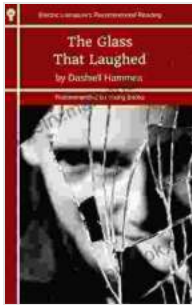


# The Glass That Laughed: An Electric Literature Recommended Reading 289

By Lorrie Moore



## The Glass That Laughed (Electric Literature's Recommended Reading Book 289) by Dashiell Hammett

★★★★☆ 4.1 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 1030 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 17 pages  
Lending : Enabled



Maria was sitting in her kitchen, drinking a glass of water, when she heard it. It was a soft chuckle, like the sound of someone trying to stifle a laugh. She looked around the kitchen, but there was no one there. The sound came again, and this time she realized it was coming from the glass in her hand.

Maria stared at the glass in disbelief. It was just an ordinary glass, the kind you get at a diner. But it was definitely laughing.

"What's so funny?" Maria asked.

The glass didn't answer, but it kept laughing. Maria took a sip of water, and the glass laughed even louder.

"Stop it," Maria said. "You're scaring me."

But the glass didn't stop. It just kept laughing and laughing.

Maria stood up and put the glass down on the counter. She backed away from it, as if it were a dangerous animal.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The glass didn't answer. It just kept laughing.

Maria felt a wave of panic rising within her. She turned and ran out of the kitchen.

She went into the living room and sat down on the couch. She tried to calm herself down, but she couldn't stop thinking about the laughing glass.

*What does it want?* she wondered. *What is it trying to tell me?*

She got up and went back into the kitchen. The glass was still sitting on the counter, laughing.

Maria took a deep breath and picked up the glass. She held it up to her ear.

"What do you want?" she asked again.

The glass didn't answer. It just kept laughing.

Maria listened to the glass's laughter for a long time. She didn't understand what it meant, but it made her feel better.

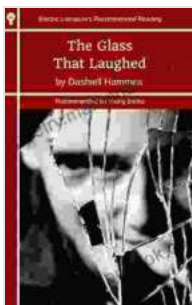
She sat down at the kitchen table and put the glass down in front of her. She looked at it for a long time, and then she started to laugh too.

She laughed and laughed until she cried. She laughed until her sides hurt. She laughed until she felt like she was going to die.

When she was finally finished laughing, she felt a sense of peace. She knew that she was going to be okay.

She picked up the glass and took a sip of water. The glass was still laughing, but it was a different kind of laugh now. It was a gentle laugh, a kind laugh. It was the laugh of a friend.

Maria smiled. She knew that she was going to be okay.



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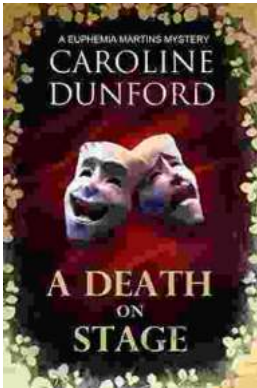
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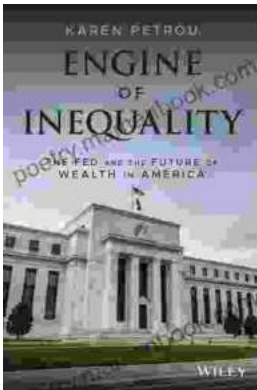
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