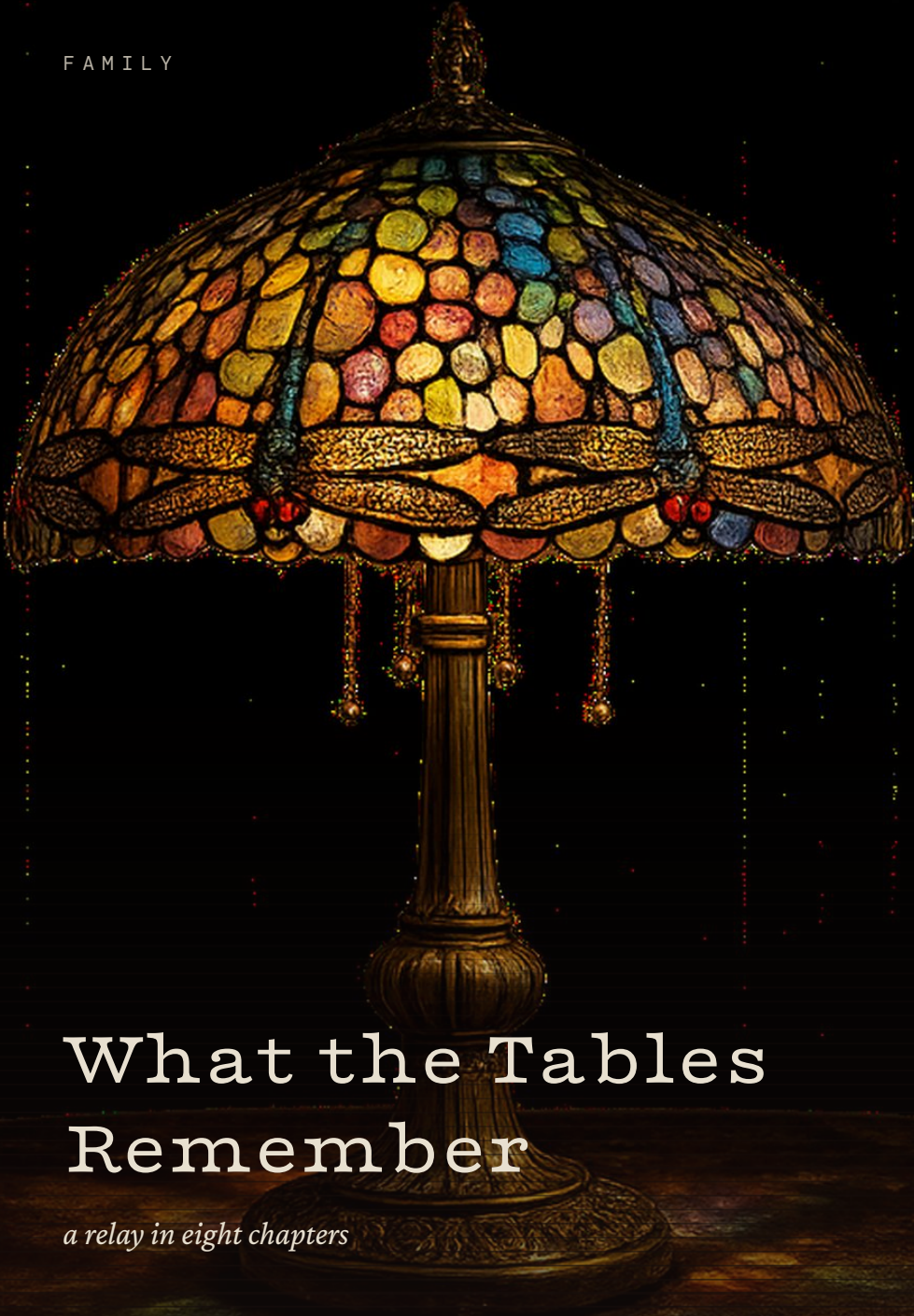


FAMILY



What the Tables Remember

a relay in eight chapters

RELAY · WRITERS

The writers

Eight people who never met. One chapter each, in the order it was written.

