

perfect condition, washes it every week, and never fails to have her car-payments sealed up and ready to be delivered to the bank on time. She always dots her i's with little hearts, which is exactly what Frank hates most about her.

Frank is the postman responsible for pick-ups and deliveries in the suburb of Willie Johnson Hills, which just happens to be the suburb where Kevin, Julia, Bradley, and Emily live. Willie Johnson was an American inventor who, in the winter of 1884, was awarded a patent for the invention of the eggbeater. Not that that has any relevance here, I just thought you might want to know. Any letter with a return address from Willie Johnson Hills provides the writer of said letter with the opportunity to include three i's dotted with hearts on the envelope. Emily never fails to take full advantage of this opportunity and as a result each of her letters includes at least three i's dotted with little hearts.

Frank has little to do with the main plot of this story, except for the fact that he really, really hates when Emily hands him a letter covered with little hearts, and he was the first person to notice Kevin standing on the bridge watching the water rushing beneath him, contemplating the movement of the tides. Frank probably wouldn't have even noticed Kevin, except for the fact that Kevin was standing on the wrong side of the guardrail, dangling above the water, looking a bit like a suicide waiting to happen.

"You're not thinking about jumping, are ya?" Called Frank, dropping his mailbag.

"I don't know," replied Kevin, "I can't decide."

— Oh, I forgot. One side note: Frank has been known to make odd grunting noises during sex that can be heard houses away, which is exactly what his elderly neighbour Mrs. Thompson hates most about him. Not that that has any relevance here, I just thought you might want to know.

"Well, if you're not sure if you want to jump or not, perhaps you should take a step back over the rail," urged Frank, "Here just come over here and —"

"No!" Kevin called, "Stand back. I'm going to jump!" Kevin reached into his pocket, pulled out his wallet, and fumbled with his key-chain. He tossed his wallet into the water below, thinking that it was a fitting thing to do for a man about to end his life, then paused for a moment before tossing his keys as well. Kevin has a rock-climber's clip on his key-chain. Not because he enjoys rock-climbing, but because he just thinks that having a rock-climber's clip on his key-chain is nifty. The wallet and keys struck the water, barely making a splash. "I'm sorry it came to this. Goodbye!"

"..."

A few moments pass.

"You didn't jump," said Frank.

"I know," replied Kevin, "I changed my mind again."

Just then, a shiny, well kept, beautifully detailed car pulled up. Frank thought it looked a lot like one of those expensive new cars that appeal to avid outdoorsman-types. The driver's side door opened and a beautiful young woman made a bit of an unsophisticated exit. It seems that her foot had become caught on something inside the car, possibly a rock climber's clip, or an eggbeater, and had caused her to stumble. Frank thought that she looked to be about twenty-years old.

"Kevin," yelled Emily, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Julia left me, Emily. I don't think I can go on."

"You two know each other?" asked Frank. A bit of a stupid question considering the fact that they had just finished using each other's names. Kevin and Emily ignored him.

"I know that she left you. That doesn't explain why you're standing on the bridge. You look like —"

"A suicide waiting to happen," Frank finished for her.

"I was going to say like an idiot," snapped Emily, "But I suppose that's another way to put it. Quit it Kevin. Get over here."

"No!" Kevin called, "Stand back. I'm going to jump!"

"..."

A few moments pass.

"You didn't jump," said Emily.

"I know," replied Kevin, "I changed my mind again." Kevin turned slightly to one side to get a firmer grip on the bridge's hand-railing. Emily let out a small sigh. Frank checked his watch and kicked at the dirt stirring up a small cloud of grit.

"I think I've had about enough of this," he said, "I better get back to my route. I'll send someone along to help."

"Wait, you're the postman right?" asked Emily.

"I am."

"Hold on then, I've got a letter for you." Emily jogged to her car, opened the door and fished around in the glove compartment. A few moments later she ran back to Frank's side. "Here you go." Frank looked at the letter. It was addressed to Emily's sister Lillian, who lives on a street called Little Lilac Road, in a town called Chitiwita, on an island called Filijhali, which is a few miles from the coast of Fiji. Frank looked at Emily. He looked back at the letter. He turned and starting walking towards town. Emily thought she heard him mumbling something about little hearts and the letter "i", but she couldn't make him out clearly, so she assumed that she must have heard wrong.