

tiled floor. Gina stopped past the row of white sinks below the long mirror around to the toilets. She paused to listen for anyone else in the bathroom. Smells of cleaning fluids hung in the air. A metal door of a stall hung slightly open, and Gina stepped in. She pushed the chrome latch firmly into its slot.

She could take her time. She knew no one was there. Her breath was warm on her fingers. She felt alone and new.



Flying Raggedy, B.J. England