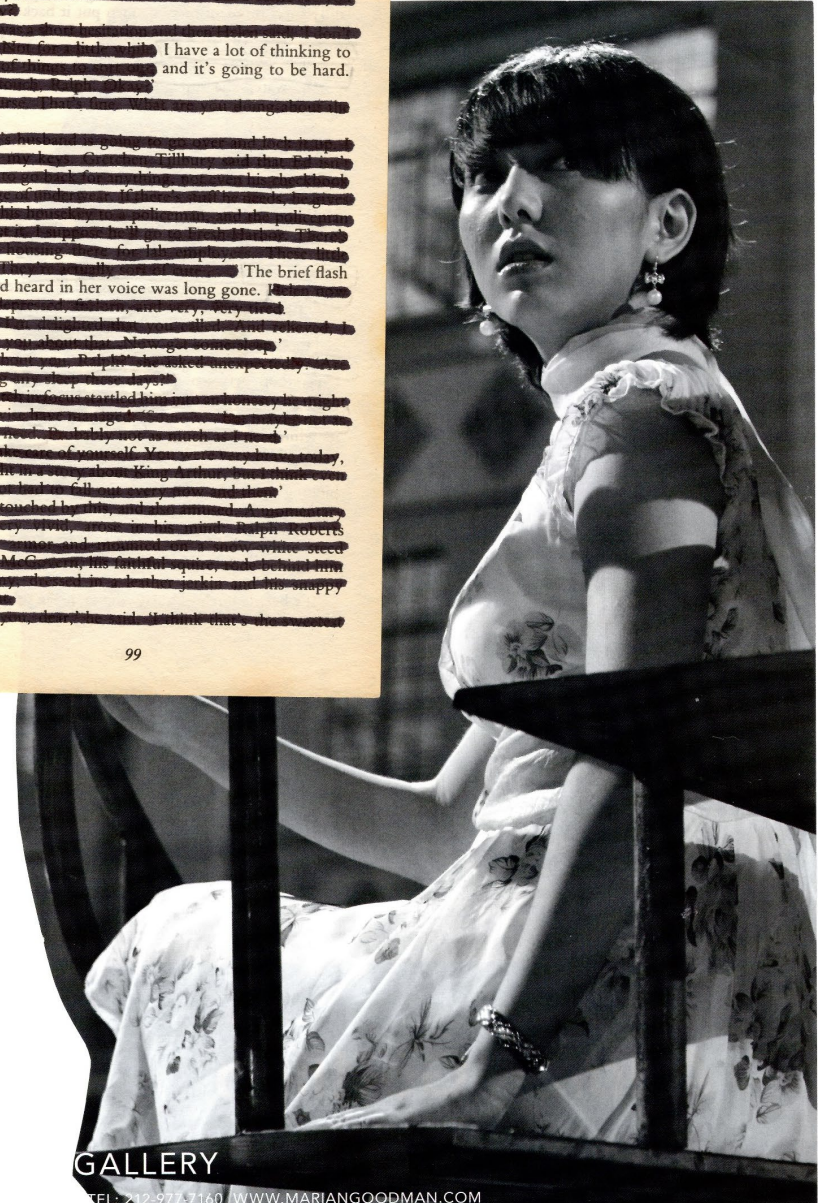
I guess she means a lot to you.
she happens to be the last visible piece of my misspent youth.

Little Bald Doctors

I can't stand to cry anymore.

I have a lot of thinking to do, and it's going to be hard.

The brief flash of fire he'd heard in her voice was long gone.



GALLERY

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Ralph hung up the telephone and stood looking at it for a moment, his frown putting three ascending wave lines on his brow.

'Come on, Helen,' he said. 'Call me back. Please.' Then he returned to the table, sat down, and began to eat his small bachelor's supper.

No was washing up his four dishes fifteen minutes later when the phone rang again. That wasn't her, he thought, wiping his hands on a dish towel and then flipping it over his shoulder as he went to the phone. No way it'll be her. It's probably Leiner Bill. But another part of him knew differently.

'Hi, Ralph.'

'Hello, Helen.'

'That was a few minutes ago. How was your day?' Helen asked, and Ralph didn't think he'd pulled her in the hospital.

'I kind of figured that.'

'I heard your voice and I... I couldn't...'

'That's okay. I understand.'

'Do you?' She gave a long, watery sniff.

'I think so, yes.'

'The nurse came by and gave me a pain pill. I can't say I'm really better. But I wouldn't let myself get it until I called you again and said what I had to say. I am sick, but it's a hell of an incentive.'

'Helen, you don't have to say anything.' But he was afraid that she did, and he was afraid of what it might be... afraid of finding out that she had decided to be angry at him because she couldn't be angry with Ed. 'Yes, I do. I have to say thank you.'

