

## Susan's Diary

By M.J. Fievre

### OCTOBER

October 26: Ping-pong can be such a good excuse to invite friends over and share a bottle of Courvoisier. Holden's been here every night. Oh, Holden! He gets me. Calls me mamacita. Makes me laugh.

October 28: I want to take Holden to Eagle's Lake and feed him Crab Ragoon. We'll walk naked, take in the smell of the pine trees, listen to the birds. We'll swim in the lake at midnight and make love until the wee hours of the morning.

I've never been with anyone before. I'm saving myself with Holden.

### NOVEMBER

November 1st: Junior showed up at my door, holding a machete. He was drunk and asked me to undress – then he lost his balance and fell flat on his face. I used the machete to cut the bastard in pieces. I burned the carpet outside and cleaned up the living room after that. The police won't spend too much time looking for Junior. Even his mother will be glad "he's gone away to New Mexico with some slut."

November 3rd: The police came by. Holden mentioned that he saw Junior at my door the day he disappeared, and they wanted to ask me about it. One of the officers had really deep, chilly eyes, and I felt him probing my soul. I said, "No, Sir, no one came by. I spent that whole afternoon in the kitchen, making rice porridge and galletas for the church." They can all burn in hell, those who think that I've seen the sonafabitch.

November 5: Holden's been looking at me weird, as if trying to find out about me, about what I am capable of... He asked about the missing carpet – pretended he liked it, why did I have to throw it away. My sister Bernice is having more and more of her friends over now for ping-pong All the jabbing and laughing. Oh, God! Make it stop. What will it take for all these morons to get a life and get out of my space?

November 16: Holden came to talk. His wife showed up with a shotgun, called him a cheater, and shot at

him. Now she's dead too – She didn't see me coming from behind the piano. All took place in the living room, and the new carpet is ruined.

November 17: I buried the wife in the backyard. Holden and I are going to Eagle's Lake.

November 18: I sleep every night in a small blue room nestled between a cross at the head of my bed and a painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at the foot. Holden lies still, his eyes wide open.

November 19: Before Holden came here, the house smelled of flowers and floor polish, and the polished wooden furniture reflected your face back at you as you walked past.

November 20: Hot porridge is bubbling and steaming, letting out burps of hot breath as it cooks. A smaller pot is emitting fiery gasps of greasy fish. I'm listening to the cries, squeals, and rustles in the blackness around us. Holden's mouth is always open, but he won't speak a word to me.

November 21: Holden gotta go. I sat distracted at dinner, resting my head in my hand. Oh, the stench!

November 22: I carried Holden to the lake. Above the bush, the stars, like the sun before them, shine impossibly bold and bright. Occasionally a car drives by, its engine working, breaking the stillness.

November 23: There is a police car stationed in front of the house. The cold, raw, wet spring morning sinks into my bones.

© 2011 M.J. Fievre