

I'm In A House Held Up By Wooden Beams

by

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Someone else's home—on an ocean. The host escorts me into a room with 30-foot ceilings. Rows of beds, one after another, no less than fifty, link together with strings made of white sheets. I ask the host, "You're not afraid of waves?"

"No," she responds with confidence. "They can't get us here."

Then. A whopping wave loosens the beams. They shift. The house slides towards the ocean. Within seconds, the floor sinks. I sprint to the loft, climb through the only window, just before the house fully submerges. A rope appears. Then. Two ropes emerge, forming a bridge. I grip both sides. Suddenly, I'm marching on a pier. People have already assembled.

I walk and walk, gaze up. Two motorcycle helicopters land. Bright red lights flash. Emergency alarms blare. Two giant police dogs bolt toward me. One sniffs my thumb, gnaws flesh from my finger. A friend slides open a door; the dogs dart inside. The bitches are captured.

I rush to the ocean, cleanse my hands with saltwater, disguise what the beasts might've smelled.