

Donna's Comments

Great first line

Expressed a sigh. Until that moment, I had been hoping my sister would pack up her

retro candy and leave. I took a healthy slug of Guinness, for strength. "I'm making one of

Truman Capote's aunt's recipes. Could you pull it out for me? It just says 'Chocolate Fruitcake' at

the top."

"I never heard of chocolate fruitcake," Linda said, and muttered something about wasting

perfectly good chocolate, but I let it go.

"I can't find it," she said, after a moment.

"Let me see." I searched through the pages myself. "Damn! I don't understand why I keep

losing it. Maybe I left it on the printer."

"I'll go look," Linda offered, "and you can start melting chocolate or whatever."

"Thanks. If you don't see it, would you print it out? I left the web site up. I had a feeling

I'd have to go there again."

My computer is in a small bedroom down the hall that I've fixed up as an office. I

remembered that the recipe called for half a cup of butter to be creamed with one cup of sugar. I

had just finished doing that when Linda came back, hanging on to her bottle of Guinness.

"How's it coming?" she asked.

"Slowly. I've been waiting for the recipe. Where is it?"

"Right here." She raised the hand that was not holding the bottle. The hand was empty.

We stared at it for a moment.

the paper disappeared from her hand?

"Well, it was here."

"I know; I believe you. That recipe is driving me crazy."

"Maybe that's because you stole it off the Internet."

"I didn't steal it! What makes you think I stole it? It was right there, on a legitimate web

site. You saw it yourself, if you printed it out."

"I not only saw it, I read the whole story, all about little Truman and his cousin Sook

delivering fruitcakes in a baby buggy. That recipe came from Truman Capote's aunt's new

cookbook. You should have bought the book if you wanted the recipe. How's she going to make

any money if you take her recipes off the Net for free? Poor little ole lady." *Isn't she dead?*

"You're getting maudlin," I said. "And I'm going to buy her book the minute I see it at the

store, but right now I just want to make ⁺ The damn Cake!"

We seethed for a moment ~~or two~~, as sisters do when they're deciding whether to have it

out, right now, once and for all.

"I know what," she said. "Why don't I sit at the monitor and call out the ingredients to

you. Then you can help me with the goody bags while it's baking. ~~Because~~ ^{We're} running out of

time. The trick-or-treaters will be out soon, and Wally's sitting at home with nothing to hand out.

He's terrified we're going to get TP'd again."

"All right. I was thinking I'd go back there and write it down ~~in pencil~~, but your way

might be faster. And just for the record, it wasn't his aunt's recipe, it was his cousin Sook's

recipe. They found a whole sheaf of fruitcake recipes in her dresser drawer after she died."

*She says it was
his aunt's recipe
in the first
paragraph.*

"Whatever." Linda stuck her finger in the butter and sugar mixture, and tasted it. "Truman Capote was as spiteful as he could be, did you know that? I saw him on the Merv Griffin talk show years ago, trading catty remarks with Zsa Zsa Gabor. You should have seen the look he gave her after one of his zingers. MEE-yow!"

"Could we just get on with it? This recipe is making me nervous."

"I'm going, I'm going!" But before leaving the kitchen she got us each another Guinness.

I do like the dark ales. Linda, of course, will drink anything.

I have very little memory of what happened next. My impression is that every fruitcake

recipe I had read over the previous month of research was whispering in my ear, "Make me! Make me!"

Mingled with these demands was Linda's voice, slightly distorted through the

intervening walls, calling out each ingredient or instruction just as I needed it.

Pineapple wedges, macerated to buttery softness in expensive brandy, rattled merrily into

the batter. Candied cubes of orange and lemon peel flowed like fragrant lava. A fortune in

chopped pecans slid in next, soft as a whisper, followed by almonds, walnuts and cracked acorns.

Three drops of blood swirled in and disappeared before I realized that my wooden spoon had

cracked and pricked my thumb. I tossed it aside, grabbed a larger, stronger spoon, and kept

stirring. The glacé cherries giggled rosily as I stirred them in, and the voices called for more.

