

## TREMOR

You're all alike, he keeps telling her, like lemmings, like those Gadarene swine, burdened with demons, hurtling toward the edge, plunging from the cliff top.

Imagine the horror she feels when he tells her that he's got himself a new lover. Another one. On top of all the countless others. A sequence of women. None of them ever that dissimilar to the ones who've preceded them. Superficially at least he doesn't seem to think at all about her, how this involves her, is certain to involve her.

He meets them. He seduces them. He starts to try and change them, change their hair, the way they dress, the way they walk, the way they drive, the way they speak, the way they think, change their character, their beliefs, their habits, their instinct, their taste, their metabolism, their history, their future. And then when he fails – as fail he invariably does – when he's not satisfied with what he's made of them, or with what they've failed to make of themselves under his guidance and inspiration, then he leaves them. Drops them cold. And starts over.

And they, the discarded, the rejected, the unhappy lot, they turn to her, who else, expecting answers, analysis, sympathy, therapy, a second chance, the key, the code she must own, to getting him back. And she can't help them with