Ice at Midnight

The first Christmas Sofía set the table, she took out her grandmother's glasses and lined them up the way she remembered. By eleven thirty it was so hot that her nephew wanted to take one out to the patio for a glass of ice water.

“Not that one,” she told him, and looked for a plastic cup.

She stood in front of the open cabinet for a while. On the top shelf were the glasses her grandmother used to save for when there were enough guests. They were still wrapped in paper.

Sofía took two of the ones she had put on the table. She filled them with ice. The boy held his with both hands and carried it slowly out to the patio.

At midnight, there was one ice cube left in each glass. When they raised them for the toast, they heard the ice click against the glass.