

IN DREAMS, NO **ROOM** IS OF A CERTAIN SIZE.

I LIVE IN A STUDIO AND DREAM THAT ONE DAY I REALIZE THE SPACE IS DOUBLE LONG.

HOW DID I MISS THIS DINING ROOM WITH SLEEK SWEDISH TABLE, THREE CHAIRS A SIDE!? AND TUCKED IN A CORNER A SORT OF RISEN NOOK WHERE I OUGHT TO PUT MY

BED.

I AM MARVELING AT ALL THIS, AND MY POOR USE OF SPACE, WHEN THE

WATER STARTS RUSHING UP OVER

THE BASEBOARDS IN A BACKWARDS MOTION, LIKE AN INFINITY POOL RUNNING IN

REVERSE.

SOON I AM USING MY CANOE TO MANEUVER AROUND THE APARTMENT IN 2.5 FEET OF WATER. BUT OF COURSE A CANOE IS TOO BIG FOR THE STUDIO. I USE THE PADDLE TO PUSH MYSELF OFF THE WALLS OR ELSE PUNT OFF THE FLOOR.

THAT'S THE DREAM.

WHEN I TELL MY EDITOR ABOUT IT HE SAYS IT'S THE NEWS, MAKING ME CRAZY.

THAT'S ABOUT THE TIME WILL-ACROSS-THE-HALL'S TOILET STARTS FLUSHING DIRECTLY INTO MARIA-DOWN-THE-STAIRS'S BEDROOM.

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN JEFF IS IN TOWN FROM SEATTLE AND WE'VE SMOKED A LOT, WE HEAR MARIA SCREAMING UP AND DOWN THE HALL, BANGING HER ARMS AND ELBOWS AGAINST WILL'S DOOR.

SHE IS SHOUTING A MIXTURE OF LIQUID PANIC WORDS THAT LOOP AND LOOP BACK ON THEMSELVES:

**FUCK. SHOWER. FUCK. FLOOD. MY
FUCKING HOUSE. WATER. POURING. SHOWER.
FUCKING. FUCK.**

THE TRUTH IS THAT WE SHRINK IN ON OURSELVES AND GIGGLE. LATER WE SAY, "BUT, THAT WOULD SUCK THO."



THE NEXT DAY, THIS HAS HAPPENED.

THE TRASHCAN IN MY BATHROOM FILLS UP WITH WATER. MAYBE SOMEONE PEED? MAYBE THERE'S AN INVISIBLE LEAK IN THE CEILING?

THE FAUCET DRIPS, ALSO THE SHOWERHEAD.

EVERY NIGHT THE SOUNDS OF SOFT, MAD RAIN IN THE HOUSE.

WHERE DID I PUT THE CANOE? I'LL HAVE TO DO A THREE-POINT TURN TO GET THAT THING OUT OF HERE...