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DAILY

NEW CONTENT EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

The Divorce (/Divorcetfp.pdf) by Norbert Kovacs (/s/norbert-bio.pdf)

Cover artwork by Rachel Gardner
(<https://www.rachelgardnerart.com/>)

RUMBLEFISHPRESS@GMAIL.COM (MAILTO:RUMBLEFISHPRESS@GMAIL.COM)

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"The Divorce"

By

Norbert Kovacs

At the kitchen table, Nathan Salle ate the breakfast he had prepared alone, a half bowl of oatmeal and a small glass of pink grapefruit juice. He usually had a full bowl with toast, milk, orange juice, and coffee, but he had run low on oatmeal, there was no more juice in the fridge, and he was out of everything else, so he had settled for the little before him. He ate slowly, making the most of the meal, but, at the end, was dissatisfied and barely felt full. Jan would have made me something bigger and better, he told himself. However, he could not rely anymore on his wife. Months ago, he had moved from their apartment, their animosity at its height, and been living by himself ever since. This day that he was having his meager breakfast he would meet Jan at the local courthouse and finalize their divorce.

After finishing his food then brushing and washing in the bathroom, Nathan went to his bedroom to change. He walked down the apartment hall, his head bowed slightly over the uneven, cracked floor. He was a thin man with a dark, glossy mop of hair and very dark, round eyes. His long, narrow mustache cut a line through his lean, pale face. At his sides, his hands hung down, fine, long bones showing strong, the nails cut almost too low. In his bedroom, Nathan picked the best clothes from his closet and changed into them. His pinstriped shirt, the one he yet had clean, was wrinkled down the front. Since living in his new apartment, he had left the shirt crumpled on his dresser many

times after work and rarely hung it in the closet. He had not minded until now. He checked but saw no others he could use. The dark suit jacket he put on next fit uncomfortably, its sleeves an inch short. The jacket squeezed him in the crook of his elbows. The pants with the suit had loose seams on the sides. When he had problems with past suits, his wife took them to the tailor. He had meant to take this one himself before the court date, but had kept pushing it ahead and did not. The tie he put on was canary yellow. He had other ties that matched his dark suit better, stowed in a bag from his old apartment, but never had unpacked them. He wore the yellow now because he knew he must appear formal at the proceeding. The dark shoes he stepped into were scuffed; a long crease ran down the insole of the left. He did not strike a very good figure for a court appearance in his outfit. Still, he did not believe with his other clothes he could have created any much better a look. He fetched his black blazer, donned it, and tied the strap belt at the waist. He saw his thin figure in the mirror pressed by the close fitting coat. At least the blazer will hide everything while I'm bundled, he thought.

Nathan went down the stairs of his apartment building to the street. Outside the sun shone in a very blue sky. It was cold and when he breathed, his breath left in a cloud. On the other side of the street were a few, dark, bare trees. He walked slowly up the street for the subway station. He kept a slower pace than he would going to work and let many other walkers go by him. He walked faced toward the grey sidewalk spotted by countless shoe scuffs and patches of old gum. I don't need to get to the courthouse too quickly, do I?, he asked himself studying the ground. Jan will be there. I can say I was