Honey, citron, watermelon pickles... If I had what was wanted, I added it. If I didn't, I

improvised.

"Nuts!"

I jumped, startled out of my rhythm. "What?"

Linda was standing beside me. "Nuts! Two cups of pecans, chopped, and stirred in last."

*Love the Great
Dangeryn
imagery.*

*Press
but
funny. (??)*

*Why is she obsessing
with making
fruitcake?*

I think I did that," I said, resting my aching arm on the edge of the bowl. "I think it's

done."

"You sure made a lot."

I sure did. My largest mixing bowls, three of them, were filled with heavy, lumpy batter.

"Golly. And I only prepared two pans. Would you mind greasing some more for me?"

They're in the bottom cupboard. You grease the pan, line it with a cut-up brown paper bag, and

then grease the paper."

Linda assembled two pans, not as neatly as I would have liked, and brought them over.

"What's that green stuff?" she asked, as I spooned batter into the pans.

"I don't know, never mind, keep greasing."

In the end, we filled six large loaf pans and one tube pan, which neither of us knew how

to line with brown paper, but I didn't care any more. We managed to fit all the cakes into the

oven, which I turned on to its lowest setting.

"What just happened here?"

My sister and I were sitting at the kitchen table, a pot of tea between us. I didn't

remember making it. Our cups were half-empty. I didn't remember sipping any. Linda was

crunching a dill pickle out of an open jar that was sitting, inexplicably, among the emptied bowls

of fruit. The question hung in the air between us, like a cartoon thought bubble. One of us had

asked it; neither of us could answer it. A delicate aroma ^{washed} began to ~~wait~~ through the room.

"It smells all right," Linda said.

I nodded. I felt a great reluctance to talk about the cake.

Why?

Why is she looking
nervous?

There was no question of our attempting the next recipe I had planned. Even if I hadn't been exhausted from making Cousin Sook's cake, I had run out of eggs.

Linda handed me some little cotton bags stamped with ghosts and pumpkins. "We might

as well fill these while we wait."

I began sorting through the candies.

"You've been nibbling!" she said. "Where's the candy corn?" She rattled empty

cellophane bags accusingly.

"I never touched it!" A prickly feeling ran down my spine. I gently tipped up the bowl

that held the branded pineapple wedges. It was still full. My sister and I exchanged speculative

glances.

I understand this is an excerpt but it's the beginning of the story then I find it a little confusing. Her memory loss, the disappearing recipe, the mistake with the pineapple & the candy corn seem random & don't build up tension or curiosity. I don't see the connection with Truman Capote's story "Christmas Memory."

I do like the main character's voice. If this isn't the beginning of the story then I'd like to see the beginning. Perhaps then this scene might make more sense to me. But as it is, it seems as though not much is happening.

"Slowly. I've been waiting for the recipe. Where is it?"

"How's it coming?" she asked.

had just finished doing that when Linda came back, hanging on to her bottle of Guinness.

remembered that the recipe called for half a cup of butter to be creamed with one cup of sugar. I

My computer is in a small bedroom down the hall that I've fixed up as an office. I

I'd have to go there again."

"Thanks. If you don't see it, would you print it out? I left the web site up. I had a feeling

Why?

"I'll go look," Linda offered, "and you can start melting chocolate or whatever."

but she has no magnets

losing it. Maybe I left it on the printer."

"Let me see." I searched through the pages myself. "Damn! I don't understand why I keep

Necessary?

"I can't find it," she said, after a moment.

perfectly good chocolate, but I let it go.

"I never heard of chocolate fruitcake," Linda said, and muttered something about wasting

Hand her recipe box/pile of papers

the top."

Truman Capote's aunt's recipes. Could you pull it out for me? It just says 'Chocolate Fruitcake' at

transposed

retro candy and leave. I took a healthy slug of Guinness, for strength. "I'm making one of

Why? Why?

I repressed a sigh. Until that moment, I had been hoping my sister would pack up her

Why this now?

Why? What precedes it? comment? action?

