

Stuff

She'd gathered trinkets and treasures since childhood, feverishly collecting odds and sods. Haunting good-will stores and second hand shops, markets, fetes and souks, bizarrely nursing a drug-like addiction to chattels.

One day the mania ended, the ecstasy of hunting and gathering gone.

Had she reached the ripened oldness where that lusty yearning for more had died?

A new desire sparked within her, a profound craving for less. A yen deep within, secreted and subterranean until that instant, morphed into a notion fully formed...Time for dissemination not accumulation!

Tomorrow she would begin the weighty chore of sifting. She felt lighter already.