

Motherly Advice

by Trace Sheridan

Her mother told her once: "Don't be no whore, Fe-fe."

Felicia thought about this often. She could almost see her mother now, arm hanging drunkenly over bathtub edge, a cigarette stuck to her bottom lip, moving antennae-like with every word and her mascara-streaked, lipstick-smearred face.

Felicia knew even then, at eight years old, to listen; mothers know these things.