*WHERE DOES THIS TAKE PLACE?
WHEN?
IS THIS EXCEPT THE START?
HOW OLD ARE THE WOMEN?*

"Right here." She raised the hand that was not holding the bottle. The hand was empty.

We stared at it for a moment.

"Well, it was here."

"I know; I believe you. That recipe is driving me crazy."

"Maybe that's because you stole it off the Internet."

"I didn't steal it! What makes you think I stole it? It was right there, on a legitimate web

site. You saw it yourself, if you printed it out."

"I not only saw it, I read the whole story, all about little Truman and his cousin Sook

delivering fruitcakes in a baby buggy. That recipe came from Truman Capote's aunt's new

cookbook. You should have bought the book if you wanted the recipe. How's she going to make

any money if you take her recipes off the Net for free? Poor little ole lady."

"You're getting maudlin," I said. "And I'm going to buy her book the minute I see it at the

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you. Then you can help me with the goody bags while it's baking. Because we're running out of

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He's terrified we're going to get TP'd again."

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might be faster. And just for the record, it wasn't his aunt's recipe, it was his cousin Sook's

recipe. They found a whole sheaf of fruitcake recipes in her dresser drawer after she died."

*But, the
recorder
(not-
Linda)
said
"aunt's" p. 1.*

*Is it
important
that it's
yellow?*

*forward
not
parallel*

Maybe Allison between

*Really?
Let's
out little
you know to
we're
not steal it*

!

4/11/12

Julie

"Whatever." Linda stuck her finger in the butter and sugar mixture, and tasted it.

"Truman Capote was as spiteful as he could be, did you know that? I saw him on the Merv

Griffin talk show years ago, trading catty remarks with Zsa Zsa Gabor. You should have seen the

look he gave her after one of his zingers. MBE-yow!"

"Could we just get on with it? This recipe is making me nervous."

"I'm going, I'm going!" But before leaving the kitchen she got us each another Guinness.

I do like the dark ales. Linda, of course, will drink anything.

I have very little memory of what happened next. My impression is that every fruitcake

recipe I had read over the previous month of research was whispering in my ear, "Make me!

Make me!" Mingled with these demands was Linda's voice, slightly distorted through the

intervening walls, calling out each ingredient or instruction just as I needed it.

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the batter. Candied cubes of orange and lemon peel flowed like fragrant lava. A fortune in

chopped pecans slid in next, soft as a whisper, followed by almonds, walnuts and cracked acorns.

Three drops of blood swirled in and disappeared before I realized that my wooden spoon had

cracked and pricked my thumb. I tossed it aside, grabbed a larger, stronger spoon, and kept

stirring. The glacé cherries giggled rosy as I stirred them in, and the voices called for more.

Honey, citron, watermelon pickles... If I had what was wanted, I added it. If I didn't, I

improvised.

"Nuts!"

I jumped, startled out of my rhythm. "What?"

Linda was standing beside me. "Nuts! Two cups of pecans, chopped, and stirred in last."

But she already put them in

*Love the
recipe
but
spread
pineapple
with
cubes
and
scent
flavor*

*Not worried
she scoop
the butter?
Wouldn't
Pecans?
Why?
Not worried
about splatters
and brandy?
Honey, citron,
watermelon?
pickles watermelon?*

*has it
has it
why?
important?*

four

I think I did that," I said, resting my aching arm on the edge of the bowl. "I think it's

done."

"You sure made a lot."

redundant

I sure did. My largest mixing bowls, three of them, were filled with heavy, lumpy batter. "Golly. And I only prepared two pans. Would you mind greasing some more for me? They're in the bottom cupboard. You grease the pan, line it with a cut-up brown paper bag, and then grease the paper."

Linda assembled two pans, not as neatly as I would have liked, and brought them over.

"What's that green stuff?" she asked, as I spooned batter into the pans.

Really? No questions?

"I don't know, never mind, keep greasing."

In the end, we filled six large loaf pans and one tube pan, which neither of us knew how to line with brown paper, but I didn't care any more. We managed to fit all the cakes into the oven, which I turned on to its lowest setting.

