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DROWSY

Instead of calculating ad rates for Humira commercials, you're typing Chapter 2 of your novel at work, hunching nearer to the screen, close enough so people in other cubicles can't see what you're working on. Chapter 2 is where the amateur detective finds a skeleton in her basement and realizes her dream renovation is shrouded in mystery. You're describing the skeleton—ivory skull, delicate ribs—when the house falls away and you're back teaching at community college on the first day of class, your students sitting in a circle, waiting to be told things, only you forgot your syllabus and the hand-outs you've prepared and you can't get the computer to work and when you try to call tech support you realize your phone is missing, your handbag too. Even your shoes are gone. You're looking at plump, naked toes, caked with peanut butter and tiny flecks of jelly.

"What the hell?" you hear someone say.

Your boss, she of the bottle red hair and dime store jewelry.

You jerk yourself awake, try to form words but your teeth get in the way. There's bruising around the dragonfly tattoo on your ankle from where it knocked against the bottom of the desk.

You can tell what your boss is thinking by the sneer on her face: *lazy, fatso, unmotivated*.

"You know," she says, "some of us actually value our jobs."



For years you've fallen asleep without warning. At school, eating lunch, gardening, making a grocery list, during sex, once in the laundromat. Like