



THE OFFER

Douglas Gwilym

ONE OVERCAST LATE-SPRING AFTERNOON, I chose to invest the time I had in walking from my little bit of subletted apartment across Frick Park to the cool and attractive chain bookstore in Squirrel Hill. I'd come to Pittsburgh for a reason no less powerful and no more complex than "for love." I'd left my job and moved into the city without a strong plan or permanent employment, but I was carrying the essentials around with me: I knew myself pretty well and was making a little progress every day toward what I felt were reasonable goals.

That particular afternoon, I was to have three glorious hours in the bookstore, following my random literary and informational whims, and I didn't take it for granted. After, I was to meet my girlfriend and my