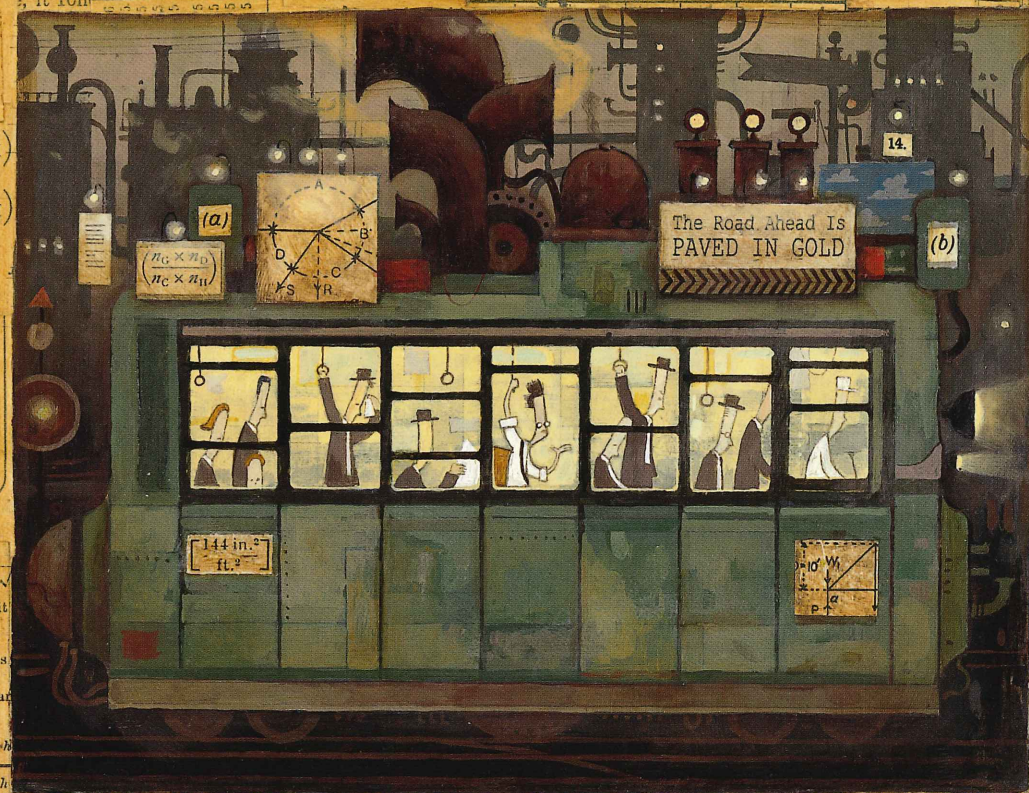


I didn't know what to think, but the lost thing made an approving sort of noise. It seemed as good a time as any to say good-bye to each other. So we did.



Then I went home to classify my bottle-top collection.

Well, that's it. That's the story. Not especially profound, I know, but I never said it was. And don't ask me what the moral is.



I mean, I can't say that the thing actually belonged in the place where it ended up. In fact, none of the things there really belonged. They all seemed happy enough though, so maybe that didn't matter. I don't know...