

## Visible Against The Clouds

Written by Kathleen Matson Blurock

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Kathleen Matson Blurock is Los Angeles writer and photographer. [Take moment to check out her site for a eloquent collage of the visual and literary.](#)

*Here is an excerpt from her upcoming novella VISIBLE AGAINST THE CLOUDS.*

Myrna Lollingswood won 14 million dollars in the California lottery on a Wednesday afternoon in August. She was pumping gas in the San Fernando Valley, saw a lotto sign and bought a ticket. She had seen her numbers in the National Enquirer's astrological forecast that morning. According to her rising sign, her birthday and her mother's birthday today was the lucky day. She found out she won from her twin sister, Lola, who came by Myrna's Sherman Oaks adobe to return some hot rollers. Myrna stood at the kitchen window and watched Lola reach over the back seat of the white mustang convertible, tuck the rollers under her arm, and walk toward the back door. She came into the kitchen, set them down on the table, and picked up the ticket.

"Hey, did you win?" She said. "Hum?" said Myrna. She stood at the sink, looking out the window, thinking about Nick and what he had charged to her American Express card. She looked at Lola. She, Lola, held the lotto ticket in one hand, and a cigarette in the other. She had on the same I LOVE YOU t-shirt and skintight jeans. Myrna looked over her shoulder at Lola, and then looked back out the window. "Oh, I don't even look." Myrna said. "Hey, give me a cigarette, will you?" Lola dug into her bag. "Well, why do you buy 'em if you ain't gonna see if you won, baby?" She picked up the newspaper, sat down at the table, and turned to the Metro section. Lola was always there in the mornings. She had been taking care of Myrna since Huntley; her actor husband of 7 years had taken up with the blonde pop star. She skimmed down the numbers, and got quiet. She sucked her breath in "Oh my God...these are your numbers. Baby, baby look."

"Oh Lola, Christ, everybody does that. Do you know what the odds are of winning the lotto?"

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Myrna stood at the sink and drew on her cigarette.

“Well, guess what, my lady, today is your unbelievable lucky day. Myrna are you listening to me? Look, I am not lying. Myrna, Damn you, Myrna, you’ve won the goddamn lotto. How many millions is this?”

“ Oh, all right Lola, Jesus, you’ve got me.” Myrna took a long drag on her cigarette, walked over, and sat down beside Lola.

“My lord and heaven what is Huntley gonna say? You’ve won Myrna. You won 14 million dollars.

It took Myrna a few seconds to register the numbers were the same.

“Oh my god, what do we do next, sister?” Myrna said.

She always called her sister, and even though Lola was Lola, she was the one with answers between those two.