



When My Cyber Harasser Moved Next Door

by Kathryn Usher

Two days before we removed my husband Charlie from life support, my daughter Katee said, "Mommy, you should read Kate Chopin's work 'The Story of an Hour.'"

I didn't think that would help, but I couldn't turn down her request because she called me Mommy. I've loved her from the first time I looked down at her in my arms. I helped her latch onto my nipples.

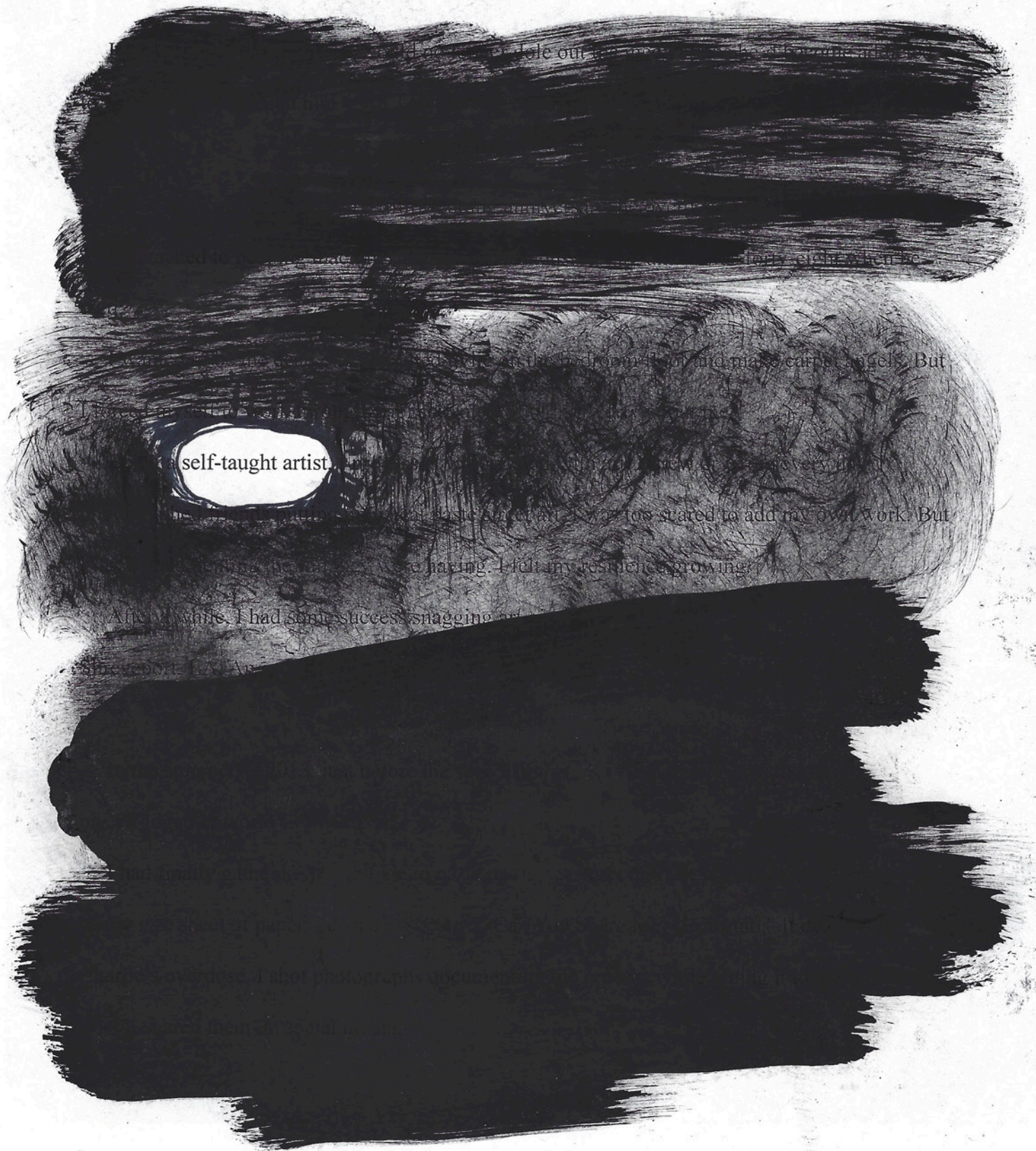
"Okay, baby," I said. "If you say so."

I found a copy online. Grabbed a teacup from the small white china hutch. Opened a foil pouch of lemon ginger tea. I looked out the kitchen window and watched the cardinals eat wild berries.

