



THE INTERRUPTION

Cindy McKay

THE DOORBELL STARTLED ME OUT OF A STUPOR. I'd been trying to figure out why the three trees in front of my house—each one filling a different pane of glass in the bay window—were all dressed for a different season: one green, one dead, one spitting its weary leaves at the other two.

I'd already decided that my favorite was the dead tree in the middle. Just roots and brown sticks. No soft green hope, no having to deal with loss. An existence without emotion, that's what I sought for myself. That's what comforted me, sitting in the middle of a wonderful life that kept coming at me. Happiness can be just as hard to live with as misery, maybe harder. With misery, you can spend your time searching for a cure. Happiness, on the other hand, doesn't require one. I was always looking for something to fix.