

Doors

by Daniel Harris

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Marge came home with a Doors CD. She thought she would please Chuck.

Chuck was always talking about the Doors.

She put it in the CD player and loaded a pipe and toked some great weed. When Chuck came home, Marge was high.

"Marge, there's no beer," he said.

"I've got some good weed in the pipe and a Doors CD."

They sat on the couch and smoked and listened to the CD.

"Marge, somehow it doesn't ring true."

"Chuck, how would I know, I wasn't born when this album was made."

Chuck put an early CD compilation of the Doors in the CD player.

"Damn, Marge, it still doesn't sound like what I remember.

"I'll make dinner. Later maybe we can listen again, said Marge.

While Marge made dinner, Chuck hooked up his old Gerard turntable. He went in the basement and found his vinyl records. There it was, the 1967 release. The debut Doors album with *Light My Fire*. It was a well-worn copy. Nicks, scratches and dirt covered the surface. Chuck brought it upstairs and put it on the turntable, but did not put the tone arm on the record.

They ate dinner mostly in silence.

"Great meatloaf Marge. You are the best woman a man could have."

"You could get lucky with comments like that," said Marge.

Chuck washed the dishes and took out the garbage. Marge walked the dog.

When Marge came back with the dog, Chuck was talking on the phone with his brother in Denver. She could tell because the f-word was front-and-center.

Chuck's brother was a through-and-through Republican. Chuck was a rank-and-file Democrat. Two Chicago brothers, one had diverged from the party faithful.

Chuck poured a big glass of scotch after he hung up with his brother. They were the same in every way except politics. Marge was always jealous that his brother was more favored than her.

"I thought we were going to listen to the Doors," said Marge. "My brother always derails me with politics," replied Chuck. "Let me finish my drink and then we'll listen."

"I think I need to take the dog to the vet."

"Why?"

"He's had diarrhea for the last three days."

"That happens every time you hire that Jamaican housekeeper. I think she feeds him jerked pork."

"I hadn't thought of that," replied Marge trying to avoid a confrontation.

Chuck put down his drink and loaded the pipe. They had two tokens apiece. Chuck put the tone arm on the record.

They sat in silence and listened.

"I don't think it's much different than the CD I bought today," said Marge.

"Are you deaf? It's completely different," said Chuck.

Chuck played *Light My Fire* again.

"I still don't hear any difference," said Marge.

"OK, I'll play the CD."

Chuck played the CD version of *Light My Fire*.

"Did you hear that? Now listen to this" Chuck played the LP.

"OK, Chuck, I hear a difference. But nothing startling."

"Jesus Christ, Marge. Yes, there are scratches and skips, but the *soul* of the record is there on the vinyl.

"Yes, Chuck. You are correct. I have to go to sleep. You know I have to get up at five-thirty."

“That's a cop-out.”

“No, Chuck, I hear what you say, but I'm really tired and I'm afraid the dog will have an accident in the night.”

“You're just saying that to avoid a confrontation.”

Marge got up and went upstairs to the bedroom. Chuck started the LP again.

No fires were started.

