

Coming Out of the Closet

Audrey Rose stretched her naked body between the shoes in her roommate Justin's closet. Odors of feet and sweat comforted her. The smell was animal, man. In a haze of sleep, she opened the door and stepped out.

"Who's that? Why is there a naked girl in your closet?" A brunette woman straddled Justin; make-up smeared, hair tangled.

"Ignore her. That's just Audrey Rose."

"Ignore her. Are you kidding me? There's a naked girl in your closet and you want me to ignore her?"

Audrey Rose moved towards the bed, climbed over Justin, looked the woman over. "Wow, you have beautiful tits." said Audrey Rose as she hopped out the window. When she was on the ground she called up. "I had to pee."

"You are one sick fuck." The brunette said as she gathered her clothes and opened the door.

"Come on baby, I was almost there. Don't leave now." All Justin got in response was the slamming of the front door.

"Dammit, Audrey Rose." Justin muttered. As Justin was about to drift off, he smelt the earth as Audrey climbed back over him.

"Tomorrow, you have to find another place to sleep, your killing my game."

"I like games." Audrey Rose said as she closed the closet door. The house was quiet as Audrey Rose tossed and turned before finally curling up against Justin's sandals.

When Justin opened his closet to get his clothes for work, he found Audrey Rose sitting cross-legged. "How long have you been awake?"

"I'm not sure. It's always dark in here."

"I was serious, you have to find somewhere else to sleep." Justin reached over her to grab his clothes out of the closet. Audrey Rose tickled his happy trail and kissed his knee.

"Sure."

Audrey Rose sprung up and was out the window before Justin had his shirt on.

That night when Julie came home from work, she found Audrey Rose setting the dishes on the window ledges and on the floor.

“What are you doing?” asked Julie.

“I washed all the dishes for you. I was going to put them in the cupboard, but they told me they didn’t want to be in there. They said they were afraid of the dark.”

“The dishes were afraid of the dark?”

“That’s what they said.”

“Listen, Audrey Rose, they have lived for a very long time in the dark. If they stay out here, they may get broken and die. What if you put them back in the cupboards but leave them open a crack?” Julie turned around and noticed half the glasses in the house were filled with Fireweed and Daisies, Indian Paintbrush and Lupine. “Where’d you get all the flowers?”

“Justin doesn’t want me in his closet anymore.”

“I heard the door slam.” Julie sat on the couch rubbing her temples.

“Do you think?”

“I’m sorry Audrey Rose. I need my space. You could try the front closet for a while.”

“Maybe.” Audrey Rose rinsed out a cold cloth and layered it with fresh mint. She brought it over to Julie and placed it on her head. Audrey Rose pulled up a chair behind her and began rubbing her temples and massaging her head. Julie drifted off to sleep.

The front hall closet smelt of loneliness. Ski jackets that hadn’t been touched since the end of the season hung neglected. Winter boots sweated with heat. Audrey Rose was restless. She got up and walked down the hallway, quietly opening the door on the left. She snuck into the closet and closed the door.

Surrounded by spice and fabric softener smells, Audrey Rose settled in. But before her eyes could fully close, the closet door opened and the light switched on. Joe stood over her.

“I thought that was you.”

“I like the way you smell.”

Joe just laughed. “Justin told me what happened.”

“I had to pee.”

“I’ll leave my window open for you.”

“Thanks, Joe.” He closed the closet door, but left it open just a crack.

-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose’s life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection.