

He knew he had a problem when he started yelling at ice for melting the wrong way.

“It’s not hard!” He would shout and yell at puddles of ice melting on the sidewalk, scaring any passersby. “Just because someone put salt down on you doesn’t mean you have to be lazy about it!”

He let this go on for about a week, hoping that he was just recovering from a broken heart, the flu or some seasonal disorder. He certainly hoped he was, but under the surface he had a darker feeling. So after some prodding, he went to see a specialist.

She wore a clean, smooth suit, and listened with such intensity that he was fearful of pouring out his entire life story, unfiltered and uncensored for her to pick through. But it was snowing out, so he managed to keep himself balanced.

When it was her turn, she talked though each and every topic that would cause one to snap a little like he had- Stress, depression, over-eating, under-sleeping, chemical imbalance, sexual repression. Suggestions and theories were made, experiments failed, and when January became February, and there was still no progress, her suit began to wrinkle, echoing her frustration.

Then one day, she turned her head slightly to the side, and asked, “Why do you think the ice is melting wrong?”

He chuckled at first, ready to assail her with his incredibly detailed explanation, but when he opened his mouth the words were not at home. They hadn’t even left a forwarding address. He looked inward and wasn’t sure they had even lived there to begin with. He had been cured all along- he didn’t care about the way ice or any of its chilly derivatives worked, just that they did in their own way and that was enough for him.

She smiled calmly as he shook her hand in thanks, offering for him to visit again if he ever had any problems. But he was sure he finished with intense listeners for the moment.

And when he went out for drinks with friends to celebrate the spring, and the ice in his chilled scotch went from perfect cubes to horribly misshapen ovals, he didn’t cast the glass into the wall to render punishment. He simply grinned and sipped away.

After all, he had much larger things to worry about. How would the grass on his lawn ever look appealing if the blades kept turning the wrong shade of green?