Ned Huntley sat at the breakfast table and absently signed his coffee. Ned was considered a man of few words, and it was rumored that he was either rich or handsome, for he was always seen in testimonials of the highest standing and among the most prominent of the community. But to others, he seemed to be a man of few words.

"What's the matter, Ned?" asked his wife, Julia.

"Nothing," replied Ned, "just thought about what happened last night." Julia was surprised, for Ned was not one to open up the past.

"Did something happen?" she asked, concerned.

"Nothing much, just thought about what happened. I'm fine, really. Just a momentary lapse of memory, I suppose." Julia knew her husband was a man of few words, but she also knew him to be a man of integrity. She trusted his judgment, even when he couldn't remember something.

"Okay," she said, "I'll let you be. Whatever you need, I'm here for you."

Ned nodded, "Thank you, Julia. That means a lot to me."

Julia smiled, "Of course, honey. I love you."

End.