

Short story no 32.

The story about an old woman on the Ferret St. Buss who is frightened to death by lightning. " You know- lightning is made every second. and every minute and every hour. Its made in the cement. It's made in the bricks and it crawls over the sidewalks and it creeps up the buildings, then it forms clouds and the clouds drop the lightning. I can never stay at home when it lightnings. I have to get in a big buildings somewhere, so I always go down town to the St. Charles hotel because it is always safe in a big building. The story always begins like this. The old woman begins the conversation " Do you know that it is going to rain.

*She would take her old mother down town in her wheel chair, against the old gal's protests. They go to the St. Charles Hotel and wait out the storm*