

"Fancy Me"

by Shelagh Power-Chopra

Leonard mourned in the shower that morning. Stood under the cruel sting of hard water and blubbered into the mist. Kin had left last night, packed her silver suitcases with her lavender leotards and her surplus of cheap silver. All was destroyed now: their daily ritual of drinking Snowballs in the den, singing ragtime hits while sunbathing in the driveway and their dalliances with chocolates moles and other Andean delights.

He reached down and grabbed the shampoo bottle, "Fancy Me", he read and remembered Kin picked it up at The Dollar Store. They had a good laugh and had crazy, acrobatic sex that day in the shower, Kin cooing "Fancy Me" in a strange sing-song voice as she rubbed his bottom. He read the words on the back of the bottle and cried a little more: "Lather, Rinse, Repeat". He wondered who actually followed this foolhardy advice—wasting shampoo, allowing a myriad of bubbles to pour senselessly down the wretched drain.

And now he remembered Kin's hair wasn't very beautiful; more like an elementary school mop that was tangled and dragged about by an old janitor. He hated her nose, barely there—a Sharpie smudge and her body in general reminded him of sacks of damp fodder left in a field. He stopped the shower and recounted his life, now Kin-less and plain. The phone rang, it was Kin. "You can't find that shampoo anymore. The Dollar Store's like that, find something, gone the next day," she cooed into the machine.

