

Everyone... out

by kate gillespie

The room is cold, like an icy bath. Enough to make Earl's testicles shrivel up in fear.

He could hear the angry children outside act out a primeval play, where it sounded like bones were being slammed into rocks with clumsy small hands.

The edge of the table was dripping cheese, the plate on the center held the remains of the dinner.

Why must Dina always skimp on batter in the fish fry? Earl went to work, with the washcloth, making sure to capture all the grease in its folds.

The thrill of the task was long gone, before it had never failed to please both her and him.

A clean surface suggestive of a successful life.

