

Indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness, filled her whole being with a vague anguish. It was like a shadow, like a mist passing across her soul's summer day. It was strange and unfamiliar; it was a mood. She did not sit there inwardly upbraiding her husband, lamenting at Fate, which had directed her footsteps to the path which they had taken. She was just having a good cry all to herself. The mosquitoes made merry over her, biting her firm, round arms and nipping at her bare insteps.

It's always good to bring a slower friend with you on a hike. If you happen to come across bears, the whole group doesn't have to worry. Only the slowest in the group do. That was the lesson they were about to learn that day.

She patiently waited for his number to be called. She had no desire to be there, but her mom had insisted that she go. She's resisted at first, but over time she realized it was simply easier to appease her and go. Mom tended to be that way. She would keep insisting until you wore down and did what she wanted. So, here she sat, patiently waiting for her number to be called.

She didn't like the food. She never did. She made the usual complaints and started the tantrum he knew was coming. But this time was different. Instead of trying to placate her and her unreasonable demands, he just stared at her and watched her meltdown without saying a word.

The cab arrived late. The inside was in as bad of shape as the outside which was concerning, and it didn't appear that it had been cleaned in months. The green tree air-freshener hanging from the rearview mirror was either exhausted of its scent or not strong enough to overcome the other odors emitting from the cab. The correct decision, in this case, was to get the hell out of it and to call another cab, but she was late and didn't have a choice.