Zig Zag

by Timothy Gager

Jerry tries to be funny saying, I think Charlie Brown should kick Lucy in the head when she pulls the ball away; either that or they start making out. Ewww, but they're both eight years old, Sandra says biting her lip, tying off her smile. Jerry won't focus on her faults, her pinned eyes, her slurred speech, the bruises on her arms. If you think I'm funny now, he says, what about the weekend? This time her smile is bright, as if someone replaced the forty watt bulb in her mouth with a floodlight that's shining on his uniquely patterned pullover shirt. I'm sorry, I'm doing stuff, she says.

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