

Cinnarolls

He took off his glasses so he could see. But, without protection, the rain found his eyes more easily. Squinting out over the evening hustle and bustle, he thought, *this weather divides people*, as drivers heedlessly sprayed street-water on whatever got in the way and scurrying pedestrians avoided eye contact with one another.

The rain sounded like sizzling bacon despite the cool air. That, and the steady stream of traffic, made it difficult to hear the insistent jabber coming from beside him.

Not really listening, he heard, "...It...cool...too."

Then, "Pappa!?"

Looking down at his daughter, he said, "Sorry, Julia. What?"

"Cursive. It's cool. I learned to write my name in cursive today."

Her head was tilted upward and she opened her mouth to catch raindrops on her tongue.

"Show me at home. Let's hurry up. I'm soaked."

"To the bone?"

Grabbing her mittened hand, he said, "Wet as a noodle. Come on, Pumpkin!"

They walked as quickly as her five-year-old legs allowed.

The rain didn't bother her. It never did. Once, she and her best friend had taken street-showers in the summer rain with shampoo and everything.

He thought about the ready-to-bake cinnamon-rolls in the oven. Her favorite. The place should already smell like a bakery. He smiled.

He drew a sigh of relief as they turned onto their street.

He had left a lit candle in the the kitchen window. The Cina-Signal.

He said, "Look up at the kitchen, Jules." She stopped, looked across the street and shouted, "Cinarolls!"

"Last one to the stoop is a rotten egg!" She laughed and took off running.

It happened so fast.

