In Other News

They called the circumstances *drug-related* when they found her—face-up, open-eyed, bloody, but fully clothed. Witnesses said the murdered girl had not been violated —and you could call that lucky. Her first stroke of luck since the convulsive day she fled from the cold kitchen where her mother spread her fury every morning, black and thick for breakfast, making the corrupted air unfit to breathe. Forcing her out the door. *I'll kill the little bitch* her mother swore *when she comes crawling back from god-knows-where* a comment the police chose to ignore, because it hardly mattered anymore.