

Dry Tuna

by C. D. Peck

"If you don't like it then leave!" Sally screamed.

Bob looked up from his tuna fish. He'd opened the can himself, sprinkled in the lemon juice, and was eating it with a fork he himself had gotten out of the drawer.

"I don't think I'm being unreasonable," Sally hissed. "You son of a bitch. If it's not good enough for you then you can just get the fuck out!"

Bob blinked. "But all I said was that the tuna was a little dry."

Sally threw up her hands and stormed out of the kitchen. She returned a moment later with two suitcases.

"Here's your shit. Go."

"But I..."

"I can't even look at you." Sally burst into tears.

"You packed awfully fast."

"Oh," Sally said. "Oh, now it's *my* fault? I see how it is. It's always my fault. Well, you know what? I faked every orgasm because you have a tiny dick and your brother is better looking than you and I went down on the mailman last Christmas because you were too cheap to write him a check."

"I *did* write him a check."

Sally screamed. She screamed as she threw open the refrigerator

door and pulled all the food out, glass jars breaking on the linoleum. She screamed as she emptied the dishwasher, shattering plates and bowls and glasses. She screamed as she grabbed the phone off the wall and erased all the speed dial numbers. She screamed as she pulled a tapered candle out of one of the drawers, lit it, and began setting fire to the oven mits. She screamed as flames quickly engulfed the kitchen, rising up to the ceiling, collapsing a beam that fell and killed her on the spot.

Bob took another bite of his tuna fish. It wasn't so dry after all.

