

Kit Katros

201-968-7160

kitjkatros@gmail.com

A short excerpt from my current work in progress, *The Rain We Miss at Night*:

“The following morning, Sabien woke once again with the peculiar taste of the ocean on his lips. This, night after night, definitely qualified as an omen, but when he could barely remember his dreams upon waking up, he wasn’t really sure if it was good or bad.

The sensation drove him out of bed, and he transferred into his wheelchair before proceeding to the bathroom down the hall to fill up a glass of water. Still, as Sabien raised the cup to the faucet, he had an irrational twinge of fear that what came out of the tap might be salt water too.

Sabien shook his head, trying to force the idea out in much the same way a swimmer would shake water from their ears. *It’s Kansas*, he thought, *a landlocked state where there’s no salt water for at least a thousand miles*. He had to get a grip.

He turned the handle, and his hands *definitely* weren’t shaking as water gushed into the glass. The sound of flowing water roused the barest hint of his dream from the depths of his mind—a *vast expanse of water, stretching out endlessly*—and he held onto it desperately. He wanted to understand. There was a message to these dreams, and he *would* understand them, even if—

The water flowed out of the cup and spilled over his hands, surprising him so much that he almost dropped the glass. He caught it at the last second, the smooth wet surface almost slipping out of his fingertips until he brought in his other hand to help. *Focus*.

Shoving aside all his reservations, he brought the cup to his lips and took a sip. Fresh, unsalted water rejuvenated him, and he felt some of the tension leech from his body as he quickly drank down the rest. *See? Nothing to worry about*.

Oh, but Sabien *worried*.

Not bothering to brush his teeth or try and sculpt his curls into something stylish, he rolled down into the living room of his apartment where, surprisingly, Ian was waiting for him.

‘What are you doing up?’ Ian said, turning to Sabien. ‘Another nightmare?’

Sabien nodded wearily, but tried to pass it off with humor. ‘Maybe it was because you left on me. Since when are you an early riser, man?’

‘Early? It’s already one o’clock. I thought you could use the sleep, so I tried not to wake you up.’

Sabien placed a hand to his chest in mock offense. ‘And you didn’t even save me some breakfast? That’s cold.’

Ian laughed, a low chuckle that Sabien absolutely adored, and gestured toward the fridge. ‘Of course I saved you some, drama queen. You’re gonna have to heat it up, though.’

‘Fine by me,’ Sabien said, and he quickly navigated over to the fridge. *Time to start the day*.”