

August at the Fair
by Natalie McNabb

August limps past the Ferris wheel, a cotton candy wisp stuck to her cheek. She stops, licks her dusty lips with a snow cone-blue tongue while deciding how to spend her sister Summer's last dollar bill. Ring toss? Animal balloon? She squints at a cloud puff caught between the sky and bronzed hill.

Yes, Mom'll blame the missing babysitting money on her brother, Patrick.

Or, Dad will.

They always do.

August limps off toward the tent of the two-headed boy instead, and when she sees him peak out from behind the red- and white-striped curtain—first his one head and, then, the other—she knows his parents would never blame anything on him either because they're still too busy blaming themselves.

~ Microfiction Spotlight November 9th through 15th, 2011, Microstory A Week