One	Margot Vail
Two	rpenguin
Three	Ruth Ann Keller
Four	Olive Kassen
Five	Sasha Loomis
Six	Sammy Hall
Seven	typewriter_tom
Eight	jmarsh

Chapter

One

written by Margot Vail

The table had been in the hall for three weeks. No one moved it. Katrin walked past it each morning with her coffee and each evening without. The wood was dark, heavier than seemed reasonable. It ran nearly the length of the space. Fourteen feet, she guessed. Maybe sixteen. Her brother had left it. Not a gift. An abandonment. He'd bought it at auction for a house he never closed on and stored it here, in the hall outside her apartment, because he said he'd be back for it Tuesday. That was May. This was late May, nearly June. The building super had left a note on it. Someone else had left a plant. The plant was doing poorly. Katrin touched the surface sometimes. The grain swirled in a pattern that suggested water, or nerves, or something microscopic enlarged. She didn't know wood. Oak, maybe. Walnut. It was the kind of object people inherited and pretended to value. Her brother didn't answer his phone anymore. This wasn't new. What was new: the silence felt geographic. He'd always been close enough to disappoint her in person. Now the quality of his absence had changed. She'd called their mother, who said Peter was figuring things out. Their mother said this the way she said everything, as if all statements were equivalent. The table had no leaves, no removable parts. Solid. Immovable once placed. Katrin had pushed it once, testing. It didn't slide. She'd need help, several people, or furniture sliders, or both. At night she heard sounds from it. Settling, she

assumed. Wood adjusting to temperature, humidity. But the sounds were specific. A creak that started at one end and traveled. A tick like a fingernail. Once, a long exhale of air from a seam she couldn't locate. She worked from home. The table became a fixture of her peripheral vision. When she took calls she faced away from it but felt its presence, the way you feel a person standing behind you in a room you thought was empty. Thursday, someone knocked. Not on her door. On the table. Katrin opened the door and found the super, Manny, standing with his hand still raised. You can't keep this here, he said. It's not mine. He looked at her. He was older than she'd first thought when she moved in. Not old, but carrying old in his shoulders, his hands. Then whose. My brother's. He's coming for it. When. She didn't answer. I got people complaining, Manny said. Fire hazard. Blocking egress. It's against the wall. Lady, I don't care if it's floating. It goes, or I get management involved. When he left she called Peter again. Voicemail. She didn't leave a message this time. She'd left four already. They hung in the digital space between them like photographs no one would develop. The table had drawers. She'd noticed them before but hadn't opened any. They were fitted so precisely into the apron that they appeared decorative. Now she knelt and pulled one. It slid without sound. Inside: a stack of papers, folded once, browned at the edges. She lifted them carefully. They weren't documents. They were maps. Hand-drawn. Lines intersecting, small notations in a script she didn't recognize. Not another language. Another hand, maybe from another century. She opened the second drawer. A ring of keys, each one different. Old keys, the kind that opened locks no longer made. Skeleton keys, bit keys, one that looked like it belonged to a church. The third drawer stuck. She pulled harder and it came free suddenly, and inside was a photograph. Not old. Recent. A woman standing in front of a house Katrin had never seen, a house that looked like it had been standing long enough to forget what it was for. The woman could have been Katrin. Same dark hair, same way of holding her shoulders. But it wasn't her. She'd never been

to this place, never worn that expression. She turned the photograph over. On the back, in Peter's handwriting: Long Table (No. 6).

Chapter

Two

written by rpenguin

She was astonished. The feeling of seeing this photograph was indescribably nostalgic. It brought her back to a different time and place. Back at the river. Back in the saddle again.

Chapter

Three

written by Ruth Ann Keller

One had not thought of the river in a considerable span of time. Perhaps twelve years. Perhaps longer. The accuracy of the figure seemed less material than the fact that one had trained oneself, rather deliberately, not to. Katrin stood. The photograph remained in her hand, though she should have preferred to set it down. The woman in the frame looked as one's mother had looked at thirty, which was to say competent, which was to say unapproachable. The house behind her was not the river house. That structure had been sold following the incident with the canoe, the subsequent investigation, the quiet dissolution of certain family arrangements. This house was taller. Three stories, with windows that suggested rooms one did not wish to count. She carried the photograph to the kitchen table, the small one, the reasonable one, and placed it face down. Peter's notation remained visible. The numeral troubled her. A sequence implied predecessors. One through five, unaccounted for. The parenthetical suggested cataloging, an archive, perhaps even inventory. Their family had never been systematic. They misplaced things. They forgot anniversaries. Her brother especially had cultivated a form of disorder that others mistook for charm. This precision was unlike him. Katrin returned to the hall. The long table waited with what she could only term patience. Inanimate objects did not possess such qualities, yet the word arrived in her mind and would

