

THE NICK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by K.L. Brady

EXCERPT

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Great. An uninvited visitor.

Nickie gulped hard and groaned. She assumed Smith had shown up to un-reverse his reversed proposal. When she asked, "Who is it?" a pleasantly surprising voice responded.

"Hi, Nick. It's your doctor...from the Memorial Hospital?"

Stunned, she tipped backward five steps to increase her distance and said, "I'll be right there," then she swiped her index fingers under her eyes and combed her fingers through her hair.

She swung the door open. "Dr. Feelgood...I mean, Goodman. What're you doing here...I mean, here?" She pointed to the ground.

"Well, I have two answers to offer. If I may, I'll come inside and explain inside."

Jehovah witnesses. Anyone from the Republican party. Her mother. Nick would sooner expect to see them at her door than Dr. Goodman. Yet, there he stood, in his fineness and splendid glory—a polo with dockers, sunglasses, and hiding his left hand behind his back; she could see the craft paper shopping bag.

Songs had been created for men like him—Whatta Man, by Salt and Pepa. Why'd You Come in Here Looking Like That? by Dolly Parton. And I Luhya Papi, by JLo were among the soundtracks playing in her mind. She wanted to sing his praises, and she might...but first, he must cross the threshold.

"Dr. Goodman." She stepped aside. "Please, come in. Make yourself at home." Forever.