

Probability Theory

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Using the same region of the brain that mathematical geniuses use to caress the sweet, perfect mystery of pi, I sneakily do sudoku when the bossman isn't looking. If anyone ever told me I'm not good with numbers, I'd just shove this black belt soduko in his face.

Halfway through, I check a completed row: 4, 9, 3, 8, 1, 9... nine? Fuck! Damn it! Fuck fuck fuck!

4, 9, 3, 8, 1... 9! Jesus, Mary, Joseph! God damn it! Fuck!

Pushing the worthless newspaper aside, I glare at the clock on the radio where that cheerful DJ bitch, Delilah, was introducing the next song and I swear if it's Norah Jones, I'll beat her first-born with her dismembered arm – damn it – the phone...

"Allstate Insurance, this is Deanna," my sugar-voice chirps, a dead giveaway that I am having a shitty ass day.

Silence.

Goddamn low-life leaching automated-calling fuckers! Calls your phone and you answer and nothing, just nothing, what's the goddamn point?

Wait! Something on the other end of the line, a choked hiccup or...

"Hello?"

A woman on the other end again tries to speak, but surrenders a low moan of impossible anguish. I stare at the jumbled numbers on the sudoku. The radio offers no money down on a brand new car. The phone crackles with the noise of the cell on the other end changing persons.

"This is her sister; I need to report a car accident for her. Her baby boy is dead."

Damn.

Fuck.