Ralph leaned against the side of the door and closed his eyes for a moment. He was relieved but unsure how to

Helen broke down then, crying hard. Ralph waited with his forehead leaning against the side of the doorway between the kitchen and the living room. He used the end of the dish towel he'd slung over his shoulder to wipe away his own tears almost without thinking about it.

'Anyway,' Helen said when she was capable of speaking again. 'I ended up talking to this woman for almost an hour. She's called Victim Counselling and she does it for a living. Can you believe it?'

'Yes,' Ralph said. 'I can. It's a good thing, Helen.'

'I'm going to see her again tomorrow, at Woman's Soc. It's ironic, you know, that I should be going there. I mean, if I hadn't signed that petition...'

'If it hadn't been the petition, it would have been something else.'

She sighed. 'Yes, I guess that might be true. Is true. Anyway, Gretchen says I don't solve Ed's problem. I can't start solving some of my own.' Helen started to cry again and then took a deep breath. 'I've cried so much today I never want to cry again. I told her I loved him. I felt ashamed to say it.'

'But it feels true.' 'I wanted to give him another chance. She said that meant I was committing Natalie to give him another chance, too, and that made me think of how she looked sitting there in the kitchen, with pursed spinach all over her face, screaming her head off while Ed hummed. God, I hate the way people like her drive you nuts. I can't and won't let you out.'

'She's trying to help, that's all.'

'Helen (that) I'm very confused, Ralph. Probably you didn't know that, but I am. A wan chuckle drifted down the telephone line.

'That's okay, Helen. It's natural for you to be confused.'

'Just before she'd told me about High Ridge. Right now that sounds like just the place for me.'

'What is it?'

'A kind of halfway house — she keeps explaining that it

shoulder. 'Yeah, Secretary General Peacemaker Number One! You could do it, Ralph, no shit!'

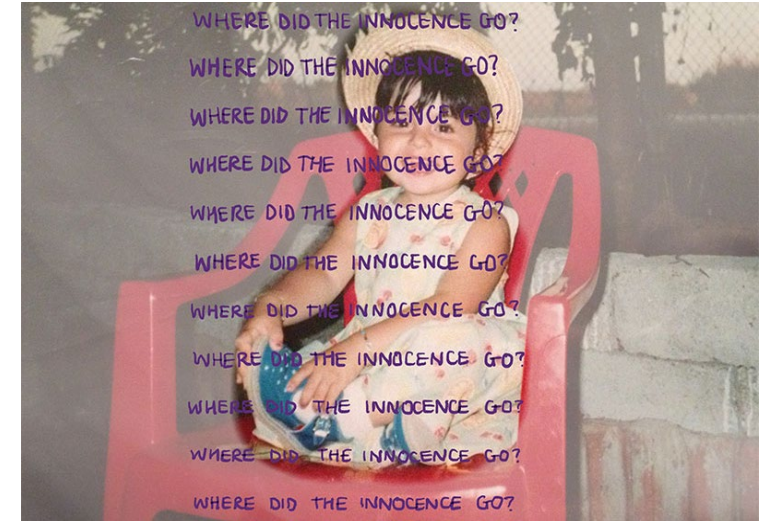
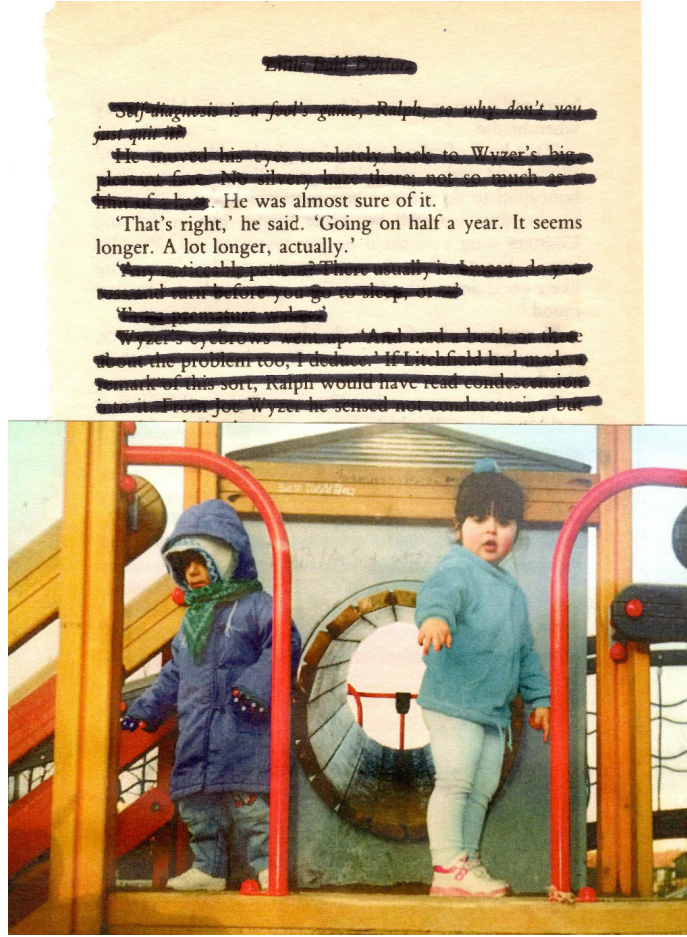
'No question about it. Take care of yourself, Faye.' He started to turn away and Faye touched his arm. 'You're still up for the tournament next week, aren't you? The Runway 3 Classic?'

