

Typing Right On Fictionaut, Take 1

by DeMisty Bellinger

We went driving on Sundays. Cars were big, we know that now. The cost of gasoline was not an issue. We liked them. They came powdered colored. Pastel. Our hair worn so high atop our heads we bent like dancers to get in, smiling and smoking and chewing. There were four radio stations within range. We listened to the second one up on the dial.

Smiling, smoking, and chewing, seeing how fast that baby could go, being the baby who could go fast--was a little fast--and look at us now! Chewing cafeteria food like crud. We won't go faster than fifty-five, sixty, and that is if we drive at all.

