In the sweltering heat of the morning, she sits sipping her freshly brewed tea, wondering what her day will bring. Nibbling on a muffin, her list of things to do begins to form in her head. Errands to run, laundry to do, dishes to sort through, which one is her priority? If the laundry does not get done, another stop will be added to her list of errands, for clean skivvies is a must in this heat. So she flips a coin and decides to get on with her day.

First the laundry, sorting as she goes. Can't have her husband's shirts turning pink. Only whites in the first load, the rest will have to wait their turn. As she piles the clothes into the machine, she reflects on how much she abhors this monotonous chore. One load in, now to the errands she turns.

She checks her list: bank, cleaners, grocery store, shop for anniversary gift. Prioritizing seems to be a must. Don't want any frozen foods to thaw while doing the rest. She sighs as she muses what an inane list of things to do.

Off she goes to do her chores, the bank and cleaners taken care of without a fuss. The easy stops completed and checked off the list. Now the task she dreaded the most - the anniversary gift. What does she buy for the man she no longer knows? He always buys when he sees what he wants. He certainly doesn't need a new shirt. Ties and suits are not in his closet. Jeans or khakis are his dress on a normal day, paired with a polo or long sleeved shirt immaculately pressed. She wanders aimlessly from store to store at the city mall, hoping that something will spark her interest. Nothing, nada, zilch.
Finally, she realizes her search is futile. There is still laundry and groceries on her list. The gift will have to wait. The market is on her way home. Mechanically she walks up and down the aisles, filling her cart with this and that. No rhyme or reason, just random thoughts. Would he like this, or this is a favorite. As she makes her way to the checkout she notices, her cart is overflowing with things she does not like. Only what her husband feels is the best.

As she unloads the groceries, her mind is a blank, placing the items in their normal places. She changes the laundry once again, dreading the folding. Like a robot she can fold, all his shirts and shorts with creases just so.

Again she looks at her list. The remaining item stares back at her. Mocking her. Why are you doing this, it seemed to ask. Why do you remain in a place you deem insane? These questions plague her in the warm summer's heat. Why does she stay, why not just leave? Was her life always this staid?

Out came the pen and pad, another list about to begin. On the top she wrote, reasons to stay, reasons to go. As she thought, the columns grew. Logical reasons, sentimental and financial all appeared. She only stopped to change her load and fold. The woman wrote and wrote as the sweat rolled down her cheek. The day wore on as her pen flew across the pages.

Once the clock strikes three, she looks up from her thoughts, amazed at what she finds. The reasons to stay or flee fill the pad both front and back. As she reads what she has written, a tear rolls down her cheek. She has found the reasons she has forgotten, lost in her daily routine.