

A Voice From The Past

Usually when an unfamiliar caller pops up on the caller ID, I let the machine pick it up. Unless of course, the caller redials then curiosity rears its evil head.. Tonight, a friend I have not seen in four years phoned me. Mandie (I swore it was with no -e) and I worked together at Wal-Mart and along with Karen, were inseparable. I even confided in Mandie about my attraction to our other compadre... but, alas. And she even **shared** the same last name of the most attractive employee at Dunder-Mifflin (now Sabre) Scranton Branch.

Apparently since I left WM about 3 years ago (she left before that... even before the transition to Supercenter), Mandie has been asking about me from time to time (don't get any ideas... she is attached and we were never more than really good friends). Former co-workers have told me she has been in and said... "Where is Jamiah?" She does have my home phone number.

Tonight, she phoned and we talked for like 2 hours catching up. Her four boys are no longer the little ones I remember.

Her oldest is now **14!?** The youngest, Ashton, whom I remember seeing a day after he was born is now 4! She also works with Squirmy! Small world!

Even smaller world... she lives in an apartment above a pizza shop very close to the Quarterline Cafe where *He Crossed That Line* just wrapped. So... we made plans to get together and have a movie night soon along with her four boys.