not be dislodged. She opened the fourth drawer. Inside lay an envelope. Cream-colored, thick paper of the sort one associated with formal occasions. Condolences. Invitations. Announcements of significant transitions. Her name was written across the front in a hand she did not recognize. Not Peter's loose scrawl. Not her mother's pinched efficiency. Not her father's, though he had been gone long enough that she might have simply forgotten. This script was older, the letters formed with particular attention to proportion. The ink had not faded. She did not open it. Instead, she carried it to the kitchen and placed it beside the photograph. Two objects that should not exist in her possession, that nevertheless did. The envelope was sealed with something darker than standard adhesive. Wax, possibly. She could not discern a mark in it, no signet or impression, merely the smooth surface of something that had been melted and allowed to cool. The kettle wanted filling. She attended to this task, then stood at the sink while the water heated, looking at nothing in particular. The building across the way had scaffolding on the fourth floor. Repairs, or merely the appearance of activity. One could rarely distinguish between the two. When the kettle whistled, she did not move to silence it immediately. The sound filled the apartment, shrill and insistent. Finally she removed it from the heat. No tea followed. She had merely needed a task, a sequence of small actions that might impose order. She sat at the small table. The envelope lay precisely where she had placed it. One ought to open correspondence addressed to oneself. This was basic civility. Yet she found her hands unwilling to perform the motion. They rested on the table surface instead, palms down, as though steadying her against some anticipated disruption. The script on the envelope was beautiful. She could acknowledge this. The letter K curved with particular grace. The final N ended in a flourish that did not call attention to itself, that knew its proper place within the composition. She thought of the maps in the first drawer. The intersecting lines. The keys in the second, none of which she had tested against locks. The photograph in the third, which had introduced the river when she had been managing quite adequately

without it. Four drawers opened. The table ran fourteen feet at minimum. She estimated, based on the spacing of the pulls, that at least eight remained. Outside, someone shouted in the stairwell. A door slammed on the floor below. The radiator ticked though the season no longer required heat. Ordinary sounds of a structure containing lives. Katrin picked up the envelope. Held it to the window. The paper was too thick for the light to penetrate. She set it down again. The wax seal would need to be broken. There was no method of opening such a thing that did not constitute a small violence. She fetched a knife from the drawer.

Chapter

Four

written by Olive Kassen

The knife was silver. Tarnished where the handle met the blade. She worked the tip under the wax, which gave more easily than she expected, lifting whole from the paper. It came away clean. No residue. She set it on the table and it caught the afternoon light through the window, throwing a small amber glow across the wood grain. Inside, a single sheet. The same heavy paper as the envelope. The same careful script. The table remembers what you've forgotten. Open the rest before the funeral, or don't open them at all. No signature. No date. Katrin read it three times. The words didn't clarify with repetition. If anything, they became less substantial, the way a word spoken aloud too many times loses its meaning and becomes only sound. What funeral. Her father's had been eleven years ago. Her grandmother's, eight before that. No one else in the family was dying, or if they were, she hadn't been told. Her mother would have called. Even Peter, absent as he'd become, would have found a way to mention death. It was the kind of news that traveled. She stood. The building was quiet now. Early afternoon, the hour when everyone who had somewhere to be had already gone, and those who remained were settled into their staying. The long table waited in the hall. She counted the drawer pulls. Ten total. Six unopened. She knelt before the fifth and pulled. A pocket watch. Stopped at 3:47. The glass face was cracked in a pattern that suggested

