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Second Thoughts

Andrew Miller

“You coming with us—to see her?”

“Don’t think so.” Molly stirred her coffee, took a sip, added cream.

“How come? She ain’t got much time.”

Molly shoved the chair out of the way, turned to the window. She grasped the sill, pressed her forehead against the glass. The blue spruce next to the garage was lopsided under a soggy white blanket of snow.

Jason laid his hand on her shoulder, squeezed. “It don’t matter, it’s all past.”

Molly shook her head. “I seen it in her eyes last time.”

“That was two years ago.”

She picked up the cup, touched the rim to her lips.

“Put on your coat, come with us. You don’t hafta go in, just sit in the car.”

“It’ll be cold in the car.”

“There’s a waiting room.”

Yeah, she thought, I could do that. Don’t have to see her, think about that day.

Jason handed her the heavy woolen coat she loved. She put it on, buttoned up, pulled leather gloves out of the pocket.

“OK. I’ll just sit there. In the waiting room.”