

Say Uncle

by Amanda Deo

People were just doing it.

Doing it everywhere. On lawn chairs and stray patio cushions and watching. Watching every one do it.

And I thought, “holy shit, I took a wrong turn somewhere...” and I look at Mark and he's watching every one do it, too. Like in less than a minute it's become our norm. I hear tap-out words like peanut, sugar and penelope. Like watching that fat slob is similar to some last line of defense. Like Mark and I have set ourselves into a safety deposit box for the night.

There's a graze on my shoulder like iron fingers wearing a velvet glove; it's Mark.

“So what's our word going to be?” he says. He's giggling.

“Motherfucker,” I reply.

