

Mary Domowicz  
626 East 9th Street, 5F  
NYC 10009  
917 596 3769  
mary@domowicz.com

700 words

## Stain

Mary Domowicz

Greta puls the pan out of the toaster oven. She smiles at the broiled medley of mushrooms, red pepper and zucchini on the disposable aluminum tray. As she brings the tray to the table to serve, the tray slips free from one pot holder. She jerks her other hand to catch it, instead spraying olive oil and the vegetables onto the nearby wall. She sighs as the oil seeps into the unpainted sheet-rock.

Doug looks up from his salad and remarks, “Another blonde moment.”

Usually Greta would be hurt instead of angry. Today, she turns to Doug and glares.

“What? I’m only kidding. Yeesh; you’re so sensitive.”

Aargh! That’s supposed to make it all better?! Now she’s more angry than she was a second ago! Ah, but anger, she thinks --as she grabs a pink sponge from the sink then jabs at the wall to get the oil off as quickly as possible-- anger was not something she ever learned how to express. Lately she’d been allowing herself to feel it, but expressing it, now that was another matter. She doesn’t look at Doug as she sponges the wall (too late; the oil has stained) or takes out the dustpan and brush then sweeps up the ruined food. Or as she takes out a rag and wipes down the chipped brown linoleum. All the while Doug is just sitting there, munching on lettuce! Hello-o-O?! Anybody else in this kitchen?

Greta leaves the room. She shuffles down the hall into the living room then flops down

on the couch. How long will it take him to realize she isn't going to make replacement vegetables? Or finish serving the meal. She worked a full day at the office today too you know. Only to come home and be expected to serve dinner!

That wasn't it. Greta knew that. When they decided to move in together last month, they had agreed to divide the household responsibilities, and she got kitchen duty. But how did that happen; she doesn't even like to cook!

Because Doug had agreed to do household maintenance, like paint the kitchen, that's why. But here it is four weeks later, and he hasn't done that. Hasn't even bought the paint yet. Or a paint brush! That nosy neighbor Mr. McGuin taunted her yesterday: "Still with sheet-rock walls, Greta?" She feels like she's being taken advantage of.

"Gret?"

Doug calling from the kitchen. She's gotta tell him.

"In here."

Doug comes in to find Greta splayed on the couch, looking dissatisfied.

"I'm sorry."

"Just paint the kitchen."

"What?"

"It's been a month Doug. Are we doing this or not?"

"Oh." He looks down at his fingernails. He used to bite them. Greta wonders if he's tempted to resume that habit right this minute.

So that's it. She didn't even know it herself. She thought she was angry because of Mr. McGuin. She's angry because, even though they've been living together, Doug doesn't seem to want to. Or something.

"I heated up some canned beets," Doug offers.

Greta sighs.

Doug sits down next to Greta and takes her hand.

He brings it to his lips and kisses it, gently.

“And I’ll paint the kitchen this weekend.”

Great lets out an unexpected “Ha!”

Doug smiles, “Okay, maybe I won’t, but it’s not because I don’t love you.”

“I don’t know sometimes,” Greta replies. “Like when you take the things I’ve confided to you and tease me about them. You taunt me with my secrets.”

“I do?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh god; my father used to do that. I hated that. I’m sorry; I didn’t realize.”

Greta notices she had been holding her breath. She lets out air slowly.

“We need to renegotiate these tasks,” she asserts.

He glances down then looks at her. “That would only be fair.”

He’s still holding her hand. He squeezes it.

“So now what?” she asks.

“We finish dinner?”

“Are we doing this?”

“Yes. Yes we are.”

“You want to be?”

“Do you?” Doug asks.

“Sometimes. Most of the time.”

“Me too. Can’t we leave it at that for now?”

It wasn’t as clear and neat as Greta wanted it to be. She wanted happily ever after. It looked like this was going to require constant vigilance. But for those few seconds, imagining her life without Doug felt empty.

“Yes,” she said. “I like beets.”