



WELCOME BACK, RICHARD, TO THE CROWN AND ANCHOR

Deborah Ross

Hey, you remember my name.

Of course I remember your name. We went to high school together. We were best friends for nine years, married for five. Even after the divorce, we saw each other for drinks at least once a year, in February, the month of both our birthdays. You even agreed to meet me at Gordon Biersch and drink weird German lager when you really would have been happier at Hooters where you could get a Bud and watch the game, because you knew the game and the noise and probably even the hooters themselves would give me a post-feminist headache. How are you?