

## *Chocolate Soufflé*

Eyes open, he actually felt ok. Then the whiskey and sleeping pills made themselves reminded.

“Shit.”

Rolling to the right and seeing the bed was empty, he tried to sit up but the lack of stomach muscles did not allow this. He cursed himself and thought and about how angry Anna, his wife had been the time he was too hungover to be at her Mother’s 75th birthday lunch. He could hear her voice as if she was in the room.

“You promised.”

Today would be different. It was Anna’s birthday and he had promised to make her a chocolate souffle. He thought about her reaction and smiled.

“A chocolate souffle would be pure rapture. Like dying and meeting sweet Jesus!”

He took a co-codamol with his instant coffee and lit a candle, then a cigarette. He rewatched the how-to video and scratched down the ingredients.

“I can do this.”

Seeing the time, he dressed and started the 30 minute DWI walk-of-shame to the store. He was halfway down the street when he stopped, turned, and ran back up to the brownstone. He blew out the candle and kissed the photo of his wife.

“I’m sorry.”