

we used to drop her off along the way

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

We do it all the time were the last coherent words any of us heard Angelica speak before she walked into Brian's office and quit on us. We were crammed as a ridiculously large group into the elevator because it's too much like right to wait for the next car that usually comes only a few seconds later. We were joking about sending her out for dinner that night because it was her turn and why were we always treating her so delicately? None of us said the part about the delicate thing, but we were all thinking it even as Rory rubbed his hand against my thigh, not totally unwelcome, but how cheesy of him to take advantage of me in such a tight space. Quitting meant more work for the rest of us, dunno, kinda good because more late nights led to more shared cab rides home and half-drunk fingers all up in there, and one day I'll tell Rory to at least take me out on a date. As the taxi pulled up to my building a few weeks later, and I am coming, Rory whispered in my ear that he'd heard Angelica was now living with her mother and was doing much better. She is, however, ineligible for rehire.

