

Waiting

by Pamela J. Parker

The goldfish bowl teetered on the counter's edge. Mary waited. Would it crash and break? She hoped so.

He had stormed out of the kitchen, knocking the bowl, slamming the door.

She hadn't told him everything. He grew red-faced at her quiet words, "I'm pregnant."

"You have got to be kidding me. Christ, this is all we need right now." He left.

She hadn't told him the other part. "And, I have cancer."

The goldfish bowl fell, glass shards speckled her lineolum. The fish flopped on its side. She waited for the desire to help, but found she couldn't move.

