

Remember the Maine

by Jake Barnes

Over the weekend, the remnants of a Pacific typhoon rolled into the coastal area where Jake and his wife made their home. It rained Friday and off and on again Saturday and Sunday. Sunday Gus called. He said that when he told his mother he had quit drinking, she changed the subject. "When are you going to stop smoking?" she asked. Jake thought about the old days when he and his friend were kids growing up in Minnesota. He remembered waking up on those lazy summer days hearing the sad song of mourning doves. He remembered the day the fat man died. They went out to the farm to see what they could see, and when they got there, a couple of Sheriff's deputies were banging a hole in the side of the house with sledgehammers. They heard later that the fat man weighed over six hundred pounds; he was so big they couldn't get his body through the door.

