

BLACKHORSE

by barry graham

All the neighborhood kids waited for the school bus on a small cement slab at the bottom of the first big hill on Blackhorse Road. My mother made me scrambled egg sandwiches on wheat toast every morning for breakfast before I left for school. Then one morning she didn't. One morning she was sleeping in the front yard with her shirt unbuttoned and her pants pulled down around her ankles. I didn't know what to do about breakfast. I snuck into the corner store, beside the bus stop and stuffed a box of cream-filled doughnuts into my backpack. I waited to eat them until I got on the bus and sat down beside Amanda, the only retarded girl in our school. She always wore long blue jean skirts and white blouses and my older brother Eric said she had three titties instead of two and she'd let anybody touch them who said please. When I asked her if I could touch them she said no unless I shared my doughnuts with her every day from now until the end of the school year. I told her I'd give her two right now and that's the best I could do because after tomorrow there'd be no more cream until the farmers made more milk, and that was good enough in retard logic. I handed her the doughnut and slid my hand up the front of her shirt. Creamy drool dripped from her mouth to her skirt.

