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Hat, Candy, Stone

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HAT, CANDY, STONE

We climbed from the car. The street was very clean, and there were flower boxes along the curb and baskets of living flowers hanging from the street lamps.

When we climbed from the car, there were two young women, in short dresses. With one of them I exchanged obvious glances.

We went into a store, and my master bought a hat.

We went out into the sun and walked along the quiet street.

There was a thin man bending over something; we could see him through a doorway. The shop was not well lit.

There was a row of wooden seats against one wall and an empty glass display case, standing by itself on the carpet.

My master said, "I want this hat blocked."

We sat down at a small table on two white chairs where sunlight came through the front window.

The man, quite gray-haired, came from the back room with a stone. I felt pleased that we had come here to have the hat blocked by a gentleman on a warmed stone.

The man took the hat. I saw that it was precisely the stone for that hat.

My master was wearing an overcoat and watching the man.

The young woman came in. She walked over to me and put a piece of candy in my mouth. My master glanced at me and smiled slightly. The man didn't look up from his blocking.

The young woman moved against me and I could feel her legs.

My master can appreciate the needs of a young man.

My master put the newly bought and blocked hat on his head. It was a good hat for him. We left the shop. The young woman remained inside with the man, who had never spoken.

We got into the car. We were both pleased.

My master can appreciate the needs of a young man.