

Ice cube

I'm trapped in an ice cube. I'm the only cube in the icetray because nobody else in the house bothers to refill it.

It's breathtaking in here, an undisturbed beauty with perfect symmetry. It's a tight squeeze but I'm comfortable; I have my puffer jacket on, the hood pulled tight around my face, so only the tip of my nose is cold.

My family hovers over me. They're distorted, as if I'm looking through the lens of a heavy-walled soft drink bottle. I can't hear what they're saying but I can lip-read. *How did she get in there? Is she ok?*

Someone pops the icetray. I fall down to the bench and bounce onto the floor. I lock eyes with the dog. He knows it's me.

The family run around the kitchen, trying to devise a plan, but they keep bumping into each other. It reminds me of a scene from a slapstick movie.

The cube starts to melt and the noise of everyday life filters through—the dog barking, my husband yelling at the kids. I shout as loud as I can.

'Goddamn it, put me back in the freezer!'

But they can't hear me.