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me from above, and I found the docks a much more peaceful place than before. As we walked we spoke French, and a little broken English, until we reached the town square, and turned in opposite directions. She waved and smiled, and I assumed that this was not the French manner of putting someone under arrest, so I continued back to the one-room apartment above a small restaurant that I called home. Walking in, I noticed a sign in the lobby:

“Ce Soir: Huîtres au Buerre”

“Dis,” I said to the young girl working the counter, “Ce sont bonne, n’est-ce pas?”

“Yes,” she surprised me with her English, “You must try some before you leave.”

-Kevin Windhauser
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