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Twists of Envy (Part Two)

Kathryn Allen

Pulling up to the driveway, Alex noted with a twinge of annoyance the green Celica parked there. Liz was home. He sighed as he put the car in park and slammed the door. He wasn't even halfway up the drive when he heard Liz's muffled voice asking from the garden if he'd mind bringing in the garbage cans. Ignoring her, he walked inside, kicking aside the junk mail by the door. He collapsed wearily on the futon in his study.

When Liz walked in, Alex didn't even look up. He muttered something under his breath and rolled over. She tapped Alex on the shoulder and asked him softly if he had taken the garbage cans in. Not understanding his muffled response, she told him she had a cooking class to go to and asked if he'd mind loading the dishwasher.

Alex stumbled to his feet angrily and began to shout. "Do you know what kind of day I've had? Do you have any idea? Why do you expect me to do everything? Am I your slave or something? Grow up, Liz! I have my own life, and I don't have time for your stupid little chores!"

Liz was totally taken aback. Struggling to fight back tears, she went to comfort Alex, only to be thrown aside. Hurt, angry, and confused, Liz stormed from the room, slamming the door behind her.

Alex slowly sat down, listening to the reverberating sound that still lingered. Now he really felt terrible. He knew he had to talk to her, but he wasn't so sure she wanted to hear what he had to say.

Alex found Liz in the kitchen, washing the dishes between snuffles. If she heard him walk in, she didn't show it. Alex sighed and began to say what he'd been wanting to say for a very long time.

(to be continued...)