

# The Hunt

*by* Liz Hambrick

I bought the goldfish at different pet shops out of town, a few at a time, until I had two hundred or more in the freezer.

Jade gave me her key before I told her to shut up her phony laughter. When we were friends.

I hid the fish in her house like Easter eggs. In the hem of the curtains. On top of the fridge. Under the rugs, the mattresses, the sofa cushions. In the back of the kitchen junk drawer. Behind books on shelves. In the vents. Above the door jambs. Inside the flue.

I left through the garage side door. With the butt of a flashlight I punched out a pane of glass next to the door handle from the outside and left the door open. I'm clever.

