Felix

April Powers

Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/20
hiding them up his sleeve.
He leaves her a jumbled mess,
unsure of her own opinions,
feelings.

There is only one thing she knows for sure;
when these horsemen arrived
with their monthly apocalypses,
they ended her world as she knew it.
But R.E.M. lied.
She feels anything but fine.

Josie works as a babysitter on Saturday afternoons. The
Johnson hired her to care for Felix almost three years ago. She has
never missed a Saturday. She has also never seen Felix. Every Saturday at one thirty, Tina and Greg leave in their blue Volvo dressed
in their finest coats. Josie never has any idea what they are wearing
underneath. She passes them in the doorway as she enters the stone
foyer. She kicks her shoes off; the white wool carpet couldn't take the
abuse of her leaving them on. When the almost inaudible hum of the
dealership maintained sedan fades down Third Avenue, Josie walks to
the kitchen and starts boiling water for tea. The sound of the burner
heating up is almost embarrassing as it breaks the silence. The rest of
the enormous log house is motionless and mute.

Josie has explored every room and drawer of the house,
every medicine cabinet. She knows that Greg has indigestion. Tina
is depressed. She knows every corner of the house except for what
is behind the pristine white door at the top of the stairs that holds a
tiny sign that reads Felix. That door is never left ajar. It is locked she
assumes. Greg had made it crystal clear that she should never disturb
that room, never even touch the handle. He told her that he would
know.

When the teapot whistled, she rushed to remove it from the
heat. She always forgets that there is no one there to hear it, except
for Felix that is, and he has never fussed about it before. While the
tea bag is brewing, Josie always examines the fridge. There is an entire
frosted glass shelf stacked with miniature jars of mashed up peaches
and squash. The jars never move and are never replaced. Josie did a
test one time. She dripped one small dot of blue nail polish on the
bottom of a jar of pureed peas. That jar still sits in the front row on
the far left.