# Milk

*by* Ann Rushton

When he smashed his plate in my lap, the dog hung around, licking my wrist and hoping that he would get some milk, too. With my luck, he'd jump in the pool, getting grass clippings all over the edge. My nails were sharp that day, I had to cut them, and I did while watching The Unit, only paying attention to the redhead. After our fight my boyfriend broke his hand. Luckily the hotel room was air-conditioned. It had a little deck off the side but it was too hot to sit out there, plus the security truck would come by all the time with its flashing lights. My boyfriend was looking for a furnished apartment; he wanted it to snap with color. I was on the edge as it was, and after we argued I just stood in the parking lot. He gave me a little wave of his hat as he drove away, and I was glad I no longer had to share my pizza crust with him.

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