Mortality Mixing with the Fragrance

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MORTALITY MIXING WITH THE FRAGRANCE

Back in America, living in a forest with the Baron and his wife. Standing at night on the edge of Puget Sound, waves turning white against the shore. He was telling the Baron he was leaving. He had begun looking at Shirley and did not want to get into something. The Baron said he was in love with Shirley’s mother. Why not marry Shirley and the two hundred thousand she was inheriting from the dying grandfather. “We could split the money,” he said. Two weeks later, the Baron was crazily in love with Shirley. Came into the bedroom one morning carrying a gun. Leaned on the wall, staring down at him in the bed.