

My Plumber

by Angela Kubinec

"I like the grinding sound," I whine. "It's so powerful." It's a type of inspiration.

I'm a fourth-grade substitute. I sit all day monitoring worksheet work. Can't eat my lunch until I get in the car. Can't even pee until the kids go to Art. You know, they have to be supervised constantly.

"It's the orange peels", he groans, "and that chicken bone." He drags himself from under the sink. "Don't be so hard on it."

But it sounds so good. Tearing up everything I don't want. Except my job.

