

Bawdy Break

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“Dasher all,” swore Roody.

Ruthie, aproned, swore back from the muggy room, “Gol’ dang it, Roody, if you can’t keep a clean tongue in your mouth on the Birthday of the Lord, I don’t know what. Blast this gol-dang stove, can I once make a decent mince pie?”

She knew to quickly veer away from any extra chiding. Roody just loved Christmas, she reminded herself, tick-ticking her tongue when she grabbed the pie pan, mitt-less. Today he was being too good, sticking to acceptable cuss words or sounds that proved he could let loose a string of slashers if he wanted to. Still, she was curious, swiping at a strand of hair.

“So dash what, hunky?”

“I had this idea.”

She let out a hearty laugh, “You sweetie ol’ man, you’re hanging the bike by its tire! So’s we can have room by the fireplace for supper!”

Roody, a chunky meat-slab of a man, most of the prime cut between his pectorals and waist, waddled into the spa-like kitchen, his suspenders the only holiday color on him. Ruthie appraised him, quite the prancer in his day.

“Uh, no,” he said, “Should I? You want a window open? Kinda warm in here.”

“You’re changing the subject. No cold air messing with the bulk of my pies, no comet or reindeer streaking by, so keep the window closed. Just hang that bicycle.”

“We should junk it, eh? Wheel’s a bit banged up, seat’s a killer, chrome’s rusted -- that one Christmas, clear night over Donner Lake -- memories,” Roody sighed, “I last rode this dad-blasted vixen years ago, once the sled was repo’ed.”

Oh, no, no, no, thought Ruthie, don't go there, "Here," she pushed a bag of corn cobs at him, "Shuck these." Roody laughed, as she knew he would. The use of that verb tickled him.

Truthfully, the clunky bike he left lounging close to the firepit leaned there for ages now, what the huck. Can't piddle and moan about that the rest of their dwindling years together. Roody was kinda fun to have around during the Holidays. Her own idea came to mind, the one when Cupid nudged her nethers.

"Hey, big boy," she waggled her hips, "This pie's forty minutes. Wanna Private Dancer while it heats up?"

"Whoa-ho-ho," Roody grinned, holly-berry cheeks above his ermine-white brushed beard, his daily vanity, "That AND wrassling some bike'll do me in for the day. How can I finish my popcorn streamer?"

Ah, she figured, *dasher all* was about handling popcorn. But he took Ruthie up in a big old hug, enough for her toes to leave the floor. She pounded at the mound of him but not too much.

"I'll stream YOU," she hid smiling, "But, hmm: if we're caught *in flagrante delicto* once them helpers get off," Roody raised a whiskery eyebrow, so she added, "You know what I mean, jeezncrackers!"

"Chuck the blixen helpers," he swore in her ear.

They enjoyed warmth that cottony-snow night.