



What's
for
dinner?

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I'm sitting in the kitchen sink, well after the sun has risen, and my foggy brain has settled to remind me of this constant confusion between the kitchen and the bathroom. I stand in full regalia in my birthday suit, no need to laugh, I am so hairy you won't see much. I reach out for my smooth, red silkened Japanese bathrobe, a gift momma gave to me last Chinese New Year and then watch that precariously balanced half empty champagne glass on the edge of the window sill Sasha left. I stand with a foot raised on the side of the sink, I really mean bathtub, and snigger while thinking about last night's accidental splash of pink from momma's Sephora quick-dry nail polish. I'm a little clumsy. It's funny, you know, small details like painted feet can transcend class. Up above in the glass cabinet, the familiar pill box lays empty. Sasha must've taken it just before she left for work.

Slightly tattered, the bathrobe is draped around my waist and hugs my belly as it tightens with each step I make towards the bathroom, you know I mean kitchen, thinking about what's for dinner. I'm always hungry these days.

It's her birthday, I know, she normally leaves tell-tale sighs a week leading up to the special day. She'll sigh in front of the mirror, in the kitchen, she'll let out a heavy sigh in the bathroom, in the living room while watching tele, she'll sigh and sigh. A sign of maturity, I'm told.

A fruitarian since last December, she brags over the phone to her friends that her skin has never glowed so much, but iron, the irony, is lacking in her gut. I can smell it. She grabbed my head the other night as she fell over. She's been a little light weight since this fruit-only diet, and I really wish she'd not prescribe to diets. I'm ever ready to taste a bloody piece of steak again anytime. She, is my beloved Sasha because she, is momma's beloved Sasha.

With a bounce in my step, I prance towards the kitchen, no, I seriously mean kitchen, and head out through the door flap. Here I come, bunny rabbits, possums and Ibises! Here I come, world! I think I'll catch Sasha and momma some red meat tonight! Maybe she'll cook it this time and not let out another big sigh before yelling out my name so everyone can hear..

“CARLOS!! NAUGHTY BOY!

NO!

NO MORE KILLING!

NO MORE KILLING RABBITS AND BRINGING THEM HOME!

NAUGHTY CARLOS!



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.



This story is, however, inspired by the cheekiness of Carlos Nuad, a rescue dog in Bangkok. Photo supplied by his human momma.

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