

Standards

by Ken Poyner

Quibble has fallen for the counter girl at the Dillard's in the nearest shopping mall. He drives ninety miles to sit in the common area opening to the store's mall entrance, in line with the counter. He has no idea what she is hawking. Perfume, costume jewelry, something that needs customer contact. He lingers for hours, leaning forward or back to track her out of blind spots. One day she is a blonde, one day brunette, half a foot different in height, evolving twenty pounds either way. His heart galumphs when first he sees who she will be this day.