Adolescence

Janet C. Brown*
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Abstract

Two wheeler driver with the child eyes, naively perverted thoughts, innocently sadistic mind, where have your fleeing hop-skip-jumps taken your perception-deception? Are your shooed feet pud-muddling or ONE-two-threeing? And eyes, are you questioningly circling the sky or contemplating a running nylon? Choosing can loose time emancipate desires and perpetuate career-playing Otherwise you are chained to maturity...
Louise Miller, two unfamiliar, and then Silas Gordon McCormick. *I'll read his last.*

"Will you please continue?" Emma's voice sharpened and cut like a knife into my thoughts. My whole body tensed. I wanted to shout "shut up." *Leave me alone. Do this, do that, just like mother.*

My nails dug into the flesh of my palms. I read about Abigail. Emma prattled, "I remember the party where . . ." I tried to shut the discordant sound out of my ears. "I want that one put in the collection," she ordered. Then I knew what I could do. *I'll show her.*

"That is all this morning," I said, my voice dripping syrup. Taking the scissors, I cut two obituaries out. The brittle pages closed on Silas Gordon McCormick. I smiled to myself. Emma Mae would never know.

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*English, Fr.*

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