Marion and Carolee

by Nonnie Augustine

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For 9 years I've cleaned Miss Marion's floors *and* dusted *and* polished *and* pampered each and every houseplant. And I've helped myself to what medicine I wanted. Who wouldn't? She just left the bottles lying around in her bathroom cabinet. But then today the mess of Xanax and Hydrocodone is gone to somewhere in this damn hidey-hole infested house. I never took more than a few pills at a time, just enough for a treat on Friday night. My own damn fault. She caught on last week when I asked outright for a painkiller, then turned down the fucking Ibuprofen she offered me. I swear to God I saw the second she clocked it. Her old eyes sparked up.

My hoard is still enough. Carolee may have filched pills from me, but I swear to God she won't be doing that anymore. One of my late husbands called me a crafty little bitch (which one was it?) and I intend to prove him right. (Gil. It must have been.) She can mope around doing her slapdash cleaning, but I'll know if she touches my pills because not only did I hide them, I *arranged them* just so. My stockpile is safe and ready for the day I choose to go. No doubt Carolee will be the one to find my body. Won't she complain to everyone in the whole wide world about that?

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