

Christmas Email from an Aging Wicked Stepmother

by John Riley

from: stepmom (at) ihatepumpkins (dot) com
re: Merry Christmas!

Dear Cindy,

I didn't want Xmas to get by without saying hello. Hope you and yours are doing fine. I'm in terrible pain because of my hip implants. The doctor was so cruel and does nothing to help. I have a big lawsuit going on about it in Magic City. Isn't the palace near the courthouse? I could get one of the girls to bring me by to say hello if you have time to see an old woman. I'm sure you are very busy. Time is short for us all. I would love so much to see you. How are the children? No amount of money could compensate me for the worry and pain I have been through with my hips. I will be glad when the lawsuit is over. It will either be zero or a decent amount if I don't die first. I'll probably die first. That's how things always work out in my life. Your stepsisters send their love. All three are still on the wagon. I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Think of you often especially when I look at old pictures of my time with your dad. He died so young. It's the tragedy of my life. Much more so than when the first one died. I am so sorry we could not have a happier family after your father was gone. Looking back I know now it could have worked better. Mistakes were made on both sides and there comes a time to forgive and forget. I was under so much pressure! So much work to do and me with four girls on my hands. No money for dowries. I did not say thank you enough for the housework you did. I regret that everyday. I do want you to know I am truly sorry and sad about it all. It wasn't fair to you to lose your father so young. I know it scarred you in ways you will never know. If you had come to terms with that you

might not have been so resentful. But that's all water under the bridge. Your success pleases us all so much. When I see your picture in the newspaper I clip it out and press it into my scrapbook. I guess that's all for now. I wanted you to know I'm thinking of you this holiday season. It's time for me to get up from this chair. I can only sit like this a few minutes before my hips start to kill me.

Love always,
Mom?