Blowing in the teacup, I read what Chopin wrote about her character Louise Mallard. She had Mallard imagine living as a widow "...facing the open window. She said it over and over... 'free, free, free!'"

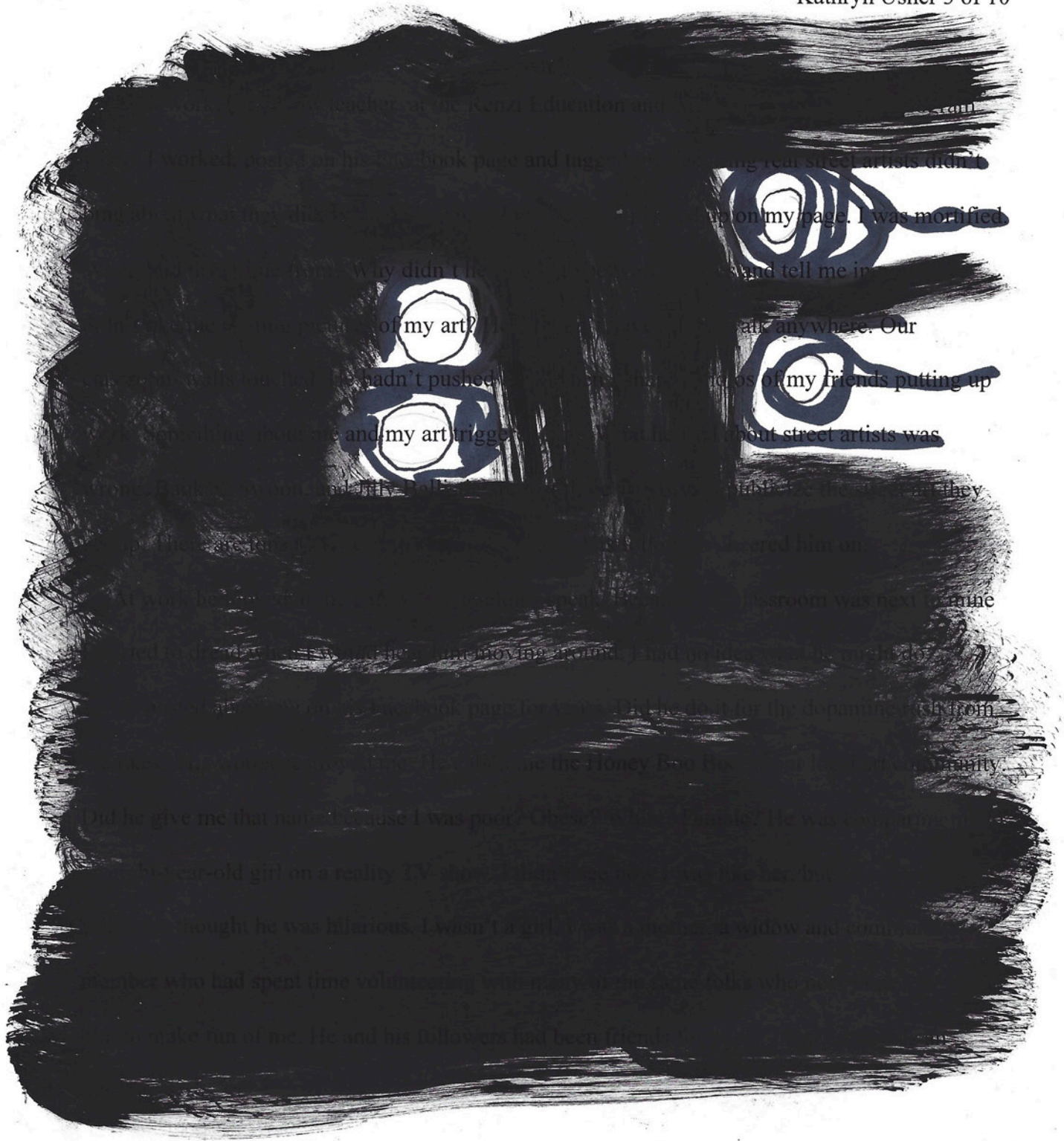
Chopin's short story held clues for me. It felt like by sharing it Katee was saying, "You can be a free woman if you find yourself becoming a widow." It also felt like Katee was saying,



