

Yeah so ...

This is now a New Years update on the Happleton family, or what is left of it.

I can tell you right now, if you are tingling in your hater region, excited to feast upon the details of our by now well-known Christmas debacle, you are going to be disappointed. Doctors say the Amazon driver will probably walk again. Granny Daugherty is in custody. We don't know where Keith went. Stop asking.

We are all looking forward to 2023, as it means another year down.

Monica will take the bar exam in the spring. It would have been serendipitous had she finished last year as planned, but better late than never. She stops by to do laundry, but never when I am here. Perhaps she'll reimburse me for all the detergent and dryer sheets once she is a bigshot. Oh, and she's engaged to some bearded guy.

Ryan is still such a dreamer. Head in the clouds, ass in my former crafts room. Why, just the other day, while cleaning the ruined space that will no doubt become his tomb, I found a massive pile of spent scratch off lottery tickets under the futon mattress. Keep reaching for the stars, little buddy. The car wash should probably just send his check straight to the liquor store.

Mike is making it happen down at the lumber yard. By making it happen, I mean going there six days a week, loading building materials into an endless parade of trucks owned by more successful men, and returning home 10 hours later. In silence, we eat whichever packet or box we mixed with hot water that night, and then retire to our ends of the couch to stare at the wall a foot above the decades old television.

If you guessed that I am still teaching middle school, you are correct. Also, fuck you.

I mentioned last year that I slip into the janitor's supply closet once or twice a day to cry. This hasn't changed, but there has been a development. Now, as I open the door, I have a reoccurring fantasy: Maybe this will be a portal to a new world. There will be nothing different about this world. It's the exact same as the one we are living in. However, in this version, I won't have to be me.

Anyway, Happy New Year from the Happletons.

-Marie

