

It has been three days since she last left her place. The lilies she bought before she left stand on an anonymous white box, most petals fallen, orange pollen scattered everywhere.

The half-cut beef in the fridge remains uncooked and starts to stink. When she turns on the tap, the water runs out orangish-yellow, perhaps from a rotting pipe. She sniffs, but it doesn't smell of anything.

She waits until the water runs clear, wets the rag, and wipes the orange pollen from left to right. A yellow trace appears, as if she painted it on purpose. The more she wipes, the larger it grows. She tries to save the things that haven't been polluted yet — the grey elephant toy from McDonald's, the white mug with the letter *H* gifted by a friend, *The First Bad Man* by Miranda July. The yellow fingerprints transfer to all of them. Only now does she realize: the color is contagious through her hand.

She takes the rag back to the kitchen. When she rinses it, the water runs yellow again — this time she can't tell whether it's the rotten pipe or the lilies' pollen.

The newly bought lilies on the living room table smell suspicious.

Note from October 31st, 2018.