



Cupid's Arrow By Curt Smothers

I shouldn't be telling you this. It could get a lot of people into big trouble. But I can't keep this inside much longer. It's killing me. I'll just tell you straight out: I am actually my niece Violet's biological father. My brother doesn't know this, nor does his wife, but it's true.

My Brother Marshall and his wife Venus – I always loved that name – came to my fertility clinic because they were having trouble conceiving a child. We've had great luck with helping couples like Mars (that was Marshall's nickname) and his stunning wife Venus achieve pregnancy by various means.

With Mars and Venus we went for implanting Venus's own eggs (she had lots of good ones) with Mars's low motility sperm.

Problem was that my poor brother was shooting mostly blanks. Looking at his little “swimmers” under the scope told me that we wouldn’t be too successful here.

So – and I’m both ashamed and proud to admit this – I substituted some of my own. I remember the day when I successfully implanted my own little guy into Venus’ healthy egg. It was on February 14th. Yes, Valentine’s Day. Not that I had any romantic designs on Mars’ wife. He was my big brother, and I loved him. Besides, he’d beat the snot out of me if looked sideways at Venus.

So I’m not sure if this makes a long story short or a short story long, but nine months later Venus had my child. They named her Violet, and I fell in love with that sweet baby the first minute I saw her.

Violet, you’re real daddy is Cupid. I sent your mother my secret arrow. In doing that I have accidentally contaminated everything with a misguided love potion. And now, four years later it breaks my heart when you call me Uncle.

Curtis Jerry Smothers

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