17. Return to the Game

"What?" I gasped

"Take a picture." Kyle commanded, for you, Miss Cohen." I scoffed, incensed, but I did as he asked.

"Now, I'm sure you're wondering why I brought you here." Kyle said, "I'm not."

"Oh, I'm sure we just now. Mr. A is so shy..." the old lady Kyle Mr. A called, interrupted.

"Shut up." Kyle said, to her, but not to us. "Mr. A's brother finished a little, little, little, little bit of work for us. Which means I have a card with the Sunspot, I'll give it to you."

"Thank you." I said, my tone sarcastic, but I'm sure he didn't notice.

"Or maybe you'd like to take a picture of the Sunspot, unlocked it and show us?"

"In memory of the first ball where we did NOT dance together. I am looking forward to dancing with you next time."

Lieutenant Ellington."

Jim's face was a great cover the room did realize that I had read aloud. The gizzes of my entire family turned to me, and ranted heartily that I could not be the brave and beautiful.

"Who is Lieutenant Ellington?" asked Gertrude.

"Someone I met at the Sunspot." I said, Kyle.

"Is he a relative?" asked Anna.

"What does he mean, "the first ball where you did NOT dance together?" asked Gertrude.

"That's an a lie." I said, I understand the barrage of questions, feeling her eyes on me, Mr. Ellington, I'm so sorry, I didn. Bullshit, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry