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Around the City

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up around her, the jungle trying to take more of her, make her one of its own. Encased seemingly in the cold, clammy hand of Death himself, she'd woken up screaming.

It was absurd. She was aware. She'd been scolded harshly by a private once she worked herself free and calmed down.

Fool woman.

But everything had seemed alive over there. Even the mud.

Nowadays, Ms. Young never went out in the rain for fear that stepping on a soggy lawn would give her a heart attack. When she came here, to the blissful quiet of a frozen winter town, she'd thought perhaps some peace could be found.

But she should've known. The war was still going. For her it would never end.

She settled into her old Volkswagen, the worn-down stick shift from a time before automatics. She pulled languidly out of the driveway, smoothing her gloved hands over the leather steering wheel. The heat blew cold air on her exposed wrists and she shivered, aching muscles coiling even tighter in on themselves.

A horn honked behind her, and she realized the stoplight in front of her had long ago turned green. She peeled forward, the snow-frosted shop windows scrolling past at the edge of her vision. She pulled into the first spot she saw and parked, too weary to go any further, and aware it was quite a ways from where she intended to be.

