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## Pink

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# Pink

JULIE JEWETT

Pink.

A pink skirt.

And brown. A big brown box that made a noise like an airplane. It was the air conditioning vent outside.

The neighborhood kids and I used to stand on top of it, and the air would rush up all around and blow my skirt and hair up. As I grew older, the top of it began to creak under my weight.

Sitting on top of that old vent

And the teenage boy from a couple of streets over.

Turning around to tell Jennifer that I had to go home as I ran along the line of identical wooden fences.

The word heard for the first time, moving around on my father's lips as he called the police. I watched his teeth moving up and down, I imagined them as a white clam shell opening and closing under the sea.

And I remember, after that, I wasn't allowed to play outside anymore.

