

# Double Vision

*by* Steven J. Kolbe

*-for Susan and*

Maybe it's the cold that has me seeing double. My sister in Florida would probably laugh, "I told you so" as she sips her pumpkin latte in the barely-cold. Even in a sweater and coat and gloves and a hat, I still have to crank up the heater every morning for the drive to work (a much shorter commute than hers, I should point out), and even then my fingers are still numb when I get to my office. Today is the first day of winter. Technically. And while my car heater and home heater and office heater have managed to keep me relatively warm and toasty, they've also left my eyes stinging and my skin dry like, well, toast.

Or maybe it's that I've just been proofing too much and not writing enough. Black Friday emails with their fine, digital print. First proofs of books I always have to read twice just to make sure I caught every comma and end quote in my early morning haze. Have I mentioned the heater in my office also makes me warm and drowsy like fresh baked cookies? Or maybe it's too much online shopping. Or present wrapping. Or Christmas special watching. Michael Scott trying to get rid of that dang oven mitt and Ross as the Holiday Armadillo.

No, I think it's just you. You looking adorably sick, curled up on the couch in a hoodie and sweatpants and our thickest blanket, because now you're suddenly cold *all* the time—and nauseous. And can I say a little crazy? Not in a "hide the knives" sort of way but in a sweet way. Sweet because there swaddled in your tummy, waiting to be born, is the only present I could ever want this Christmas season.

