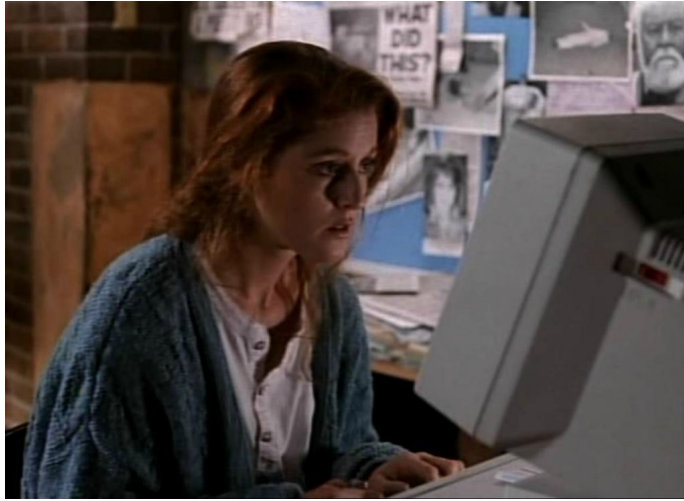


SECRETS

Janet Rivenbark



She tells me all her secrets; I know all of it: her thoughts about someone named Mark, her work. And especially *him*.

He started as more of an idea or feeling, but he became reality one night.

Her entry that night was: October 18, 1989, 3:30 am *Graveyard hunch paid off this morning, just after midnight. Hard to process the details. Hard enough trying to explain to myself what has happened.*

I had to go through a lot of her previous entries, but figured out she was talking about him. She writes a lot about him now.