Don't she bake it? Figures out.

"What just happened here?"

Needs time stamp?

My sister and I were sitting at the kitchen table, a pot of tea between us. I didn't

remember making it. Our cups were half-empty. I didn't remember sipping any. Linda was

crunching a dill pickle out of an open jar that was sitting, inexplicably, among the emptied bowls of fruit. The question hung in the air between us, like a cartoon thought bubble. One of us had asked it; neither of us could answer it. A delicate aroma began to waft through the room.

"It smells all right," Linda said.

I nodded. I felt a great reluctance to talk about the cake.

Why?

Julie

There was no question of ~~our~~ attempting the next recipe I had planned. Even if I hadn't

Does Linda ever have time?

been exhausted from making Cousin Sook's cake, I had run out of eggs.

Linda handed me some little cotton bags stamped with ghosts and pumpkins. "We might

Wait for what? She has to wash. She has to wash. How much time elapsed?

as well fill these while we wait."

I began sorting through the candies.

"You've been nibbling!" she said. "Where's the candy corn?" She rattled empty

cellophane bags accusingly.

"I never touched it!" A prickly feeling ran down my spine. I gently tipped up the bowl

that held the brandied pineapple wedges. It was still full. My sister and I exchanged speculative

glances.

But give those to the kids!

I don't quite follow the story's purpose. WHO ARE THE RECIPIENTS OF ALL THE FRUITCAKES? WHY MAKE THEM ON OCTOBER 31? WHAT WILL GO INTO THE GIDDY BAGS?

WHAT PRELUDES/SUCCEEDS THIS SCENE?

I APPRECIATE YOUR ALLUSION TO TEWMAN CARPETS

"A CHRISTMAS MEMORY", "THE GIFT OF THE MAGI", I MUCH PREFER O. HENRY'S

Penney

- tension between the sisters; any hint why?

I repressed a sigh. Until that moment, I had been hoping my sister would pack up her retro candy and leave. I took a healthy slug of Guinness, for strength. "I'm making one of Truman Capote's aunt's recipes. Could you pull it out for me? It just says 'Chocolate Fruitcake' at the top." *where are they? what's the top?*

"I never heard of chocolate fruitcake," Linda said, and muttered something about wasting perfectly good chocolate, but I let it go. "I can't find it," she said after a moment. "Let me see." I searched through the pages myself. "Damn! I don't understand why I keep losing it. Maybe I left it on the printer." *of what?*

"I'll go look," Linda offered, "and you can start melting chocolate or whatever."

"Thanks. If you don't see it, would you print it out? I left the web site up. I had a feeling I'd have to go there again."

My computer is in a small bedroom down the hall that I've fixed up as an office. I remembered that the recipe called for half a cup of butter to be creamed with one cup of sugar. I had just finished doing that when Linda came back, hanging on to her bottle of Guinness.

"How's it coming?" she asked.

"Slowly. I've been waiting for the recipe. Where is it?"

- some files can't tell who's going
- I don't have a sense of which file is going

"Right here." She raised the hand that was not holding the bottle. The hand was empty.

We stared at it for a moment.

Linda "Well, it was here." *Why would she say this?*

I "I know, I believe you. That recipe is driving me crazy."

Linda "Maybe that's because you stole it off the Internet."

I "I didn't steal it! What makes you think I stole it? It was right there, on a legitimate web

site. You saw it yourself, if you printed it out."

Linda "I not only saw it, I read the whole story, all about little Truman and his cousin Sook

delivering fruitcakes in a baby buggy. That recipe came from Truman Capote's aunt's new

cookbook. You should have bought the book if you wanted the recipe. How's she going to make

any money if you take her recipes off the 'Net for free? Poor little ole lady."

"You're getting maudlin," I said. "And I'm going to buy her book the minute I see it at the

store, but right now I just want to make. The damn. Cake!"

We seethed for a moment or two, as sisters do when they're deciding whether to have it

out, right now, once and for all.

