

He wasn't smiling at first — his face was somber, then his expression lightened as he looked at me and laughed.

"Good morning," he chuckled.

"What's wrong?" I glanced down to see if I'd forgotten anything important, like a sweater.

"We're late for the match." He laughed again. "It's a long, light tan sweater on, with blue jeans underneath, and blue jeans. I don't want a secret twinge of regret — you know, like when I got into a runway model when I got into a truck. He waited for me, and I had an expression that was a little bit like yours."

"We made a mistake."

"Where are you going?"

"Put it on."

I grabbed the sweater and the jeans.

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

