

The Evening News

by David James

When I got home from work I parked my briefcase in the hall, acknowledged our dog and immediately went into the kitchen where wife, Sherry, was cooking supper. Without turning around at the sink, she said her usual, *How was your day?* I said, *Fine, and yours?* She turned and we exchanged our routine, suppertime, cheek peck kisses.

I stepped back and said, *Sherry, I love your sister.* And she said, *Alice? I love her, too. We all do.* I said, *No, Sherry. Listen to me, I'm in love with your sister and Alice is in love with me. And we have been in love for some time now.*

She took a deep breath, exhaled and said, *Well, we might as well eat.*

