

Baggage

A Monologue For A Woman – Any age

By William Missouri Downs

My sister bought a very exact bathroom scale. It measures weight down to one one hundredth of a pound. Her reasoning was that she had a few pounds to lose, and this way, she could celebrate even the slightest milestone. I didn't think anything of it until the next morning when I was flying back to New York, and I wasn't sure my baggage was under the limit. It wouldn't fit on her scale, so I weighed myself and then myself holding the baggage. It was under by two one-hundredths of a pound. Then, I started weighing other things in her bathroom and closet. Did you know 300 thread count sheets weigh only .16 pounds more than 150 thread count sheets? Then, I weighed her bath towels. And my shirt. And my bra. That's when my sister walked in on me and asked what the hell I was doing. Which is not easy to explain when you're standing in your sister's bathroom topless with your bra sitting on a scale that's sitting on her toilet. I got back to New York and went to see my doctor, and of course, the nurse weighed me. On the scale, I launched into this monologue about how she must consider my extras. Shoes 2.14 pounds, clothing 1.76 pounds, coat 2.25 pounds, iPhone .7 pounds, keys .05 pounds. And to that add baggage, like people who board the train before everyone else has a chance to get off, and slow Wi-fi, and... relationships. Last night, my sister called to say she had given up on her diet. Who can blame her.