

The next day was so hot that we just sat in front of the fans and watched TV.

“I can’t believe we only have three days left here,” Maureen hollered from the kitchen.

“Time has gone by so fast. Hey look, there’s Wilma’s gin. Want to try it?”

I was lying on the floor with my legs on the coffee table, reading an article about Twiggy in one of Wilma’s magazines.

“I guess so,” I answered. “Hey, did you love Twiggy back in sixth and seventh grade?” I threw the magazine down and walked into the kitchen. Maureen was holding onto Wilma’s fifth of gin.

“Oh boy, I sure did!” She lifted the fifth and took a slug. “Wow! That stuff burns like hell. Here you try it.”

She handed it to me and I took a small sip. It made my lips feel like they were on fire. We sat down at the table and each took a couple more sips. My head got woozy and I felt like I needed a tonsillectomy.

“You want to know the truth?” I asked Maureen. “I practically had a crush on Twiggy. But don’t worry, I’m not a lesbo or anything. My cousin, Jerry Michael, the one I told you about that likes boys. He said it was normal for a girl my age.”

Maureen was thinking hard, I could tell. The phone rang and we both jumped off our chairs like whoever was calling could see the fifth of gin on the table and knew we were talking about lesbians.