

"I'm so bored," said the woman's voice, adding a very knowing and superior-sounding laugh to the end. "I just have nothing to do in here."

I brought my suitcase back to the porch and set it down. I pressed the button. "Say, do you know where Eleanor Island is?"

Her voice was loud. "Come inside and I'll show you." She laughed.

While I admit to being curious, there was something repulsive about the way she said this.

"I don't want to take your time," I said, but was cut off by her yelling through the speaker, "Oh! But I have nothing to do! I'm a bored housewife, stuck at home all alone!" She paused and then laughed darkly, in a deep tone for a woman. "You must be so tired, Mr. Traveler. You should come inside for a drink." She paused again and then released the button. The intercom squeaked and I thought, "My she takes a long time to think about what she's going to say and, strangely, none of it is very difficult to say." She continued, "I'm not wearing much, but I hope that won't bother you. There's no one ever out here, so I never wear very much." She paused again. Then simply said, "A bored housewife."

I pressed the button. "You know, a bored housewife isn't a very appealing thing. I don't think I'll be coming up."

She replied, "Oh? Why not?"

I pressed the button. "Well, come on, surely you can think of something to do in your spare time. I just don't find idleness appealing at all. Your mind is wasting away up there."

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