

The phone rang.

“Hello? Who is it?” asked the woman as she got up from bed.

“Hello? Rachel? It's me, Hayley.” replied the caller.

“Hayley, it's five in the morning. There better be a good explanation for this!” exclaimed Rachel.

“Oh, there is. It's about your sister, Susan, she...”

Rachel quickly interrupted “Oh for fuck's sake, what did she do now?”

“You know, the usual, go to a party, drink, get high and somehow stumble into my house only to puke and pass out at the entrance.”

Rachel looked at her window and opened the curtains. The pale moonlight reflected against the glass.

“Well, you know there isn't much I can do, have you tried contacting the police or something?” asked Rachel as she closed the curtains after observing how it was outside.

“Yes, I went to the police department a few weeks ago and told them some drugged woman walked over thirty blocks just to enter my house and puke inside.”

“Did they help you out?” asked Rachel as she looked at the clock by her bed.

“They laughed and told me to go away.”

“Oh.”

The clock's arrows moved a bit. It was quarter past five in the morning.

“Well, listen, is there absolutely nothing you can do?” Hayley spoke “ This is the seventh time it happens this year, and the last thing I want is for her to come here and die and make me get accused of murdering someone or something like that.”

Rachel sensed some irritation in Hayley's voice.

“You know there is nothing I can do, me and her barely talk to each other and whenever I mentioned these things to her the conversation ends faster than usual.”

Rachel never got along well with her sister, Susan, whatever conversation or activity they ever tried to have together ended in anger. During the past five years, they never talked unless absolutely necessary. Seeing each other face to face was absolutely out of the question.

“So that's it? I let her continue doing her daily puking ritual? Maybe eventually she'll start being nicer and shit inside too.”

“Why don't you just not answer the door? Have you ever tried that?”

“Of course, she just starts head banging against the door like a retarded metalhead and I can't sleep.”

“Just get some earplugs then. Maybe if you ignore her enough she'll eventually stop doing it. Susan was always like that, she'd bother me all the time as a kid, then when I stopped responding to her verbal attacks she didn't talk much to me anymore.”

“I guess I could try that. I hope they don't cost too much.”

“Yeah, true, listen Hayley, I really want to go ba--”

“Or maybe I should just move. Get a cabin in Alaska and take up dog sledding, that always sounded fun.”

“Yeah, ok, you do that. I must...”

“Maybe stop shaving my legs too, no longer will I have to conform to society's rules.”

“That's great, but I must go to bed, Hayley.” groaned Rachel.

“Yeah, I guess I should just shut up. Rambling on and on must be a side effect of having to deal with your sister. Take care, Rachel.”

“You too, Hayley. Bye.”

“Goodbye.”

The phone rang.

“Oh, what the fuck now? Shit.” thought Rachel as she woke up, no more than 30 minutes could have passed. She picked up the phone and answered.

“What do you want now, Hayley?” she asked in an annoyed tone.

“The earplugs, they cost two dollars.”

“That's pretty cheap, go buy them then.”

“I refuse to waste two bucks on something I need because of your fuckhead family members.”

“Oh yeah? Well, fuck you too.” calmly replied Rachel.

“Yeah.” said Hayley as she realized the futility of the conversation. “Let's just talk tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

Rachel hung up.