

Dina Goes to Belfast

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

Dina was a woman obsessed. She had endured a three hour layover in Chicago and another four in Heathrow for this. (The flight she had enjoyed with a few glasses of red and an HGTV show about plumbing that she could watch again and again.) She had staked out this corner of Shaftesbury Square early in the day, and now she was waiting in the KFC while the kids coming in got drunker and drunker. Finally, it was nearly the time of night when the people on the message board dedicated to her particular interest had said it would happen.

She stepped outside, crossed the street, and got as close as she dared. She chewed her sugar free gum. And then it happened. Just like they said it would. A metal pillar rose, half open, revealing—yes, she gasped—a single urinal without so much as a privacy wall beside it.

The journey had been worth it.

