

American Pastorate Moderne

by Phyllis Chesler



The samoyeds, Mishka and Dino, have the sweetest temperaments and the most problematic stomachs. Dino escaped down to the pebble beach and had to be found and herded back up the bluff. He'd made a friend, Enzo, from the next house over, and together they splashed in the surf rather joyfully.

My hostess celebrated her cousin's belated sixtieth birthday and her daughter's belated high school graduation. Balloons swayed like kites, specialty candles amazed us all—and there were five cakes: a tiramisu, a flourless chocolate cake, a coconut cake, a vanilla butter cream cake—and a fifth that I can't recall. And there were only six guests! All safely outdoors.

On Sunday, the publisher and I worked on the book jacket for REQUIEM FOR A FEMALE SERIAL KILLER, due out in November. And a good time was had by all.