

Kuru pronounced the words like someone solving a clue on a television game show. All big, slow sounds so there could be no mistake.

“Under the door?” G-Mom asked. “I thought you said the roof.”

“I never said the roof. You said the roof.”

“I’m pretty sure Mr. Perkins fixed it last time.”

“It’s not the roof!” Kuru said, a little too loudly, she admitted, but she wished to heaven her grandmother would turn off the television and pay attention. “It’s coming through the door is what I’m saying.”

“That door is not going to let any water in,” G-Mom said, pushing the button on the chair that slowly lifted her up into a standing position.

It took forever, as usual. Kuru waited and didn’t say anything.

Finally, her grandmother stood on her own two feet.

“Show me,” she said.

Kuru walked out into the bakery. It was afternoon, nearly dark with all the clouds. She didn’t know how many inches of rain they had gotten, but it was plenty. When her mom left earlier in the day, she had

commented on it. At that point it had just been an inconvenience. Now, though, Kuru suspected it was something else.

“Well now, look at that,” G-Mom said, finally shuffling into the bakery. “It’s flooding, isn’t it?”

“That’s what I was trying to tell you.”

G-Mom nodded and kept shuffling straight across the room. She went to the front window and looked out. Kuru almost laughed to see her. G-Mom looked like an old turtle, or a chicken, turning her head this way and that, trying to get her eyes zoomed in on the water.

“Something must have broke,” G-Mom said finally, pulling back as though nothing had been determined until she had witnessed the water herself.

“That’s what I thought.”

More water had come under the door even in the last few minutes, Kuru saw. She grabbed the broom from behind the cookie counter and tried to sweep the water out. But it did no good. If anything, more water followed the sweeps back inside.

“Give your mama a call and see what she says,” G-Mom said. “I’ll turn to the news.”