Chicago

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Chicago

Lois Larson

Abstract

I LOVE Chicago. I love the people that fight and claw their way through the streets, the checkered and yellow cabs on a rainy day with their tops looking like shiny patent leather shoes on parade, the sharp whistle of the cop on the corner and the crazy pattern of traffic that darts unexpectedly from nowhere accompanied by the agonizing blare of horns and the indignant shouts of pedestrians...
I was mad and shocked and with no clear plan in mind I raced for the stairs.

Abruptly the mad, flashing horn stopped. There was complete and deafening silence. A second later something fragile and metallic shattered into the wall and fell to the floor with a dull and broken clanging. I crept quietly up the stairs and stopped—my fingers biting into the plaster until green paint gritted under my nails. One look was enough.

Almost even with my eyes the golden trumpet lay grotesquely twisted—the bell split in half and folded back into a senseless jumble of tubes and valves. Tom was sprawled at the desk, his face buried in his arms, wide shoulders retching in the misery of his sobs. On the floor, at his feet, lay a snap-shot of a homely, smiling young man—leaning on a bass fiddle.

I turned and stumbled downstairs—a stranger.

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