It took a moment for Ralph to figure out what he was talking about, although it had been the retired carpenter's main topic of conversation ever since the leaves had begun to show color. Faye had been putting on the chess tournament he called The Runway 3 Classic ever since the end of his 'real life' in 1984. The trophy was an oversized chrome hubcap with a fancy crown and sepiol engraved on it. Faye, easily the best player among the Old Crooks (on the west side of town, at least), had awarded the trophy to himself on six of the nine occasions it had been given out, and Ralph had a suspicion that he had gone the other three times, just to keep the rest of the tournament participants interested. Ralph hadn't thought much about his fall, he'd had other things on his mind.

'Sure,' he said, 'I guess I'll be playing.' Faye grinned. 'Good. We should have had it last weekend, that was the schedule, but I was hopin' that if I put it off, Jimmy V would be able to play. He's still in the hospital, though, and if I put it off much longer, it'll be too cold to play outdoors and we'll end up in the back of Duffy Sprague's barber shop, like we did in '90.'

'What's wrong with Jimmy V?'

'Cancer come back on him again,' Faye said, then added in a lower tone. 'I don't think he's gonna make it this time.' Ralph felt a sudden and surprisingly sharp pang of sorrow. He and Jimmy Vandermore had known each other well during their own 'real lives'. Both had been on the road back then, Jimmy in candy and greeting cards, Ralph in printing supplies and paper products, and the two of them had gotten on well enough to team up



~~_____~~
~~_____~~
Self-diagnosis is a fool's game, Ralph, so why don't you
~~_____~~
He moved his eyes resolutely back to Wyzer's big
~~_____~~
~~_____~~ He was almost sure of it.
'That's right,' he said. 'Going on half a year. It seems
longer. A lot longer, actually.'
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
Wyzer's eyebrows went up. 'And read a book or three
about the problem too, I deduce.' If Litchfield had made
remark of this sort, Ralph would have read condescension
in it. From Joe Wyzer he sensed not condescension, but



WHITE-PLAINS GAZETTE.

"EVEN THE MUMBLING, NOVELS PRINTER—BUT BEFORE HIS ART, THRONES CRUMBLE AND TYRANTS SHRINK, AND THE MIGHTY AND THE WISE ARE AS NOTHING—TRUTH ALONE TRIUMPHS!"—"Kunst macht Gewalt"

VOL. I.] WHITE-PLAINS, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894. [NO. 1.

WHITE-PLAINS GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. H. STORM.
Every Tuesday Morning.

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Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. For single copies, five cents. The paper will be furnished until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the editor. Orders must be paid in advance, or they will not be attended to.

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Dec. 22.

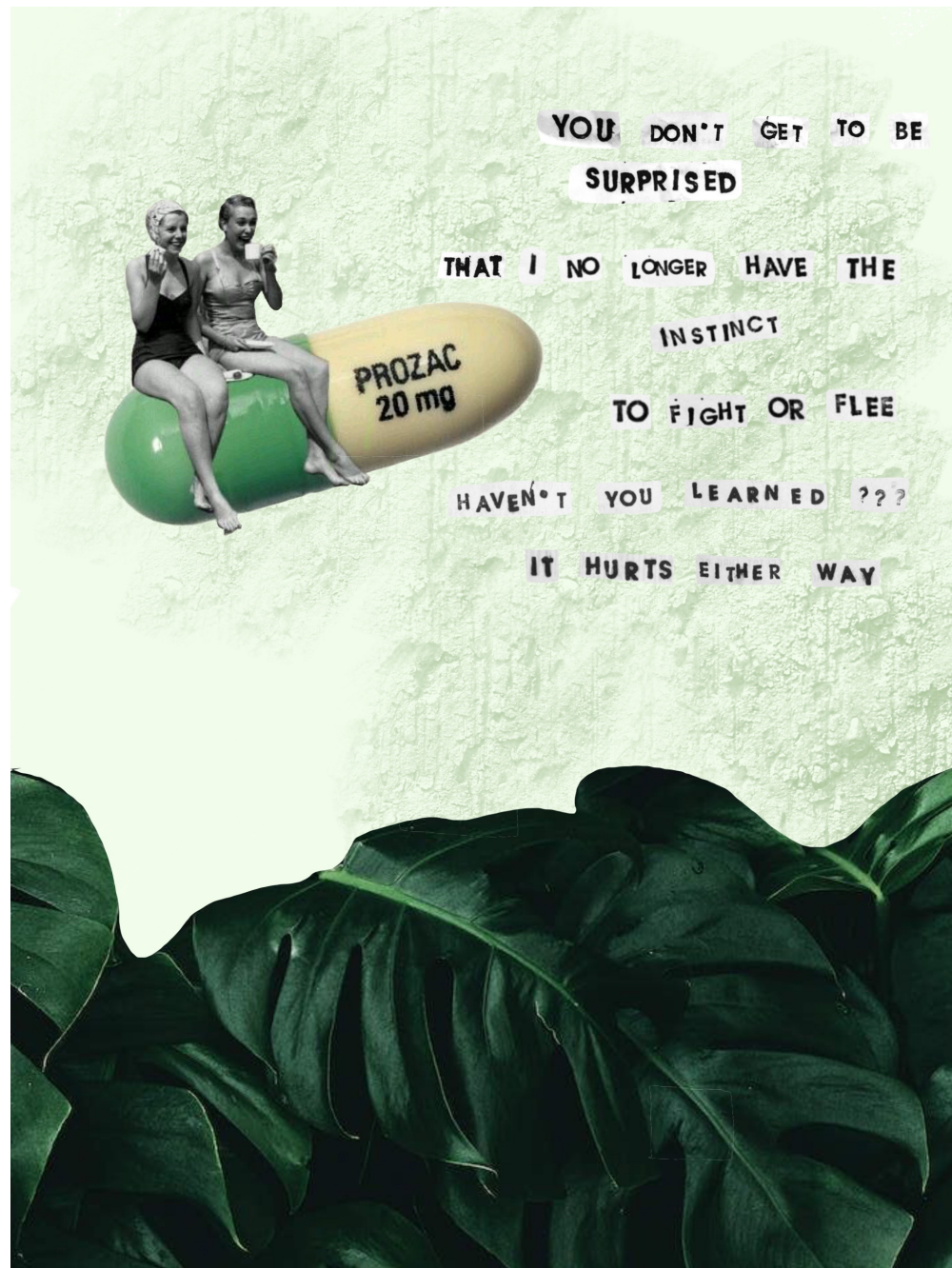
Woolen Factory Greensburgh.

DWIGHT CAPRON.
HAVING taken for a term of years, the Woolen Factory owned by Joseph Hunsford Esq., situated on Saw-Mill River, in the township of Greensburgh, about twenty-five miles from New York, four miles from Tarrytown, five miles from White Plains, and one mile from Dobb's Ferry; where he intends giving his whole attention to the Manufacturing and Dressing of Broadcloth, Suit

IT WINS TODAY

BUT THEY DO NOT WANT TO SEE YOUR PAIN. SO MAKE IT PRETTY. DO NOT NAME IT SUFFERING. DO NOT LOOK FOR A SHOULDER TO CRY UPON. REMEMBER, FOR YOU, THERE IS NO LEANING.





