

A Letter Never Sent

by Pat Broms

Dearest, darlingest daughter:

Would it kill you to call your mother to tell her you've arrived safely back at school?
Would it be too much trouble to let her know that in spite of the raging blizzard the bus managed not to skid off the bridge, off the dark and treacherous highway into a ditch, Lake Ontario, a transport truck, or a cement divider?

Would it take too much time to tell her that you did not get held hostage by a machine gun wielding busjacker?

Or that you weren't threateningly interrogated by a hostile border guard or viciously attacked by his drug dog for your supply of Reactine?

And would it be unreasonable to let her know that after you reached Rochester in the middle of the night, in a blizzard, hours late, you weren't viciously attacked by a deranged cabbie as you made your way from the bus station to your house a short distance away, or mugged by a drugged hoodlum as you frantically searched for your door key?

Would it kill you to let your mother know that you got home all right?

Your distraught Mom

P. S. It's not that you don't have my phone number or 25c. Or a cell phone.

P.P.S. It's not like my number isn't in the memory of your cell phone.

P.P.P.S. It's not even that you don't have a cell phone that you carry around with you at all times.

SO CALL ALREADY.