













Dorothée Dupuis

THE IDEAL HUSBAND

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Linda seemed to manage the situation with grandeur. Obviously she was also extremely high; but her movements and actions, except for a small masticating twitch, didn't betray any loss of control. At times, she had a little bit of a fixed stare as she was unceasingly checking the tip of her blond hair, rolling the dead fiber into her fingers — but other than that, no sign of impatience. The sun was slowly rising. In half an hour those exiting the building would find Sunday morning streets peopled by happy early risers starting their day as others were finishing it.

The three guys were doing coke. The yelling guy offered Linda some; she refused. He insisted; she

declined again. Tim was staring at the guy — as much to make him offer a line as to make his head explode by telepathy.

There was so much beer left. Everyone had bought alcohol with enthusiasm when they had proposed to come back to the exhibition venue but in fact it was too late, too cold and people were not that high anymore. If you guys want us to leave, we leave, said the guy. Tim was still staring at the guy while he said that. Linda looked at her watch: 8h30 in the morning. She said, yes, maybe it's time! There's almost no wood left ... and it will be bloody cold here. Evan suddenly stood up; doing so he banged his elbow against the stove, an assemblage