

I didn't mind her using my toothbrush to clean her typewriter keys. It was her replacing it in the toothbrush holder that got me.

"No one has ever actually seen a badger." Zoos apparently never stock them. We had just spent an unrewarding morning at the Zurich zoo where we saw a small white rhinoceros and a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{towering} okapi. But the smaller rodents (is a badger a rodent) were disappointingly absent except for the hidden presence of rats.

I hadn't minded though as I always like zoos, not because of the animals which are boring, as secretly and as strangely boring as though menagerie-alphabet books or the picture on a box of animal crackers. But because of the architecture and trees and something frank ~~and~~ witty about the smell.

I was explaining about this to Patience, my girlfriend of that day, as we glided by tram along the _____ strasse which commands an excellent view of the lake. Suddenly she let out an excited yelp which ~~reminded me oddly of~~ ^{suggested} the yaps of the foxes ^{morning's} ~~of the morning.~~

"That's him!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I always recognize these people that way. I know in advance that I'll know ^{them} when I see them, although I have no idea what they'll look like!"

"Ought we to go get off the tram."

"There's no rush. Anyway it's so cool and nice today I'd like to have lunch at the ~~Brai~~ Kronenhalle. It'll be nice in there."

I assumed that the same law that had permitted Patience to recognize Mr. Badger (for such was the presumed identity of the ~~man~~ ^{strange}) ~~she had seen from the trolley~~) would also result in our meeting him later on. But I was beginning to worry a little about not being able to keep up with the demands of this job. I would never have recognized Mr. Badger. That was a little why we had spent the morning at the zoo, not that we expected him to look like a badger, but the idea that there might be some secret ~~IX~~ tie-up between him and the animal of that name which we could ^{Comprehend} realize having looked at one. ^{Really} Secretly however we had known in advance that there would be no badgers in the zoo, and also that looking at a real badger was a useless and perhaps unnecessary bit of preparation. So going to the zoo was one of those

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~~almost~~ totally unrewarding tasks with which life abounds, and which we seem unable to escape through some secret reflex of laziness ^{mistaken fear} ~~and~~ receptivity. It had begun produce its customary reaction of melancholy in me despite the pleasant trolley ride and the sunny, cool ambiguity of the day.

My spirits began to revive a little though with the white wine we had for lunch, which also included some ~~lovely~~ pickled herring served on a piece of whitish ice. The herring, I was telling Patience, was a little like the leitmotif of the day since Badger had just dragged across our path like one. She didn't seem too interested though.