

Memory

by Katy Bowman

Jessica's face was so close to mine I had to focus on her left eyeball to keep my eyes from crossing. She lay in the bed next to me, her body long and lean, a contrast to mine, which had not yet shed its baby fat.

"Do you remember when Mom died?" she asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was only two."

Jessica sighed. "It was really terrible. We had a funeral and everything."

"What was she like?"

"She was beautiful."

"But what was she really like?"

"I don't know." Jessica sounded annoyed.

"Don't you remember?"

"I was only three."