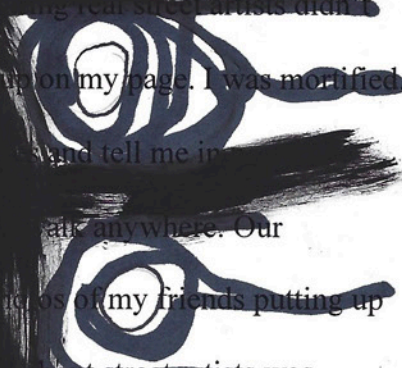


self-taught artist





...at the NZQA Education and  
...on my page. I was mortified  
...and tell me in  
...anywhere. Our  
...of my friends putting up  
...about street artists was  
...they  
...room was next to mine  
...from  
...family  
...I was poor  
...He was  
...a really  
...I was a widow and  
...who had spent time  
...I had











conformed traditional gender role expectations

accepted

that partic

What did

Halloween

haunted house

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I don't know what happened. I was sitting at my desk and I was talking to my friend and I was saying what was happening. I was saying that I was sitting at my desk and I was talking to my friend and I was saying what was happening.

So I was sitting at my desk and I was talking to my friend and I was saying what was happening. I was saying that I was sitting at my desk and I was talking to my friend and I was saying what was happening.

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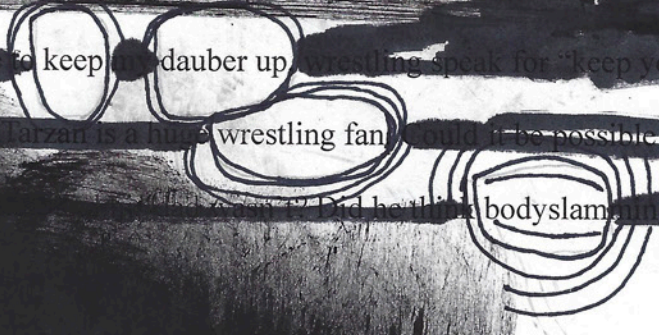
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disappeared and I would leave me alone.

There may would opened a little bit I had liked a little bit. His wrapped wire of his body were fasci

he walked me home. On my front porch he knelt at my feet and

me I played with his dark curls and informed him he was way too young for me. Also strong-

margaritas had been served at the party. He pulled me face to his to kiss me with his puffy lips I

with James and I started dating. I told him I liked him because he made good art was

and I liked him because he was a good dancer and a good dancer that an

when James

ing me and I

the times

out I ran over his treatment of me and I had

the haunted house

there. Eventually

shassled

James over his choice to love me.



...ing Southern Gothic direct

...with my father as he di

Finally James looked at me and said, sorry, I'm going

I screamed a tiny cry. I was scared and defeated. My husband was dead, my mother

and my once football player sized father was dying, and would be dead in a couple of weeks.

...was the one to say, me, not a

I can see into Jarzan's bedroom when I sit at the kitchen table to use the caption of dress. I

don't feel safe watching the cardinals eat berries — so I

After years of drinking, I've learned to drink like a woman. I've learned to

...and I'm

...and I'm

...in my country, I want me to follow a rat

...I dropkicked le

...and stitching this story together, I'm

...and stitching these attacks, progress is slow. I've



teacups, markers, paper.