"I know what," she said. "Why don't I sit at the monitor and call out the ingredients to

you. Then you can help me with the goody bags while it's baking. Because we're running out of

time. The trick-or-treaters will be out soon, and Wally's sitting at home with nothing to hand out.

He's terrified we're going to get TP'd again."

"All right. I was thinking I'd go back there and write it down in pencil, but your way

might be faster. And just for the record, it wasn't his aunt's recipe, it was his cousin Sook's

recipe. They found a whole sheaf of fruitcake recipes in her dresser drawer after she died."

Linda "Who's Wally?"
Linda "Who's Wally?"
Linda "Where's Sook?"
Linda "Who's Wally?"
Linda "Where's Sook?"

"Whatever." Linda stuck her finger in the butter and sugar mixture, and tasted it.

"Truman Capote was as spiteful as he could be, did you know that? I saw him on the Merv

Griffin talk show years ago, trading catty remarks with Zsa Zsa Gabor. You should have seen the

look he gave her after one of his zingers. MEE-yow!"

"Could we just get on with it? This recipe is making me nervous."

"I'm going, I'm going!" But before leaving the kitchen she got us each another Guinness.

I do like the dark ales. Linda, of course, will drink anything. *really? lots of folks*

I have very little memory of what happened next. My impression is that every fruitcake

recipe I had read over the previous month of research was whispering in my ear, "Make me!

Make me!" Mingled with these demands was Linda's voice, slightly distorted through the

intervening walls, calling out each ingredient or instruction just as I needed it.

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the batter. Candied cubes of orange and lemon peel flowed like fragrant lava. A fortune in

chopped pecans slid in next, soft as a whisper, followed by almonds, walnuts and cracked acorns.

Three drops of blood swirled in and disappeared before I realized that my wooden spoon had

cracked and pricked my thumb. I tossed it aside, grabbed a larger, stronger spoon, and kept

stirring. The glaze cherries giggled rosily as I stirred them in, and the voices called for more.

Honey, citron, watermelon pickles... If I had what was wanted, I added it. If I didn't, I

improvised.

"Nuts!"

I jumped, startled out of my rhythm. "What?"

Linda was standing beside me. "Nuts! Two cups of pecans, chopped, and stirred in last."

Linda this

stirring?

1

I think I did that," I said, resting my aching arm on the edge of the bowl. "I think it's

done."

"You sure made a lot."

I sure did. My largest mixing bowls, three of them, were filled with heavy, lumpy batter.

"Golly. And I only prepared two pans. Would you mind greasing some more for me?"

They're in the bottom cupboard. You grease the pan, line it with a cut-up brown paper bag, and

then grease the paper."

Linda assembled two pans, not as neatly as I would have liked, and brought them over.

"What's that green stuff?" she asked, as I spooned batter into the pans.

"I don't know, never mind, keep greasing."

In the end, we filled six large loaf pans and one tube pan, which neither of us knew how

to line with brown paper, but I didn't care any more. We managed to fit all the cakes into the

oven, which I turned on to its lowest setting

"What just happened here?"

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remember making it. Our cups were half-empty. I didn't remember sipping any. Linda was

crunching a dill pickle out of an open jar that was sitting, inexplicably, among the emptied bowls

of fruit. The question hung in the air between us, like a cartoon thought bubble. One of us had

asked it; neither of us could answer it. A delicate aroma began to waft through the room.

"It smells all right," Linda said.

I nodded. I felt a great reluctance to talk about the cake.

I'm
thinking
of
a
liber
ation

There was no question of our attempting the next recipe I had planned. Even if I hadn't

been exhausted from making Cousin Sook's cake, I had run out of eggs.

Linda handed me some little cotton bags stamped with ghosts and pumpkins. "We might

as well fill these while we wait."

I began sorting through the candies.

"You've been nibbling!" she said. "Where's the candy corn?" She rattled empty

cellophane bags accusingly.

"I never touched it!" A prickly feeling ran down my spine. I gently tipped up the bowl

that held the brandied pineapple wedges. It was still full. My sister and I exchanged speculative

glances.

