

## Filament

by John-Paris Kent

I don't know why I decided to clean the kettle. It wasn't even dirty, apart from a few water stains. At first I just used a sponge. But that made it worse.

So I picked it up.

It felt jaunty and light but as I took it to the sink I remembered I'd recently bought some of those sachets you can get that remove limescale.

I checked.

There was indeed an unopened box.

I took one out and neatly chopped off the corner. I then pushed across the tap and started filling the kettle with cold water. When it was virtually full I turned off the tap.

The kettle was heavy now and I had to stiffen my wrist to stop it spilling. I put it down and pressing lightly on the sides, poured in the contents of a sachet.

The water frothed and spat furiously, like the finale of a fireworks show.

I put my face right up close.

All around the filament millions of frenzied little bubbles were dissolving a crust of calcium that had built up over God knows how long. It was beautiful: they were ravaging it; stripping it down without thought or conscience.

I watched for a least a minute. Maybe three or four.

After a while though it started to die down and as I stood, listening to a stupid echo inside my kettle, I suddenly understood what she'd said.

And I closed my eyes. Like they do after you're dead.