

"I can't move the fridge," she mumbled meekly.

"You can't move the fridge?! Why in God's name do you have to move the fridge?"

"To clean under it."

"Oh, jeezus—You have to rope me into this somehow, don't you. I can't just come home at night and relax; you've always got something you want me to do. Something you couldn't do by yourself because you were too weak, or you didn't have the car, or you had your head up your ass and you couldn't get it back out.

"Well, you got it figured wrong, missy. I'm not moving no fridge. Not tonight. You clean everything else up and I'll move it tomorrow morning. You can clean under it then."

He lumbered back up to his den. "Christ, it's all through the house. What the fuck were you thinking? Can't even wipe your feet...." His voice trailed away up the stairs.

She paused. She dropped the yogurt

container back on the floor. She poked the pooling liquid with the mop. She pushed one of the mouldy pieces of bread into to it and watched the bread soak up the goo. Then, changing from her slippers to her shoes, she left the house to go to Sarah's. She didn't even stop to check her hair in the little mirror. She grabbed her purse and started moving. She walked out the screen door and off the porch. She walked down the steps, down the side path, across the yard. She turned up the sidewalk and walked

away from the house.

What was it Sarah had said about walking away?

Esther Vincent likes to tell stories. She does so using photography, theatre and the written word. Her stories, photographs, articles and essays have been published in magazines, journals and anthologies. She has had eleven plays and three movement works produced for stage. One of her plays, Shafted, was published by Ordinary Press.

LISA DE NIKOLITS

SILENCE

your
silence
unnerves
me

have you
left me
again?

how many
times
can you
leave?

Lisa de Nikolits is the award-winning author of The Hungry Mirror and West Of Wawa. Her third novel with Inanna, A Glittering Chaos, was released in Spring of 2013.

MARION MUTALA

It was really nothing

Was it the remote thrown through the TV that did it?
Naw, too drastic
Was it my birthday present concert ticket that you gave away to
a brother you dislike?
Nope, too unbelievable
How about the hole in the bathroom wall or in the bedroom door?
Never, much too crazy
Or the constant fighting and bickering with my children?
No, way too childish
Or, how about my 11 year old calling 911
when you and my 13 year old
were fighting over what TV show to watch?
Never, too stupid
Tell me, what was it you asked?
Why are we divorcing?
After ten long years
What was it?
Really, do you need to ask?
Come on now, get real
Do you really need to fricking ask, hey?
The answer is quite explicitly obvious, you jerk
You figure it out,
I told my lawyer
It was nothing, really nothing
Nothing at all

Marion Mutala has a Masters degree in education administration and taught for 30 years. With a mad passion for the arts, she loves to write, folkdance, sing, play guitar, flower garden, travel, and read. Her two bestselling, award-winning books, Baba's Babushka: A Magical Ukrainian Christmas and Baba's Babushka: A Magical Ukrainian Easter are followed by the soon to be released Baba's Babushka: A Magical Ukrainian Wedding.