

# The Girl With the Sensible Boots

I was sitting in the best dive bar in 'Vana, doing shots with the shade of Hemingway, when *she* walked through the door.

Was it the *real* Hemingway's ghost? Damned if I know. It knew Hemingway's books, and spoke Elvish with an Old American accent, which was close enough. Cheap drunk, too: didn't matter what the rotgut was, as long as it burned. I was drinking the top-shelf stuff, myself. I could afford it, thanks to the woman now looking for me.

I didn't even consider hiding. If *Miss* Serenity Mahota was here on business, I'd be taking that meeting.

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