

# THE UNBROKEN UNENTERED ONE

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I'd finally found the perfect apartment. Then I locked myself out of it just as I was taking the rubbish out, and about to catch a train and then a flight. Grabbing my keys, I stepped over the neatly-stacked luggage at the door. As it was shutting, I thought, how funny would it be if I took the wrong set of keys? Luckily that only happens in movies. The door shut. In the elevator with an empty bin, I held out the keys for my family home on the Sunshine Coast, not my city apartment in Kelvin Grove. The building manager's number was written on the entry doors. He said he'd come, be there in thirty minutes, and that it would be \$100 cash, thank you. I felt like saying, do I sound like a woman who has more than her shoes, clothes, phone, empty bin, and the wrong set of keys? A bank transfer was allowed.

