

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.





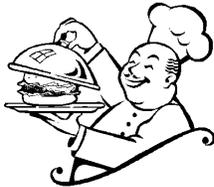
"It doesn't sound like her" Nerves observed.

"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.

+ + +

"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.

And sure enough there came the Pye Banan, Stilt walkers, Masqueraders with Papa Jab with the Tar babies. They danced to the music of the shack shack, drum and flute. The Eyes could not move from the sight as the performers chanted "Bi Jab ti zing, ti zing ti zing achor."

"I don't know when last Masqueraders came by." Heart boomed with the excitement, each beat almost in time with the drum.

"The Folk Research Centre has been working hard to save the art. May be they are part of this year's annual Christmas Folk Fiesta." Nerves said.

"May be" Heart agreed. "Are we going to this year's show?"

"Uh huh" Came the chorused reply.

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"Woy! What was that?" Ears groaned as Hands flew to protect her from the sonic boom.



As the group settled down from the surprise, they realized that it was a radio.

"If these people not bursting bamboo morning, noon and night - they playing music." Nerves were obviously irritated.

"You realize that those people have been blasting music since December 13?" Heart asked no one in particular.



"I can not take a day of that." Blood stated. "I not saying that you can't play your music or entertain yourself and family but after all fair is fair. I don't want to share what I consider noise."

"So what do we do?" Blood asked.

"I say talk to them." Heart said.

"Call the Police!" Nerves commanded.

"Yeah call the Police – they are disturbing the peace." Stomach agreed.

"So much for peace on earth good will to all." Brain muttered.

Suddenly the silence descended.

"What happened?" Ears whispered.

"I don't know" Blood whispered right back. "Why are we whispering?" She gurgled suddenly in a normal voice.

"Look look – Police." Eyes flashed. "The Police went up there."

"AA some one seems to have felt just as we do." Nerves said. "And I quote. *"Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit."*

"Let's eat." Stomached refocused all.

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Intestines flexed for the first time in the day. "I am glad that every one is enjoying themselves, however, I must inform you that we are reaching peak capacity. Head for the toilet now people – march!"

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"It is said that the shortest day of the year is September 21, I for one have serious doubts about that. December 25 has to be the shortest day of the year." Brain observed.

"Every year you say that." Nerves yawned.



“Cause it is true.” Heart pointed out.

“One day in three sixty five. We fete, make merry. Some where in there we remember the birth of Christ and before you blink it is over.” Blood said.

“Lights out.” Eyes announced as the eyelids dropped.

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