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## Leaving

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# Leaving

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Her mascara was running. She was sure of it.. She could feel the tears and knew they were heavier than normal. The tickled a little more than usual as they made their rolling way toward her chin. One poised itself and dived into her lukewarm egg drop soup. It executed a perfect swan dive, barely making a splash. She could see the mascara spreading in tendrils like a half-forgotten nightmare. She imagined the droplet spreading like a storm cloud, the egg looking like lightning; her small sob, like thunder. Only Sandra could hear the thunder. Sandra and the small Asian woman who refilled the hot tea."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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## LEAVING

BY TOM THARP

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“We can get away,” said Sandra, “far enough that it can’t hurt you anymore.”

“No,” she said. “It won’t matter how far we get. At least not in feet or miles.”

Another sob broke through. Another thunderhead bloomed in the bowl.

“The only way is to get out of the sense of it. And it...i-i-i-it...” She stopped for a second, her face fighting the urge to break down in desperate tears.

“It follows you.”