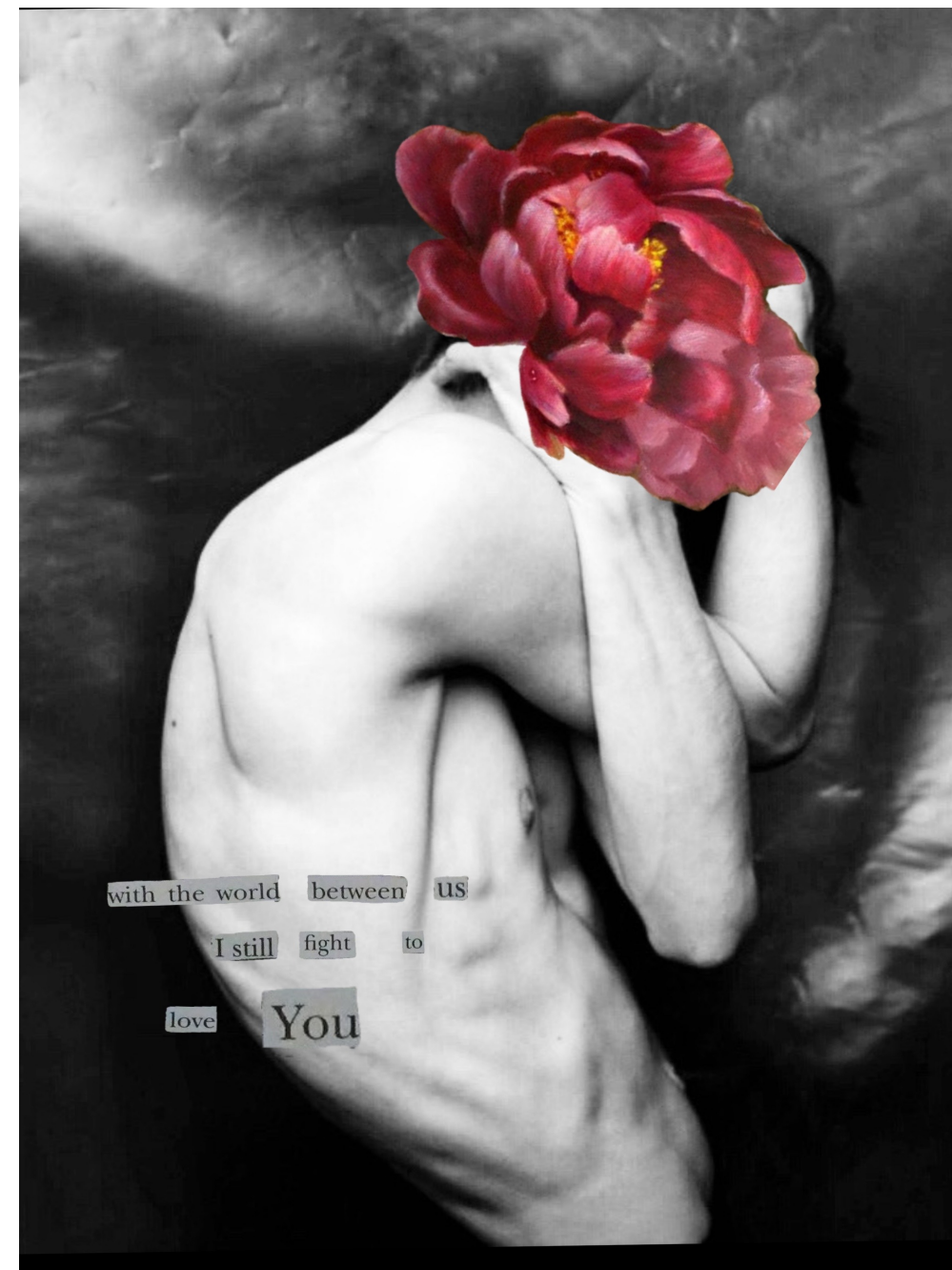
YOU DON'T GET TO BE
SURPRISED

THAT I NO LONGER HAVE THE
INSTINCT

TO FIGHT OR FLEE

HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ???

