

In The Lake

by Cherise Wolas

My sister says to me, "Put your finger there." I look at my finger, lake wrinkled, and lick the tip. It tastes fresh. She says, "Put it there now." When I don't do what she says, she grabs my hand by my finger and slides my whole hand down into her bathing suit bottom. The lake water is just at her thighs, but has me up to my waist. I grab my hand back and say, "I'll do it myself." I start over again. I slip my finger into her bathing suit bottom and push through. She's made me do this before. When I reach the place she's showed me, she says, "Now rub." I rub. The water swamps my hand when a boat races past in the distance. My sister says, "Don't stop till I say so." In the distance our mother calls out to us. "Girls, girls," she yells, "It's lunchtime."

