

A GREYER BEARD THAN LAST YEAR

By Dana Rigg

I'm sitting at the bar in our kitchen watching my dad make beer. He siphons the dark malty mixture out of the metal pot on the counter, and it rushes through a clear hose into a glass bottle the size of a child. He dips a bit of the liquid out into a beaker, and then floats a bubbly glass measuring device in it. He mutters numbers to himself. I don't say anything, and he doesn't say anything.

I like watching my dad do things he's good at and knows a lot about. I get the same feeling when we're in the car together, and he starts explaining Middle Eastern politics for half-hours at a time.

"Look at it clarify already," he says, without glancing at me. "If the whole batch ends up that clear, it will be good."

"I was noticing that," I say. Even though we're speaking, the silence isn't broken. ▲