

The man watched from by the pool, he kept sneaking peeps up, up toward the balcony, my balcony, and it was hot, you know, scorching, and my feet burnt so bad that if he wasn't looking I would've moved right away, you know, but he was looking, and I was looking back, and it was hot, and he was by the pool, and if I wasn't looking I would've went, went somewhere like the kitchen where there was that grenadine Clarissa bought from a little shop on the corner, but those Greeks overcharge her, I know it, you know, everyone's overcharging in this country, and it's hot, so hot that I'd be off and gone if it were up to me, you know, but this guy, this guy kept looking, and he was wearing dark shades, trying to make like he wasn't sneaking peeks, but I know and knew he was a sneak, you know, he had that look about him and I'd met a thousand guys like him in places like this and they'd all been sneaks, you know, and I'd tell Clarissa from the start but she wouldn't let up and she'd tell me, "Stop going on about sneaks," but she's always getting overcharged by these Greeks and, God, my feet burnt like Hell, so I started thinking about going into the shade and drinking some of that sweet stuff, you know, because I'd been sweating like Hell and was thirsty as Hell because of the heat in this goddamn country, but this guy, who was definitely a damn Greek, kept staring, staring now because he'd gone past that point of sneaking peeps and peeks, and I even thought of giving him a wave, you know, but that'd've been too direct, you know, so I thought of making like I was stretching, you know, just pretending I was having a little stretch to see how he'd react to a man, a man who was looking right at him, stretching, you know, then I thought about all the blisters I'd get standing on this damn, cheap marble balcony and I got angry as Hell thinking of it, all this damn staring Greek's fault, and so I thought I wouldn't make no tricks and just play him at his own damn game and not dignify the sneaky Greek with a phony stretch, so I kept on looking, you know, and then I thought about how damn nice that sweet grenadine would be and got to thinking about how I'd mix it and what I'd mix it with, but it's too damn expensive that stuff, you know, and I'd tell

Clarissa all about it when she got home, about how the Greeks are always sneaking peeks and overcharging good people for grenadine, but she wouldn't listen, that was certain, so then I got this idea of waiting here til Clarissa came back, then she'd see this damn sneaky Greek by the pool, she'd see him eyeing me up all sneaky-like, and she'd have no damn choice but to believe me about the grenadine and how Greeks are always sneaking peeps and peeks, and she'd see how I'd been right about everything and maybe then I'd get to talk her into us getting out of this damn country and I'd have a daiquiri with grenadine on the plane back, stretching, thinking of this damn stupid Greek stuck in this crappy, hot as Hell country with his cheap marble and his crappy pools and his sneaky peeking, but I'd have damn blisters on the plane back, that was certain, so maybe he'd won, won because his damn Greek feet were used to the crappy marble and the damn heat, and maybe he knew he'd won, I thought he knew he'd won, but then he went and, I swear to God, then he went and stretched, and I smiled at the damn stupid stretching Greek because I knew that was it, that it was all over, and he knew it was over, so I was happy as Hell, you know, but it wasn't over til he walked, you know, but then, I swear to God, he went and walked, and I was happy as happy can be til I thought of how Clarissa wouldn't believe a damn word of this, but the Greek was gone, at least there was that, and the kitchen floor was cool on my feet, and there was that sweet grenadine on the side, so I was happy, you know.