impact, a fall or a throwing. She turned it over. Initials engraved on the back, worn nearly smooth. E.L.K. No one in her family had those initials. Not that she could remember. The sixth drawer held a child's shoe. Small, leather, the kind with a button strap. Just one. Its twin was missing, had always been missing, would remain missing. She knew this the way she knew her own phone number. The certainty arrived without context. In the seventh: a bundle of letters tied with string. She didn't untie them. The top envelope was addressed to someone named Margaret, at an address in a town Katrin had never heard of. The postmark was 1954. The eighth drawer stuck like the third had. She worked it gently, then with force. When it opened, the smell hit her first. Tobacco and something else. Leather, maybe. Old paper. Inside was a hat. Men's, felt, with a grosgrain ribbon. It looked like it had been worn regularly and put away carefully. The interior band was darkened with sweat stains. She lifted it out. Beneath it, a train ticket. Boston to Portland. One way. August 12, 1971. She was breathing faster now. The ninth drawer held a birth certificate. Not hers. A girl born in 1923. Name: Catherine Louise Haver. Mother: E. Haver. Father: Unknown. The paper was brittle, the ink faded to brown. The official seal had lost its dimension, pressed flat by time or weight. One drawer left. Katrin's hands were shaking. She didn't know why. These were objects, only objects, belonging to people she'd never met, documenting lives that had nothing to do with her own. The table had been her brother's problem, his purchase, his failure to retrieve. She was only looking because Manny had forced the issue, because the drawers had been there, because the envelope had said her name. The tenth drawer was narrower than the others. It opened without resistance. Inside: a key. Brass, smaller than the others from the second drawer. Modern. The kind that opened a safety deposit box, with a number stamped into the metal. 412. And beneath it, a business card. The paper was new, the printing crisp. Haver & Associates. Estate Management. 1847 Commonwealth Avenue. An address in Boston. A phone number with a local area code. She sat back on her heels. The hallway was dim. The

light from her apartment door reached only so far before it gave up, and the table extended beyond that point into shadow. At the far end, where she hadn't looked closely before, something caught her eye. A leaf. The table did have leaves after all. One panel, folded up against the underside of the frame, held in place with a simple hook latch. She crawled forward to see it better. Carved into the wood, almost hidden: Long Table (No. 6). Haver family. Est. 1891.

Chapter

Five

written by Sasha Loomis

She didn't crawl. She was standing by the window. The table was behind her, or it had been. Now she was touching the carving with fingers that remembered the shape of the letters before she'd read them. 1891 was a year she'd never lived in. Haver was a name that tasted like copper pennies. The light outside wasn't afternoon anymore. It was the blue hour, except blue wasn't the right color. More like the hour when colors forgot what they were called. Katrin walked back to her apartment. The small table in the kitchen had three legs. It had always had three legs. The fourth one was in her childhood bedroom, holding up the corner of a shelf where she kept stones she'd found in parking lots. Ordinary stones that looked like they might be important if you squinted. She'd been squinting for thirty years. The business card was in her pocket. She didn't remember putting it there. Her pockets were full of things she didn't remember: a button that didn't match any coat she owned, a ticket stub from a movie about the river (there had never been a movie about the river), a photograph of the woman who looked like her mother standing in front of the tall house. She called the number on the card. A woman answered on the first ring. "You opened them all." Katrin said, "Who is this." "The funeral is Saturday. You should come Friday. There's paperwork." "I don't know anyone who died." "Yes you do." The woman's voice was patient the way nurses are patient, which is to say

not patient at all, only practicing the shape of it. "Catherine Louise. Your grandmother." "My grandmother was named Dorothy. She died eight years ago." "Your other grandmother." The line went quiet but not dead. Katrin could hear something in the background. Not office sounds. Water, maybe. Or wind through a structure that had too many openings. She thought of the tall house. Three stories. Windows that suggested rooms she didn't want to count. "I don't have another grandmother," Katrin said. "The table disagrees." She hung up. The phone stayed warm in her hand longer than phones stay warm. When she set it down it left a mark on the small table, a ring of condensation, though the phone hadn't been wet. The envelope was still on the table. The one with her name. She read the note again. The table remembers what you've forgotten. It didn't say the table knows things. It said the table remembers. Objects don't remember. Memory requires a nervous system, electrical impulses, the formation and retrieval of engrams in neural tissue. She'd taken biology. She'd passed. But the wood grain on the long table moved like nerves when she looked at it too long. Katrin went back to the hallway. The table was darker than it had been. The building super was standing at the far end, by the stairs. Not Manny. A different man. Older. He wore coveralls that said a name she couldn't read in the dim light. "You opening all those drawers?" he asked. "It's my brother's table." "Your brother doesn't have a table." He said this with certainty. He said it the way you say obvious facts: the sky is up, water is wet, your brother never bought anything at an auction because your brother doesn't exist. "Peter," she said. "Peter Haver." The man looked at her. His face was kind. "You should go to Boston," he said. "They're waiting." "Who are you?" But he was already walking down the stairs. She heard his footsteps for longer than the stairwell should have allowed. They went down and down, past the ground floor, past the basement, past foundations. The table had twelve drawers now. She counted them twice. Ten before. Twelve now. Mathematics didn't work this way. Drawers didn't appear. She opened the eleventh. Inside was a deed to the tall house. The property description included coordinates

