

*Part IV*

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# LISTEN TO EACH OTHER

*"I knew I wasn't alone."*

Gail Donovan

Kana Riley

## **Death Comes to the Fun Club**

Death comes to the Fun Club. He shows up at every meeting, drags a chair into the middle of the room, pours himself a cup of tea, and tucks into the cookies. Doesn't say much, but he sure acts big--like maybe this whole club was his idea. Not that anyone invited him, did they?

We can't seem to get rid of him, though Lord knows we've tried--lopping off our breasts and scooping out our insides. But still he comes back, implacable, eating those cookies as if they were made just for him. We ignore him but he just doesn't get the message. We avert our eyes but it makes no difference. Next time we look, he's still there.

What if we gang up on him, pick up his chair and heave him--tea, cookies, and all--right out the door? Leave him howling for mercy in the cold. Let him peer in the windows if he wants, let him climb on the roof, let him whistle down the chimney and blowout the fire. No way he's getting back into the Fun Club. For we will stay together in the dark, singing, until the morning comes.

*Kana Riley belongs to The Fun Club, a support group that was named for a secret club one of the members had when she was a kid.*