No idea where this is going?

"Slowly. I've been waiting for the recipe. Where is it?"

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I repressed a sigh. Until that moment, I had been hoping my sister would pack up her

The Reference is clear - the short story by Truman Capote - A Christmas Memory. I have no idea what this story is about. I don't understand the reference. Sorry - words a stroke!

Dave

"Right here." She raised the hand that was not holding the bottle. The hand was empty.

We stared at it for a moment.

"Well, it was here."

"I know; I believe you. That recipe is driving me crazy."

"Maybe that's because you stole it off the Internet."

"I didn't steal it! What makes you think I stole it? It was right there, on a legitimate web

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"You're getting maudlin," I said. "And I'm going to buy her book the minute I see it at the

store, but right now I just want to make ^{the damn cake!} ^{Should be at the beginning} ^{Rolafranskip} We seethed for a moment or two, as sisters do ^{when they're deciding whether to have it}

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*Truman to Merv Griffin
the original story*

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What did happen here?

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that held the branded pineapple wedges. It was still full. My sister and I exchanged speculative

glances.

I have no clue what this is about.

Sue's comments

I repressed a sigh. Until that moment, I had been hoping my sister would pack up her

retro candy and leave. I took a healthy slug of Guinness, for strength. "I'm making one of

Truman Capote's aunt's recipes. Could you pull it out for me? It just says 'Chocolate Fruitcake' at the top."

"I never heard of chocolate fruitcake," Linda said, and muttered something about wasting

perfectly good chocolate, but I let it go.

"I can't find it," she said, after a moment.

"Let me see." I searched through the pages myself. "Damn! I don't understand why I keep

losing it. Maybe I left it on the printer."

"I'll go look," Linda offered, "and you can start melting chocolate or whatever."

"Thanks. If you don't see it, would you print it out? I left the web site up. I had a feeling

I'd have to go there again."

My computer is in a small bedroom down the hall that I've fixed up as an office. I

remembered that the recipe called for half a cup of butter to be creamed with one cup of sugar. I

had just finished doing that when Linda came back, hanging on to her bottle of Guinness.

"How's it coming?" she asked.

"Slowly. I've been waiting for the recipe. Where is it?"

Commented [s1]: I'm good until here, but then too many details.

Formatted: Highlight

"Right here." She raised the hand that was not holding the bottle. The hand was empty.

We stared at it for a moment.

"Well, it was here."

"I know; I believe you. That recipe is driving me crazy."

"Maybe that's because you stole it off the Internet."

"I didn't steal it! What makes you think I stole it? It was right there, on a legitimate web

site. You saw it yourself, if you printed it out."

"I not only saw it, I read the whole story, all about little Truman and his cousin Sook

delivering fruitcakes in a baby buggy. That recipe came from Truman Capote's aunt's new

cookbook. You should have bought the book if you wanted the recipe. How's she going to make

any money if you take her recipes off the Net for free? Poor little ole lady."

"You're getting mandlin," I said. "And I'm going to buy her book the minute I see it at the

store, but right now I just want to make. The damn. Cake!"

We seethed for a moment or two, as sisters do when they're deciding whether to have it

out, right now, once and for all.

"I know what," she-Linda said. "Why don't I sit at the monitor and call out the ingredients

to you--? Then you can help me with the goody bags while it's baking. Because we're running out

of time. The trick-or-treaters will be out soon, and Wally's sitting at home with nothing to hand

out. He's terrified we're going to get TP'd again." — TP'd?

"All right. I was thinking I'd go back there and write it down in pencil, but your way

might be faster. And just for the record, it wasn't his aunt's recipe, it was his cousin Sook's

recipe. They found a whole sheaf of fruitcake recipes in her dresser drawer after she died."

Commented [s2]: The main character says it's the aunt's recipe at the beginning of the story (see highlighted words on first page).

Linda was standing beside me. "Nursi! Two cups of pecans, chopped, and stirred in last."

I jumped, startled out of my rhythm. "What?"

"Nursi!"

improvised.

