

Berry Cobbler
by Samantha Henderson

It's a very old recipe. Almost
primitive.

1/2 cup of butter and 1/2 cup of sugar, creamed together.

Add 1/2 cup milk, one cup flour, two teaspoons, baking powder, a dash of salt.

Spread in a greased baking dish.

It's pale, isn't it? That's because there's no egg in it. Very pale, like your face, when fear strikes, just before his hand smacks your cheek,

hard.

Now take the berries,

you forgot to pick the berries, you stupid bitch. Can't you do anything right?

You start to laugh, and that's pretty stupid too, because after a frozen taken-aback moment he starts in for real, and in the morning your face will be the color of every berry in the world, but you can't stop laughing because

you've gone *there*. There isn't anyone left to hurt but you, and you're safe

if you live through the next ten minutes,

because that's about how long it takes for six beers and three shots of Jack Daniels to hit and he'll go down, and at this precise crystallized moment he has no idea that you've gone

there.

Time to pick the berries. Blackberries are best, if they're ripe.

The best ones will be on the brambles out the back, round the compost heap, behind the stand of dogwoods. There, that clump, with the berries long and lustrous, shining black as spiders' eyes.

You buried him underneath that one.

Pick a couple cups, avoiding the soft spot where the ground hasn't compacted yet. Wash them.

Or not.

And pour them on top of the batter, and pour a 1/2 cup of sugar over that, and pour a cup of water over the whole shebang, and put it in a 375 degree oven for 45 minutes.

And you can eat the entire batch with half-and-half or crème fraiche if you want and nobody

nobody

will stop you.