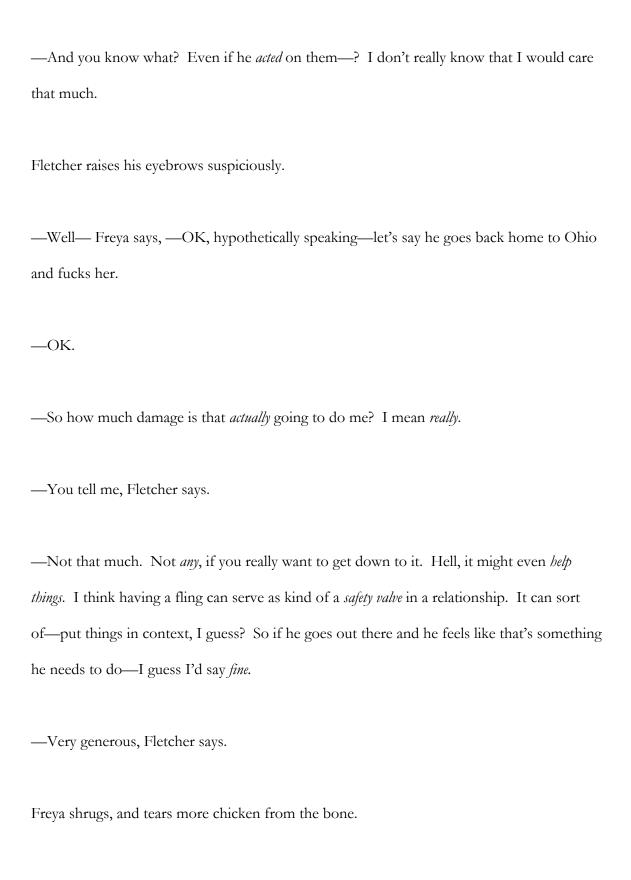
This is an excerpt from *Imaginary Year*, a work of serial fiction by Jeremy P. Bushnell. Visit the *Imaginary Year* website (http://www.ImaginaryYear.com) on Mondays and Fridays for new updates.

## 21 / RESOLVED



—No, Freya says. —Do you?
—No, Fletcher says.
—But I don't rule out that it might be <i>possible</i> , Freya says.
—Human beings, Fletcher says. —Infinite variety.
—But you know what? Even if there are unresolved feelings I don't know if it would bother
me. I can see how you might take some comfort from seeing someone who you have
feelings toward. Life is hard, you know—and it's reassuring to spend time with a person you
care about, even if that person makes you feel mixed up inside. Don't you think?
—Yeah, Fletcher says, —I'll agree to that.
—And it's not like that's <i>dangerous</i> .
—It's getting on towards dangerous.
—But it's not <i>that</i> dangerous. I mean, there's a <i>big gap</i> between <i>having</i> unresolved feelings and <i>acting</i> on them.
—True.



—I don't know that he'd be that generous if your positions were reversed, Fletcher
continues.
—No, Freya says, —probably not. But that just means I get to claim the moral high ground for once.
—How does that feel? Fletcher says.
—It's great, Freya says. —I think I can see my house from here.
Fletcher smirks, takes a sip of his beer.
—So what about you? asks Freya. —You've got your own adventures in monogamy going on. You pop the question to Cassandra yet?
—No, Fletcher says.
—What's your timetable on that?
—I don't know, Fletcher says. —I'm chicken.
Freya points at him accusingly with the bone.

—Hey, Fletcher says. —It's tough. I mean—three years ago I was telling myself I was
never going to get married, never going to have kids—that it was just going to be me working
on poems, by myself, until I eventually got old and died. That was really the way I thought it
was going to go. That was the person I thought of myself as. And now I'm suddenly
thinking of myself as someone else, because I've met this woman, and I feel like a different
person when I'm around her—
—Do you like the person you are when you're with her? Freya asks.
Fletcher thinks about it for a second. —Yes, he answers finally. —But I don't know if I'm
prepared to be that person for the rest of my life.
—What's stopping you?
—I don't know, Fletcher says.
—That's probably worth figuring out, Freya says.
—Amen, Fletcher says.