

# And in Chicago Yet, and It Was 108\*

*by* Jerry Ratch

It was the middle of the night when she started hearing voices.

She thought the voice was saying, “Hello Dolly, Hello Dolly,” and that was when she called the building manager.

It was the middle of the night, but he came up to her apartment anyway, because apparently she sounded kind of desperate. Well, who goes around in the middle of the night saying, “Hello Dolly?”

But it turns out it was only her carbon monoxide detector, and it was saying: “Low battery. Low battery.”

You know, those tiny little voices are not as distinct as you might think.