IT HURTS EITHER WAY

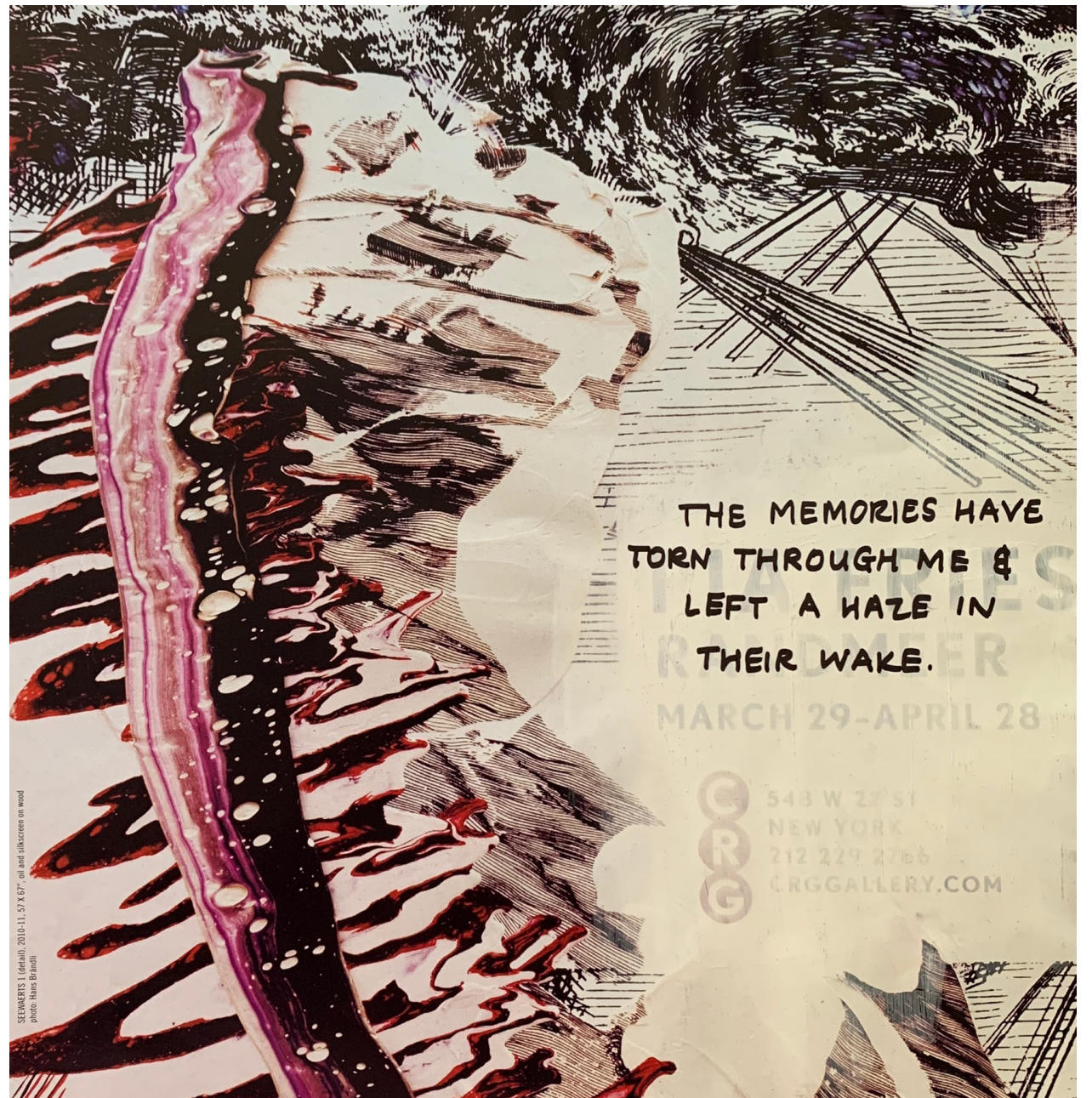


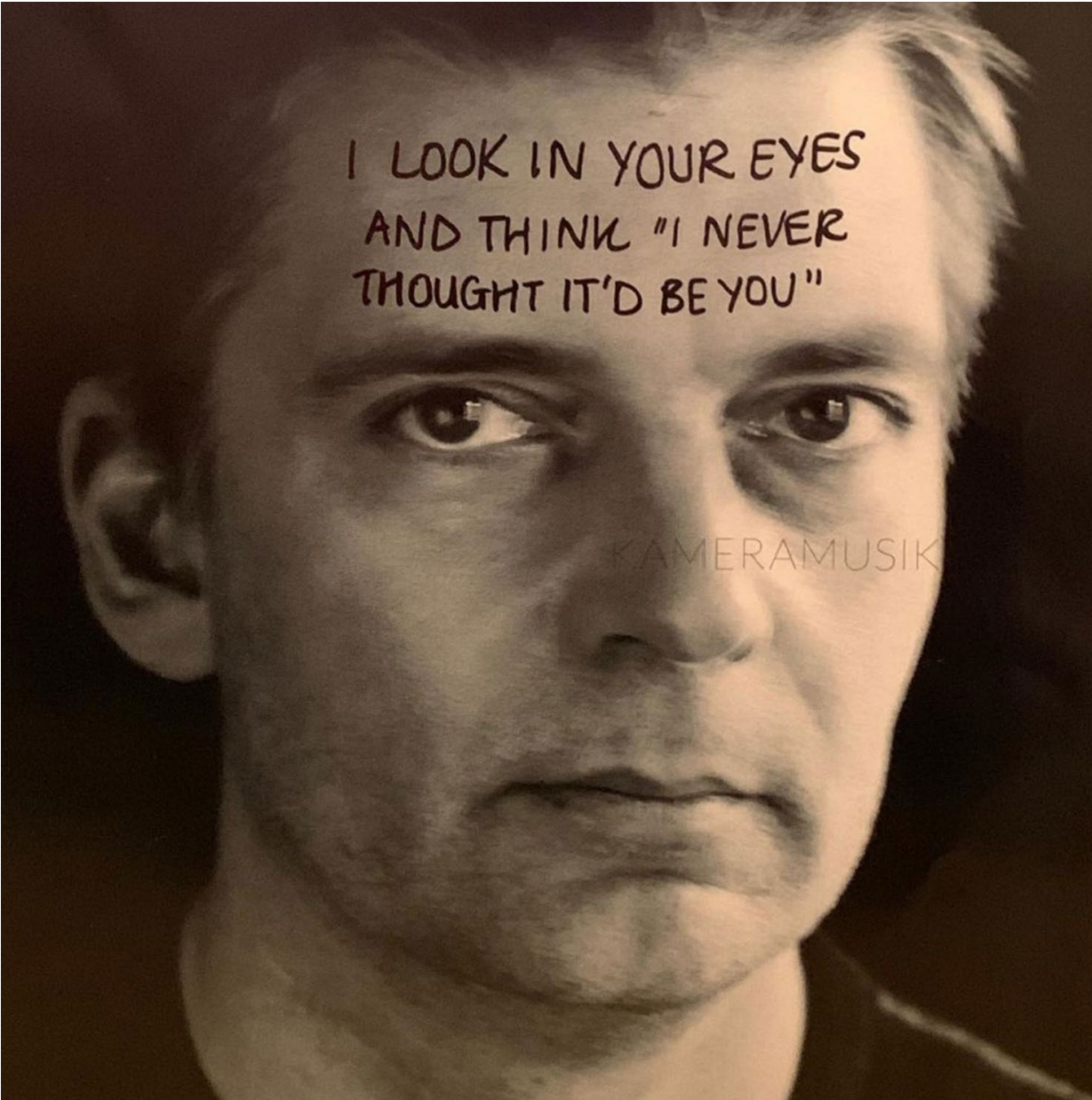
with the world between us

I still fight to

love

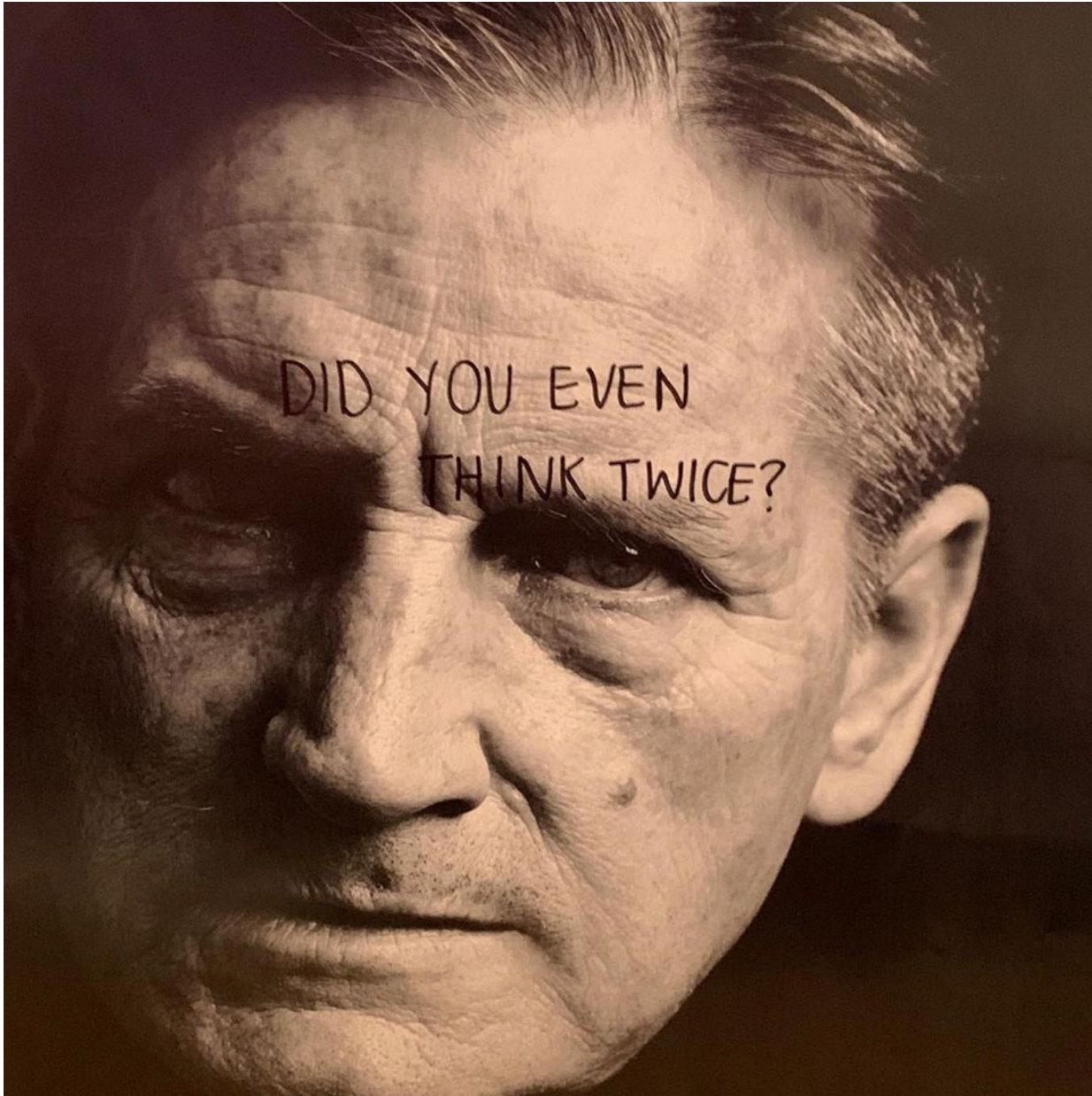
You



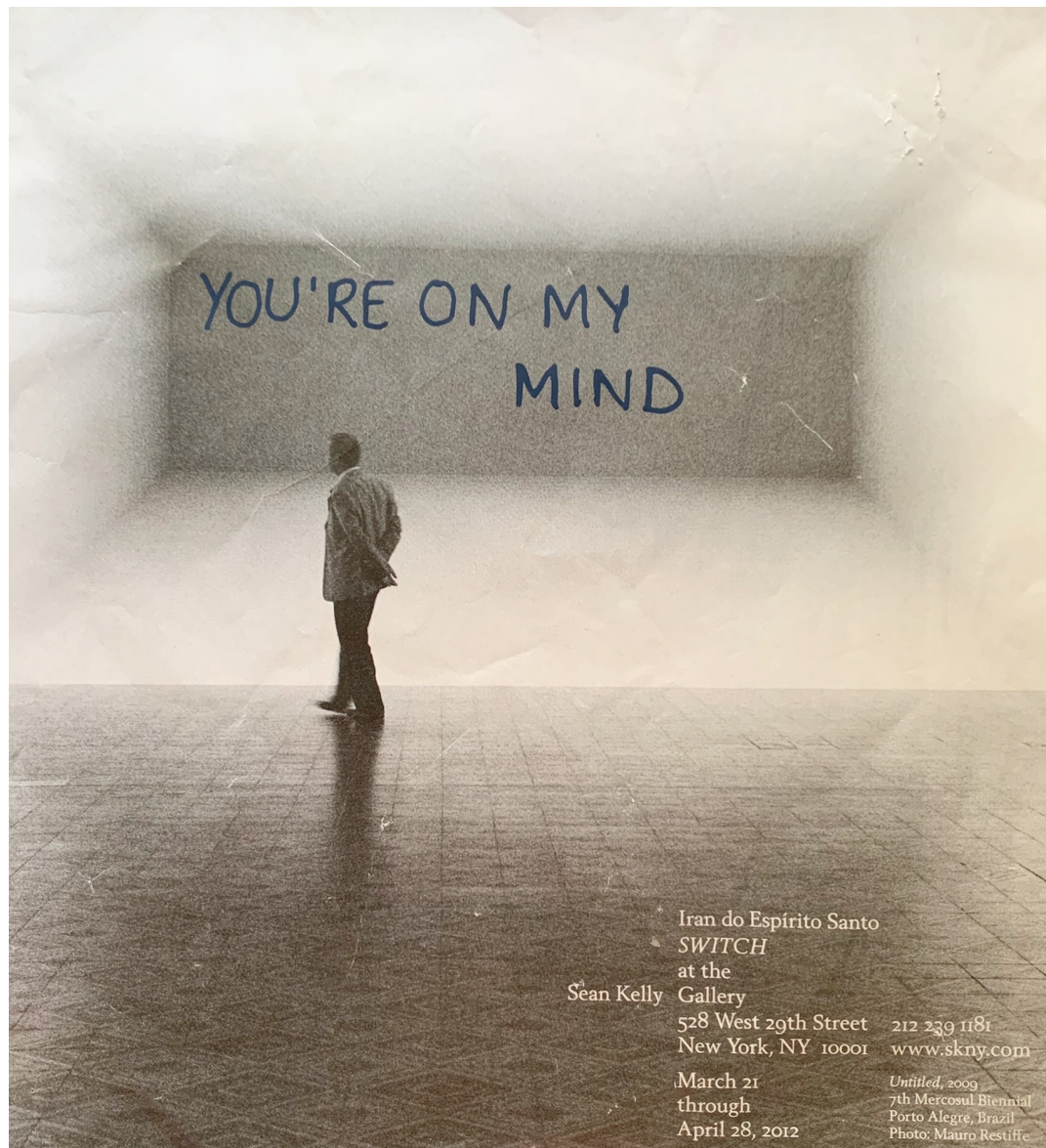


I LOOK IN YOUR EYES
AND THINK "I NEVER
THOUGHT IT'D BE YOU"

KAMERAMUSIK



DID YOU EVEN
THINK TWICE?



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BEAUTY
Edited by Kathleen Baird-Murray

and I cried and I just wanted to

SHARE THE SECRET

BEYOND
THE SURFACE



ad and
eland, except
most of the larger
increasingly present in tow
s, where it is not persecuted.
nivorous. 100-110 cm.

Badger *Meles meles*. Commoner in v
districts than is usually realised, it is
throughout the British and Irish main
also on Anglesey and the Isle of V
Badger-watching is an increasingly po
pastime, but illegal Badger-digging
occurs in some districts. Badgers are
or less omnivorous and very rarely do
real harm to the farmer. 80-95 cm.

PINNIPEDIA Seals
Common Seal *Phoca vitulina*. The smal
of Britain's 2 native seals. It is distinguish
also by its shorter muzz
head. It occurs all round
land and Ireland, and all down the E coast
of England; breeding as near as possible
sandbanks in the Wash (the largest colony) and on the Essex coast. 140-180 cm.

There is no way of knowing.

Where We Begin.

what do we do, if we don't do this.

Grey Seal *Halichoerus grypus*. The
of the 2 British seals, and the most
spread, frequenting all coasts except the
of SE England, but breeding mainly in the
N and W, especially on the Farne Islands
off Northumberland and some of the
Scottish islands. Has a much longer muzzle
and flatter head than the Common Seal.
It is often seen as a curious head and
watching humans on land from a safe
tance out at sea. Grey Seals spend
of their life at sea and only really co
turn breeding season.