

FEBRUARY 1973

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S	4	11	18	25
M	5	12	19	26
T	6	13	20	27
W	7	14	21	28
T	8	15	22	
F	9	16	23	
S	10	17	24	

Week 5 (34-331)

3 Saturday

Came out of the empty house. The pavement wet with sand dust trodden in like slush. A big white skate on the fishmonger's slab. He went down on his knees and gripped it by the gills. He pushed his tongue in just above the spine and licked upwards. The cold flesh came away in his mouth.

