

# The Fence



For years, Phil had wondered if there was any truth to the rumor “the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.” He lived in the city, where there *were* no fences – except, of course, for his brother-in-law, who was currently serving three to five for disposing of the loot from the famous Cartier jewelry heist of 2003. Then, one afternoon, he finally had a chance to find out for himself. He somehow missed his normal subway stop and, next thing he knew, the train was speeding through the countryside. When at last it stopped and he could get off, Phil figured he was as far from downtown as he’d ever been. There was no railway station; there was only a wooden platform next to the tracks on which sat a single, lonely bench. There were no people around, no buildings or cars or roads. There was, however, off in the distance, a fence. Eagerly, he set off for it. He was not used to walking over such bumpy terrain and he proceeded with caution lest he turn an ankle. But after twenty minutes, he finally reached his side of the fence. The grass was pretty green here. Could it *really* be greener on the other side? The fence was about a foot higher than he was, so he couldn’t peer over the top. And he’d never been much of a jumper, so he decided it would be easier to just find the end of the fence and look on the other side from there. Except that, after nearly an hour of strenuous walking, there still didn’t seem to *be* an end to the fence! It just stretched off into the distance. *Way* off! He turned around to judge how far he’d come, but it was by now late in the day, night was falling, and all he could see was the outline of that damn fence! He glanced down at the grass and suddenly noticed that it *was* greener now. But then, the sky overhead had sort of a greenish pallor to it, too. As did his hands! What was happening?! It was a question that, alas, Phil would never be able to answer, because just at that moment ....