she didn't recognize, in a town that wasn't on the maps in the first drawer but should have been. The name on the deed was hers. Katrin Eleanor Haver. The date was yesterday. The twelfth drawer was empty except for car keys and an address written on a slip of paper in her own handwriting. 1847 Commonwealth Avenue. Friday, 2 PM. She'd never been to Boston. She was holding a suitcase she didn't own.

Chapter

Six

written by Sammy Hall

The suitcase was brown leather with buckles that had gone green at the edges. She set it down. Picked it up again. Her hands knew the weight of it, which was wrong because she'd never held it before in her life. It was the kind of thing you inherited from someone who traveled on trains, who packed carefully, who folded tissue paper between the good blouses. She didn't own good blouses. Katrin opened the suitcase on the floor of the hallway. Inside: two days of clothes that fit her, a toiletry bag with a toothbrush still in its package, and a manila folder containing a printout of directions. Not from the internet. Typed. The paper had that specific texture of an old typewriter, each letter punched into the page like a tiny scar. The directions started from her building. They knew where she lived. Her phone rang. Not the phone in her apartment. The phone in her pocket. Except when she pulled it out, the screen showed a call from Peter. His name, his photo from two Christmases ago when he'd still had the beard. She answered. "Don't go," he said. "Where are you." "I'm serious, Kat. Leave the table. Leave all of it." His voice sounded far away. Not bad reception far. Geographically far, like he was calling from a depth. She could hear that water sound again behind him, or wind, or something moving through space that didn't have a name yet. "You left the table here," she said. "You bought it. You knew my name was in it." "I didn't buy it. It was delivered. I signed for it because

the address was mine, but the invoice had your name." He was talking fast now. "That's why I brought it to you. I thought you'd know what to do with it." "You could have called." "I tried. You never picked up." That wasn't true. She always picked up for Peter. Even when she was mad at him, even when he was calling to borrow money or explain why he'd missed their mother's birthday. But when she checked her call history, there they were. Seventeen missed calls from her brother, spread across three weeks. She'd never heard the phone ring. Not once. "Who's Catherine Louise," Katrin said. "Mom's mother. The one we don't talk about." "Mom's mother was Dorothy." "Mom's other mother." He said it quietly. "The first one. The one who gave her up." The hallway tilted. Not metaphorically tilted. Actually tilted. The long table stayed level but the floor listed to the left, and Katrin put her hand on the wall to steady herself. The wall was warm. Walls aren't warm in late May when the radiators are off. "I have to go to a funeral," she said. "Katrin, listen to me. If you go, you'll understand things. Once you understand them, you can't un-understand them. You'll be stuck knowing." "Knowing what." "Where we came from. What the tables are for. Why there are six of them." His voice cracked on the number. "I went to one. Table No. 3. In Connecticut. I opened the drawers. I went to the funeral. I found out I had a grandfather who wasn't the man I thought, and a whole branch of family I'd never met, and now I'm standing in a house that's mine but also isn't, and I can't leave. Not won't. Can't." "What do you mean you can't leave." "The property has rules. Once you inherit it, once you sign the papers and take possession, you're responsible for it. You have to be here. You have to maintain it. You become part of the estate." Katrin looked at the deed in the eleventh drawer. Her name in old-fashioned typeset. The date was yesterday, but she hadn't signed anything yesterday. She'd been home, working, drinking coffee, walking past the table like she'd walked past it for three weeks. "I didn't sign any papers," she said. "Check again." She pulled the deed out. At the bottom, in ink that looked wet: her signature. Her exact signature, the way she signed checks, the little loop on the K that her second-grade teacher had tried to

fix and failed. "Peter, I didn't sign this." "The table thinks you did. That's what matters." He sounded tired. He sounded like he'd been tired for three weeks. "Don't get in the car, Kat. Don't go to Boston. Let them keep their house and their funeral and their whole broken family line." But she was already picking up the suitcase. She was already reaching for the car keys she'd never owned.

