

Some Girl

by Jerry Ratch

Oh, crap! Once you leave your body like that, why do you have to come back down to earth? That's what I want to know. I remember you wearing English Leather aftershave. Anytime I catch a whiff of it now, it brings back some intense memories!

And I remember so many things. Like that basement of yours! No matter how many times we were down there together in your basement, after awhile there'd come the knocking on the door up at the head of the stair.

"Jerry, what are you doing down there? It's ten o'clock already, for heaven's sake. Dad and I are going to bed... *Jerry?*" Your mother would never go away. She wouldn't stop knocking until you went up the basement stairs and stood on the other side of the door from her. Quietly, firmly, you told her, "Go to bed, Mom. Leave us alone." Still she asked, "Who are you with down there?"

You never opened the door, thank God. You put your finger on the latch to make sure it was locked and stood stark naked in the cold and dark at the top of the stair. "Carol, Mom," you said. "Who?" she asked. "Carol," you repeated more loudly. "For God's sake," through your teeth, "go to bed and leave — us — a — lone!" As she went back, we could hear her saying, "Well, *it's late* — for goodness sakes!"

Then I remember hearing their voices in the bedroom right above our heads, while you crawled back under the rough woolen blanket with me. Your dad asking: "Who is it?" Your mom saying: "Oh, he's got *some girl* down there! I don't know what they're doing at this hour!"

And we could hear your father saying, "Get to sleep, babe. Don't worry. He'll be all right"

