

SNOWSTORM

by Linda Simoni-Wastila

Wind slams the trailer. Dolores and Marty cook through the Nor'easter. JJ's late.

“He ain't coming,” Marty says. “Time to sample the goods.”

The blade slices the white mound, tap-tap-tapping crystalline lines on glass.

“JJ's gonna be pissed.” Dolores' malt-liquored breath scatters the powder.

Marty shrugs, rolls the twenty. Saliva gushes.

The door blows open.