storytelling

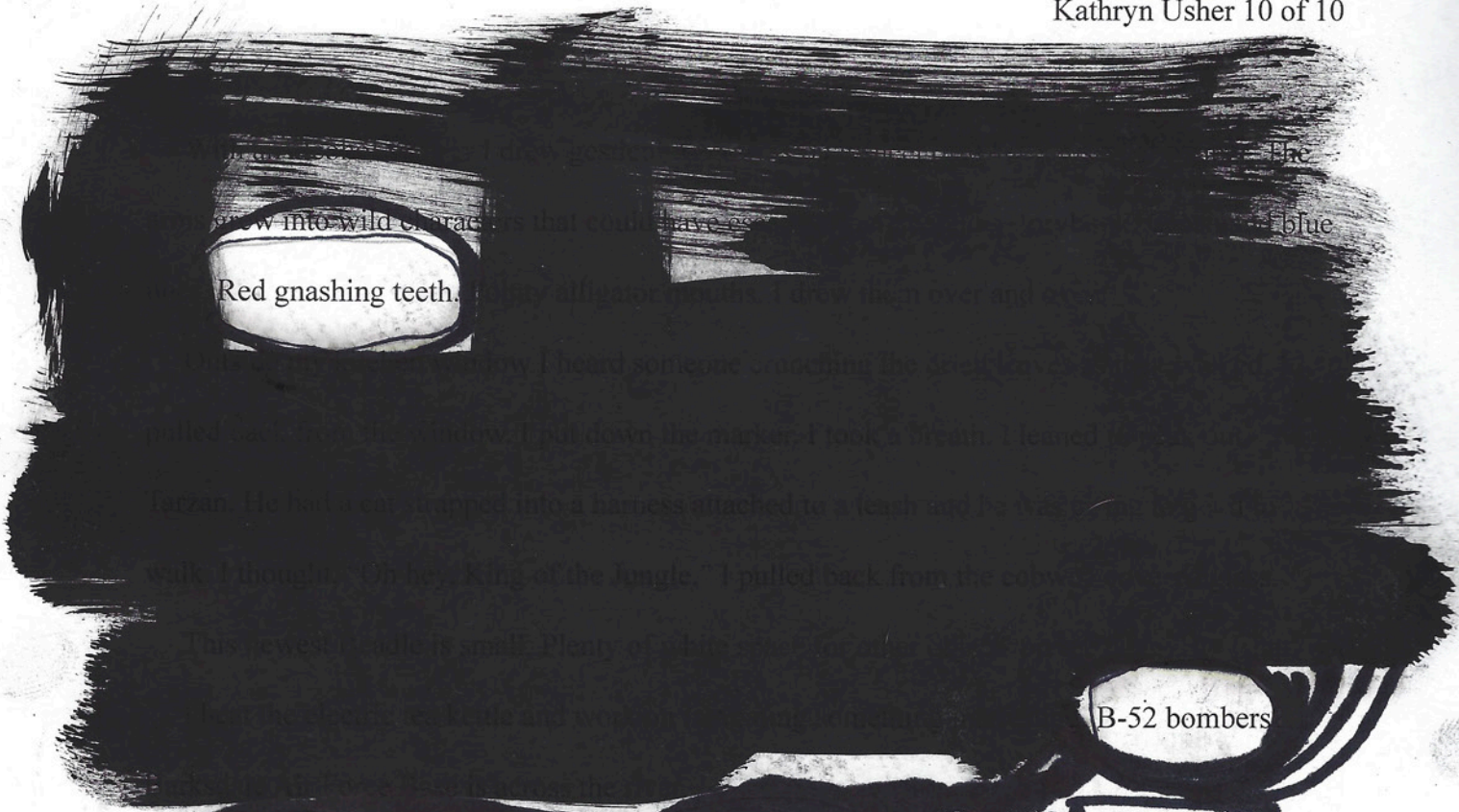
Virginia Woolf

Beadle harassed

...belong because the first was for men and she was a woman

...the first was for men and she was a woman





Red gnashing teeth.

B-52 bombers



tiny sip

gold painted edge

cup

teacups

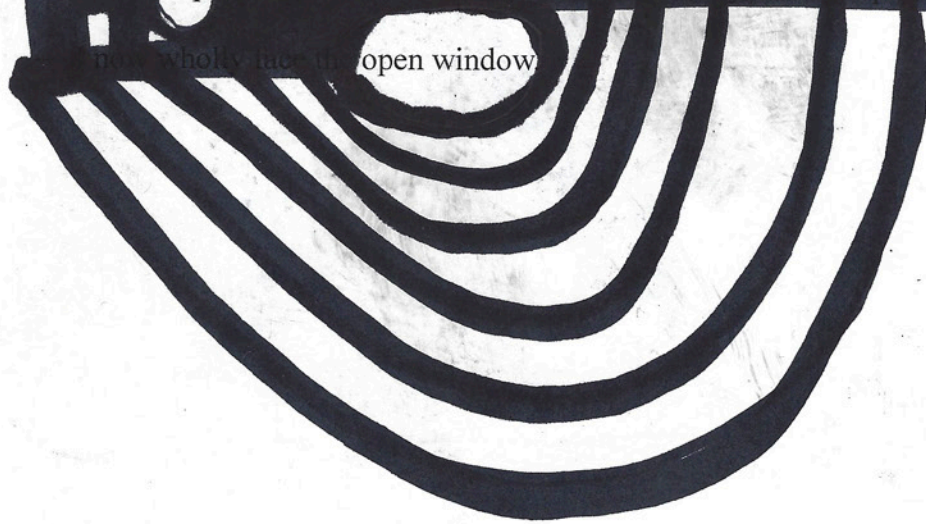
teacup

teacups bombing down on

Beadle

cup

teacup



open window