

T H E B E S T P A R T
O F M A K I N G U P
B Y L E W I S S H I N E R

“SEE?” MICHAEL SAID. “You did, in fact, tell me to go to hell.”
He played the tape again.

“Yeah, but you were the one that was shouting.” Marianne folded her arms across her chest.

“I was not.”

Marianne punched up peak level displays and froze the next section of tape.
“See? Into the red.”

Michael sighed. “I’m tired of fighting. Can’t we watch that time we made love at the beach?”

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