







throw a fit if she annoyed him. So, she waited until Robert's father sat down at a table by himself, then walked over to him.

"Good evening," she said.

"Evening," Robert's father said.

"Ho

“Okay,” Robert mumbled, getting up from his chair, jamming his hands into his pockets, and walking away. Rebecca watched him go. He didn’t pause to get any food, and instead sat down at the table with his dad.

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