

from "Fatigue" by Tatiana Duvanoa

In a week, the clutter entered her bedroom too. The first pizza boxes started to appear, pushed through the doorway. Soon the entire bedroom was filled with trash and dirty laundry. Anna hoped that Paul and the children would run out of clothes to soil, but they seemed to have a never-ending supply. Paul made a narrow walkway from his side of the bed to the bathroom. He did his best to keep his life normal. He showered every morning and went to work as usual. He had his meals outside the house. He no longer dropped the children at school. They left during the day, so they must have figured out a way to get to school, but Anna was too tired to check.

Every day she got out of bed once to check on the house. The clutter was piling up, growing. The house got more and more swollen each day. Anna, on the contrary, was getting smaller, more transparent as well.

It was a good time to shrink because there was less space left in their bed -- the pizza boxes started to take over, and Paul moved them to Anna's side. He was still trying to go on as usual.