

Snowstorm

by Matthew Walsh

Jamey called from a Cape Breton number. From the music in the background I knew she wasn't watching Mom like she was supposed to be. I imagined her ear pressed against the receiver of a payphone, Jamey in between sets, waiting for my response: could I go and check on Mom?

Mom wasn't in the next room. She wasn't in the next town over, but the way Jamey asked made it seem like checking on mom was a simple little thing. It wasn't.

"Jamey," I said, looking down into the glass of Prosecco Cheryl brought me. "Jamey, it'll take me hours to get there." I said.

"You have the snow plow and she's really upset."

"You're closer."

"I'm driving to Rimouski tonight," Jamey said.