

Cold Toes / Rebecca Denton

Every Saturday, it's always the same. Before the toes invade, a faint knock taps on the door. When there is no immediate response, it creaks slowly open. The bed then bounces gently and a small voice whispers, "Can we watch cartoons?"

"No, I want to sleep in. For goodness sake, it's only seven-thirty. Come back in a half an hour."

"But I wanna spend time with you. We haven't spent any qual'ty time t'gether in fooor-ever. We need da watch some cartoons."

"Okay, fine," I mumble. "Get the remote."

The TV is turned on. She settles in by pulling a portion of the covers over her and cuddling next to me...with her sweet, frozen little toes. Cold toes, cold toes, cold toes. I shiver. They slip under the covers and creep and follow. They're frosty wee, little icebergs. Back. Save me from them, please. I'm trying to sleep. They're pushed gently away, but, quickly wander back. Darn cold little things. They're stalking me. They burrow and seek heat like missiles on a mission to destroy my legs under the covers. They search. They follow. They find me, promptly. I am forced to warm them up. Child toes are the scariest toes in the whole wide world. Frozen popsicles. Okay, cartoons and frozen toes it is. Time passes and the toes begin to melt. I mumble, "You watch. I'll rest my eyes for a while longer."