kinds of angry? Undone love, okay. How about undone angry? Marjorie sees a lot more angry than love pass by. Some moms hug kids but many more pinch and drag and squeeze. Red is the color of angry and red was the color of the boxes of heart-shaped chocolates for Valentine’s Day. Red is the color of blood and angry and the heart. And love, too?

Marjorie does not know. Too much to know. Marjorie does not know where all the angry comes from or the love or the red and what that means. All Marjorie knows is her self. The sound and the smell and the feel of her wind flowing through. The loose of her skin and the rough of her hair. Marjorie knows her self and she knows that today will not be the day she finds a thing for Ma.

Marjorie moves her legs with the in and the out of her wind and looks out and up and down the wide center path before she steps back onto it. The biggest bright vein, where most of the People pass by. Marjorie looks up it and down it and up it. She wants to be sure the way is clear, sure that she will not see any more of the angry of the People today. She needs to get back to the heart of the Store, to find her way fast as she can, to get out, out of the way, away.

34. MARGIE

Margie waited cheek-down on the ground, her round back pushed up against the wall, watching the pounding feet of the playground. Margie, too big to play, too big to lie there like that, like a little kid, looking. Too-big Margie looking carefully through the dry, beat-up grass for any sign of the small people.

The teachers kept Lucy inside longer and longer now that they had moved up and through and to the almost-end of middle school. Same building, same wall, but different recess time. Kids no longer playing, groups of kids standing in circles laughing and kissing and watching, always watching, for what was not the same.

Sometimes Lucy was not let out at all. Something about her, the lean, loud shape of her, made the teachers eager to keep her in. Still, Margie waited for her every day. Sometimes she stood and bent one knee and then the other knee, keeping herself warm. Some days Margie rolled slowly from side to side, lying down in the grass or standing up against the wall. Margie, making her circles. Growing up but not out of it. Margie, with every change of the seasons growing more and more down and in.

We had stopped noticing Margie and her circles a long time ago.
But not us. We saw. We noticed. When we were bored, when we thought to look, we watched Margie. We stood in our own circles and laughed at hers.

We oinked at Margie.
Rolling around like a pig, we said.
Big piggy Margie, we said.

We cannot be blamed for what we said to Margie. The sounds we made. What we might have thrown. We saw huge Margie bulging there inside her pink skin, rolling there beside the chain link fence she still called a wall, face set in something like a smile, eyes half closed as if she were somewhere else, as if she had taken a trip away from the school, out of the town, off to a place we could not know about. We saw something surfacing there in Margie’s face as she rolled that looked something like happy, like something we could not say.

Stupid, we said.
We were young and cannot be blamed.

Some days Margie rolled slowly up and down her spot of playground, and sometimes Margie was still, floating. Sometimes Margie waited, held her wind, watched and hoped that the small people were safe from the kids. And on a good day, sometimes with only ten recess minutes left, the teachers let Lucy go.

Hey, Margie, Lucy said.
Hey, Lucy.

Margie kept her cheek on the ground, her eyes on the grass. Lucy sat down gently on Margie’s side, on that hard-soft spot of her hip, right above her bottom. The part of Margie that Lucy liked best. Where she fit, where she could sit without hurting her friend. Margie felt Lucy sit down and sink a little into her. She looked up out of the grass and at Lucy there, sitting up high on top of her. Lucy had been there before, but each time Margie felt Lucy warm and new. Each time Margie watched Lucy sink into her and each time Margie waited for the extra weight to hurt. But Lucy was small and she did not hurt and Margie liked how the place where they touched felt warm and solid. Margie liked feeling her body rise and fall with Lucy. She turned her eyes back to the grass and with each big breath that moved through, Margie felt the light weight of Lucy.

What are you doing, Margie?
Looking.
At what?
The kids.
What about them?
Their feet.
Why?
The small people.

What?

They need to be safe.

What? Seriously, Margie?

Serious.

Eighth grade is almost over, Margie. I can’t believe you’re still thinking about the small people.

Sometimes I think about them.

Lucy would have said more, but this was when we saw them there. When we saw them there that way. When we saw Lucy up there on top of Margie. Lucy rising and falling in Margie’s breeze. Their bodies touching, bottoms touching. Lucy’s skin rising, riding up there on top of the soft fat mass of Margie.

We knew it, we said.

We knew it.

Dykes, we said.

We yelled. We screamed. Laughed. We ran over and pointed. We made pretend cameras with our fingers and took pictures. We surrounded.

Smelly Lucy riding a stupid big pig, we said.

Sluts.

We threw pebbles at them and kicked clumps of grass. If there were any small people down there, we took care of them.

We looked away.

Fuck you, Lucy screamed.

These things happen.

We let this happen.

Margie stayed still, beating, watching, holding the weight of Lucy still and safe as she could.

We stepped in and told them to scram and they scrammed.

We couldn’t say who started it.

No swearing, we said.

No touching.

Lucy slid down slowly off of Margie’s soft side and sat with her thin back up against the warmth of Margie’s thighs. Her small face was lit up red and sweat dripped down from Lucy’s tangled blonde hair. She cried, a little, and Margie tried not to see.

Margie looked down into the grass. Closed her eyes. This, Margie could not watch.

I hate that, Lucy said.
I know, Margie said.
You know what?
That you hate that.
Fuck, Margie, Lucy said.

She leaned down lower into the soft sink of Margie’s body. Lucy put her arms around Margie’s leg and rested her head on Margie’s knee and she squeezed. Margie felt the heat of Lucy move up and down her body in waves. She felt her face burning hot and she felt the wet of Lucy’s forehead heavy against her knee. Margie put her hand on Lucy’s head and kept her eyes closed tight.

Lucy’s voice, when it came, was far away and low and sad, was a sound, a pain Margie did not want to hear.

I can’t believe it, Margie.
You still look for them?
Margie?
You still look for the small people?
I am still looking, Margie said.

35. MARGE

Look out there look there, you see that?
That’s mine. New wheels. My new baby.
Look at it, would you look?
Marge, I’m telling you to look so be polite and look.
See there, that baby? That’s mine. My new baby.
Good? You think that baby is good?
Good is nothing. That baby is the fucking best.
I’m going to show you, Marge.
I’m going to show you how much better than good that sweet baby is.
Get out there. Let’s go.
Yes, into the car.
Too stupid, Marge.
Now.
I’m saying so. Your ma don’t care.
Out. Now.
Go, Go, Go. Move those fat legs.
See how the sun hits her? See those curves, that shine.
All mine, Marge. Mine and nobody else going to fucking touch her.
Don’t touch that handle. I don’t trust you.