Jam Today, Tomorrow but not all the time

by karrenia rune

Summary

The Jack of Hearts will admit he has a few vices and a few guilty pleasures, mainly a sweet tooth which is very hard to resist giving into sometimes.

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The lip and the outside of the jar were shiny and sticky with the jar’s contents. The wax sealing had a tear just along its outermost edge. And yet, to his eyes and nose whatever flavor of jam it held smelled delectable and delightful. The Jack of Hearts knew that he had a weakness for tarts and pastries, and dare we say, a sweet tooth.

Just at the far edge of the seal were the initials WQ written in a delicate calligraphy. How this particular jar had seemingly become sequestered from the others that had been stacked high on top of a dray cart he would never know. ‘Still’ he asked himself, ‘what would the harm be in sampling just this one. She has many, very many, and will not even miss this one, surely?’

Suiting the action to words he worked the wax seal loose and then crumpled it up and stuffed into the pockets of his trousers. He daubed a little of the sweet purplish-red jam onto his fingers and then lifted it to his mouth.

The first taste was as sweet and delectable as he had imagined it would be, the first taste was soon followed by another, and then yet another, until at the last when he looked into the jar, it was empty.
His fingers now sticky with both the wax and jam residue he set the jar aside and went over to a nearby stream to clean both his hands and his face, staring at his own expression with a bit of pleasure and mingled chagrin. “Oh, well, he said to his reflection, “One can have jam today, yesterday, but not all the time.”

His reflection rippled and shimmered but offered nothing by way of reply.

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