Sisters

April Boyd

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2018/iss1/55

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
I nod and hug her as she cries and hiccups and says things I can’t make out, until she is sober enough to drive home, she thinks. I see her again three days later.

“Someone at work stole the lipstick,” she says breezily. “Probably that girl who’s jealous cause I get more customers. You can imagine…” She rolls her eyes and smiles like this is something I can relate to.

“I can pay you back, though,” she adds when I say nothing. She pulls a crumpled wad of ones out of her pocket and counts them before offering me a handful. I almost take the money until I think about where it came from.

“Maybe you should quit.” My words come out in a rush and I’m surprised as soon as I say them.

My sister clenches her fist around the money and drops her hand. “Maybe I have bills to pay. Not all of us live under Mommy and Daddy’s roof.”

“Not gonna happen, little sister.” She turns around and heads for the front door, but pauses before she opens it.

“I’m sorry about your lipstick,” she says. She doesn’t look back and I don’t go after her.