

Missing Bananas

by Angela Kubinec

He said he went to the store. I looked at the bag and looked at the wall clock. Then I went back to chopping vegetables with a large, sharp knife. My face felt red.

“That’s interesting,” I said. Interesting, I thought, that you are an hour later getting back than I expected. “What did you buy?” Because that’s a very lightweight bag.

“Oh,” he said, “just some apples and oranges.” His voice sounded sing-song, and overly nonchalant.

He’s no fruit lover. “You didn’t buy bananas?” I feel an edge in my voice and force a laugh.

“I wanted bananas, too, but they were all out.”
Bullshit, I think.