Chapter

Seven

written by typewriter_tom

The keys had a rental tag. Enterprise, printed in green letters that had started to peel. She didn't have a car. She'd never rented from Enterprise. But the tag had yesterday's date and a Logan Airport pickup location. She locked her apartment. The long table sat in the hallway like it had always been there, like it would stay there after she left, after the building collapsed, after the street was renamed and the city forgot what it used to be called. The wood gleamed in the overhead light. Fourteen feet. Maybe sixteen. Big enough to seat a family that kept needing more chairs. Outside, a silver sedan was parked in front of a hydrant. The keys fit. The driver's seat was adjusted to her height. There was a coffee in the cupholder, still warm, from a shop she'd never been to. The GPS was already running. 1847 Commonwealth Avenue. Two hours, forty-three minutes. She turned it off. She drove anyway. Katrin took 95 north because the typed directions said Route 1 and she didn't trust them. The highway was empty for a Friday afternoon. Not light traffic. Empty. She passed two cars in the first hour. Both were sedans. Both were silver. She couldn't see the drivers' faces. Her phone rang four times. Peter, Peter, Unknown, Peter. She didn't answer. The fourth time it rang, she pulled over and threw it in her bag. When she zipped the bag shut, the ringing stopped, but she could feel the vibration against her leg. Persistent. Regular. Like a heartbeat that didn't know it was

supposed to stop. She got back on the highway. The signs said Boston: 87 miles. Then 34. Then 12. The numbers didn't track with the time she'd been driving. She should still be in Rhode Island. She was passing exits for Cambridge. The funeral home appeared on the left. Not according to the GPS. The GPS was still off. But there it was: a Victorian house painted gray, with a sign that said Haver & Associates in gold script. The circular driveway was full of cars. All sedans. All silver. Katrin parked on the street. Inside, the air smelled like lilies and furniture polish. A woman sat at a desk in the foyer. She was young, maybe thirty, with dark hair pulled back in a way that made her face look efficient. She wore a name tag that said Margaret. "You're late," Margaret said. "The funeral's tomorrow." "The viewing is today. Two to four. It's three forty-seven." Katrin looked at her watch. It had stopped. The hands were frozen at 3:47. Margaret stood. She was tall. Taller than Katrin, taller than seemed reasonable for a woman wearing practical shoes. "Sign in," she said, pushing a leather book across the desk. The book was open to a page with six names. Five were signed in different hands, different inks, spanning what looked like decades. The paper had aged unevenly. Some signatures were brown. Some were still black. The sixth line was blank. Katrin signed. Her pen worked even though she hadn't clicked it. The ink came out dark and immediate. "Second floor," Margaret said. "Last door on the right." The stairs were carpeted in red. The banister was walnut, or oak, or something that had traveled a long distance to be shaped into a place for hands. Katrin climbed. At the landing, there were photographs on the wall. Five people she didn't recognize. One photograph was missing. There was a hook, a nail, a rectangle of wallpaper slightly darker than the rest. The door at the end of the hall was open. Inside, a woman lay in a casket. She was old, her face settled into the shape of someone who'd finished being surprised. Her hands were folded on her chest. She wore a ring Katrin had seen before, in the fifth drawer. Not the same ring. The same design. A signet, with initials worn smooth. Katrin walked closer. The woman's face was her face. Older, yes, but the bone structure matched. The same nose. The same

stubborn chin. If Katrin lived to ninety, this is what she'd look like in a casket someone else had chosen. "Catherine Louise Haver," a man said behind her. "Born 1923. Died last Sunday. You're the last one." She turned. He was older than Margaret, maybe sixty. His suit was black and well-fitted. "The last what," Katrin said. "Grandchild. The other five are downstairs." He gestured toward the door. "They're waiting for you."

