

Mon Oncle

by Jake Barnes

I remember one day back in Minnesota when Hugh and I were just kids. His sister Amanda was a baby. Hugh and I were outside playing, and we got thirsty and went inside their house. The curtains were pulled, and it was cool and dark in their living room. Mrs. L. was sitting on a love seat in her nightgown. She was sitting in a man's lap, and her arms were around his neck. I didn't know who the man was; I had never seen him before. Later I asked Hugh who the man was, and he said it was Uncle Charley. Hugh pointed to the street. There was a shiny new roadster parked at the curb in front of their house. It was a Packard. It sure was a swell car.

