

displeases Miss Piggy, she refuses to use her litter box and uses Cynthia's carpets instead. If Cynthia isn't around for a few days or if Cynthia closes her door at night so Miss Piggy can't sleep with her or if she doesn't like whomever Cynthia's dating, she does this. Before Cynthia started paying Scotty to feed Miss Piggy daily when she goes away, she tried using one of the extended five-day pet food dispensers to leave food for her. Unfortunately, the pet food dispenser was not to Miss Piggy's liking and she pooped all over Cynthia's white lace comforter. It's now white with yellow-brown speckles. Cynthia considers the \$20/day she pays Scotty to personally feed the cat worth it.

The cursory light next to the door is on, but no sign of a note from Cynthia. I think it's a little odd she invited me to come see her and then couldn't even be here when I got in. Whatever. Miss Piggy left Cynthia a little present on the long, thin red and grey patterned carpet leading from the front door to Cynthia's bedroom. You almost can't see it. I wonder when Cynthia was last here?

The message indicator on her answering machine blinks a

## Un/Concealed

by tyrell haberkorn

constant red. I'd told Louise, whom I live with, she could call me here. Since my flight from Chicago got in two hours late due to snow there, I wonder if possibly some of the red lights are for me. I press play. I won't erase them. Just listen.

No message from Louise. I'll call her later. But a message from Cynthia. Her high-pitched (much higher than mine) voice is unmistakable.

"Miriam, I hope you get this. I'm sorry I'm not there, but I have to be up really, really early tomorrow morning—in New Jersey. I have a 7:30 a.m. meeting in Newark, so I'm staying at Steve's. Help yourself to whatever's in the fridge, I know you will anyway. I brought some brie, butter and bagels the other day, thinking of you. Anyway, I'll be back in New York by 11 tomorrow. See you then. Bye."

I'm not sure whether to be glad I listened to the messages and found Cynthia's plans—or to be disturbed because she planned on me listening to them.

That's nice that she bought butter, brie and bagels, though. In contrast to my sister Joan and me, Cynthia sees food containing fat as the green-eyed monster lurking in the closet, waiting to jump out at her as soon as she opens the door. She strives to not eat fat. She strives to not eat meat. I wonder what kind of bagels she bought.

I walk into her spotless kitchen, my shoes tracking a little bit of wet dirt across her white, ceramic-tiled floor. None of the tiles are cracked. Louise and I have a ceramic tile floor, too, but ours is covered with cracks of different lengths and sizes. I think the cracks in our floor are beautiful. They make me feel safe. I'll pick up the dirt later. Or at least before Cynthia gets home tomorrow morning.

I open her fridge. In sharp contrast to the rest of the kitchen, her refrigerator is a mess. It's hard to tell what's safe to eat and what should be avoided, untouched even. It's very cluttered. Different containers and bottles stacked on top of each other, fruits and vegetables on top of other containers. It's the one thing

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