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4/29/19

### Her Name

When I broke into the third room on the first floor of Stoneybrook Apartments, I didn't expect to want to know what her name was. The only thing that mattered to me, then, was that she had left her bathroom window open. I squeezed myself through the opening, stepped on the white tile floor, and immediately smelled mold.

In the bathroom, there was a medicine cabinet above the sink, which had an arrangement of unmarked, orange pill bottles. I picked up one and unscrewed the cap, examining the five white, oblong pills inside. I emptied the bottle into my mouth and swallowed with a dry gulp. I pocketed two others.

The shower had long curls of hair tangled in the drain. They looked like fine black wires, matted together into a midnight sky. I stuffed some in my pocket. How lucky this woman was to have such beautiful hair, yet they swirled down the drain. An Alex would have hair like hers.

The other room was nearly bare, besides a mattress, a microwave, a half-fridge, and a makeshift table. Strewn wrappers covered the floor and water stains decorated the walls. I found a few napkins among the garbage, and put them into my pocket.

The mattress had no sheets and lay in the middle of the floor. There were very few clothes hanging in her closet, and most of them were tattered. A blue White Castle polo was the only colorful shirt she had. Her clothes fit pretty big on me, but I liked the way the fabric hung loosely from my shoulders and bunched at my ankles. Her shirt reeked of stale cigarettes. A Miranda

seemed like she would smoke cigarettes.

I then heard the jingle of keys growing near, so I knelt behind the clothes in the closet, sliding the wooden door shut in front of me. I heard the door click open and then closed, followed by the rattle of a pill bottle and the spark of a lighter. Smoke filtered through the closet door's slits. I watched her flop onto the mattress, shoes still on, and take a long drag. She watched her ceiling fan turn lazy circles, remaining motionless except to pull on her cigarette.

I must have drifted off to sleep for some time then, until a familiar pounding in my head and aching in my gut returned, waking me up. I could hear her snoring-- loud and struggled. I opened the closet door with a soft creak and shut it behind me. She was out cold on her mattress, lighter still in hand. She was a larger woman, taking up the majority of her twin-size mattress. I picked up a pill bottle at the foot of her bed and finished its contents.

Brianna seemed the most fitting name in that moment. I looked at her while she slept. Drool started to trail down her lips, accumulating into a yellowish pool on her pillow.

I sat on the edge of her mattress, slowly inching myself closer to her. Her body radiated warmth. I lay next to her, deeply inhaled, and allowed myself to drift to sleep.