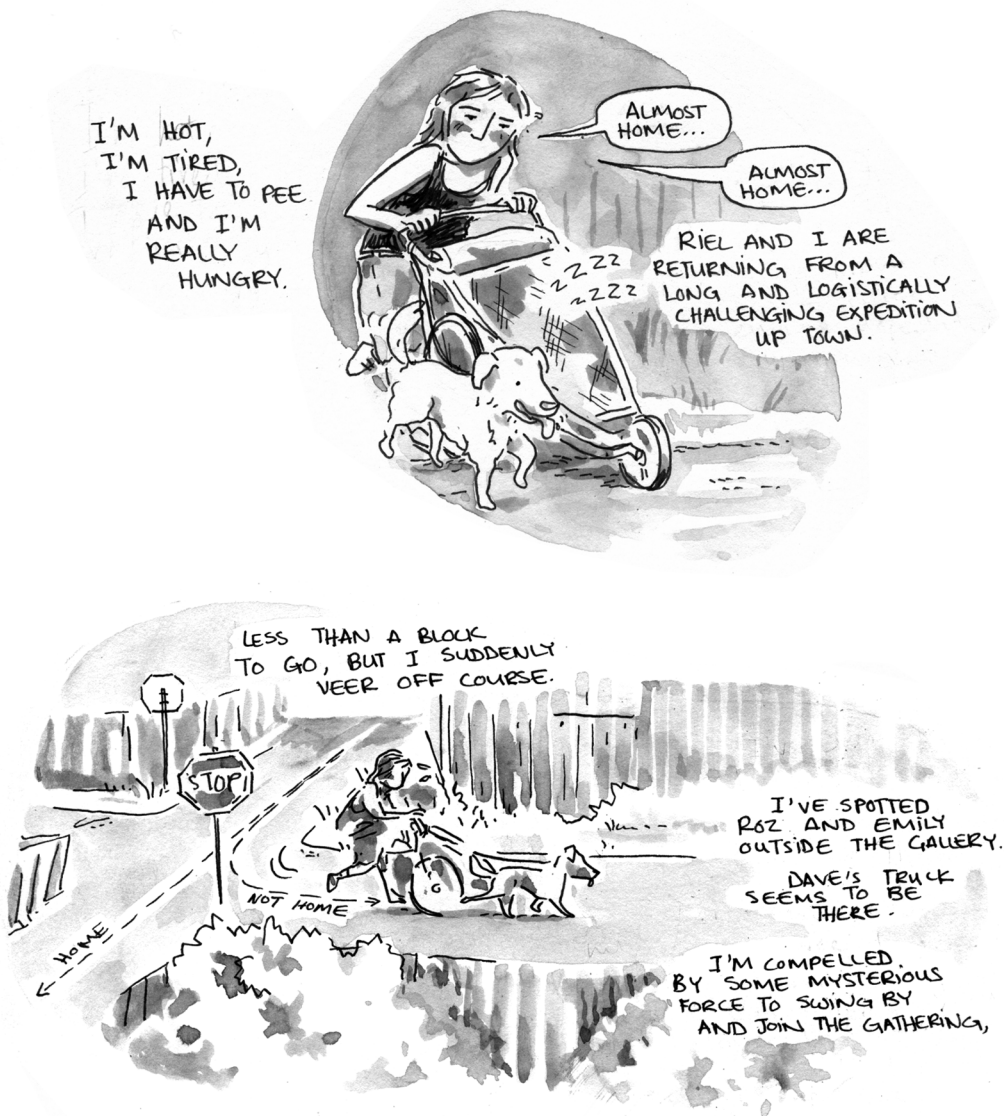


Shack Mama

by Alison McCreesh

People often comment on how hard these early days of parenting must be for us, living in a tiny cabin in the subarctic with no running water.

Not at all, I tell them.



THIS IS
DESPITE BEING
STARVING,
DESPITE RIEL'S DIAPER
BEING ABOUT TO
OVERFLOW,
DESPITE THE FACT
THAT I SEE THESE
PEOPLE ALL
THE TIME.



HEY,
WHAT'S
UP?

FEAR
OF MISSING
OUT, I GUESS.

AND THEN, IN AN EVEN LESS
COHERENT SPIRIT, I MAKE ANOTHER
SUDDEN DECISION.



I'M JUST
GOING TO WASH
MY HAIR
REAL FAST!

MAKE
THE MOST
OF RIEL BEING
ASLEEP!

GIVE ME
A SHOUT IF
HE WAKES
UP.



I'LL ONLY
BE A
SECOND!

I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT
THINKING STRAIGHT.



I DISTURB SOME TOURISTS LOOKING AT THE MOCCASIN SELECTION



AND THUS ACCESS THE SHOWER HIDDEN IN THE STOREROOM.



HAVING GRABBED A BOTTLE OF SHAMPOO - ROZ'S, I ASSUME - I MAKE A BEELINE FOR THE KITCHEN.



I HURRY TO TAKE MY SNEAKERS OFF ONLY TO REALIZE THAT IT IS NOT A NECESSARY STEP.



I THEN FOCUS MY EFFORTS ON CONSOLIDATING DIRTY DISHES IN ONE HALF OF THE SINK.



THEN I FINALLY STICK MY HEAD UNDER THE FAUCET - ONLY TO REALIZE THAT I DON'T HAVE A TOWEL.



I STAND THERE WITH MY SOAKING HAIR DRIPPING INTO THE SINK AS RIEL'S HOWLS REACH ME THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

A. M. Crush