TORI'S STORY

by Torry Martin

Carol of the Texts

It was the perfect night for caroling. Too bad my dad had to work late and my mom had laryngitis.

"You just relax and get better," I said.

"Text me if anything happens," Mom croaked, crawling into bed.

I kissed her cheek and ran outside to join the other carolers. Mom had nothing to worry about, until a flurry hit. Not of snow; it was a flurry of texts.



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TORI 6:07—We had a huge fight.
MOM 6:07—R U OK?
TORI 6:08—They hit me twice. Olivia got pummeled.
MOM 6:08—Come home now!
TORI 6:10—LOL. It was a snowball fight. So much fun!

TORI 6:25—Finished caroling at Mr. Martin's house. He didn't even notice.
MOM 6:25—Sing louder.
TORI 6:27—We didn't sing at all. He was already asleep (he works the early shift), so we performed "Silent Night" with sign language instead.
MOM 6:27—It's the thought that counts.
TORI 6:28—Wooton signed off-key. :)

TORI 6:45—Don't be surprised when I come home without my left foot.
MOM 6:45—What?!
TORI 6:47—I just lost it.
MOM 6:50—I texted your father. He's on his way to the hospital.
TORI 6:51—Why? Is he hurt?
MOM 6:51—YOU LOST YOUR FOOT!
TORI 6:52—LOL, typo. Boot, not foot. Texting with mittens is hard.
MOM 6:52—I'll tell your father.
TORI 6:53—If he's ever texted with mittens, he already knows.

TORI 7:15—Being held captive.
MOM 7:15—What?! Where?
TORI 7:16—@ Mr. Brewster's house. He invited us inside for cookies and has been telling ice-fishing stories for 20 minutes. I think he's lonely.

MOM 7:30—Hello? U OK?
TORI 7:31—Can't talk. Penny's trying to pull Wooton's lips off.
MOM 7:31—Please explain.
TORI 7:35—His lips got stuck to the tuba. It's freezing out here!

MOM 8:00—It's late. Can U come home?
TORI 8:00—Poof!
MOM 8:01—Huh?
TORI 8:01—Open your window.

Mom stuck her head out the window, and we serenaded her with "Silent Night." As the carolers sang "sleep in heavenly peace," I sent her one last text.

TORI 8:04—That means u. Get some zzz's.
MOM 8:05—I will, now that I know you're safe.

DAD 8:06—Tori, please check on your mother. She keeps sending me strange texts.