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## Holidays

*Misha Angrist*

*for Sarah and Mira*

**D**on't put that in your mouth. Feh. Don't fill up on bread, Sweets. Switch to water. Careful, you'll kill someone. Walk don't run—your father loves that song. Didn't I say no ball in the house? What did I tell you? I don't care. If Neil and Dave jumped off a bridge, would you do the same thing? You'll break your neck. No, we don't celebrate that. Because we're Jewish, that's why. What will the children be? If that's what you think is best. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. If you don't like it, don't eat it. If you don't like it, you can transfer. If you don't want to, then don't, I don't care. This is not to leave this room. Wash your hands. You can't say anything to your grandmother, she'll die. We're going to have dinner in an hour, why are you eating? Have a piece of fruit. When will we see you? We need more grandchildren now is all—that's what we need. It's up to you, Sweetie, you have to do what you think is right. I can't make that decision for you. Tell your father dinner's ready. No reading at the table. Good for you, Mr. Writer Man, but didn't Jamaica Kincaid do something just like that already? Listen, we did the best we could—you turned out all right, didn't you? I'm not cooking a goddamn turkey this year—if you want it, you cook it. If you can't make it, you can't make it, all I'm saying is we'll miss you and we hope to see you at Passover but you better not leave early.



Misha Angrist's *fiction* has appeared in *The Michigan Quarterly Review*, *the Best New American Voices anthology*, and elsewhere. He lives in Durham, North Carolina.