

WRITE A STORY USING A SMALL UNIT OF TIME

STUDENT STORY

The Smell of Garlic

The day I left Ian, I made him a bacon and garlic omelet. Banana pancakes were my specialty he once said, but the smell of warm bananas never lingered after the last plate was in the dishwasher. I smashed garlic with a meat tenderizer and separated three cloves which I chopped with a steak knife. We never bought a garlic press.

Ian wasn't home yet. He said he was going bowling the night before. I caught up on my reading—percentage of women who are dissatisfied with their thighs? 72, said a report in *Allure*, and “For people born before 1930, memories of youth were aroused by odors of pine and hay, while people born between the 30s and 70s were reminded of youth by Play-Doh, Vicks Vaporub, and Pine Sol.”

The bacon was spitting so I brought the flame down and cracked eggs. Before I packed, I went around the house to find the good smells. The soles of his hiking boots smelled like cut grass from the backyard we cleared six years ago. His Bruins cap was the smell of camping, when we spent two hours assembling the green tent, or when we lost seven hamburgers in the fire and ate marshmallows for dinner. The bad smells were the bowling shoes still in his closet, and the perfume on his shirts that wasn't mine.

When he came home, he found the omelet warming in the oven. By then I had tried to scrub the garlic off my fingers for the third time in the bus station bathroom.

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SHORT SHORT STORY CONTEST 1992