

A Christmas Drink

by Mel



“Something smells good,” Vincent said entering the loft. “What are you making?”

“Wassail. My dad made it all the time when we were kids.” Diana chuckled at Vincent’s look. “For the adults. Kids had just apple cider.”

“What is wassail?”

“It’s basically cider with liquor, different spices....” Diana raised an eyebrow. “Wait you’re saying I’m making something William hasn’t?”

“Not that I recall.”

“Hm, well I know what to get him for Christmas.”

“I have yet to see William turn down a new recipe. May I try some?”

Diana poured two cups, beginning to sing. “Here we come a wassailing.”