

## Phantom Possibilities

1.

My mother's ghost was reading the newspaper when I walked into the living room. 'Do you know where I left my pink suede gloves?' She didn't answer. My mother sat in her old La-Z-Boy recliner flipping pages, Frankie the giant schnauzer licking at what used to be her toes. 'If you insist on hanging around, why don't you do something useful?' *Flip, flip, flip.* I grabbed the floating newspaper and tossed it into the recycling box. She started humming *Rockabye Baby* while I did a final make-up check in the hall mirror. *When the wind blows...* 'Would you just stop?' *When the bough breaks...* 'Fine, I'm leaving.' I turned toward the door and two pink gloves smacked me across the face. Frankie barked.

2.

I was reading the newspaper when my mother's ghost walked into the living room. 'Do you know where I left my pink suede gloves?' I didn't answer. As far as I know, pink suede gloves haven't existed since 1957. I raised the footrest on her old La-Z-Boy recliner and flipped pages. Frankie the giant schnauzer pulled off a slipper and licked my toes. 'Why don't you do something useful?' *Flip, flip, flip.* A gust knocked the paper out of my hands and onto the floor. Frankie picked it up and dropped the paper into the recycling box. I whistled and patted my lap. He jumped up, filling the recliner. I stroked his wiry coat and sang *Rockabye Baby*. *When the wind blows...* 'Would you just stop?' *When the bough breaks...* 'Fine, I'm leaving.' I laughed. Two pink gloves smacked me across the face. Frankie barked.

3.

Frankie the giant schnauzer was reading the newspaper with my mother's ghost when I walked into the living room. 'Do you know where I left my pink suede gloves?' He didn't

answer. I wasn't assigning blame, but we all knew one of them was responsible. They didn't look up, just continued flipping pages. *Flip, flip, flip.* I turned on the La-Z-Boy heat and massage program. Frankie loves it, but the hum annoys my mother's ghost. It sounds a bit like *Rockabye Baby*. I checked in the hall mirror and adjusted my rose suede bustier – always good to give the girls a final lift – then finished my make-up while I sang along. *When the wind blows...* Powder, blush. *When the bough breaks...* A stroke of Get Lucky lipstick. The newspaper flapped behind my head. 'Fine, I'm leaving.' My mother's ghost rolled-up the newspaper and smacked me across the face. Frankie growled.