



One Day in Three Sixty-Five

(An inside story)

By

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“Wake up!”

Wake up! I said!”

“People! It is Christmas day! Wake up!”

The call was received with groans

“It cannot be Christmas already.” Stomach groaned.

“This internal clock thing is getting to be a bit much if you ask me.” Nerves sounded irritated. “It must be six in the morning”

“Actually it is five o’clock. I just heard the clock chime” Ears corrected.

“No!” Nerves replied in horror.

“You forget how it gets dark early in Saint Lucia? And how it takes long for the sun to rise?” Eyes flashed, “If you doubt your ears take a look” and with that the eyelids moved up and the light of the digital clock streamed in.

“Yo, yo turn off the light; some body parts are trying to charge their batteries here.” A part screeched.

Once a gain the call came:

Wake up! I said! It is Christmas day! Wake up!”

“Which body part is that any way.” Stomach asked.

“Brain – who else” Blood gurgled.

“It doesn’t sound like her” Nerves observed.

“You know some parts recoup quicker than others” Blood observed. “Take you for example, Nerves, you done forget that we were at midnight mass last night? An then that fete?”

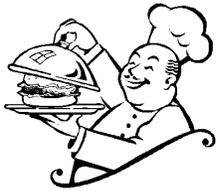




“She may have forgotten but we have not...” Legs chipped in. “Brain always have us late and this time running made no sense because that Church was packed.”

“As usual” Eyes added.

“We had to stand up for the whole mass, sermon, notices an all you eh light!” Legs continued in full flight now. “And if that was not enough we went to that j’ouvert fete at Bonne Terre. If we not carrying the weight of our world then were dancing.”



“Say one, say two – that was a fete!” Mouth watered. “I tried everything in sight. Rum, juice, ham, chicken even the salad was good.”

“I second that” Stomach said.

“... and as a result the head is bad, the one in three sixty-five days clock is ticking and Brain being soaked in that rum don’t sound too familiar.” Blood explained.

Again the drunken call.

Wake up! I said! It is Christmas day! Wake up!”

“Get up get up get before she starts trying to sing.” Legs said as the eyelids went up again and the legs carried their world to the Christmas tree in the living room of the house.

“Ooooh isn’t that so pretty” Hands clapped.

“You would think that it was some else’s hands that put the tree and the decorations up.” Eyes observed.

“... and got her thumb jook with the straight pin” Skin reminded all.

“Hey that adrenalin rush was great!” Blood enthused.

“You think there is a gift for us there?” Nerves asked. “Did we buy a gift for what’s his name?”

“The brother?” Stomach volunteered.

“Yeah him.”

“His name is Benjamin.” Brain said.

“Oh hi ya Brain” they all chorused.

“Please. Not so loud. I hurt. Yeah we got what’s his name a gift.”



“Who cares let’s go look for ours.” Nerves said.

After much searching and opening of gifts the pronouncement was made.

“I think that I can say for all that we did ok this year” Nerves said.

“I particularly like that book. I had been on the look out for it and it is scarce as good gold non of the shops in town had.” Brain said.

“I suspect that there were copies in Soufriere – remember that so called trip to go get the Christmas meat?” Stomach said. “Since when we going to get meat down the coast – meat always come to us!”

“What ever. I want to read that book now. It is the fourth in that series and I want to know what happened next.” Brain said.

“Me too” Eyes agreed.

“Not today.” Legs put a halt to that. “I am not curling up for the next four hours doing nothing. It is hard. You never just sit. You have to take all kinds of positions and after last night I need some consideration.”

“Tis true. Tis true. The life of the Leg and Foot is not an easy one.” Blood teased, then. “But” she boomed, “When you twist up yourself I cannot get to all parts. My circulation slows down, crawls even stops. So. Go ahead curl up yourself and I will not be visiting some parts no matter how hard Heart pumps.”

“Yeah and then I go to sleep and every one gets vex when the book is finished and I am the only one who didn’t know that.” Legs finished.

There was only the sound of that very heart pumping as Brain thought about it.

“OK fair enough.” Brain said. “It’s Christmas – let all be merry”

“Let’s all go eat!” Stomach said.

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“I hear something” Ears pricked up.

But no one heard, as they were all engrossed with the ham in platted bread sandwich and the glass of sorrel.

“People; I hear something” Ears repeated.

“What” Mouth, full of food inquired.

“Look! Masqueraders!” Eyes focused.

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