

SYCAMORE STREET MORNING

by Ramon Collins

She yanked the front door open and jammed hands on her hips, "Out ALL night!"

Molly brushed past, plopped down on the sofa. "I'm a grownup now, mother."

"Were you a guest in a crummy motel?"

"N-o-o-o, a cool summer cabin."

Mother glanced out the corner of one eye, "Any activity?"

"Activity?"

"S- E- X -- ever heard of it?"

Molly swung her legs up onto the sofa, "Possibly."

"OK, Smart-mouth -- you think about pregnancy?"

"No worry."

"Oh, Robbie is a doctor after one year in college?"

Molly swung her legs down.

"I was with Hannah. Ever heard of it?"

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