

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

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Season of Enforced Cheer

Look, it's the Christmas season I tell Doug. We need to jolly up. What do you think we should do first? How's about we head over to the market and get us some egg nog? Knowing egg nog is not traditional snake drink. But I think you will enjoy the sentiment I say. Lifting him carefully out of his tank I loop him around my neck. Traditional snake style. Then I put on my red and black plaid lumberjack jacket. Doug likes snuggling under the wool collar. I like him close feeling his pulse. We head on out to the market. Two blocks past the school down a row of 19th century salt boxes. A guy I play softball with lives in one with crooked floors. Everything in there on a slope. I decide we should pay him a visit. It's the Christmas season I tell Doug. It's what people do this time of year. We'll get the egg nog first and bring it. I'm thinking of the wife Marta. A suspicious little dark thing. A gift of egg nog might warm her stone heart. In the market they only have half gallon plastic jugs. What happened to the container egg nogs I ask a grocery boy. He rolls his eyes. A hidden music system is playing Silent Night. The market nice and warm. Smell those fresh baked pies I say to Doug. Smacking my lips. When I was married she sometimes bought pie. Sometimes cherry my favorite. More often than not apple. Her favorite. Peach in the summer which we both enjoyed. The grocery boy is stocking the shelf with Land O Lake butters. I pat Doug on the head. What happened to summer?