# Tuna

*by Lucy Fox*

You bite into a tuna sandwich. It thrusts you deep into a memory where you were eating another tuna sandwich. You force the mouthful down, open it, drown it in mayo or tomato sauce. Whatever. The sandwich doesn't taste like a sandwich. You don't know why you feel like crying. You throw it in the bin.

Your best friend buys you sushi – avocado and tuna. She tells you about her girlfriend who might have proposed – whatever it is, it's big news. She's excited, but the smell of fish has penetrated your nostrils and you're trying not to remember lying on the kitchen table, in that house, where you ate that tuna sandwich. She nudges you. You've squeezed the sushi roll so tight the filling has burst out the ends. You don't know why her voice is muffled. You throw it in the bin and wash your hands and wash your hands and wash your hands.

You're in the waiting room. A mother is feeding her toddler lunch – it's probably tuna. Your whole world smells like it. Your vision is a kaleidoscope of tuna. You went vegetarian months ago, but the smell lingers, like his hands, like your shame.