

# Everyday Thing

by Anna Crickets

The flood came unexpectedly.

It completely submerged everything. Slithered inside the houses, taking up residence and forcing everyone else out to the rooftops. That's where we were, that's where we've been for three days. In those days the fish started sprouting everywhere; they lived in the mailboxes, in the deepest underearth fractures of the sidewalk, in the smashed teacups in cupboards, while we were surviving on jars of jams and bottled water that our bodies could take.

The days before used to be warm, the humidity sticking to our skins, making our walks home worse. But now we need to share the two blankets, albeit she's luckier. My cat Lucy, she's able to curl up on my lap and snooze whenever. It takes me hours to get minutes of shut-eye. Lucy sometimes hops over the buildings and nestles herself on the highest pillar to sunbathe in the chilly breeze, while i'm rooted to my spot, shivering non-stop under the swelling sky holding up falling clouds.

But on the fourth day I looked over, and I saw something which warmed the inside of my chest. It buzzed and said it's not so bad, when I saw those baby gray tadpoles playfully swimming in and out and around my washed-away jewelry box. It was at the bottom of the clear pond, and it was open, floating out dark necklaces and emerald rings they tricked. Lucy curiously tried to swipe at the surface, but it rippled and they darted so fast back into whatever secret spot us humans couldn't see, that i wondered if they were even there in the first place.

Could someone be driven to madness by bodies of water?

The nights are much more... Vivid now. Our eyes shape themselves to resemble that of owls'. The city lights don't obstruct the shooting stars arching into a fibonacci spiral. Me and Lucy gasped at those, we'd never seen one before. Not

to this magnitude. As if a magnifying glass has been put over the sky, and i get to peer into it at the sparks and each admiral star.

Something to consider are the sea plants growing at a magically rapid rate. Across me, my neighbor's entire bottom section of the house has been invaded by seaweeds, pouring out of the windows and wrapping around the whole thing like silky hair, large tendrils nearly poking out of the water. The foundations seem to bend and morph to the water's calling, my own is taking on changes i've never noticed before. Only when Lucy has an easy access point to wide distances did i realize the power-lines have been tilted under the weight of the invisible waves.

That way Lucy goes farther, beyond the little square of closely-packed houses. She brings me a plastic bag filled with hot sugar cookies. We munch on them as the sun sets over the reflection of the sky tilting into midnight. It is the first time my skin has felt the heat in many days.

I ask Lucy, "Where did you find this? Who gave it to you?"

She blinks slowly that way cats do, orange tail swishing back and forth until she swivels her head slowly. I look behind me.

"Someone there?"

"Yes."

"Ok, good kitty." When my hand settles on the top of her soft head, my eyes peel wide open. Lucy's nose twitches, whiskers trilling, and she hops off down the ledge, circling the top half of the house.

The cookies tasted better with the cherry jam—which is now a half-ice cream consistency.

Lucy keeps bringing me things, new food, new yarn balls she's hoarded, blankets half-soaked (she's a cat, unable to notice it skirting the tops of the sea).

That's when I realized something brilliant. Something so profoundly hard-hitting. They were adapting. Everybody was doing something about the flood, except for getting rid of the flood.

The neighbors motion with their hands every once in a while, but all i can manage is a weak, deflated rise of the fingers. They're so distant, just ink blots.

Sinking. It's sinking like an unraveling cocoon, the patio is eroding and erasing any resemblance to my previous home. It's a new entity, a former corpse, breathing bubbles and life out of it now. Pale lotus petals unfurl, giant lily pads attached to the ground floating to the surface like balloons. Lucy is indifferent, purring and napping on her favorite spots, a melting jello, but one blink and the heavy shade over me lifts and the sky breathes. Hearing life, human life, the sounds of overlapping chitter-chatter and hammer-nail-thuds. There's the progress of towering treehouses, repurposing the smaller bits of the power-lines, rusty pipelines, ripping out mossy planks, civilization jutting out of the waters and into the sky.

Lucy looks at me as if i'm an idiot; my jaw remains unlocked. At night the not-quite city lights glow from the wrenched out lamp-posts. Now the poles are used for platforms.

My neighbor waves at me, points to my left. A form shifts in the dark, and i squint my eyes when the form focuses. A jovial person wearing mechanical goggles and holding a lamp gestures for me to cross the makeshift bridge linking up several people.

Lucy trots after the jumping fish, now grown and chirruping as my cat deliberately meows back.

We step over the edge, and get submerged into a whole new dimension.

