

getting there

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

Seems hot for a Thursday, doesn't it? Still had to meet my mama for lunch even though it was a long walk. She wanted to pick me up but I said no, I always say no, she keeps asking, which is nice of her. I like walking. It's hard on my body and I get tired sometimes, but it's what I do by myself without somebody talking to me all the time asking me questions. The lady at the restaurant is always nice to me, and she sits me by the window so I can look out, waiting for my mom. Everybody there knows my name. They know me because my mother is always explaining me to people. They look for me every Thursday, embarrassing me once by sending a policeman up to me on my walk when I was running a little late. Are you Abbie? He'd pulled up next to me in his car, blocking the sunlight as he drove slowly along my routine. He said my friends at the restaurant wanted to make sure I was okay, which I figured, but I just met his eyes politely, saying nothing. When he asked if I wanted a ride, I shook my head no. I'm on my way.