Honey, citron, watermelon pickles... If I had what was wanted, I added it. If I didn't, I

stirring. The glace cherries giggled rosily as I stirred them in, and the voices called for more.

cracked and pricked my thumb. I tossed it aside, grabbed a larger, stronger spoon, and kept

Three drops of blood swirled in and disappeared before I realized that my wooden spoon had

chopped pecans slid in next, soft as a whisper, followed by almonds, walnuts and cracked acorns.

the batter. Candied cubes of orange and lemon peel flowed like fragrant lava. A fortune in

Pinapple wedges, macerated to buttery softness in expensive brandy, rattled merrily into

intervening walls, calling out each ingredient or instruction just as I needed it.

Make me!" Mingled with these demands was Linda's voice, slightly distorted through the

recipe I had read over the previous month of research was whispering in my ear, "Make me!

I have very little memory of what happened next. My impression is that every fruitcake

I do like the dark ales. Linda, of course, will drink anything.

"I'm going, I'm going!" But before leaving the kitchen, she got us each another Guinness.

"Could we just get on with it? This recipe is making me nervous."

look he gave her after one of his zingers. MBE-yow!"

Griffin talk show years ago, trading catty remarks with Zsa Zsa Gabor. You should have seen the

"Truman Capote was as spiteful as he could be, did you know that? I saw him on the Merv

"Whatever." Linda stuck her finger in the butter and sugar mixture, and tasted it.

EPISODE 15: SHORT STORY EXCERPT - SOOK'S CAKE by BONNIE FURLONG

Yum! Well done

Commented [53]: awkward

Sister-sister relationship is good

I think I did that," I said, resting my aching arm on the edge of the bowl. "I think it's

done."

"You sure made a lot"

I sure did. My largest mixing bowls, three of them, were filled with heavy, lumpy batter.

"Golly. And I only prepared two pans. Would you mind greasing some more for me?"

They're in the bottom cupboard. You grease the pan, line it with a cut-up brown paper bag, and

then grease the paper."

Linda assembled two pans, not as neatly as I would have liked, and brought them over.

"What's that green stuff?" she asked, as I spooned batter into the pans.

"I don't know, never mind, keep greasing."

In the end, we filled six large loaf pans and one tube pan, which neither of us knew how

to line with brown paper, but I didn't care any-more. We managed to fit all the cakes into the

oven, which I turned on to its lowest setting.

"What just happened here?"

My sister and I were sitting at the kitchen table, a pot of tea between us. I didn't

remember making it. Our cups were half-empty. I didn't remember sipping any. Linda was

crunching a dill pickle out of an open jar that was sitting, inexplicably, among the emptied bowls

of fruit. The question hung in the air between us, like a cartoon thought bubble. One of us had

asked it; neither of us could answer it. A delicate aroma began to waft through the room.

"It smells all right," Linda said.

I nodded. I felt a great reluctance to talk about the cake.

EPIISODE 15: SHORT STORY EXCERPT – SOOK'S CAKE by BONNIE FURLONG

There was no question of our attempting the next recipe I had planned. Even if I hadn't

been exhausted from making Cousin Sook's cake, I had run out of eggs.

Linda handed me some little cotton bags stamped with ghosts and pumpkins. "We might

as well fill these while we wait."

I began sorting through the candies.

"You've been nibbling!" she said. "Where's the candy corn?" She rattled empty

cellophane bags accusingly.

"I never touched it!" A prickly feeling ran down my spine. I gently tipped up the bowl

that held the brandied pineapple wedges. It was still full. My sister and I exchanged speculative

glances.

Here's my take on this story. I don't recall reading Truman Capote (should I admit that?);

maybe that would help. I think that the dialogue is good/real between the sisters, and I can sense

that there's a mystery here – the main character is basically forced by a ghost? – to make the

cake. But I don't understand why. I don't understand the motivation behind the ghost (is it a

ghost?) to want the main character to make this fruit cake.

» Add'l Note:

I ended up reading Capote's story, but still didn't see the connection. Might be because I didn't realize we were cutting the middle of the story.