

### Excerpt from "The Wait"

I pictured him walking through the front door and seeing my note. The note I had so carefully placed in his spot on the far end of the table next to the five empty chairs. I left chicken in the refrigerator so that he would be able to have supper that night if he wanted. He may not eat it. It may end up in the neighbor's yard or in the liner of the waste paper basket or on the living room floor. I guess it really doesn't matter now. I won't be there to clean up the mess.

The check was late.

I waited and waited.

I began to think it would never arrive. My neighbor June and I had a plan. I would make him breakfast like I did every morning and then wait for him to go to work. I prayed that nothing upset him and made him stay late because I needed every minute to pack for the kids. I knew I only had a limited time to get some of our belongings together to leave. I wouldn't be able to take much because he would notice. He always noticed. He could tell by the way I breathed; by the way I took the plate over and sat it in front of him. He could tell by the way I smiled at him as I laid the plate down on the table.

And I waited.

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