

Natter

by Sherryl King-Wilds

The phone dangled near her ear, a nattering whine buzzing out of it.

“What’s that?”

She pressed it closer. Something had caught her attention.

She peered across the room. Heat waves seemed to beam off the wide planks of the floor. She swatted at the stifling air in front of her. It was just another day to fester and smolder in the heat of this tiny hellbox of an apartment. Sweat slid over and dripped off the huge lump of pregnancy hanging off her front.

Another headache stirred behind her eyes.

He repeated himself. Still, she barely heard him. Yet the curious syllables finally scrolled together, creating meaning in her boiling brain.

Something equatorial had happened. Something so existentially wonderful...

Laughter bubbled up out of her. The voice at the other end of the line halted. Behind his silence, angry outbursts could be heard—the usual serenity of his office atmosphere broken.

She calmly pushed the mouthpiece to her lips. “I’m so sorry. It sounds awful there without the cooling system, sweetheart. I can’t imagine what it must be like.”

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