

FENWICK from *Mourning After the Night Before* by Chloe Whitehorn

There's a monster in the water. That's what I said. I couldn't think of any other way to explain it. Kept him safe and seemed like a concept an eleven year old could understand. She's gone because a monster took her. I saw her. Dressed like some PreRaphaelite painting in a long dress with flowers in her hair. They were outside. She was hanging the laundry up to dry and Everett was darting in and out of the billowing sheets. She bent down and said something to him, kissed him, and then Everett ran into the house. She hung up the last piece of clothing, an apron, and then she turned and walked down to the water. Got in the boat and rowed out. At first I thought the water level was rising. But then I realized the boat was sinking. Sinking. And she just sat there. Waiting. And I just stood there. Watching. Watching the tides shift. Watching my life change. Watching her slip below, slip away, give up and ...leave. I never asked him what she'd said. Not that he would remember probably. We're all what? Seventy-two percent water. So I wasn't really lying. There was a monster, in her water