

hinges and I thought to myself, sleepily, "I should float on that door, across to the next island."

I woke the next morning to sounds coming from the timber-lined cottage. I heard voices coming from it, in an upper pitch that pierced right to my ear. It was like a television was on in the yard. Maybe someone was washing the car and had brought a radio outside. I got up and brushed my pants off. I stood still and listened. It sounded like dead air, like static.

I got my suitcase, preparing to leave, figuring I could stop by the house to see what was up. I didn't care much if anyone saw me, they could drive me away, but I was going away regardless. As I walked nearer and nearer, I could tell that it was an intercom on the porch through which someone was breathing and sighing.

"Hello?" I said, looking around the porch at the decorative broom and rocking chair. The intercom continued with its breathing, which filled the sky with noise and static.

I pressed the button on the intercom. "Hello?" I yelled up at the house. "Hello?"

The breathing and sighing continued. I walked around the house and came back to the front. The breathing continued for a moment and then it stopped. I pressed the button again, "Hello? Can you hear me?"

The voice returned to breathing again. I stopped caring at that point and went to walk away.

I got halfway across the lawn and the voice stopped breathing and said, "I'm bored." It was a woman's voice.

I turned around and looked up at the house. Looked at all the windows, but didn't see anyone.

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