

# Bad Listener

*by* Amanda Deo

They said they used to share conversations with their neighbours' next door. With tied together Campbell's soup cans, they'd jump onto the party line for nightly entertainment. The quest for ammo.

Sunday afternoon was the best. The kids drew straws for a chance to sit on the stool in the Kitchen with the broken armrest. I think mom thought it was an antique but it was just a piece of shit her dad picked up second hand. If an adult shooed you away from the phone, the rules were clear; you were being asked to leave. You had missed your chance to be everybody's best friend.

It was the last Sunday in the year when she heard it. One of those nights where it couldn't possibly get any darker or any longer. Every one was out at the shops. But not her.

He forgot to unlace his boots.  
His breath smelled of rabid dog.  
When he was through he told her he loved her.  
The baby had canine teeth.

