

wading into a swimming pool and slipping under the rope that divides deep from shallow. No matter the time of day or the weather. There's a sudden feeling of drowsiness, a sensation of melting, and before you can stop it, you're gone. An autoimmune disease, one doctor said. But that's just a theory. They don't really know what causes it. The first time you were ten, at the beach. A strong swimmer, a good girl. The waves tugged at your waist and you let them, easing under the surf. A lifeguard pulled you out, gave you mouth to mouth, told your mother to invest in lessons. It's why you don't drive, why you can never have children.



The Dragonfly hovers in a corner. Waiting, waiting. When a mosquito wanders by, she snags it out of the air, tears off its wings, scarfs down the bug without even needing to land.

"Show off," you say, admiring her compound eyes, how bulbous they are, how enormous. "What's it like to fly?"

She moves sideways, then backwards, gliding through the air, making loop-de-loops.

"Pretty fantastic. You could do this if you tried."

Her wings are an iridescent blue, streaked with purple dots.

"Now you sound like my mother."

"Sorry."

"Your head is all eyes," you say, admiring how graceful she is, how much she's able to see.

"The better to observe you, my dear."

When you wake up, she's gone.



You're tired most of the time. Not need-a-cup-of coffee tired, but seriously exhausted. It's an effort to focus on the perils of plaque psoriasis, to remind station managers how important Humira is to viewers suffering from debilitating skin conditions, to create plot points for your novel while developing the detective's quirky character, to concentrate on getting from