

My Father's Stories
i. Christmas Story

*Dear Daughter,
Merry Christmas.
Love,
Dad, Annie, and Teddy Bear*

My father's wife named their dog Teddy Bear, because she collects stuffed animals. She puts the wounded ones on top of the microwave when Teddy Bear pulls off little ears and tails. My father doesn't seem to notice the microwave hospital. He picks up stuffed rabbits and cats to make room for me to sit on the couch and throws them to Teddy Bear.

ii. Nazi Fairytale

I've got these boys living in my house, and they keep messing the place up. I didn't have a chance to clean. I've gotta set some ground rules with these boys.

My father lives in the middle third of a triplex in a poor neighborhood. He can't afford the rent on his pension, so he takes in boarders to cover costs. The two twenty-year old boys living there now have a dachshund. The dachshund wears a swastika collar. My father lives with dog food scattered all across the kitchen floor. His dog is overweight and so is his wife. The dachshund with the swastika is pretty fit.

iii. Family Parable

Here are my family portraits.

My father's walls are decorated with palm-leaf crosses and photographs. Cross, frozen little girl, cross, frozen little girl, cross. The portraits are mass-produced Christmas cards taped to the wall. He is not in any of the portraits.