

20. **A Day in the Life. . .**

Outside all was quiet, although there was the occasional bark of a distant dog. Inside all was quiet, too, except for the soft blues and the scritch of pen on paper.

Sandra was propped up on pillows in the middle of the living room floor, writing steadily. Sometimes she would stop and read over what she had written, frequently crushing a page and adding it to the surrounding crumbs, smiling more rarely. And then the slow scritch would begin again.

After an hour, she abruptly jumped up, changed the music to an old Stones tape, and fixed crackers, cheese, pickles, and a coffee (just non-fat half & half). After seating herself in the old-fashioned rocking chair, she stretched and snacked and read a battered murder mystery, perhaps some forensic anthropology tale by Kathy Reichs.

Outside all was still quiet, though beginning to grow light. Inside there was the comforting smell of coffee, the crunch of the crackers, and the creak of the rocker.

“Never enough time,” Sandra mumbled to herself, or perhaps to the cat that purred, persistently arching its back and pushing against her hand. “Go away. I don’t want you.”

The cat’s golden eyes watched enigmatically as the woman stood up, turned off the music, returned to her pile of pillows, and the scritch began again. Stretching itself, the cat possessed the chair now abandoned by the woman, circled itself in the seat, and went to sleep.