The Little Cup

Paula had bought a big mug so she wouldn't have to get up so often. On the third morning, she caught herself taking the last cold sip in front of her computer. A damp ring nearly as wide as the saucer was left on the desk.

The next day she took out a little cup with a blue flower on it. It had belonged to her aunt. She filled it in the kitchen and watched a leaf that had slipped through the strainer float on the surface.

A notification sounded in the other room. Paula took a sip and set the cup on the table. Out on the sidewalk, the florist was arranging his buckets. For weeks he'd been opening before she got up. This was the first time she'd seen him change the water.

The notification sounded again. Paula still had half a cup.