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Creative Writing Exercise 5: Angular Tone

Nothing makes me happier in the morning than opening a cluttered inbox. I open my email every morning with a cup of coffee and eager fingers-greeted with junk mail, online catalogues, chain emails, spam, taxes and bills galore- all addressed to Miss Olivia Smith. A smile stretches across my face as I skim my inbox.

There's something about seeing your name over and over that desensitizes you to it over time, your name just becomes a group of sounds, a pattern of letters. But seeing your name so clearly also grounds you, reminding you that yes, I too, am getting mail. I mean, the smell of the printed pages alone is enough to exhilarate me. *Oh god*, the smell, I yearn to check my house's mailbox, ready to get my fix.

I walk outside my front door to see my mailbox at the end of my driveway. The mailman makes eye contact with me and quickly shoves in the remainder of my mail before speeding away. The sight of my mailbox makes my body feel lighter- I am running before I know it. I swing my arm at the mailbox's opening, bruising it along the side. The mailbox spills open-magazines, envelopes, and coupon books spill onto the pavement below it. I sit down on the pile, pulling a clothing catalogue to my face. I inhale strongly, filling my nostrils with the scent of ink. *Target, you sweet, sweet, son-of-a-bitch*. I exhale, my eyelids fluttering open, and the glossy pages flip over from the sheer force of the air pushing through my lips.

I gather the catalogues in my arms tightly, ecstatic by the amount of mail I received this morning. I look over my left shoulder and see the mailman filling my Mrs. Pendleton's pink

mailbox and I suddenly get the most *brilliant* idea. The mailman sees me looking over and frantically rummages through the rest of his satchel for the remainder of her mail. But it is too late—before I know, before I can even stand upright, I have bolted towards the mailbox. The mailman's eyebrows raise and eyes widen, his mouth parting to let out a gasp. He clutches his mailbag and turns to run away. I push harder on the ground, using my palms to dig into the lawn and propel my forward even faster than before.

The mailman is halfway down the street by now, running at an unprecedented speed, arms pumping at his side. He had left his mail satchel abandoned on the lawn in the chaos. The sight of the abandoned bag, filled with many differently scented pages, *demand*s my attention. My eyes lock onto my new target and my tongue falls from my gaping mouth, flapping in the wind. I spring into air, saliva trailing behind me, and land on top of the bag. The satchel bursts open, hundreds of pieces of mail spilling in the road.

I stretch my neck towards the ground scanning, sniffing the pile for something exciting. My nose finds a bright purple envelope covered in scratch and strawberry scented stickers. *Perfect*, I inhale, tracing the envelope in my blackened hands. I rise to my feet, attempting to brush the dirt from my shins and knees. I look down the road to the horizon, the mailman is long gone.