

The overhead fan  
rattles. The fridge  
hums. Kitty sips  
her water. The  
soft hushing sound  
of her fingers  
scratching across  
her arm. She  
swallows. Hiccups.



Her stomach makes a sound like water in a pipe.

"How many spinaches do you need me to buy?" she asks, looking up from her phone.

"Six?"

"No," I tell her. I open the fridge.

There are two



buckets of spinach  
in there. "Get three,"  
I say.

Kitty's phone jangles  
→ the 8:20 a.m. alarm.

"I guess I better go to work," she says. She gets up from the table and stretches, raising her arms above her head and standing on her toes.

I follow her up the stairs. She goes into the bathroom and gets the hairdryer out of the second drawer.



I stand in the doorway and watch her as she plugs it in.

She looks over at me. "yes?" she says. "Can I help you?"