

## Six Sentence Story

Bottles have vanished from the liquor cabinet. Your husband, sitting across the table from you, rubs his sunken eyes with his palms, saying the whole mess is your fault, that it was you, remember, who insisted on a stocked bar even though you both knew your son was probably an alcoholic. You say you're sorry, but the words are hollow—words won't find your boy. It's twelve hours since he was supposed to be home from a party and the police, though still rifling through every drawer and scrap of paper in your son's room, claiming they've got men combing the county for car wrecks and unidentified fatalities, haven't produced so much as a lead. Your husband, still refusing to look you in the eye, shoves his chair away as he abruptly stands, declaring that he needs some fresh air. You ask if he's planning on coming back, tracing the rim of your almost empty whiskey snifter, understanding by his heavy shrug that even if he does come back, he won't come back to her.