

THAT PARTICULAR TUESDAY

<with apologies to Julie>

By John Hildebidle

To this day (and don't bother asking how long it's been, either) what I don't know is more than what I do know. Yes, I'd heard raised voices, every so often. But only that – no shattering crockery, no slapped faces. Then, out of the blue, the front door slammed, and when I looked, Mom was chasing Dad down the middle of the street (I remember thinking, "Watch out for Mrs. Leary – she went off in her car an hour ago, and she's half blind and won't be able to see you in time!") with – could it be? – a butcher knife in her right hand.

She offered a calm-voiced explanation, eventually – "I told him to take that damned wedding ring off, and he wouldn't. So what choice did I have? Tell me that?" For years I'd think – at the grocery, or the hardware, or outside the tavern he used to like, right around the corner – I'd seen him. Usually a mistake. Wherever he went, he wasn't coming back within reach of that temper and that knife, for certain.

-John Hildebidle