

Lift

by Parker Tettleton

He repeated Honey, I miss you. He could be cruel. He let their son chase his kite for hours in the park while he sat between two tourists on their way out of the city just last week. He could hear her now, running a bath for herself, forgetting John's Apple Jacks before school. He glanced at the window, the sloppy piles of snow dotting the hills, the ski lift. The coats and their fur trimmed tops shadowing the faces of strangers going up and down. He had ten minutes before the dining hall. He sat on the made bed. He picked up the phone, pushed three.

