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Our Blood is A Positive

Mandy Howard

One time in Texas we chased a rabbit, and we were close, too. When my mother was pregnant with me, my sister would sleep at night with the Pampers in anticipation of my homecoming.

The two of us shared the narrow window pane, my head wedged between my sister's stomach, and nearing mother's hip. Our eyes were straining against the glare to see the beautiful, magical snowfall that had us watching in silence. The rare snow that had made it to Austin that night was an opportunity to start our bond for life as sisters.

My sister, as we were growing up, was always close with my Uncle Tony. Unfortunately, they loved to torment me. I used to play with this Barb that they frequently stole, and when I would find them they would be on the porch throwing her on the pavement. She always ended up with no clothes on. They thought it was funny to try and scratch her boobs off.

In Texas, Lainie and I would have indoor picnics. We would sit next to the sliding glass door. We'd lay out a sheet and eat bread pizza, peaceful and content with each other's company.

We had a grand tree house out back. A double decker, with nice wood, four walls, and a ceiling. I could only imagine just how grand it was and how it would feel to look out those windows. I remember my sister and her friends never let me in.

I received a hamster for my sixth birthday, and I loved him. I named him Brownie. My mom and sister thought he smelled. But the smell didn’t bother me any. I enjoyed putting him in my slippers,
and his little turds never bothered me especially since my sister was the one who always cleaned the cage, never once complaining.

Lainie used to baby-sit me, and our days of playing together had disappeared. We really never talked on the same level because of our age difference. And I can remember plenty of times when we would fight, and I’ve always believed sisters fight more viciously than brothers do. I remember not being able to wait until Mom got home and found out just how hard she had slapped me. Of course, it would be hard to get sympathy if Mom found out how hard I had twisted her boob.

We never talked about Dad’s death until later years. Our hurt bound us together, although her weight of pain drew me to her side. I became the family clown, keeping smiles on everyone’s face.

One day she had cramps really bad, and I made her breakfast, complete with orange juice and Advil.

So here we are, my sister and I; she is getting married soon, ya know. Guess who the maid of honor is? Just don’t tell her I knew the contents of her diary.

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