

## Sixty Stories

### "Sheila"

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Sheila is a permanent child: segregated, unyielding, obstinate. Too young to be so serious, unsympathetic and controlling. I would like to think there is more to love than conditions. I hope we can be friends but for now I'm going home. Sheila watches over my shoulder waiting conscientiously. She orders me to colour inside the lines, but I am not done yet. Still, she chases me out the door. So I start running. I am ahead by a block so I start running home. Maybe I should have told her. Her family was so tenderly threatening. Maybe I should have said I was uncomfortable before I let stuff get this far. Inbred inadequacy? Shame-faced girl? Those are your lines, not mine. Our argument is in bad taste because we're not so different. I guess this friendship is a test in her ability to tolerate.

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