



November 10, 2024



A Murmuring

You hear it as you unpack your last box: a soft murmuring, almost sad. You trace it to the bathroom sink. You can't make out any words.

You check the pipes—no leaks, nothing loose. Something deeper in the plumbing, maybe? You'll tell the landlord tomorrow. Time to spruce up for a night with your besties.

You rinse after brushing your teeth. “Holy shit!” The water tastes like someone's vomit.

The murmuring has stopped. Another reluctant swish—water's okay now.

At Infusion, everybody recoils.

Gracey: “Omigod, Gemma, what is that smell?”

Liza: “And we can't understand a word you're saying.”