

## CHOCOLATE

*Jan L. Ricord*

It ain't easy but most of you already know that. The thing of it is, what most people do, is share the incident, that makes you look ridiculous; with only a few close friends. But (there's always a but) I find so much humor in those incidents that I write about it so everyone can laugh. At times I'm prone to exaggerate but it's very close to the mark.

By now everyone knows I'm a self-confessed chocoholic, and you can't hide chocolate any place in the house without my sniffing it out. We had purchased a box of those tiny chocolate éclairs from the frozen food section. The ones that thaw out in less than a minute or can be eaten frozen, depends on how long I can wait; it doesn't matter to me. We had two left in the box in the freezer, one for each of us to eat later.

My spouse went to buy some milk downtown and that nasty little pastry kept calling my name, the minute he was gone. "Jan, yoo-hoo where are you? I'm here waiting for you." How pathetic to have no will power. I held out...for at least three minutes until he made it around the corner of the street. I know because I watched the car disappear.

I went to the freezer, opened the door, and yelled "Leave me alone!" I slammed the door...and opened it right back. With the box on the table, I dug my fingernails into the corner, and tried to pry the cover off; these have a tough seal, but I prevailed.

Popping one of these delights...popping is the wrong word, 'stuffing', yes, that's the one. After a minimum amount of chewing it was gone. Grabbing the next one, and bringing it up to my mouth, just as my spouse drove into the driveway. I hurriedly stuffed the last one in, and got rid of the box in the trash. Swallowing fast as the porch door opened.

Coming in, he said, "I forgot my wallet." He looked at me, and smiled. "What have you been up to?"

"Who me? Nothing."

"Are you sure?" I nodded. "Really? Why don't you go and look in the mirror it's written all over your face."

The mirror told me, I lied; the chocolate had dribbled all over my chin. I looked back at a laughing husband.

"Was it good?"

"Yes!!!"

It ain't easy. It just ain't easy when an éclair tattles on you.

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