Chapter

Eight

written by jmarsh

She descended because there remained no other motion available to her. The stairs did not creak, which seemed a failure of atmosphere; surely a house of this character ought to announce one's passage, ought to register weight and intention upon its bones. But the red carpet absorbed her footfalls as thoroughly as earth receives rain, and she arrived at the ground floor in a silence that felt archival, preserved. The viewing room opened to the left of the foyer. Margaret had disappeared, or had never existed in any permanent sense. The desk stood empty. The leather guest book remained open to Katrin's fresh signature, the ink not yet dry, still gleaming with a wetness that refused to set. Five people occupied the room beyond. They had arranged themselves without apparent coordination into a configuration that nonetheless possessed geometry, intention. A woman near the window, silhouetted against light that entered through glass too old to be perfectly transparent. Two men at the far wall, studying a portrait of the tall house, the one from the photograph, rendered in oils dark enough to suggest either devotion or censure. Another woman seated in a wingback chair that had survived more than one century of grief. And nearest the door, a young man, perhaps twenty-five, whose face carried the same stubborn architecture as the woman upstairs in her chosen eternity. They turned when Katrin entered. All at once, as though they had been waiting not

merely for her arrival but for the specific quality of air displacement her body would produce upon crossing the threshold. The woman at the window spoke first. Her voice was low, textured with smoke or sorrow or both. "You opened all the drawers." "Yes." "Then you know." The woman moved away from the light. Her face resolved into specificity: sixty, perhaps older, with lines that suggested she had spent considerable time squinting at documents, at fine print, at the terms and conditions of inheritances. "I'm Virginia. Table No. 2. Philadelphia." The man by the portrait turned. "Marcus. Table No. 4. I found mine in a storage unit in Richmond. Took me six months to open the last drawer." His hands were large, callused. He did not offer one for shaking. The seated woman remained seated. "Louise. No. 1. Boston. I've been coming to these gatherings for forty-three years. You're the last Table No. 6 we've had since 1981." The young man near the door said nothing. His eyes were gray, the specific gray of water that has traveled beneath too many bridges. "Where's No. 3?" Katrin asked, because Peter should have been here, because he had warned her, because he had said I can't leave and she had not understood what kind of permanence that implied. "Connecticut," Virginia said. "The property won't release him. He missed the last two funerals. He'll miss this one." The room contracted around this information. Not physically. The walls remained where walls remain. But the space between people diminished, became thinner, as though the air itself had been portioned out in insufficient quantities. "No. 5?" Katrin asked. "Dead," Louise said. She did not elaborate. The young man finally spoke. His voice carried an accent Katrin could not place, something European but worn smooth by travel. "I'm No. 5 now. The table transfers. I'm Theo. I opened my first drawer three weeks ago in Prague. By the time I finished, I had a plane ticket and a deed to a factory I never wanted." Katrin thought of Peter, trapped in a house that owned him more thoroughly than he had ever owned it. She thought of the deed in her possession, her signature applied by forces she had neither solicited nor sanctioned. "What are we inheriting?" she asked. Marcus laughed. It was not a pleasant sound. "Responsibility.

Catherine Louise collected properties across six cities. Managed them for seventy years. When she died, the estate divided itself according to old terms, conditions set in 1891. Each table holds one-sixth. Each of us becomes steward. We maintain the buildings, collect what little rent they generate, ensure the structures do not collapse." "I don't want a house," Katrin said. "Nevertheless," Virginia said. The silence that followed was not empty. It contained decades. It contained all the other people who had stood in rooms like this one, receiving inheritances they had not requested from relatives they had never known existed. Katrin felt the weight of it settling onto her shoulders, into her spine, the way one feels gravity after a long illness. Louise finally stood. She was smaller than she had appeared while seated, diminished by time and obligation in equal measure. "The funeral is tomorrow. Afterward, we sign the transfer papers.

Afterwords

Notes the writers left after the last chapter.

rpenguin

note

Finished on 28 April 2026.

*Written in relay on relaywriters.com: eight strangers, one chapter each, never
more than eight hundred words at a time.*

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